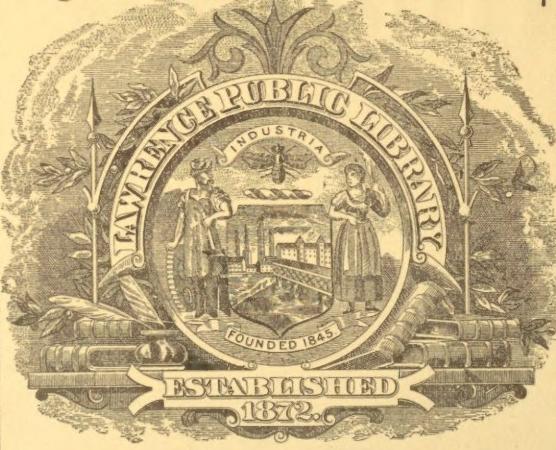


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JANUARY-JUNE



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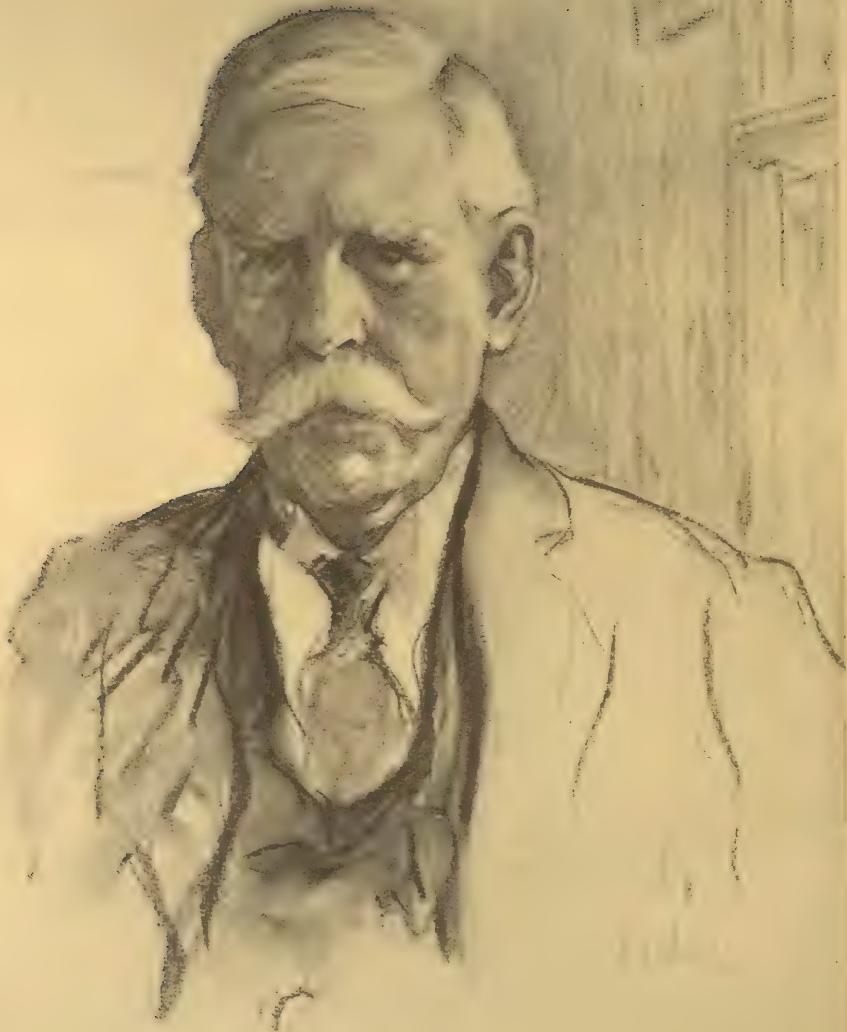
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*Oliver Wendell Holmes
Drawing by S. J. Woolf*

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

From a drawing by S. J. Woolf.

—See “Justice Holmes Dissents,” page 22.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

January 1929

VOL. LXXXV

NO. I

In His Own Country

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Author of "Strange Fugitive," etc.

A NEW novel by the author who, through his short stories in SCRIBNER's and his first novel "Strange Fugitive," has placed himself in the front rank of contemporary writers. This novel, which will be completed in the March number, is quite different in theme from "Strange Fugitive" and it reveals even more clearly Mr. Callaghan's strength in the use of the clean, hard, compact style which has aroused the admiration of critics and readers. By means of the words and actions of the characters themselves, this story of a young newspaper man with a strange ambition portrays vividly human relationships.

In His Own Country

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN
Author of "Strange Fugitive," etc.

I

FOR an hour after lunch Bill lay on the sofa, his hands linked behind his head. Last evening he had talked for hours and now preferred his own thoughts. His mother rocked back and forth in her chair and talked to his wife.

Flora sat on a chair by the hall door, only half listening to Bill's mother, and glancing occasionally along the hall to the front screen door. It was hot in the house; a puff of cool air came along the hall. Tilting to one side in her chair, Flora looked through the screen door, beyond the iron gate at the sidewalk, at the gray dust road and at the field on the other side of the road. Wagon tracks had worn the road down hard and small stones jutted up. She felt moisture on her forehead and wished the old lady would finish her story, for Bill had promised to go swimming down at the blue drop. She looked at him anxiously, afraid that he might change his mind. His eyes were tired and he needed a long sleep. Though he had shaved in the morning, the hair was dark on his face, and black hair grew down on the back of his hands to his knuckles. His long legs were crossed at the ankles.

The old lady rocked steadily and Flora's eyes followed the knot of hair on top of her head, a dark switch twined with gray. Many times she had heard Bill's mother telling the story of her grandmother. Outside, down the street, probably at McGuin's, some one

began to cut the grass on the front lawn, the mower grinding and squeaking, needing oiling. Slowly they were coming to the end of the story: her grandmother, nervous and bewildered, had got off the boat just before it left the old land, and her husband hadn't missed her until they were a long way out. The poor woman had been terrified at the thought of going to a strange land, and so her husband had never heard of her again.

Flora, smiling, got up, leaning against the chair. She heard a horse trotting on the road, the buggy passed the door, swaying, the wheels grinding against the small stones on the road. Bill's mother said: "Your people were a bad lot, Bill, and there's no getting over it."

"Cheer up, Bill," Flora said. "Let's go for a swim."

"There's no getting over it, and Bill's the last."

"What's that you're saying, ma?" he said.

Without waiting for her to answer he got up and went into the kitchen to get the bathing-suits. His mother said she would stay there awhile and rest before going home. Bill put the bathing-suits over his left shoulder, opened the front door, and whistled as he and Flora walked along the street. He walked with a long, easy stride and she had to take his arm to keep up with him. The leaves on the maple-trees alongside the road were covered with gray dust. On Saturday afternoon the streets were quiet; everybody up at the park watching the lacrosse game. They walked

south past the old quarry and beyond the sawmill at the end of the road to the wire fence near Smiley's orchard, heading for the blockhouse. Every year, going swimming, they went this way. It wasn't really a blockhouse, but was made of brick, and there were no windows, just a few air-holes facing the bay, though everybody liked to pretend it had been used years ago for Indian fighting. When they were kids Bill had found out that it had actually been used for storing dynamite, but when they climbed up-stairs and looked through the square holes out over the bay they felt it ought to have been a blockhouse because the Indians could come over the bay from the reservation on the island.

Close to the shore the water was sand-colored and small rocks and pebbles hurt the feet, but twenty feet farther out was the blue line and the drop. Always she limped hurriedly over the pebbles, and stood on the flat, smooth rock just before the drop. Bill was swimming easily ten feet ahead of her. She leaned forward to the water and, swimming jerkily, made a circle over the blue and came in as far as she could till her toes and knees touched bottom; then she paddled with her feet and crawled in on her hands.

She lay on the sand and called, "Heh, Bill," and put her hands over her eyes, shielding them from the strong sun. She heard Bill splashing the water. He sat down beside her shivering. His lips were blue. "It gets colder every year," he said. But the sun was good and they lay on their backs. Her eyes open, she saw beyond the tips of her toes to the blue bay and the outline of the island. Straining her eyes, she saw, to the left, a small sail-boat—opposite the summer cottages, she thought.

"I did some good thinking out there

in the cold water." He jerked himself up suddenly and rubbed the hair on his chin with the palm of his hand.

"Why does the water get colder every year, Bill?"

"Come on now, Flora, girl; don't try and sidetrack me. Aren't you interested?"

"Honest to heaven above, I'm interested, only I know pretty well what you were thinking."

Though she knew he was offended, she had grown tired of listening to him. It was interesting, but at the moment too complicated for her. The sail-boat was out of sight beyond the bend. Behind them she heard shouting, kids playing in the bushes.

"I've been thinking it over," he was saying. "I ought to go down to the city to a place something like Saint Michael's College, and have a real talk about Saint Thomas Aquinas. Just to see if it's a bright idea. Of course I know it's a good one."

It sounded impressive for him to be thinking of going down to the city to one of the colleges. She reached for his hand and listened attentively. All last evening he had talked about Saint Thomas Aquinas and she had been unable to get to sleep. He had come home from the office with a clipping from the paper and had been so excited he had hardly eaten at all because the idea had come to him suddenly.

"Have you sorta cut out the pattern in your own head?" she asked.

"Gee, I'm glad you're still interested, Flora. How does it sound to you?" Sand clinging to his wet bathing-suit fell slowly as he talked.

"You go on and tell it. I'll just rest here with my eyes closed."

He talked slowly and at first she didn't listen attentively, for she knew the

first part of the story. He had been working in the office of the town paper, reading a great many Sunday supplements to find one or two good feature stories they could reprint. He was alone in the office with old Johnny Williams, who owned the paper. Bill did most of the work. Johnny had often declared that when he died Bill would practically own the paper because he had no kids of his own or any other relatives. Bill read a story in a Sunday supplement about Saint Thomas Aquinas, a theologian and philosopher of the Middle Ages who had taken the Aristotelian philosophy and the learning of his time and rearranged it till it was acceptable to the church and a basis for a new Christian culture. Theology and philosophy became parts of the one system. The professor who had written the article had been enthusiastic, and Bill understood readily that Saint Thomas was the superman of the Middle Ages. The story for her had been uninteresting till he developed an idea that had occurred to him after reading the article the second time. A man like himself, willing to work hard, might become the Saint Thomas of to-day, though of course he wouldn't need to bother with philosophy, since the present conflict was between science and religion. All he had to do was make a plan of different fields of science and show definitely that it could become one fine system in accordance with a religious scheme.

"It's too bad I'm not religious," he said; "but it's too bad I'm not scientific, though I might acquire a scientific mind, don't you think?"

Her eyes were closed and she heard some one calling in a high voice back near the stream. "Here, chook, chook, chook!" Mrs. Simpkins, from the stone

cottage near the stream, was feeding the chickens. Often the chickens walked across a narrow plank spanning the stream and scratched in the field opposite the house. Two weeks ago some one hiding in the trees had stolen three of the hens. Bill was saying quietly and slowly: "If a fellow would be willing to work, it oughtn't to be too tough a job."

A breeze from the bay made her shiver. She sat up and said sincerely: "Are you going to do it, Bill?"

"Going to do what?"

"Be something like this man. Saint Thomas, I mean."

"I guess so, but I don't know exactly," he laughed happily. "I just been doing a little thinking. You know what it's like with me. I always like to work a thing out from all angles."

"Of course you wouldn't make a barrel of money, but I mean could we get along at all on the idea?"

"No, it mightn't mean much that way, but . . ."

She put her head on his shoulder. They followed with their eyes a wave line on the bay. "Billy, you do have fine thoughts," she said.

"Lord, no, Flora!" He was embarrassed and reached for a pebble. "See if I can hit the wave line before it breaks."

"No. Listen; I'll bet a dollar you'll get your name in the papers and the town'll do something about it later on."

She drew closer to him so he could understand that she belonged to him entirely and believed in his importance. He put his arm, dried from the sun, on her back, but her bathing-suit, where she had been lying on it, was still wet, so he withdrew his arm. "Sure bet your boots that I'll kill dead things and you can't go wrong," he said genially. Without knowing why they both started to laugh and, standing up, they link-

ed arms to walk along the beach to the blockhouse.

The door had been torn away and he stood outside and threw stones at the water until she got dressed. Older people usually bathed on the beach in front of the summer resort, but Bill had been coming down to the blue drop for years. When they got dressed they squeezed and twisted the bathing-suits and he hung them over his shoulder. Crossing the stream they stepped from one dry rock to another. He held down the top strand of the wire fence for her. On the dusty road they walked more rapidly. It was five o'clock in the afternoon and the sun was very bright. Few houses were at this end of the road. Over the tops of the houses, beyond the town and curving westward, was the line of the blue mountains. Cultivated fields, pale yellow in sunlight, were on the slopes of blue hills. Flora's father had a farm on a gentle slope of the hills, eight miles northwest of the town.

On the board walk, opposite Tanner's new three-story brick house, Bill noticed that one of the bathing-suits was drying, and, taking it off his shoulder, he flicked it at tall weeds alongside the walk. The weeds close to the road were dust-covered and had no color. He kept on flicking the weeds mechanically.

"Take the frown off your face," she said.

"I'm not frowning."

"Brighten up," she said, but knew that he was having fine thoughts, and to watch the shifting expressions on his face fascinated her. Two or three playful words came easily to her lips, but she remained serious and attempted to follow his thoughts in her own head. At the point where she had left off, at the beach, she started again, though it was

involved and she felt that she had lost track of it. Instead she took Bill's arm, and, passing Samson's cottage, noticed that they had a new shade and curtains on the front window.

The cinder path on their street looked much cooler than the board walk. The two-storied cement house was fourth from the red rough cast one on the corner; then there was Fulton's cottage and McGuin's frame house.

Bill said solemnly before going into the house that it was funny no one in the whole world had ever had an idea like his. "Of course it must be remembered that this Saint Thomas had it soft in some ways. The world was nothing to write home about in those days, and it's some world now. I'd like to talk it over, but few people would take it all in."

"It's such a splendid notion," she said, "though it seems so far away."

"It is far away, but, honestly, it don't sound nutty, does it?"

"Nutty!" she said indignantly, her hand on the door-knob. "I should say not. No one else in town could ever think of such a thing if they thought a million years."

Through the open door Mike, the fox-terrier, jumped at Bill and he kept slapping it on the belly, rolling it on the floor, while she went along the hall to the kitchen. The dog barked while she worked in the kitchen slicing tomatoes for an early supper; then she heard Bill running around the side of the house, the dog squealing eagerly. The tomatoes were sliced, so she leaned on the table and knew Bill was hiding, for there was no sound. Then his feet thudded on the sod, the dog growled and barked, and she smiled. Later on, just before she called him to supper, the dog kept on barking noisily in the back

yard, and, sure that Bill was teasing him, she rapped on the window-pane authoritatively for fear he might annoy the neighbors.

After supper he lay on the sofa and played his mouth-organ. Some of the tunes she liked and kept time, moving the dish-towel in a circle on a plate, but newer tunes were raucous and she called: "For heaven's sake, Bill, keep to the ones you know." The dishes were dried and the table cleared, and he had played most of his tunes. It was too early to go down-street to the movies. They sat on the front veranda watching groups of boys coming down the road, more people than had been on the street all afternoon.

"I wonder who won the lacrosse game," Bill said.

"Here comes Joe Boyle on his wheel. Ask him."

Joe Boyle, pedalling easily, was opposite the house and Bill yelled: "Heh, Joe! Tell us who won the game."

Joe stopped pedalling but didn't get off his wheel. "Meaford," he yelled, and kept on going.

II

Not since the time the doctor thought his mother had a cancer had Bill taken anything so seriously. The new thoughts and intentions that he suggested Flora couldn't understand, and one night, by comparison, estimated their importance to him. She knew nearly everything that had happened to him in the last twelve years, since they had met at high school. Her father drove her in from the farm and Bill had always lived in town. They kept company for ten years, and married when Bill got enough money to build a house, ten minutes' walk from Main Street.

Standing at the window of the front

room up-stairs she looked westward to the station and the water-tower, and over the roof of the station to the steel beams of the shipyard. Most men worked in the yard, but Bill was ambitious and preferred to work for lower wages in *The Standard* office. For two months there hadn't been a boat in the dry dock and no work in the yard, though Bill was busy getting out *The Standard* twice a week. Every night at five o'clock he came home, usually in good humor.

To-night he said solemnly: "I'm going down to the library right after tea." Timidly she asked if he would leave the story that had at first interested him so she could go over it again. He took the paper out of his pocket mechanically. The edges were frayed and, unfolding it, she thought she had torn it. Bill hurried out so that he could have at least an hour in the library before closing-time, and she laid the story about Saint Thomas on the white table oilcloth. There was a big picture of Saint Thomas—not a very attractive-looking man, she decided—and a picture of a Greek, Aristotle, whom she remembered from the ancient-history books in high school. She read two paragraphs and her thoughts wandered, so she started over again. She read all the way through, then dropped her head to her plump arms and closed her eyes. The Middle Ages were far away. Bill's point of view was easier to appreciate when she thought first of Napoleon, then of Alexander the Great, and then of Lord Nelson, and quickly thought of Saint Thomas at the same time. "I wonder what Bill's really going to do," she thought. It was getting dark in the kitchen. It was not dark outside, so she went out to the back yard and stood on the step.

In the yard next door little Mrs. Fulton was picking rhubarb, three light-green stocks conspicuous among red ones in the bunch under her arm. Flora took hold of the clothes-line, twanged it three times, and picked up the clothes-prop lying on the grass. A peach-tree was between her and Mrs. Fulton. She ran the clothes-prop along the line beyond the peach-tree. Mrs. Fulton saw her finally and called: "Nice evening, Mrs. Lawson."

Still holding the clothes-prop, she moved over to the fence and said, "That Bill, of course, he is off again to the library." She liked telling people that Bill went frequently to the library. Mrs. Fulton's husband was a riveter in the shipyard and never went to the library. "He's got important work to do there," she added.

"If my man don't soon get some kind of work to do, we're leaving here, that's what we're doing. The town is going to the dogs."

"It's not much of a place for a man that's ambitious."

"Nor much of a place for a man that wants to earn a living."

"Bill may have to go down to some of the libraries in the city."

"That's very interesting, Mrs. Lawson. What kind of work would it be now? Something for the paper?"

Flora closed her mouth abruptly. She was anxious to tell the woman about Bill and the extraordinary work that he was undertaking, for everybody in town ought to hear about it, but she had no words to explain it properly. She said quickly: "I got to walk down the road a bit and meet Bill."

Mrs. Fulton turned away. Flora went around the house to the front walk. The evening was warm and she walked slowly, because the library did-

n't close till nine o'clock and she knew the road Bill would take on the way home.

On the road near M. P. Starr's red brick house, with the smooth green lawn and carefully clipped hedges, was a small creek and an old wooden bridge. She stood on the bridge looking down at the stream. The middle of the stream was shallow and clear, but at the margin the water was foul with green scum on small ponds. A frog croaked farther up the stream. Turning, she made a croaking noise in her throat, then hoped no one in Starr's house had heard it. Mrs. Starr, who dressed expensively, merely nodded to her when they met on the street and had never asked her in to have a cup of tea with the neighbors. She rested her elbows on the rail. Some one was coming along the road, a big wide-shouldered man with felt hat and a khaki shirt open at the throat.

"Hello, Flora," he said.

"Hello, Pete."

Pete Hastings, an old friend, leaned against the railing and grinned. His brother had a farm up Meaford way, though Pete lived mostly in town. Bill didn't like Pete, who used to take her out riding a long time ago. He had a wide mouth and very strong teeth, and huge palms that he slapped together when there was nothing further to say.

"Taking a little walk, Flora?"

"Nope, Pete; just waiting around for Bill. He's down at the library."

"Yeah, what's he doin' there when he ought to be giving you the time of your life?"

Pete had a handsome generous way of making conversation. He leaned back against the rail to have a long talk.

A man was adjusting carbons in the

corner light. When the light came on it seemed darker on the bridge, a wide circle of light on the road at the corner, and beyond that much darker than before. Flora heard Pete talking and looked down the road for Bill. Three young fellows, appearing under the corner light, lay down in the long grass near the pole, and one laughed gaily while two talked quietly. She knew that later on other fellows would come down from the park, and eight or nine of them would sprawl in the grass, telling jokes and waiting for a girl to pass so they could make whistling noises and laugh out loud. The constable had said once that young fellows on the corner did nothing but hatch mischief. Bill had said that if there was no work in the town, and they had no money to go down to the beach for an evening, they had to do something.

"If Bill's so busy," Pete said, "do you think he'd mind if we went for a walk some evening, a little walk down by the lake, or out on the pier at the dock?"

"No, Bill don't like you much. He doesn't like your ways. He wouldn't like it finding me here on the bridge talking so much with you when it's dark."

"Ho, ho; well, now, is that so? Bill's so serious with his big ideas, a bit of a walk by the lake or on the grass would get his goat for sure."

"And I'm just as glad it would."

"No need to get huffy, Flora."

"He's got a new idea. It's something that'll make his name heard over the mountains and beyond the bay. It'll go farther than that railroad track and into all the big cities." She pointed toward the station.

"Quit your kidding, Flora. Them tracks go a long ways."

"I know, Pete, but no one'll keep up to Bill. He'll always be ahead of you, like the sun glinting on a track and you trying to catch up on it."

"Don't make me laugh. Let's talk about old times when you was the nicest little girl I ever had."

She felt suddenly that she was leaning too comfortably against the railing, talking easily with Pete Hastings. He was a loafer, a man of loose ways, according to Bill, but always ready to make fine conversation. It was dark and people passing on the bridge might see her with him and gossip. Again the frog croaked and she said: "It's pretty dark, Pete."

"Yes, it's pretty dark," he said quietly. "It's nice dark." He spoke sincerely, as though he believed it intensely, and she was nervous and moved away from him, hesitating at the corner of the bridge.

"I'm going, Pete," she said.

"Going?"

"Yes, I'm going; it's dark."

She had explained what she meant simply by saying that it was dark. She heard footfalls coming along the board walk, a man walking rapidly in the shadow, and knew the swing of the shoulders when he came closer. "Oh, Bill!" she called. He crossed from the other side of the road.

"Lo, Bill," Pete said easily. "Well, so long, Flora, see you again, eh, Bill?" He walked down the road toward Main Street. Bill watched him until he was out of sight. Then he said mildly: "You surely weren't out walking with that bum, were you, Flora?"

"Don't be so silly, Bill. I was walking down-street to meet you and bumped into Pete."

"He's one guy it's easy to bump into."

"I guess he's got lots of time to hang around."

"All right, take my arm and we'll go home, though I wish I was a foot taller and I'd bang him on the nose."

"You're an old silly, Bill."

"I'm not so silly; I just don't like him."

"Who does?"

They walked back to the house. She lit the lamp in the kitchen. She placed the lamp in the centre of the kitchen-table and they both sat down. Tilting back in the chair, his long legs stretched out, he began to tell her about the visit to the library. He talked and slapped the palm of his hand gently on the table for emphasis. He had gone into the library to find anything worth while about scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages. Not that he was interested in philosophy; he wanted to see what this man Saint Thomas had been up against in the Middle Ages. The library had no decent material for him; it was probably the worst library in the whole country. After wasting half an hour he had leaned against a desk talking to the librarian, Miss Hedges, an old maid. Something about Miss Hedges was a bit peculiar, a woman of thirty-five, so very timid, and imagining one was always being personal. At times in the middle of a sentence, talking convincingly to Miss Hedges, he had stopped abruptly, feeling that if he went on rapidly she would suddenly scream, as though insisting that the words he was using in no way expressed his thoughts. "The woman is a fool," he said, "and simply needs a little exercise." But in the library he could find nothing about Saint Thomas that was worth while. He had asked Miss Hedges if she had ever heard of a great work like a summary of all known

fields of science, to demonstrate the relation between science and, offhand, religion. Miss Hedges was surprised at first, and then, like a very ignorant person, she had laughed and said she didn't believe there was such a book. Of course there wasn't. But the woman was a fool, and the library was useless.

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Bill?" Flora asked timidly.

"I'm going to make a beginning."

"How are you going to make a beginning?"

"I'm going to start in on some summaries. You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to write a book on geology. Not a text-book, but a summary of what is known about geology, and show it should all justify the faith of a religious man."

"But listen, Bill, you're not religious."

"I know I'm not. Don't kid me about it."

"But don't you think you ought to be, to do the job right?"

"I suppose so," he said casually, "but I'm willing to take all that side of it for granted for the time being."

"Honest, Bill, there'll never be anybody like you."

He grinned at her and reached out to pat her hand. He was pleased but embarrassed.

"Better turn down that lamp-wick. It's beginning to burn," he said.

"Tell you what," she said. "Let's have some ice-cream. I'll pay for it out of my own money. You go down to Millar's and get it, and I'll cut some cake."

"It's a fine night for ice-cream at that. I'll go. Where's the dog?"

"Probably in the front room, sleeping on the best chair."

"Here, Mike," he called. The dog,

in the front room, jumped to the floor.

"Aren't you going to put on a coat?"

"No, it's too warm for a coat really. Come on, Mike."

She got dishes out of the pantry and some fruit cake. A story about old Mrs. Doherty, who was doting, occurred to her and her lips moved, making phrases to use telling it to Bill. She heard an engine whistle and glanced at the clock on the wall by the window. The hooting of the whistle got louder and the clanging of the bell slower and the shunting clearer. "The nine-twenty-five is fifteen minutes late," she thought, hurrying up-stairs in the dark to the front window. She leaned out, looking across the field and down the path to the station lights. People, getting off the train, walked along the station platform. Always she watched for any one who might cut across the path by the water-tower, heading for her house. Leaning out the window, waiting, she thought of Pete Hastings talking to her on the bridge—a funny fellow who puzzled her sometimes. No one came along the path by the water-tower. Out of sight, on the cinder path, she heard Bill talking to the dog. Listening eagerly, as he came closer, she heard him saying: "And what do you think we ought to do about it, Mike, old boy?" She hurried down-stairs and when he came in wondered why she had thought of Pete, while she was leaning out of the window.

III

In the evenings he worked harder than during the daytime at the office. She had expected him to sit at the table in the front room when he began to study earnestly; instead he moved upstairs to her small sewing-room, declar-

ing it a splendid office. She tried to follow his progress. For an hour after tea she worked in the kitchen, washing the dishes, sewing, or ironing; then deliberately went up-stairs and said: "How is it coming, Bill?" Sometimes he was reading carelessly, feeling his way among six books a high-school teacher had loaned him, and answered good-naturedly: "It's a big field." Once, pointing to the pile of books, he said: "Flora, old girl, how would you like to reduce all that to about a hundred swift pages?" That was the last time he seemed pleased to hear her moving behind him.

The sewing-room was too small for a table, so he used part of the machine as a desk. A summer dress she had been altering became too difficult for hand stitching, and on Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, she used the machine in the sewing-room. Carefully she removed his books and piled them on the floor. He came home early and because of the sound of the machine she didn't know he was in the house till he cleared his throat behind her. She was leaning over the machine. Startled, she straightened up quickly and waited for him to speak first, wondering why she had a guilty feeling.

"A lot you care!" he said angrily. "Going and moving work like that. Why didn't you throw it out while you were at it?"

He kicked the pile of books across the floor and ran down-stairs.

She put her arms on the machine and felt weak. She could not move, though wanting to hurry after him. She felt like a little girl who would never be able to appreciate the harm she had done. For five minutes she sat there, gradually becoming indignant, till she jumped up suddenly and hurried down-

stairs, repeating to herself harsh words she would use on him. He was sitting in the front room on the black leather sofa. A picture of his father and mother hung on the wall directly over his head. She had time to notice the picture on the oatmeal wall-paper because he simply stared at her, bending forward, his face white and tapering. The match clenched between his teeth bobbed up and down. She stood near him and was afraid to speak, and would have calmly turned to walk from the room but knew he would follow her with his eyes. Nervously she sat down beside him, putting her hand on his shoulder. Twice he pushed the hand away, but finally permitted her to explain, smoothing his hair, that she would arrange the sewing-room so neatly he would never know she had been in it. His head jerked back and he bit the match in two, but didn't answer. She went up-stairs, tidied the room carefully, came down, and sat alone on the front veranda.

Twenty minutes later she heard him going up-stairs again and was disappointed that he hadn't come out on the veranda to speak to her.

In the evenings he went on working up-stairs and she never disturbed him. For an hour after supper they gossiped peaceably, then he rubbed the palms of his hands together, cleared his throat, and pushed back his chair from the table, ready to work for three hours. She sat alone on the veranda until twilight, when it was too dark for him to write; then went into the kitchen and lit two lamps and carried one up-stairs, entering the sewing-room unobtrusively without disturbing him. Always he said vaguely, "Thanks, Flora," hardly lifting his head.

Three times in a week she walked

over to Dolly Knox's for the evening. Dolly and her husband "Curly" kept a grocery-store, and in the winter evenings played five-hundred with Flora and Bill. The first time in the week she called on them they talked about Bill's work and Curly found it very amusing. Dolly, who was pretty, though untidy, advised her to put a firecracker under Bill's hat so he would come down to earth. "If Curly left me alone in the evenings, I'd go travelling, far from the old folks at home," Dolly said.

"Of course he doesn't really leave me alone," Flora said quickly. "He's there in the house with me."

She had gone to school with Dolly and liked her cheerful silly ways, but on the way home, talking to herself, she resented Knox's casual opinions, for, even if Curly and Bill were friendly, the Knoxes weren't good enough to dust Bill's boots. So in the evenings she walked by herself, or went down to the show. After the show once she thought she saw Pete Hastings standing at a corner talking to some men. Walking slowly, she hoped he would see her; then suddenly decided it would be better to go home alone. Gladly she would have walked with him; only she kept on wondering whether it would be right or wrong, and it annoyed her to have to think about it. She never stayed out late. She would have to pass the fellows sprawled in the grass under the corner light.

At eleven o'clock in the evening Bill came down-stairs, very tired, and they sat at the kitchen-table. If he was in good humor, she made some toast on the stove while he took Mike for a short run. If he was tired and sullen, he undressed slowly, taking off his shirt and shoes in the kitchen.

Before going out to work one morn-

ing he said to her: "Flora, I'm going down to the city to-morrow morning. I've started in on this thing, and I think it's the most interesting idea in the world."

"Who are you going to see in the city?"

"Somebody at one of the colleges. I hear that Saint Michael's is the one. They teach scholastic philosophy there, and of course they'll know all about Saint Thomas Aquinas."

"Are you going to tell them all about it?"

"I'll tell them all about it and get somebody interested. Maybe they would be willing to help a fellow a lot."

"I feel it in my bones that you'll impress them, Bill."

Early next morning he got up to take the seven-thirty train to the city. He would be home later in the evening, so he didn't carry a club bag. He kissed her warmly and walked across the road to take the path across the field by the water-tower. Up-stairs she watched him from the front window, walking with his head down a little, his straw hat tilted far back on his head. The fox-terrier was following him, trotting easily, his nose to the path. Bill's legs looked very long, walking across the field. It was a dull morning and the sky was gray.

Her eyes got moist, she was so proud of him; and, sitting on the bed, she said: "I'm a silly, an old silly."

She told herself severely that she ought to be happy; there was no excuse for feeling lonely now, since she was practically alone in the house all the time from morning till night. Every day, though, he came home at noon-time.

Early in the afternoon she went down-street to buy groceries. The main

street was brick, the widest of any town in the county. It had been built in days when people believed the town would become the biggest railroad centre on Georgian Bay, and the shipyard for the upper lakes. In those days not many people lived in the town and laborers for the shipyard were brought from the city. Now there were few trains and not many boats for the yard. But there was always the wide brick street. Coming out of Dorst's butcher-store Flora met Mrs. Fulton. The sky had cleared and sunlight was on the wide street. The butcher had thrown pails of water on the sidewalk in front of the store to cool the air.

"On the way home, Mrs. Lawson?" Mrs. Fulton asked.

"Yes, but I was thinking of seeing what's on to-night at the nickel show."

"We can walk over there and down Pine Street home."

They passed the nickel show and saw the posters. Flora told Mrs. Fulton that Bill had gone to the city to see the head of Saint Michael's College. All the way home Mrs. Fulton listened and Flora talked rapidly. Just why had he gone to the city, Mrs. Fulton asked, and twice Flora was ready to explain, but remembered it ought to be kept a secret.

"It's important. They want Bill to look up something for them in the town here," she said, nodding her head vigorously. To mollify Mrs. Fulton, she added: "There's lots of things, of course, the likes of us don't understand at first sight, if you know what I mean."

"If it's something that has to be kept in the dark"

"No, no, it ain't that."

"It does sound as if I'm digging it out of you."

"I'm not minding it at all, Mrs. Fulton. Here we are home anyway."

For supper she had sliced oranges, brown bread, and a cup of tea. Recently she had got plump—not noticeably fat, but, with her dress off, her shoulders and back looked fat, and she had promised Bill to abstain from starchy foods and eat vegetables, fruit, and brown bread for a month.

At seven o'clock she went downtown to the picture show to see the feature picture and part of the comic before the train came in. The Spanish feature picture was exciting and two bull-fighters pleased her. She forgot that she was alone in the show. The comic was less interesting; her thoughts wandered, she closed her eyes and imagined she had followed Bill all afternoon. In the city station she was right behind him, getting off the train, and he looked around for a restaurant. Or maybe he had gone to a hotel because he was naturally neat and tidy and would prefer a good wash. Early in the afternoon he went up to the college. She imagined him standing between tall pillars, speaking to some one with a bald head. She opened her eyes suddenly, her hands moist and cold, nervous because she had no idea what Bill might say. If he were asked too many questions his thoughts might get twisted; then she smiled to herself, watching the comic again, for Bill was far too serious to be long without words.

After the show she walked on Main Street. Most young fellows with good clothes walked along the street after it got dark. They walked sometimes four abreast when without girls. She went as far west as Findlay's flour-and-feed store and down two blocks to the station. The nine-twenty-five was on time, and she hurried, cutting across the well-kept station lawn, hoping no one would

see her. She was on the platform when Bill got off the train. He kissed her awkwardly, as though people were watching, and, without speaking, they crossed the tracks in front of the engine, the bell still clangling. Always when she crossed in front of an engine to take the path home she got a nervous thrill, imagining the engine might suddenly move forward the very moment she tripped on the track. On the path she said: "How'd it go, Bill?"

"Not so good."

"As good as you expected?"

"Nope."

Standing on the station platform in the light from the waiting-room he had seemed tired and worried, and she decided not to ask questions until they got home. She tried now to see the expression on his face, but there was no moon and it was dark. It looked like rain. The air was heavy and the tall grass still. Her feet felt hot and she wondered what Bill would have thought if she had come down the path to meet him in her bare feet.

She lit the lamp in the kitchen and drew two chairs up to the kitchen-table. "Come on now, Bill, tell me about it."

Yawning, he stretched his legs, avoiding her eyes, his hands fumbling awkwardly in his pockets. "There's nothing to tell," he said.

Her lips moved, staring at him. She turned away quickly. She looked at the lamp, then listened intently, as though a noise outside had aroused her. "Is that the wind on the bushes, or does it sound like rain?" she said.

"I don't hear anything," he said mildly.

"It's just the wind on the bushes."

"Now I hear the leaves rustling."



Figures in a Mexican Renaissance

BEING VARIOUS ENCOUNTERS AMONG THE INTELLIGENTSIA MEXICANA

BY WILLIAM SPRATLING

WITH PORTRAIT SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

ON returning to Mexico, one of the first things I attended to was looking up Diego Rivera. He was working on the last stages of his celebrated murals in the patio of the Ministry of Education, and as my companion and I entered the building he could be seen above, on the third-floor gallery, painting, his huge figure perched high on scaffolding.

"Que tal, Diego!" I called up in my limited Spanish. "Comment ça va, Spratling?" was the smiling response in good French. There followed introductions and interrogations, interrupted by the necessity for inspecting the glowing compositions of the recent panels. So interesting were they, and so powerfully did they demand my attention, that I must needs leave Diego in conversation with my friend—a prominent New York stage-designer, who, I was glad, also spoke perfect French—in order to follow up the amazing series of paintings that had taken place since I had last been there.

These were no formulated decorations, nor were they the abstracted results of a carefully individualized manner. It was sound painting, organic in every sense, and the impulse back of it was that of one who is fired by a great social consciousness and imagination,

not merely by what might be "decor" in color. One felt the analysis of the strivings of a nation here. Above the firmly drawn and powerfully painted figures in the panels ran the "canciones" of the people, their letters blazoned on simply draped ribbons which related the series. In some of this series Rivera had even employed caricature, and there was one where could be seen the capitalists of America dining, with only dollars in their plates, and a stock-ticker for a side-dish. Rule by the military class in Mexico also came in for its share of derision. One of the murals illustrated the obvious strength of the peasants as producers of food, with the verse ". . . el dinero sin alimentos no vale nada . . ." draped appropriately above.

Returning to Rivera and S., I found my friend with note-book in hand. Diego was giving him formulas for encaustics and rules for applying paint. I caught a remark to the effect that the self-styled modernists would perhaps be better painters were they willing to learn their craft. Diego was explaining that he found all this wealth of subjective material around him a means rather than an obstacle in his efforts to create form. I thought to myself that there indeed was a sound and proper

attitude for one who was a painter and a man and, in this case, for one who was in touch with the problems of something greater than himself as an individual.

While we were there, men passed from time to time and frequently stopped for a word with the painter, seeking his opinion about this or that. It was clear that what he had to say carried weight. We left him being interviewed about something that had to do with imperialism, about which he expressed himself smilingly in a few short sentences, brush in hand; and, finally, he turned back with all intentness to the unfinished figures on the wall.

Before identifying himself with the revolution in 1910, Rivera had already studied abroad. His sense of nationalism for Mexico as well as his convictions about what was Mexican in painting doubtless began to crystallize during those months of working for the revolutionary cause and with the Zapatistas in 1910 and 1911. This is mentioned in his own biographical notes.

The years from 1911 to 1921 were spent mostly in France, where the influence of Picasso, and more particularly of Pissarro, both of whom were his good friends, made itself felt. Besides these, there were later influences, and in 1918 we find that he has remarked the importance of Cézanne and Renoir. It was about this period, too, that Rivera found a warm friend in Elie Faure, whose sympathy and reassurance doubtless meant much to the future leader of a modernistic movement in Mexico.

With the revolution of 1921 things began to happen for the cause of the arts in Mexico. It was at this point that Diego Rivera and his contemporaries, including Orozco, Guillermo Ruiz, a sculptor, and the young architect Carlos

Obregon, fostered the formation of a sort of corporation of painters on the basis of a workmen's union. It was a great beginning and, though it must be said that the original group has not maintained its unity, much good work has been accomplished.

Rivera himself was commissioned, at stipulated laborer's wages, to execute his decorations for the National Preparatory School, and a year later, in 1923, began the now famous murals in the courts of the Ministry of Education.

This is an instance of what is happening culturally in Mexico to-day. The same sort of constructional vistas are opening up in other directions, and possibly most of all in public education, which department of the government has received more power to do good (in the form of substantial appropriations) than perhaps any other, even including that of war.

Moises Saenz, as subsecretary of education, has shown more untiring effort in the matter of educating the Indian than probably any other individual in the government there to-day. It being the peculiar problem of this administration to bring into class-consciousness and into effective suffrage native Indian Mexico, which forms a good third of the population, rural schools have been not only a crying need but actually the only specific means of bringing far-flung communities into contact and making them integral with the nation. Here has been a problem for Calles's administration even greater than that of assimilating the cumbersome military machine.

This subsecretary is at work in many directions. He may be seen in his offices in the Secretaria—where he is a

decidedly approachable person and where he keeps long hours—or he is apt to be met almost anywhere in the Republic, from evenings among the intelligentsia in the city to an encounter in some remote pueblito, or Indian village, in the mountains. Among these people he is accustomed to make extended trips of inspection, and here his visits and talks take on a paternal aspect that amounts to something almost religious—judging from the honors and welcomes that attend his visits among them.

As a Mexican, he is a rather tall man. He has a decidedly pleasant manner, and is never more interesting than when talking about the educational problems of his government. It is easy to see that he is very much in earnest. Moreover, he talks well. He will be remembered in this country for a number of lectures which he has delivered at various universities, and particularly for those at the University of Chicago, which have since been published in a two-volume edition, along with articles by Herbert Priestly and Manuel Gamio. Interviewing him, one notes that he has the hands of an executive, large and well shaped. His features are strong, with a broad forehead and the thoughtful eyes of a scholar. When he smiles, there is revealed expansively a set of gleaming white teeth.

Like most educated Mexicans of administrative position, Doctor Saenz is well aware of what is going on abroad as well as in Mexico in matters of art and literature. He may not be interested in the abstractions of a Brancusi or in the musical ideas of an Antheil. However, it is significant of this "cultural renaissance" which Mexico is experiencing that men as broad in their sympathies as

Saenz should be directing the educational policies of the nation.

In the fine old monastery that is now the Biblioteca Nacional in Mexico City, I found many books on the glories of Spain in the New World. Among them, and with its six tall volumes filling a large area of a certain shelf, was the work of Doctor Atl's on "Churches and Convents of Mexico," a richly illustrated and completely annotated study of the old buildings. Also there were the two thick volumes of his "Popular Arts of Mexico," which, I understand, has been out of print for some time. Having had the opportunity to see the "Churches and Convents" in the offices of the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects* in New York, to whom the Mexican Government had given a set, and being particularly interested in these things, I became desirous of an introduction to the man who seemed to know so much about them. He was hard to find, and I had almost decided that he was a mythical character. People would describe him as "Mexico's man of genius," and there were many stories of the variety of activities in which he interested himself. Few, however, seemed to know him personally. Finally, a friend on a newspaper managed it, and I met Atl.

He was living in the old Convento del Merced, in the oldest and most ruinous section of Mexico City. Passing from a busy market outside and entering through the tremendously thick portals into a great patio surrounded by seventeenth-century arcades gave us the sensation of coming into a somewhat vast and forgotten space.

Doctor Atl was in his study, a large vaulted room on the second floor, his back toward the door, and at that mo-



José Clemente Orozco



Moisés Saenz



Frances Toor

José Clemente Orozco is one of Mexico's great revolutionary artists, best known for his murals in the National Preparatory School. Moisés Saenz, minister of education, has worked untiringly to arouse to effective suffrage the native Indians of Mexico through rural schools. Frances Toor, the American editor of the magazine *Mexican Folkways*, is closely associated with the new renaissance in Mexican art and literature.



Doctor Atl, painter, explorer, and author of "Churches and Convents in Mexico," is known in his country as Mexico's man of genius. Carlos Obregon Santacilia is a young architect, representative of the generation which has come to the front since the revolution of 1921. Diego Rivera, Mexico's great modern painter, friend of Picasso, Pissarro, and Elie Faure, whose murals in the Ministry of Education have won him world-wide recognition, will have his first American exhibition in New York this winter.

ment dictating to a dark-haired stenographer, who had black eyes and that sort of transparency of skin that only Mexicans of a higher class possess. He turned and with a quick movement was on his feet and ready with a hearty *embraceo* and many *felicitaciones* for my friend. He was a man in his late sixties, apparently dressed for an expedition, with whip-cord breeches and jacket of corduroy. His movements were quick and energetic and his face quite animated in talking.

In the ensuing conversation my newspaper friend found little to say, though he attempted now and then to question the doctor about his explorations of the volcanoes. But nothing must interfere with our talk about the business of Spanish architectural influences in Mexico and Latin America. And I listened well to this little man who, beyond doubt, had more knowledge about these things than any one living.

I broached the subject of the "churrigueresque," that byword of the late Spanish baroque which so many, whether students or not, like to apply indiscriminately. Almost all of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century buildings in Mexico (which period there is most fertile in imaginative quality and in vigor of detail) are thus classified. This idea the doctor repudiated thoroughly and with vehemence. "The series of architectural works of the seventeenth century have essentially Mexican characteristics and cannot possibly be confused with those of either Churriguera, Tomé, Pedro de Ribera, Miguel de Figueroa, or any of the other Spanish architects of those times. Nothing could be more absurd!" Books were brought forth and comparisons made. They proved conclusively that what he had asserted was correct. Not only that,

but in some cases in checking contemporary examples it even seemed that Mexican influence—the influence, that is, of her richly tropic plant forms—had had an even stronger effect on architectural form in Spain than Spain had had on the New World.

Not only has Atl made a twenty-five-year study of architectural Mexico, the results of which, published by the Mexican Government, are comprised in his "Las Iglesias y Conventos Mexicanos," but he is also a painter of note and has been exhibited successfully in Paris years ago. And he is still painting to-day with the same sense of experiment that invariably marks the true artist. Moreover, he is an indefatigable explorer, and besides being president of a well-known exploration society is regarded as the greatest authority on the Mexican volcanoes—Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl, and Citlaltepetl (Orizaba). In other words, in Doctor Atl I had found a man who was not merely a perennial enthusiast on the subject of the architecture of his own country or an aimless "nature-bug," but a man of broad applications and a really important authority; also one for whom almost everything in life still holds the excitement of an adventure. On the whole, it was a decidedly worth-while morning, as far as I was concerned. I was particularly pleased with the visit for the reason that the theories brought out in conversation had merely confirmed my own ideas as to the stimulating qualities of Mexico itself.

A certain sculptural quality and a primitiveness of line that is almost Aztec marks the otherwise simply "modernistic" buildings of the young architect Carlos Obregon. Here is an example of one of the younger men who have

come to the front since the revolution of 1921, and who to-day is recognized as the foremost of Mexico's *ingenieros architectos*. He is a well-trained and able architect of about thirty years of age, and in the past four or five years has been responsible for the designing and construction of such buildings as the new Department of Public Health—an enormous group of buildings being erected in Mexico City—the remodelling of the Foreign Relations Office, and the splendid new Bank of Mexico, just completed. While it cannot be denied that these recent structures reflect in some measure ideals already advanced in contemporary French work (due, doubtless, to Obregon's contacts abroad), they are certainly far fresher and more vital forms of building than those to be found in the average State capital of the United States. Furthermore, it must be said that they do suggest a consciousness of what is native to Mexico, and that, after all, is the important thing back of all that is truly traditional.

I had rather begun to think of José Clemente Orozco as Mexico's "enfant terrible," judging from the murals and grim caricatures by this painter which I had seen either on the walls of the Preparatoria or published in political periodicals. The opposite was the case.

Going down to where he was painting, I found a quiet, visionary sort of man at work there. He was reticent in manner and even a little too modest about being drawn in pencil. That he was a man who possessed but one arm seemed a fact to which he apparently attached little importance. He even ventured a little joke about himself and ex-President Obregon, who is famous for his one arm.

Orozco is well known in Mexico, where his work has more than once formed the bone of contention in bitter controversies. Aside from anything that might be said for or against his paintings, Orozco is indisputably a man of deep convictions and, like Rivera, his convictions extend beyond what relates to merely beauty in design. He is deeply conscious socially, and his pen caricatures are acrid and biting denunciations of bourgeois Mexico—when they are not merely amusing comments on current vulgarisms. Knowing these drawings, it is easy to visualize the unreasoning fear of the unprintable that inspired our good customs agents at the border to confiscate a collection of his drawings that had been arranged for exhibit in a California art gallery. It is easy, too, to understand Orozco's disgust with this sort of shallowness on the part of government officials. It was probably not the first time his drawings, done with such evident sincerity of conception, had been misunderstood.

As a matter of fact, Clemente Orozco is intensely an individualist, and one whose reactions to contemporary existence are not apt to be of the tame and well-ordered variety. In this sense the only contemporary with whom he can definitely be compared is perhaps the German, George Grosse, with the exception that Orozco's paintings on the walls of the Preparatoria Nacional reveal constructive ideals of peculiarly far-reaching importance.

Frances Toor, the editor of *Mexican Folkways*, is also, like Diego Rivera, "all over the shop" in Mexico—artistically speaking. She is the one American there who has consistently devoted herself toward preserving what is traditionally and indigenously Mexican in art,

and not only this but to the cause of the artists as well. Hers is almost entirely a work of co-ordination and research, and at the same time she is thoroughly in touch with all the various movements and maintains a certain relationship between the departments of the government and the intelligentsia. The newspapers in Mexico like to refer to her as "la editora fecunda y sapiente," an appellation which both she and I found vastly amusing.

This "editora" is close to the Indian. She has travelled alone through many remote regions in Mexico for her material, and the results of these trips have occasionally formed priceless chapters in folkloric research. The names of her contributing editors make an impressive list and include such as Manuel Gamio, archæologist and former educational leader in Mexico; Tata Nacho, the singer and composer; and Carleton Beals, the American writer and authority on things Mexican. Diego Rivera is her art editor.

Through Frances Toor I met many of the literati, including the younger group of poets and writers as well as the editors of the art magazine *Forma*, and Salvador Novo, who, with Xavier Villaurrutia, edits the literary monthly *Ulises*. Among this group could be found people from all branches of the arts, ranging from woodcut illustrators such as Fernando Leal and that other well-known wood-engraver Diaz de Leon to and including the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Genaro Estrada, who is also a distinguished novelist. Naturally, there are also newspaper people.

Rafael Valle, an editor of the *Excelsior*, and Esperanza Velasquez Bringas, brilliant publicity director for Calles's presidential campaign, and now head of the national libraries, could be seen among them. At the summer school, which has been an important phase of Mexico's intellectual development, most of these people could be found at one time or another, frequently themselves in charge of a special class in literature or archæology. Their enthusiasm for cultural progress seemed to portend a real awakening for Mexico, and a more than merely social one.

It is the impossibility of separating these artists and writers from their period, from the toil and strivings of the nation, that lends them particular significance. With the promulgation of the agrarian laws and the gradual distribution of land—with the newly found rights of the laborer and the possibility of education for the Indian—new values have been established and the consciousness of these changes has become far-reaching and all-inclusive, providing for the painter not only mental stimulus but a new reason for being. Art in this sense need be no mere propaganda, since it may actually become a part of the fabric where formerly it was only accessory. The changes and social evolution of Italy of the quattrocento certainly provide no stranger background for a Renaissance than do the circumstances of Mexico of to-day with her scene of cultural growth being staged against a background of real primitivism.

NOTE: Since this article was written, various minor changes have taken place in the Mexican Government and among the younger periodicals there.



Justice Holmes Dissents

BY JOSEPH PERCIVAL POLLARD

"Holmes and Brandeis dissenting" is a familiar phrase in the reports of the proceedings of the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Pollard has made an interesting study of the principles and human qualities which underlie the dissents of Justice Holmes from the opinions of the majority.

GREAT judges are apt to be great men only in the eyes of lawyers. Lawyers escape with difficulty from training and contact, and consequently their admiration for masterful logic leads them to make gods out of the men who grace the higher tribunals. The layman, on the other hand, dependent on the ballyhoo of the press for his idols, seldom knows one judge from another while they are alive and functioning, and readily lets them drop into oblivion when dead. It is a matter of more or less common knowledge that the political development of this country has been the outgrowth through the years of the running battle between the principles of Hamilton and Jefferson. Yet not one man in fifty knows that Judge John Marshall is the man responsible for the increasing triumph of the plan of the former.

The nature of the judicial calling, the remoteness from the rough and tumble of life, and the lack of any dramatic quality about their stern and tedious tasks, are effective stumbling-blocks to fame. But the judges are not satisfied with these. They must not only be in an insulated chamber; they must drop that chamber down into the depths of the past, and speak from there. Living spokesmen for dead judges are twice removed from the facts of life. Add to their reverence for precedent

their joy in pushing conclusions to dryly logical extremes, regardless of their relation to justice, and their lack of interest in man as a man rather than as a legalistic specimen, and you have a sufficient explanation of their failure as great men.

But general propositions never hit everybody, and these fail to hit Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes. Judge Holmes is a great man. He has come to be recognized as such by layman as well as lawyer. If you ask your neighbor to tell you who is on the United States Supreme Court, he may say Brandeis, he will probably say Taft (though not because Taft is a judge), but he will be sure to say Holmes. Holmes has made an indelible mark on his mind, not only because he has seen the judge's name in a news item as a dissenter, but because it has somehow been brought to his attention that this judge is very human, and therefore important to him. Or your neighbor may be better informed than some as to the facts of the case decided. He may consider Holmes's dissents in the light of his own conservatism, and brand him as a radical. That would be almost as far from the truth as to brand him as a reactionary. It would take more than his liberal outlook on life to turn this white-haired cavalier and New England aristocrat into a red.

If for no other reason than his age

Judge Holmes is entitled to everlasting glory. Eighty-seven years old his last birthday, he is as youthful in spirit as when his Civil War wounds were fresh. He established the age record for the Supreme Court long ago. No one had ever before sat on that bench at his age. Taney, of Dred Scott fame, lived to be eighty-seven, but retired at eighty-four. Field, Story, and Marshall all served longer terms, but died much younger men. Fortunately for the country, time has made no inroads on the keen intellect of this perennial youth of the court.

He has a happy ancestry. The son of the distinguished poet and Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, the grandson of one of Massachusetts's leading jurists, he has come naturally by his talent for law and letters. His literary ability is marked. For besides being the author of many legal works which have profoundly affected the profession, he has, in his written opinions, expressed his interpretation of the law in a literary style which has no equal for crystal-clear phrasing and epigrammatic force. Where other judges are given to extensive and elaborate dissertations, Holmes's opinions are short and concise, the result of an artistic weeding out of the immaterial. He thinks things instead of words—an idea he has sometimes suggested in vain to his colleagues—and then puts those things in words of phosphorescence. And as is the case with most men interested in the welfare of mankind, and able to do something about it, he abounds in humor. What Meredith said of Molière is true of Justice Holmes: "The source of his wit is clear reason: it is a fountain of that soil; and it springs to vindicate reason, common sense, rightness, and justice; for no vain purpose ever."

It is in his determination of consti-

tutional problems that we see the amazing dexterity of the man's mind. The Constitution, to him, is a flexible document, capable of harmonizing with the changing needs of society, rather than a rigid rule of law operating against the best interests of the people. Its interpretation is a political rather than a juristic matter, and requires a different approach on the part of judges than does a problem in the Law of Mortgages. Whether the act of a legislature, State or Federal, conflicts with the fundamental law of the land, is a matter which involves the public welfare to a far greater extent than any mere dispute between individual litigants. And it is on these important affairs of statecraft that Judge Holmes brings to bear the full force of his wisdom and humanity.

From 1902, when he was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Roosevelt, to the present day, Judge Holmes has consistently sought to suppress tyranny, whether that tyranny come from judges who construe the troublesome words "liberty" and "property" so literally as to imperil the public welfare, or whether it come from legislatures who interfere with the fundamental guaranties of the Bill of Rights. He has sought to secure the ultimate happiness of mankind by giving free scope to legislatures in making needful regulations for the general health and security of their citizens, and not going out of his way to discover some mythical constitutional limitation to prevent them. He has sought to benefit the people of the country by adhering to the principles of fair play, by driving out fraud, and by helping the under-dog whenever such help does not interfere with an obvious constitutional privilege of somebody else. And in so doing he

has carried out the purposes of the founders of the Constitution.

One of the earliest cases of any importance in which he played a part is significant of many of his characteristics. Roosevelt, at the height of his zealous trust-busting, wanted the Hill-Morgan railway combination dissolved by Supreme Court decree, and he expected his new appointee to help him. The court did dissolve the combine in the famous Northern Securities case in 1903, but Justice Holmes showed his utter fearlessness and independence by dissenting from the majority opinion. His dissent was due to his keen insight into economic conditions. With prophetic vision he saw the universal advantages to be derived from combinations of private capital, which are amply attested by the corporate mergers of today, and which the Supreme Court itself recognized in upholding the United States Steel combine in 1920. This display of liberalism in support of capital should allay somewhat the fears of those who see such danger in his support of labor.

In 1905 Judge Holmes showed that justice and humanity could be reconciled with constitutional law by leading the dissent from one of the most outrageous opinions ever handed down from that tribunal. The Lochner case was the first case to conjure up the Fourteenth Amendment to thwart the legislative remedying of bad economic and social conditions. The question before the court was whether the New York law limiting the hours of labor for bakers should be thrown out as interfering with the "liberty" of contract thought to be guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. A bare majority of the judges decided that the law was such an interference, and that

the legislature could not deprive employer and employee of their freedom to bargain for services. With the result that the bakery overlords continued to swell their profits at the risk of ill health to the bakers and contaminated bread to the public. The case aroused a storm of protest throughout the country, but it started a precedent for much bad law and injustice in subsequent cases involving the conflict between the Fourteenth Amendment and the State police power.

Against all this Judge Holmes has fought valiantly. Seeing the need of equality of position before there can be any real freedom to contract, he has, time and again, sought to uphold the State legislatures in their attempts to bring this about. And ten years after the Lochner case he was instrumental in bringing the court to uphold an Oregon law regulating hours of labor in factories—the court thus quietly overruling the Lochner case, though never admitting their mistake.

But the Old Guard hates to give in. While they will reluctantly admit the power of the legislature to regulate hours of labor for men and women, they will not admit the same for minimum wages for women, although both are measures seeking to remove conditions that lead to ill health and the deterioration of the race. In the Adkins case, in 1923, Judge Holmes had occasion to voice again his protest over the academic but unjust application of the word "liberty." When the majority of the court threw out the Minimum Wage Act for women in the District of Columbia, he said:

"I confess that I do not understand the principle on which the power to fix a minimum for the wages of women can be denied by those who admit the

power to fix a maximum for their hours of work. . . . The bargain is equally affected whichever half you regulate. . . . It will need more than the Nineteenth Amendment to convince me that there are no differences between men and women."

However men may differ as to the advisability of Congress extending its power under the Commerce Clause to regulate conduct commonly looked upon as within the peculiar province of the States, there are some instances where Judge Holmes is convinced that the end justifies the means. He made this clear by his dissent in the Child Labor case in 1918. Congress had enacted a statute prohibiting the shipment in interstate commerce of any product of a cotton-mill in which children between the ages of 14 and 16 had been employed more than 8 hours a day or more than 6 days a week. A harassed mill-owner having invoked the convenient "due process" clause of the Fifth Amendment to remove this legislative burden, the matter came before the Supreme Court for decision, and the necessary five judges, having no precedent for this particular attempt to build up a federal police power, held that Congress was powerless to do so. Holmes, however, saw the real issue of social expediency. He asserted, with characteristic vigor, that the national law-making body should not be disturbed in taking measures to stamp out a nationwide evil in the interest of the national welfare:

"If there is any matter upon which civilized countries have agreed—far more unanimously than they have with regard to intoxicants and some other matters on which this country is now emotionally aroused—it is the evil of premature and excessive child labor."

In the above cases it will be seen that Judge Holmes voted not only to improve conditions for men, women, and children performing manual labor, but also—and it is important to bear this in mind—not to disturb, by judicial interference, the judgment of legislative bodies whose business it is to adopt regulations in furtherance of the public good. And his idea of having judges refrain from meddling in the affairs of legislatures is amply revealed in the further labor cases dealing with unions and injunctions, notably the Adair and Coppage cases, and the Truax case.

In the Adair case, decided in 1908, a locomotive fireman on a Western railroad had been discharged because of his affiliation with a labor-union. As an Act of Congress had made it a criminal offense for an employer to discharge a man for that reason, the employer was indicted under the statute. He, of course, called loudly upon the Fifth Amendment to protect him, screaming that he had been deprived of his freedom of contract, and the constitutional fight was on. The majority of the court tore up the law as in conflict with what they considered the paramount right of the employer under the Fifth Amendment. But not Justice Holmes. He voted to uphold the Act of Congress which had been passed to protect the working man, not simply because he sympathized with the working man:

"The Act simply prohibits the more powerful party to exact certain undertakings," but because Congress, as the national lawmaking body, had seen fit to exercise a power specifically given to it by the Commerce Clause of the Constitution:

"To prevent strikes might be deemed by Congress an important point of policy."

"I quite agree that the question what and how much good labor-unions do, is one on which intelligent people may differ; I think that laboring men sometimes attribute to them advantages, as many attribute to combinations of capital disadvantages, that really are due to economic conditions of a far wider and deeper kind; but I would not pronounce it unwarranted if Congress should decide that to foster a strong union was for the best interest, not only of the men, but of the railroads, and the country at large."

Here again his insight into economic facts; his practical philosophy of the law as a living thing. The twenty years that have passed since these words were uttered have seen instances of the abuse of power on both sides, just as they have seen industrial progress develop from strong combinations of both labor and capital.

But in the *Truax* case, in 1921, the majority of his colleagues rode roughshod over the Holmes idea of deference to legislative will in matters of internal policy, and put the boot to an Arizona statute forbidding the use of injunctions in labor disputes. Here a restaurant proprietor had attempted to enjoin a demonstration of his striking cooks and waiters, but found himself balked by the law forbidding it. This law he tortured into a deprivation of "property," and so convinced the court—in spite of Holmes's contention that it was not the duty of the Supreme Court to step into the shoes of the Arizona legislature, and substitute their judgment for that of the local body knowing best how to remedy the local situation.

Holmes's liberalism in giving the sanction of law to the developing forces of society is not by any means confined to labor struggles. Seeing the legislature

as the spokesman of any dominant public opinion, he will strive as fervently to uphold its actions in behalf of an oppressed theatregoer as he will in behalf of an oppressed hod-carrier. His dissent in the *Tyson* case, in 1927, reveals his indignation over profiteering at the expense of the cultural development of the people. The New York legislature had seen fit to regulate the price of theatre tickets because of the prevalent evil of gross overcharging among ticket brokers in the city of New York. This benevolent law was promptly declared invalid by a bare majority of the court, who again polished up the halo around the word "property," and turned a deaf ear to the novel and, to them, astounding suggestion that the theatre was vested with a sufficient "public interest" to be the subject of regulation. To this Holmes gave a characteristic answer:

"The truth seems to me to be that, subject to compensation where compensation is due, the legislature may forbid or restrict any business when it has a sufficient force of public opinion behind it. . . . If we are to yield to fashionable conventions, it seems to me that theatres are as much devoted to public use as anything well can be. We have not that respect for art that is one of the glories of France. But to many people the superfluous is the necessary, and it seems to me that the government does not go beyond its sphere in attempting to make life livable for them."

As, in restricting the application of the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to cases where they do not conflict with a paramount public interest, Judge Holmes endeavors to make law compatible with justice, so he does in zealously guarding the rights of the individual guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. When a government agency acts, in its

proper sphere, for the general welfare, well and good. But when a government agency exercises that tyranny which the founders of the Constitution sought to escape, then Judge Holmes has something to say about it. The constitutional guaranty of free speech has been more than once curbed by a legislature fearful for the political status quo. To this Holmes is opposed. Not because he is in favor of the soap-box doctrines of government, but because he feels the people should be free to make their own social and political experiments, and thus be able to see the folly of their own frenzies. In 1915 he wrote:

"The notion that with socialized property we should have women free and a piano for everybody seems to me an empty humbug." "I have no belief in panaceas and almost none in sudden ruin. Hence I am not much interested one way or the other in the nostrums now so strenuously urged."

And in 1920:

"With effervescent opinions, as with the not yet forgotten champagnes, the quickest way to let them get flat is to let them get exposed to the air."

During those five years much happened. The country was engaged in war, and the Espionage Act had been passed to curb the seditious utterances everywhere broadcast by malcontents. Debs and others had been convicted of violating the Espionage Act, and Holmes joined his colleagues in upholding the conviction, because it had been clearly proved that they had committed acts hostile to the government in time of war. Then came the Abrams case, in 1920, and with it one of Judge Holmes's greatest dissents. Abrams and other Russian revolutionists in New York had been convicted of sedition under the Espionage Act for distributing

pamphlets designed to prevent the United States from interfering with the Russian Revolution. And not only convicted but sentenced to prison for twenty years. It had not been shown at the trial that the issuing of these inflammatory pronunciamientos had caused any actual harm, or had interfered in any way with the government's carrying on of the war. In pointing out that there was no need to get so thoroughly hysterical as to nullify the fundamental right of free speech, when the exercise of that right involved no present danger to the nation, Justice Holmes said:

"We should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country. . . . Now nobody can suppose that the surreptitious publishing of a silly leaflet by an unknown man, without more, would present any immediate danger that its opinions would hinder the success of the government arms or have any appreciable tendency to do so. . . . The ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market."

This doctrine of benign tolerance he had occasion to voice again in 1925 in opposition to a New York law which made criminal any advocating of the upheaval of organized government, no matter how gradual the process. Under this law Benjamin Gitlow was tried and convicted of criminal anarchy for having published a manifesto which urged, in extravagant general terms, the sub-

stitution of Communism for the existing capitalistic form of government—the folly of which no one appreciates better than Judge Holmes. Yet he dissented from the opinion of the court, declared the statute an invalid interference with the liberty of speech, and again asserted the right of the people to work out their own future.

Judge Holmes is as quick to find a deprivation of a fundamental right in a judicial proceeding as in a legislative enactment. In a case which came up to the Supreme Court from the State of Georgia in 1915 he showed, by a vigorous dissenting opinion, that "due process of law," under the Constitution, includes the right that every accused person has to a fair and impartial trial. Leo Frank, a Jew, on trial for the murder of a white girl, had been convicted by a jury so strongly intimidated by a mob bent on lynching that the whole court-room proceeding was a farce. The judge and jury, as well as the prisoner, would have been lynched if there had been a verdict of acquittal. But the Georgia high court had held that "due process" was satisfied by the State going through the mere form of a trial, and the United States Supreme Court said that ended the matter—that they were bound by the State court's decision on matters of State procedure. Holmes, however, tore through form and got to substance. No matter how guilty, the prisoner was entitled to a fair trial and he had not had it. He had thus been deprived of a right guaranteed him by the federal Constitution, and he should have a new trial:

"Mob law does not become due process of law by securing the assent of a terrorized jury. . . . It is our duty to declare lynch-law as little valid when practised by a regularly drawn jury as

when administered by one elected by a mob intent on death."

It is interesting to note that Holmes's dissent in this case became the opinion of the court eight years later. A case coming up from Arkansas in 1923, involving exactly the same sort of terrorism—black defendants hurried to conviction under mob domination—was sent back to the State court with instructions to give the accused a new and fair trial.

Here is his ever-present spirit of fair play. The spirit of fair play that caused him, back in 1906, to dissent so vigorously from the lengthy conclusion of Chief Justice White in the Haddock divorce case. Haddock had divorced his wife in Connecticut. Years later, Haddock having acquired a fortune, his ex-wife saw fit to claim they were still married, and, with an eye to alimony, she sued for divorce in New York. Haddock set up in defense that they were already divorced. But the New York court said: "No, we refuse to recognize the Connecticut decree. You may be divorced in Connecticut, but you are still married in New York." And the United States Supreme Court, by a five to four vote, upheld the New York court, and allowed a technicality to triumph over that part of the Constitution which says that every State shall give full faith and credit to the judgments of a sister State.

Holmes, however, as in the Frank case, saw the injustice to the party adversely affected. And as he saw, in the Frank case, the disastrous consequences that might attend the legal sanction of lynching, so he saw here the happiness of many innocent people sacrificed to a harsh and erroneous rule of law:

"As the reasoning which prevails in the mind of the majority does not con-

vince me, and as I think that the decision is likely to cause considerable disaster to innocent persons and to bastardize children hitherto supposed to be the offspring of lawful marriage, I think it proper to express my views."

Thanks to his having expressed his views so forcefully for years, views which mould logic into the realities of life, so that ultimate comfort and happiness will be promoted rather than hindered by law, Judge Holmes has carved a niche for himself in the hall of our truly great. His departure from the conventional approach to legal problems has been a wide-spread influence for good in the profession. He has brought judges to consider the cases before them not only in the light of settled conclusions of the past, but also of the social and economic conditions that entered into the forming of those

conclusions. A judge must indeed be worth heeding who can convince the Supreme Court to depart from its own solemn pronouncements. And this Judge Holmes has done on matters of vital constitutional importance, thereby promoting the well-being of capital as well as labor, and of subject as well as sovereign. Though he is still dissenting to-day—on June 4, 1928, he had occasion to denounce the "dirty business" of government agents tapping telephone-wires in order to get evidence to be used in criminal prosecutions—he is leading his colleagues more and more in decisions they would not have made but for his early struggles. He cannot last forever. But he can go to his rest happy in the knowledge that the further progress of the law will be along the broad human path blazed by his dissenting opinions.



Tommy's Wife

BY COREY FORD

DUCK, Chris, for the love o' God!"
"Do what?"
"Like I told you, y' sap. Fade!
Evaporate! Here."

"And why," demanded Chris, peering from the dark doorway into which his companion had unceremoniously hauled him, "should I be ducking? S'pose I am, a crook or somethin'? Might think," he muttered, polishing his derby resentfully with an elbow, "we was playin' a little game o' cops and robbers, Ed, shovin' me around . . ."

"Shut up," advised Ed in a growl.
"Shut up?"
"Keep still, y' sap. They're goin' by now. Don't you see 'em?"

"Oh, them!" Chris stared at the two women who hurried past, their arms filled with bundles; the younger one was laughing gaily as she chatted in an undertone. A trolley slowed down at her signal; she took her elderly companion by the arm and helped her from the curb. As the door slammed behind them and the car moved forward with a grunt of wheels, Ed released his tense

grip on his friend's arm with a sigh of relief.

"Gees, what a narrow escape!" he breathed. "It's good I seen 'em in time, ain't it?"

"Yeh, but who are they?" asked Chris, working the muscles of his arm reproachfully.

"Who are they? Couldn't you see 'em?" Ed gazed at his friend in disgust. "Tommy's wife an' his old woman."

"Hully Gees," gasped Chris reverently.

"You see?" crowed the other. "An' if it hadn't of been for me, you'd of had to gone home with 'em in the trolley, after what's just happened. Maybe that would of been a swell job, I don't think!"

"Looks like they don't know nothin' about it, neither."

"Of course they don't know nothin' about it. Otherwise they wouldn't hardly be going through the streets laughing and talking, would they, if they knew? Use your bean."

"We should of broke the news to 'em, I s'pose," mused Chris, staring down the tracks where the trolley had disappeared.

"Go ahead," said Ed magnanimously. "Go to it. Nobody's stoppin' you, are they? You can run down the tracks an' maybe catch 'em yet. Why don't you?"

"Well, I don't know," wriggled Chris uneasily. "I ain't so good at that kind of thing, Ed, to be frank. When they start to cry I don't know what to do with my hands. I wouldn't be so good . . ."

"Well, me neither," replied Ed, "an' that's that. It's up to Parker. He's the boss. It's up to him. They'll know soon enough, anyways."

"Yeh, they'll know soon enough,

anyways." Chris studied the trolley-tracks converging in the distance. "It'll seem funny at the plant without Tommy there no more. Mooney cuss, wasn't he!"

"Quiet, yeh. Didn't talk much. Particularly the last couple years, after he got married."

"No, I seen that. Hell of a good guy, though. Always give the other fellow the breaks. You know, Ed, he'd of been a lot further along if he hadn't been such a good guy. People sort o' took advantage of Tommy."

"Like Parker done."

"Yeh, like Parker done." Chris shook his head. "Ain't it the hell how so good a guy like Tommy should get bumped off so sudden? Yesterday he was workin' next to me, Ed, as close as I'm standin' to you now; and to-day . . ." He flipped a cigarette.

"Well," said Ed.

"Cleanin' his gun, wasn't it?"

"Yeh, that's how the afternoon papers says it happened."

"Funny," pondered Chris, "why he should be cleanin' his gun so early in the morning. Wonder why he done that."

"How the hell should I know?" demanded Ed.

"And then I wonder why his wife don't know nothin' about it yet," scratching his head. "She must of left home mighty early. Before him, I mean."

"Maybe she had to go over to Tommy's mother," suggested Ed. "You took notice they was together just now."

"Queer nobody told 'em all day," persisted Chris. "Wonder where they been. Did Parker try?"

"Sure he tried, I told you, but he couldn't find 'em nowheres. She ain't

been home all day since it happened."

"Wasn't Tommy's old man home, even?"

"No, he works somewhere. I don' know where he works. Parker rung the old man's house a dozen times too. There wasn't nobody home neither place," explained Ed patiently; "what do you want to ask so many questions for? Think y' are, the coroner? I told you all I heard. Y' can't do nothin' now. What of it?"

"Well, there's somethin' funny somewhere," murmured Chris stolidly. "Her goin' out so early, for example. Might of been words. Women is funny, you know."

"Women!" Ed spat philosophically. "Oh, what the hell!"

"Well, I'm shovin'," said Chris, setting the derby on his head with a pat. "You takin' the trolley?"

"No, I'm walkin'," replied Ed. "Well, don' do nothin' I wouldn't do."

"Well, see ya to-morrow, Ed."
"Yeh."

The vestibule door of a brownstone front shut with a slam, and a second later the key turned in the inner lock. Mrs. Shevlin, senior, feeling her way cautiously down the dark hall, called back repeated warnings to her daughter-in-law: "Careful of that hat-tree, Emma. That hat-tree's in a bad place for stubblin' over; if I told pa once, I told him a dozen times. . . . This way, dear; set them bundles down anywhere in the living-room. Wait'll I find the light . . . here we are."

"Don't know why we brought home all this truck for."

"Oh, them Kewpie dolls will look nice on the mantel. We can always use 'em somewhere. It'd been too bad to of left 'em after winning 'em the way

you did. My sakes, what a day, galavantin' around! . . ." She sighed, sinking down in a red-plush rocker. "You home, pa?" she shrieked.

"That you, ma?" came a muffled voice from the kitchen.

"Emma's here," she yelled; and then, turning to her daughter-in-law: "Come on out, dear. I guess he's pretty near through with his supper. Can't I fix you up a little somethin'?"

"Honest, ma, I couldn't eat a bite. Been stuffing all day on pop-corn and ice-cream and stuff."

"Little coffee, anyhow? I thought you would," she nodded, as she led the way to the kitchen. "Just take a second. Anything new, pa?" she asked over her shoulder, as she busied herself about the stove.

Mr. Shevlin washed down a mouthful with a gulp of water and set down his knife. He was slouched and gray, and his dull eyes raised slowly as he opened his lips to reply.

"Find that cold meat I left you?" continued Mrs. Shevlin briskly, without waiting for an answer. "And that potato salad?" She hummed a little air, and ran water into the coffee-pot. "We get the nicest potato salad around the corner, Emma. Pa's very fond of it. He has it whenever I'm out. You ought to try it on Tommy some time."

"Tommy likes a hot supper, he says," laughed Emma shortly. "I got to break his highness in slowly. Gradual-like. This morning I went out so quick I didn't leave him nothin'."

"You two been away all day?" asked Mr. Shevlin in a low voice.

"Eh? Oh, me and Emma was to Coney Island. Emma come over this morning just after you left an' says: 'Let's take the day off an' go to Coney Island!' and so off we went to Coney

Island. We had a swell time. Emma won a doll."

"Emma. . . ." Mr. Shevlin's eyes moved blankly over his daughter's face. He seemed to struggle with a growing realization. "Then you ain't been home to . . . Tommy?"

"I'd like to know how it's any your business whether Emma's been home," bristled Mrs. Shevlin. "What if she ain't been home? It'll do Tommy good, her leavin' him alone to-day till he come out of his sulks. You men make me tired, always stickin' together. He'll appreciate her all the more when she gets back. I'd of done the same thing if it was you, Tom Shevlin; you needn't talk."

Mr. Shevlin's eyes mechanically sought his wife's face. He opened his mouth to speak and shut it again.

"Maybe I should of left Tommy somethin', at that," mused Emma. "He won't know what to get. Maybe I ought to be starting back and not wait for that coffee, ma."

"Shucks, don't spoil him. He's got to get used to it some time. I got pa trained, ain't I, pa?"

"Oh, I ain't spoilin' him, don't you worry. No, I got Tommy so he'll do like I say, all right. Oh, there ain't no danger my spoilin' Tommy." Emma laughed. "We ain't been married two years for nothin'. No, I keep after him all the time."

"That's the only way to do, Emma, just keep after him. I keep after pa all the time, don't I, pa? If it wasn't for me, I don't know where pa'd be. Fishin', I guess! Them pair is just alike, you got to manage 'em."

"Tommy ain't so easy to manage, always, ma. Particularly lately. He's been getting so moody and sulky lately, I have to light into him night and day.

'Get out there and do somethin',' I tell him. 'Get ahead like the other fellows,' I tell him. 'You let everybody put it all over you,' I say, 'and you're so dumb they just pull the wool right over your eyes. They all take advantage of you,' I tell him. And he just sits and looks at me."

"Tommy's too easy with other people," agreed Mrs. Shevlin. "He's as bad as his father."

"Don't I know it, ma? It's like I always say to him, 'Lending your money again, was you?' I say. 'Your money! Our money, you mean. Giving away our money to the first bum that touches you for a dollar. Will they ever return it? They will not. They'll just laugh and slap you on the back and say: 'Here comes good old Tommy!' and in the meantime where do I get off, to buy clothes and things? You so damned generous, and your wife going around looking like a scarecrow!'" Emma subsided, relaxed her clenched fists. "That's what I tell him. And how much good does it do? I might as well be talking to a stone wall."

"You might better," muttered Mr. Shevlin, rising slowly and crossing the room toward the rocker by the stove.

"Yes, you can talk, Tom Shevlin," replied Mrs. Shevlin sharply. "A lot you ever take me out nights yourself or buy me anything. Always sit there all evenin', readin' your old paper, and never say a word, just sit." She glared at her husband, who set down his newspaper and stared at the floor in silence. "Go on, Emma."

"I have to laugh, ma, the way he's always talkin' about having a family. 'You'd make a fine father, you would,' I tell him, 'with the salary you earn, and giving half of that away,' I tell him. 'Haven't even got gumption enough to

kick when they walk right over your face.' He always wanted me to . . . you know—have a family."

"Has he been at that again?" asked Mrs. Shevlin indignantly. "I hope you told him to mind his own business."

"You bet I did," replied Emma. "I told him, I said, 'I'm tied down enough now,' I said, 'with the amount of money you earn,' I said, 'not to want to be stayin' home night and day tending a baby,' I said. 'Wait till you earn a decent income before you start talking.' I notice he didn't say nothing to that."

"I don't blame you a bit, Emma," agreed Mrs. Shevlin, bringing the coffee-pot from the stove and clanking two cups on the kitchen-table. "Milk in yours?"

Emma stirred in sugar absently. "I want to see him get ahead, ma. I do everything I can. Only he's so . . . so slow-like and stupid; sometimes I get discouraged and lose my temper, like I did this morning. It gets me sore," she blazed, "when a crook like Parker puts one over on him, and Tommy just takes it. Sometimes I think he ain't got any backbone."

"Tommy always hates to make a fuss," nodded Mrs. Shevlin.

"Yeh," grimly, "well, if he won't make a fuss, I'll make one for him. I'll see to that. Maybe if I keep at him long enough he'll tumble to himself a little. Though I do get a little sick of just talkin', talkin', talkin' to him all the time, and him sitting there and looking at me. A lot of good it does when I try to warn him. I seen what Parker was going to pull, oh, a month ago."

"Yes, God knows you done everything you could, Emma."

"I told him up and down, I said: 'Parker's after that superintendent job as sure as you're born,' I said; 'and if

you don't watch out he'll get it over you. An' you been workin' ten years for it, an' you let a newcomer like Parker walk right in over you,' I said. 'Why don't you speak up and say somethin'? Tell 'em how good you are,' I said, 'tell 'em you'll quit if you don't get what's coming to you. Make 'em sit up and take notice of you.' An' he just smiles an' says: 'Oh, I guess if I'm deserving I'll get it all right,' he says. 'Deserving!' I says, 'deserving! Tell me something funny! Do you suppose for one solitary second,' I says, 'that they're going to look around an' see who's the most *deserving*? Ha! They're going to take the one that's right there with the ready line, the one that tells 'em he's better'n anybody else. And if you don't watch out, that one's going to be Parker!'"

"And that's just what happened, Emma, like you said."

"And will he do anything about it now? 'It isn't too late,' I tell him; 'go up an' show 'em how he double-crossed you,' I says; 'go up and tell 'em how Parker put one over on 'em. You can prove Parker never worked in Albany like he said, you can prove how he lied to 'em. You got the goods on him. Go on!" I says; and he just shakes his head an' says: 'No, Emma,' he says, 'I don't want to do nothin' dirty like that to Parker!'" She imitated her husband's voice with a sarcastic bleat: "*I don't want to do nothin' dirty like that to Parker!*" "Oh, you don't!" I says. "An' I suppose Parker didn't want to do nothin' dirty to you, neither. An' I suppose I'm to sit around in rags the rest of my life, just because you don't want to do nothin' dirty to people. You're a failure, Tommy, just a common, good-for-nothin' failure!" That is what I've been saying to him all week; and he just

sits and looks at me, and smiles an' says: 'No, Emma, that's sneakin' behind his back, an' I don't do that kind of thing,' he says."

"I pity you, Emma. God knows you try hard."

"Well, I had it out last night, all right. 'To-morrow you're going to tell 'em about Parker,' I said, 'or you ain't comin' in this house again. You're lazy, you're an easy mark, you're selfish,' I said; 'you don't care what happens to your wife, you're never going to be any good,' I said. All night long I kep' saying it. And he flares up, and talks wild, an' I let him have it good. This morning at breakfast I told him, I said: 'You're a failure, an' if you don't tell on Parker to-day, I don't want to see you again, ever!' 'Careful, Emma,' he says, 'what you're sayin'!' 'Oh, I know what I'm saying,' I says; 'I'm just speaking God's truth. There's no place in this world for a failure,' I says; 'if you're a no-good, you're better dead.' 'Maybe you're right,' he says, staring at me, 'maybe you're right.' 'I know I'm right,' I says, because I was losing my temper by the minute, with him staring at me so quiet; 'you're not fit to be a man, much less a husband, you're just a joke, an' I wish to God I was rid of you!' And then I slammed the door, an' come over here to you, ma."

"Did she tell him that?" asked Mr. Shevlin, looking up from his paper.

"She done just right, Tom Shevlin; it'll teach him a lesson," snapped Mrs. Shevlin. "Wasn't you that way when I married you? I wish to God I'd talked the same way to you; maybe I wouldn't be slavin' now. Tommy's you all over again. . . . No, dear," she said to Emma, "don't you worry. Whatever happens to Tommy, it'll be you are to thank for it."

"Thanks, ma. Well, I got to be gettin' back. Tommy'll be wondering where I am. I . . ." Emma smiled. "I couldn't let him go to sleep without kissing him 'Good night.' He's all right at heart, Tommy is. I love him, ma."

"Oh, Tommy's a real good boy at heart. But you got to manage him."

"Well, I'm doing my best," sighed Emma, as she started down the dark hall. "I'm doing the best I can. . . . No, you needn't come to the door. I can see my way. . . ."

"Here, let me turn up this light for you, Emma," came Mrs. Shevlin's voice from the darkness. "Got your bundles? Look out for that hat-tree, dear; if I told pa once . . ." Her voice trailed indistinctly.

Mr. Shevlin spread the newspaper quietly to the third page, folded it back methodically into half, and creased the half into quarters. The kitchen clock ticked regularly; from the hall came the muffled slam of the outside door. Mr. Shevlin raised his eyes in anticipation.

". . . might at least of started the dishes for me," complained Mrs. Shevlin, hurrying back down the hall, "instead of reading there all night. You knew I'd be tired after all day." She crossed the room impatiently. "I don't see what you find in that paper that's so interesting always. . . ."

"There's this one little thing, ma." Mr. Shevlin rose to his feet and handed her the folded newspaper. "In case you ain't read it."

Mrs. Shevlin glanced at him sharply before she looked down at the column of print under her thumb. "Where you going?"

"Nowheres," answered Mr. Shevlin, taking down his hat and shuffling toward the kitchen door.

Just What Is Reno Like

BY GRACE HEGGER LEWIS

Reno is a phenomenon of America and has a distinct social significance. The recent change in the residence requirement has made it even more popular as a divorce centre. The former wife of a well-known novelist pictures the human side of that interesting city.

WITH each announcement from Paris of another divorce denied or deferred comes the conviction that Reno, Nevada, is the safest place for an American to obtain a legal severing of the marital bond. This decision made, the next bewildering thought is, "What is Reno?"

Until recently women formed eighty per cent of the applicants who came here, and, though that has been reduced to fifty-five, to the eye at least as you walk along the main street—called Virginia—there seems a preponderance of women strangers over men. True, a Reboux hat and a Patou *ensemble* are necessarily a little more striking than the standardized business suit of the American male, but what it really means is that it is far easier for the Paris costume to come out here than for the husband whose Wall Street operations made that costume possible. On the other hand, the clerk making his modest hundred or so a month can better afford to leave his job and find another in Reno while "serving his time" than can his wife with her established household and two children. And because to a man the breaking up of a home rarely suggests quite the catastrophe that it does to a woman, and because from an early age men learn to adapt themselves to a changing environment, Reno

had best be explained from the woman's point of view.

If you have travelled seldom, if you have never been farther west than Hoboken, there is added to the misery of the final step which you have just promised to take the confusion of a long journey into the unknown. Friends, lawyers, and doctors, too (for no sensitive woman can face divorce without a nerve-strain), may give advice and even first-hand information about life in this unique city, but none of it serves quite to eliminate the trepidations about an experience which usually has no precedent.

No matter what the cause which has resulted in the cleavage, the psychology of the women, Reno bound, is significantly alike. Even if, as often happens, your husband-to-be sees you aboard the train with books and flowers and sustaining promises of a new happy future, once the train has started you retire to your seat with tears in your eyes and a feeling of being a marked woman from that moment. When the conductor asks you for your ticket you hand it to him with a sense of shame, and though you may have bought a thrifty round-trip ticket to San Francisco, nevertheless the Pullman ticket is inscribed Reno, and should the conductor note the fact in a loud voice, you cower a little or

look impersonally out of the window as if the ticket were no affair of yours. If you are all alone, without mother, child, friend, or maid, your aloneness increases with every day. A spirit of adventure may buoy you up for a while, but as Wyoming mountains succeed Nebraska plains you realize there will be no dear familiar faces at this journey's end—you are on your own, for better, for worse.

The trains from the east and the trains from the west all arrive in and depart from Reno in the dark hours. You hope to descend unobserved, but a number of men passengers are walking up and down the platform for a breather, and when they see your luggage being piled up by the porter you at once become a person of interest.

"There goes one of them," you overhear. You begin to feel as if you had an infectious disease.

It is not so bad when your lawyer or the friend of a friend is there to welcome you, but suppose you are alone? The hotel bus, where is it? . . . There are two other people already in it. You look at them surreptitiously. They, also? As in a nightmare all things are out of focus, even the Reno porter and the bus-driver. . . . Weeks later, when your life has become pleasantly adjusted, you pay a visit to the railway station. A nice station, a cheerful station, certainly not the one at which you alighted that sinister first night.

There are a number of good hotels, but you have been told to choose the newest one. The hall is bright and modern and welcoming, the bellboys uniformed and polite. The night clerk accepts your arrival as a matter of course, and you sign yourself Mrs. G. H. Smith, New York—the initials are

your own, not your husband's, and somehow a compromise with the future. You enter a charming bedroom, agreeable in color and comfort. It is still cold and the bellboy demonstrates with enthusiasm the working of a tiny thermostat.

"Push this way for 'on' and 'warm,' and this way for 'off' and 'cool.' "

"S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s!" goes the thermostat, eager to oblige.

"I should so like a bath. Is there hot water at this hour?"

"You bet!" and he turns on a steaming faucet.

"Can I have breakfast in my room?"

"You bet! Just call room-service."

"Thank you. Good night."

"You b— Good night!"

The next morning is always the next morning, thank heaven! If the sun is shining, and it sunshines with more than a fair frequency in Nevada, there is something very exciting and hopeful about looking out of the windows and seeing mountains everywhere, some snow-capped and aloof, and others violet and blue and bare and humped like sleeping elephants. And in the foreground the important little Truckee River rushes by on its business of irrigating the arid land, and a half-dozen white edifices proclaim themselves public buildings by their look of impersonality. There are no leaves on the trees now, but here's a park and there's another—how pretty it must be in the summer-time! Perhaps it won't be so bad after all. You decide not to think until after breakfast.

The orange juice and the coffee and the toast are all good. You are actually happy at this moment. After months of nerve-tattering indecision to find your-

self here at last is a positive relief. You feel remote and safe. No one can touch you for a little while. You are no longer a situation, a case; you belong to yourself again. No telephones, not even many letters, for you told so few people you were coming.

The morning paper seems a bit slim after *The Times*, but then what paper wouldn't! If you have travelled a great deal you know the local advertisements will reveal as adequately as any Baedeker the size and quality of the town. Five movie houses and a preference for Wild West films. No spoken drama apparently, or concerts. "Professional cards" of lawyers, chiropractors, spiritualists, and beauty culturists. Ranches and poultry and wedding-rings for sale. "Drive-It-Yourself" cars and "Used Not Abused" automobiles.

And the impressive list of furnished rooms and apartments, "three months or longer" and "close to the court-house." Obviously there are other ways of living than in this hotel. Perhaps you had better see first what the town has to offer.

If you are met by your lawyer, he and his wife will be most kind and help you to get settled as quickly as possible. But perhaps you have not yet chosen your Reno representative or you want to put off the committing moments of that first interview. (In parenthesis I may say—see your lawyer at once. Fears are laid and doubts removed and time saved, and the casualness with which he treats what to you has been a solitary and tragic instance makes you feel consolingly commonplace.)

It requires not a little courage to make that first trip down-stairs, though if there is mail for you it is something to have gained stature in the eyes of the

clerk. "Just where is my mail box?" you ask. . . . Later, so well do you know the exact position of 217, you can see if it is full or empty at fifty feet.

The residential section seems to lie to the right, and so does an imposing building with Corinthian columns and broad steps, which must be the court-house. Your court-house where your case will be tried. You feel quite possessive about it. In a paper shop you buy a small map of Reno and get the lay of the streets so as to answer the advertisements.

Your first call is upon a large, old-fashioned residence. The landlady has a drug-store prettiness rather dazzling in the morning sunlight; she is most affable and shows you the vacancy. The doors inside seem many because they are all numbered. Does each number conceal a waiting woman, counting three months, two months, one month more? Number 6 on the second floor is thrown open. Mission furniture, deliriously shaded lamps, a little kitchen, and a not too modern bathroom.

"And the bed-room?"

"Right here," and with a deft movement the landlady seizes a knob and what has seemed like a combination desk, bookcase and "whatnot," staggers toward you, and there is a folding bed. This Victorian horror has come back to the Middle and the Far West, but so changed for the better, so much more compact and sanitary, that after seeing a half dozen of the better types the first prejudice weakens. . . . Then follow clean rooms, dirty rooms, overfurnished and underfurnished, and newly erected apartments, but all with kitchenettes more or less well equipped. (Cooking is one of the recognized ways of passing the time in Reno. Also cooks are few

and rather expensive.) You even look at a few houses and half-houses.

At last back to Virginia Street, which at first glance is like the Main Street of any Middle Western town, until you lift up your eyes to the hills—and to the second-story windows upon which are gold-lettered an extraordinary number of lawyers' names (there are over eighty in this city of sixteen thousand) and companies selling mining stock. Flower shops and beauty parlors and displays of black chiffon nightgowns suggest a demand which is being supplied. A lordly Rolls-Royce, driven by a foreign chauffeur, is parked by a muddy Ford, held together by faith and a piece of string, out of which steps a cowboy in overalls, high-heeled boots, and a two-gallon hat. A fat Indian woman, in wide pink gingham skirts and a purple plaid shawl, with a papoose strapped to her back, stands giggling at the nile-green "braziers" and brief panties. Four girls with pretty bare heads and pretty almost-bare knees are exchanging wisecracks with four youths in cream-colored corduroy trousers—the co-eds from the State University on the edge of town. Reno's latest resident begins to take heart—this is a place with character, with color, and, you are suddenly conscious, with air to make you hungry.

The hotel dining-room and the lounge are one, which gives an individuality to both that is rather charming. The linen, silver, and glass shine, and the elderly waiter is benign. There is a moderately priced table d'hôte, but why not try something local, or at least Californian? . . . Abalone of course, the abalone of the songs of George Sterling and Jack London.

"Have you any fresh vegetables?"

"How about some cauliflower or a

hot artichoke? And a little mixed salad first while your fish is frying?"

"Cauliflower, I think. . . . No, no coffee now. Perhaps after."

While you are eating your salad, which is always served first out here—a rather unvarying combination of lettuce, a celery stalk, two unripe olives and three ripe ones, a segment of pickle, three points of tinned asparagus, and perhaps a scattering of crab flakes—the waiter asks you if you are here for the "cure."

"The what?"

"'Cure,' that's what they call it, being here for three months. . . . Did you ever eat abalone before? . . . I like fish myself. Used to work in a fish house in San Francisco, and you'd be surprised to know how many kinds of fish you really can eat. I bet you've never eaten octopus? You have! In Italy? Is that so! Well, when I tell most folks what a really tasty fish it is, they just won't believe me."

All the morning you have been wilfully fleeing from thought, but when the radio plays something which might be "After My Laughter Come Tears" sung in a sobbing baritone to a saxaphone obbligato, you find yourself plunging out of the dining-room and into the elevator and asking faintly for your floor. Now is the time to call up whatever names have been given you before you left, or to send around by hand your letters of introduction. For at some minute during that first day there is going to sweep over you the realization of the inevitability of what you are about to do, and that whether you like it or not, in Reno you must stay for the next three months. You hear the whistle of the train, but that train is not yours to take. The mail planes swoop over the mountains to the Pacific and the At-

lantic, motor-cars are headed for Oregon and Arizona, but unless you wish to extend the length of your stay in Washoo County you must obey the law which says: "Legal residence is defined as being that place where the person shall have been actually, physically, and corporeally present within the State or county, as the case may be, during all the period for which such residence is claimed."

So, I repeat, rush to the telephone, scribble notes to the friends of friends, and as a few hours later you are drinking tea or dining with a stranger who so very quickly ceases to be a stranger, your first bad moments are over. There will be others, of course, but none in which you quite so seriously weigh the advantages of the cup of hemlock versus a leap into the conveniently close Truckee River.

At that first tea you remark the resemblance to your first tea at a European spa. Instead of asking, "Who is your doctor?" you inquire "Who is your lawyer?" Then: "How long have you been here? Where are you staying? Do you feel the altitude? Are your rooms sunny? Are you sleeping well? Have you an appetite? Where are the best restaurants? Can you get a decent shingle? How do you amuse yourself all day? Is there any night life?"

Then some one says: "How did you register? What? As Mrs. G. H. Smith of *New York*? Oh, you have lost *one day!* Go right down at once and ask the clerk to let you change that to Reno, or you'll lose another day of your three months."

As now you ask these questions with intense interest, so later do you proudly answer them when the next newcomer appears. There is a universal freemasonry, a breaking-down of social bar-

riers, a sympathy which has not a chance to grow cold because the time is so short and the arrivals and departures so frequent.

"Are you settled?"

That, for your peace of mind, you must be as soon as possible. If you are alone and can afford it, the best place to stay is at a hotel. The new one has been planned to include one-room apartments comfortably and attractively furnished, with a let-down bed that in the day successfully hides behind silk-curtained French doors. This large room has a dining-room recess and a kitchenette with an air-cooled ice-box, large electric stove, cupboards, and all manner of tucked-out-of-sight conveniences which even to the woman who does not like to housekeep, cry out to be used. The hotel supplies you with pretty china, glassware (even cocktail glasses), silver, kitchen utensils, and linen daily renewed. This arrangement is not only adequate but rather fun, like playing house, especially for the lone woman who heretofore has had the responsibility of a large ménage. For her who brings a relative or a friend, little children and nurses and governesses, it is a simple matter to enlarge her apartment by engaging adjoining bed-rooms. If she herself does not want to cook, local people can be had in by the day to prepare one or more meals. Of course if the family is sizable it is much more economical to take a house or a part of a house, for the rents are not high. In either case, if you have a devoted cook who would follow you into exile, bring her by all means. She will be appreciated by both you and your friends.

One almost unvarying development of a week's sojourn in Reno is the shyly expressed desire to economize by even the most extravagant.

"I can see no reason for keeping my maid here. I think I'll send her back, give up the two bed-rooms, and use that funny let-down thing. I hear they are quite comfortable. . . . You know I used to rather like to cook. Coffee and toast in the morning I could certainly achieve, and even an egg for lunch. I think this would be a marvellous place to diet. . . . As a matter of fact I brought only my oldest clothes, and I am going to wear them all out and leave them behind when I go. I think I'll even go light on the lipstick and let the poor old face have a rest."

Three days later this same woman is seen coming out of the Piggly Wiggly with a bag of groceries under each arm, and one week later she is asking you to dinner, and with an excited face and rolled-up sleeves she serves you a properly seasoned soup and a steak of a rareness and a thickness unknown to the Far West,—and a chocolate soufflé! "My dears, quick! before it falls!"

"How do you amuse yourself all day?"

After you have unpacked, rearranged the furniture, added your framed pictures, cigarette boxes, travelling clock, cushions, and books, and bought flower-vases at the "five-and-ten" and filled them, to sit with hands folded in your lap seems the most desirable entertainment in the world. But your new-found friends are sewing—tapestry, underclothes, rompers for a faraway nephew—and you become aware of your idle fingers. And when these women are not sewing they are riding horseback, playing golf and tennis, taking clogging or ukulele lessons, studying French, Italian, Spanish. There are baths where you can bake happily in electric ovens and be rubbed with the Mormon salt of

the great lake of Utah, or a masseuse will bring sleep to you on those bad nights we all dread.

When you have an odd moment you can have your fortune told by the stars, the cards, the palm of your hand, or by clairvoyancy, or by way of semi—or dead—trances. This necromancy is especially adapted to the ninety-day-resident point of view, for there are always mysterious allusions to papers, delays, money contests, and speedy remarriages.

"Now is your hardest time, dearie, but money and sunshine and roses are ahead. . . . You won't need to advertise for a man! But what's this knave of clubs? Three times he has come up. That mean anything to you, girl?"

"No, I don't like dark men."

"We-e-ell, he's not so very dark—not as dark as the knave of spades. . . . Come again—four-bits, please."

Those who are not keen about riding and walking have been glad that they have shipped a motor in advance of their arrival. The roads are splendid, even the desert roads, and with a picnic-basket along there are dozens of possible objective points, though of course more in the summer than in the winter when the snows close the trails through the mountains. Once away from Virginia Street, you can still find the West of the 1870's. At this very moment there is a Gold Rush on in Wahmonie, that reminds the old-timers of the three great camps of Tonopah, Goldfield, and Cripple Creek. So fast has this district grown that they have already petitioned Washington for a post-office.

Just a few miles from Reno is the famous Virginia City, where were made the fortunes of a number of our Eastern millionaires. To see one's first mining town, even a deserted one, is to receive an absolutely new sensation. It is

like nothing else but itself. Approach Silver City, another mining settlement five miles from Virginia City, by way of Carson, the capital. You leave the sagebrush desert, climb a slow grade to a hilltop, and there, without warning, you behold an explosion of the earth into cones of every color, with wooden shanties scattered like driftwood amid unfamiliar structures and rusted machinery for which you have no name. You draw nearer with an excitement which dies down into uneasy silence as you climb farther up the steep main street. Lace curtains still clothe the windows, dark gray wash flutters from the lines, a door whines upon its hinges. Where are the threads of smoke, the cries of little children? You are grateful when a dog slinks out from beneath a sagging porch, but he does not bark. Gone, gone is that community of tens of thousands that dug silver ore worth millions out of those blue and yellow and rose pointed hills.

Virginia City beyond is still alive, though its vast numbers have been reduced to eight hundred or so. But boys and girls are tumbling out of school, and the motor-bus is making ready for its descent down the perilous Geiger Grade over which competitions used to be held between the Wells Fargo stage and the Pacific Line Express as to which would make the twenty-one miles between Virginia City and Reno in the better time. It had been done in one hour and five minutes, they said, though you risked your life and your horses to do it. Sixty years ago if a miner wanted a bath he had to pay one dollar a gallon for water, which had to be hauled nine miles, and eggs often fetched a dollar each. Yet in 1878 the International Hotel (burned these ten years) served a twelve-course Christmas dinner, be-

ginning with turtle soup with old sherry and ending with "fancy ornamental cake," and with a wine list to choose from that contained Château Yquem and Oregon cider. And the thrilling thing is that all these tales seem plausible and not remote as you stand talking to some old miner in front of the Crystal Bar. He is not a bored attendant in a museum; Virginia City is his home, and perhaps he'll join you at this famous old bar in a glass of near-beer instead of a whiskey punch or a brandy sling.

If after emerging from your first inertia you want to see more of Western life than a visit to Virginia City provides, a week on a dude ranch is full of novelty for the tenderfoot. Nevada has been slower than Wyoming in developing this form of outdoor sport, so there are only a few ranches near Reno which take guests. One there is in particular near glorious Pyramid Lake where the cheerful and kindly owner and his wife will feed you and sleep you, and mount you on docile little horses, and answer your silly questions, and lend you "chaps," and even take you on the rounding up of the cattle. Indeed, if you don't spend a few days on some ranch before leaving Reno, you will return to your home wondering if the Cowboy West still exists.

And what of the evenings in town?

For those women who wish to live quietly, who are using these three months to re-establish tranquillity in their souls and renew strength in their bodies, the evenings mean reading and early to bed. But if a congenial group is formed they put on their black chiffon dinner-dresses or rose chiffon tea-gowns (if they be all living in the same hotel) and take turns dining with each

other. It all seems rather like boarding-school again with small dinners instead of fudge parties.

On the other hand, there is a night life, an all-night life. Said one proud native son: "This place is a regular little Monte Carlo. Most any kind of game and most any kind of drink. When it comes right down to it we have most of the entertainment to offer you can find in any other big city." More, I should say, for it all still has a local flavor, and there is a cheerful openness about it that is a relief after the furtive hip-pocket gaiety of "those other big cities."

My first introduction to a bar was under what might almost be called Y. W. C. A. auspices. One restaurant I had come to patronize frequently for dinner (I had a cook who came only for lunch) because the proprietor appreciated my appreciation of food, and rather liked ordering me something "extra special." This evening five women were dining with me, dining most "extra special."

"I wonder if you ladies would care for a little drink before dinner—on the house, of course," said Louis, the proprietor, leaning over me in a fatherly way. "No, not here, but at my club. We could go now while you are waiting for the quail." Thrilled, the six women followed the kindly little man down the street, he seemingly delighted rather than embarrassed by his haem.

The club proved to be a shop, and then an empty room, and then a door, and then a hall, and then a door, and then the bar. A real bar, a mahogany bar, a foot-rail bar, a bar with shining assorted glasses and bottles and pretzels and a great mirror and a lovely painted nude and a row of slot-machines in which by inserting a quarter or a four-

bit piece or a silver dollar, you might get back some of the shining accumulation of other people's bad luck.

Said Louis, the *beau chevalier*: "Say, I put in four-bits for you." Round spun the dial, a pause, then a roar, and out tumbled \$2.50!

"Let's try another slot!—and another and another," and soon the \$2.50 had gone back, as usual, to the gentleman who rents these machines all over town.

Road-houses there are also, from an elaborately urban one to the simplest of dance-halls. The urban one runs rather to gold paint and dim lights, but the dancing and singing are good, you can win or lose at roulette, twenty-one, and craps, and you can be as gay or as quiet as you like. . . . Undoubtedly there are people in Reno who prefer sleeping in the day rather than at night, but that, as in any community in any part of the world, is a matter of taste and endurance. Nevada has a climate suitable to both.

Inevitably with such a constantly changing society, the surface life of Reno takes on the aspect of a summer or winter resort. Everlasting gossip, and a positive riot of speculation when a noticeably attractive new man appears. Is he alone, is he getting a divorce, is he somebody's "sweetie"? That will somehow be answered within twenty-four hours. No man need be lonely here, or a pretty woman either if she is the "good fellow" type and takes the world as it comes. Unless a man has a job he is apt to find time hanging rather heavier on his hands than do the women. Frequently he will try to sell automobiles on commission, and, as the result, when a new woman arrives at the hotels she is bom-

barded the first few days by agreeable male voices asking her over the telephone if they cannot possibly give her a demonstration this lovely afternoon in this or that car. Obviously this often leads to a temporary friendship, if not to the sale of a car. . . . Nor are the friendships made here always temporary. Women have come to divorce and remained to stay—have married their lawyers and their doctors, and seemingly have found life as a Reno tax-payer enjoyable. Bridge is enormously important, whether preceded by lunch or dinner, and if you like the game and are properly introduced by your lawyer's wife, as often happens, Reno will make you welcome in her homes.

The social order? There is no social order. You who would disdain to listen to your servants' gossip at home, find yourself entranced by the remarks of your housemaid as she tidies your room each morning. The maid is quite likely to be a nurse in training, earning some extra money to finish her course, or she may be from New York, too, working her way while she gets her divorce. She sympathizes with you acutely when you have had a bad night, for she also may have had a bad night and for much the same reasons. You are delighted to know that the noise down the hall last night was a wedding—"divorced at seven and married at eight. Oh, my, yes, that often happens." . . . "And Charlie, the soda-water clerk, the tall dark one, has just married Mrs. Brown's Swiss governess, and they were afraid to tell her for fear she'd stop it. They're going to live in Los Angeles." . . . "Didn't you know the housekeeper had been fired? Partly because when she saw a 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the door she just had to know *who* was not to be disturbed."

One of the maids had been the best girl bronco-buster in Nevada, and she had silver spurs and a tooled Spanish saddle to prove it. A more tender, loyal person than this "buckeroo" there never was, who worried about certain of her "ladies" when they were ill or depressed as if they were her own children.

This particular West, at least, still has a real democracy, which is only vaguely conscious of social distinctions. A garage assistant may be the best golf-player at the country-club. At the most fashionable night-club you will find yourself playing roulette beside your hairdresser, who remarks: "Your hair is certainly looking better for those treatments." We had our favorite waiter at one of the cafés, and, the *pièce de résistance* chosen, he would take pleasure in surprising us with the etcetera. After a few weeks of his service we had our little family jokes. He was a man of sixty, a deft waiter, and so thoughtful. One evening he said to a charming woman whose husband was a great banker: "Just think of me talking to you like this in the East. It wouldn't have been possible, and that's why I came out here and why I stayed. I'm a man here. I wasn't in the East."

The newest hotel is adjacent to the court-house. If your apartment is on the court-house side, to you, in your morbid state when you arrive, it seems like living in death-row with your eyes always on the death-chamber. You learn that those two whitely opaque windows on the second floor hide the two judges on their separate benches, and that one of them will eventually pass sentence upon you.

Monday is Divorce Day—the day for trying uncontested cases. You wake up to see an unusually long line of cars

parked at an angle on both sides of the broad street. Groups of two and three women are seen ascending the court-house steps, the most nervous one the plaintiff, the others a friend and the landlady who must swear to the fact that the plaintiff has been residing under her roof for the full three months.

The average uncontested case takes no more than fifteen minutes. It is one of the sources of amusement in Reno to attend court Monday morning, but the first time you witness the simplicity with which an uncontested case is conducted and the speed with which it is dismissed, you think: "Is it possible that this is the culmination of months, years, of misery and wracking indecision, and of the nervous fears of the last ninety days?"

Cases are frequently heard in small rooms, but technically this is regarded as open court the same as if heard in the larger chambers, and since the door is left ajar any one may enter—if he very much wishes.

Later on a Monday morning the same groups come down the court-house steps, usually smiling, even hysterically laughing, and often accompanied by a future husband.

The husband-to-be of the divorcée-to-be has a certain funny-paper humor for the spectators. He makes his appearance in Reno from one day to three months before the granting of the decree. I remember one afternoon sitting in a booth having my hair washed and observing across the way a great mound of a woman submitting luxuriously to what seemed like a tiny lawn-mower being run over her face and shoulders which were shining with grease.

"Whatever is being done to her?" I asked.

"That's a contouration facial," my

shampooer answered, with the hauteur of the initiated.

At that instant a small and elderly man edged down the narrow passage, and outside the now closely curtained booth opposite he paused and called softly: "Yoo-hoo."

An arm swept back the curtain, the mammoth lady smiled, and the small gentleman tenderly leaned over and kissed her cold-creamed cheek, and murmured, "See you later, darling," and was gone.

I caught my operator grinning. "Yesterday he gave her a permanent wave, and to-day the facial. This morning she got her divorce, and to-night they get married."

To me this was a romance founded on realism, and I prophesy that they will live happy ever afterward.

When you ask the permanent residents of Reno just what effect this daily contact with the divorce colony has upon their private lives, they will say: "None." It is true the abnormal sustained can become the normal, but what a strange normal it is! It is normal for the benevolent hotel manager to see freshly arrived women on the verge of tears changing their minds and their apartments three times that first week. It is too hot, too cold, too high, too low, too small, too large, too quiet, too noisy. Patiently he will show another arrangement, for he knows the manifestations so well. The doctors are only too familiar with the effects of worry, loneliness, and altitude. They can divide your symptoms and recovery neatly into weeks. The beauty parlor attendants prescribe for the inevitable lifeless hair and dry skin, and throw in a kind word or two which looses a flood-gate of confidences. "I know, I

know," they'll say, "we've been through the mill ourselves." No father confessor has listened to greater intimacies than do the masseuses. And before your three months are up you in turn will be the repository of the marital secrets of many of those who serve you. Bellboys and telephone operators and room-service waiters, as well as the housemaids, may be three-month-job-holders, and if you are sympathetic you will hear their stories, too.

When it comes time to pay your last bill at the grocer, does he bow politely and say: "Thank you, madam, for your patronage"? No, he holds out a friendly hand, you shake, and he smiles: "Pleasant journey! Better luck next time!"

It is a divorce atmosphere, say what the residents will, and there is no getting away from it.

"Are you not depressed by this never-ending stream of unhappy men and women flowing past you?" I inquired of one of the judges.

He smiled with great sweetness, and said: "No, because so often the judgment I hand down means freedom to be happy once more. My mail is full of letters from people who have been here and who write me of their newfound joys. What more can a judge ask for?" And that is an angle which must not be overlooked!

Because the three-months divorce law has been in operation less than two years it is still a source of discussion as to whether or not the State is satisfied with the change, and whether or not it will bring back the six-months requirement. However, since the new law has

gone into effect the number of cases has more than doubled, and as Paris is increasingly regarded as a City of Doubt for divorcing aliens, there is no reason to believe that Nevada will repeal.

Barely have you made friends before you begin to lose them. "I get my divorce *next Monday!* I can't believe it! But I bought my ticket to-day." Perhaps you will see her poring over the steamship news and checking off sailings to Europe. "My dear, I have just invested in a new hat—I simply have to have on something new when I step off the train."

Then the day, or rather the night, of departure is here, for those who are going east usually take the 9.25. Her friends give her a farewell dinner, and then *en masse* escort her to the railway station. The train pulls in. Books, boxes, mysterious white tissue-paper packages, are tucked in her arms. "You will write!" "Of course, we'll meet again!" "We shall miss you so!" "Do telephone mother that I am quite well and happy now."

All over the platform are other such groups. The corsage bouquets are not needed to single out the lucky ones who are leaving. The train moves. Some one on the platform dances up and down and waves her arms. "See you in a week! Just one more week!" Another looks rather near tears—two months seem very far away.

A strange railway-station this; like no other in the world. Said some one, with sardonic pleasantry: "You come in with the tied and go out with the untied."



“One That Won”

ALL IN THE DAY'S RIDING

BY WILL JAMES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I'VE often said, even before I had sense enough to care much, that I'd rather ride a raw bronk, fresh from the wild bunch, than a horse which had been monkeyed with for months, and then turned bad.

With a raw bronk, or unbroke horse, that's just run in off the range, there's one thing which a rider can bank on without a doubt, and that is that he's not wise to the human and his ways. He's plum green, and he'll fight only to get away. Where with a horse that's been monkeyed with for months, and then turned bad, you've got something that's not green no more. He'll know how to fight, and when. Them kind of horses will know just the minute something goes wrong, and they'll sure do everything but behave while a rider is in a fix. Then's the time when they bring in their dirty work and add on all the extra licks they can.

Like one time I was coming in from a long ride on a horse which I figgered was a little spoilt. He'd been caught, rode a few times, and then turned loose, caught again, rode a few times more, and turned loose a second time, and a third time, and so on till that pony's main ambition got to be on being turned loose and nothing else.

He got so he'd frame it up so that would happen oftener, and he didn't care what he done to a rider just so he

could be turned loose that way. He had many tricks, his main one being to catch a rider asleep, as we call it, or not watching while riding him. He'd just buck him off then if he could and make himself hard to catch.

The longest rest he had was when he crippled a man, because then, being there was only one rider at that camp, he'd be turned loose and wouldn't be rode again till his victim mended or till another rider came along. He'd had pretty good luck that way, and when everything failed sometimes, he'd even play that he was lame. That brought the same results, and no matter which leg he used each time, he'd be turned loose.

Nobody told me of that pony's record when I went to work for that outfit and drawed him in my string; it's not the custom on any outfit anyway, because a cowboy is expected to know what to watch out from any horse the minute he dabs his rope on him, which he does sure enough.

So, that pony didn't catch me asleep when he snorted a greeting at me the first time I caught him. He opened up his bag of tricks and I got to know 'em pretty well, all excepting that stunt of his which was to play lame. I fell for that and turned him loose for two weeks.

It was my second or third ride on



"He had many tricks, his main one being to catch a rider asleep. He'd buck him off then if he could."—Page 46.

From a drawing by Will James.

him after that two weeks rest when this little story I want to tell of happened.

I was riding back to camp after a good day's work on that horse. I'd been moving beef cattle out of one big pasture into another, and I figgered the horse was pretty tired because it'd been a lot of work and besides he acted that way; but that was just one of his little tricks, to catch me napping, as I found out later. I ought to knowed that too, but I was a little tired myself and maybe I'd got a little careless.

I'd got off to open a long wire gate, and as I led him thru it there didn't seem to be a snort left in him. He just looked tired and caring for nothing much only to get back to camp.

Then, as I went to get on him again, I noticed that my saddle was pretty loose. It wasn't a good idea to have a loose saddle on that horse no time, he might slip right out of it—so, being he acted so tame like, I wasn't so careful as I might of been as I came close to him.

But I was close to his shoulder where I belonged when I reached for the latigo to draw it up. The latigo having been wet with sweat a while back and now being stiff and dry wouldn't slip thru the cinch ring. I had to yank at it, and when I did was when something happened.

I of a sudden felt a hoof connecting with my right leg and close to the hip, and the blow spun me around like I'd been on a pivot. My leg felt numb and useless all at once, and to make things worse that horse tried to jerk away from me.

It was only thru second nature that I hung on to one bridle rein as I was sent up a whirling, the same as a sailor might hang on to a boat in a rough sea; for out on the big range a horse means

as much to a cowboy as a boat does to a sailor when no land is near. A long stretch of ground is just as liable to get you when you lose your horse as a long stretch of water would when you lose your boat.

So, natural like, I hung on to that one rein for all I was worth, but it kept a slipping as my horse spun me around like a top and tried to jerk away, and I figger now that no sailor ever had as rough a boat to hang onto as I did then.

Finally, as my hand slid along the rein, it come across a knot. It was the end of the rein, and I'd kept a knot tied there just for such happenings as this so I'd know how much slack I could give and still have something to hang onto that wouldn't slip.

When my hand felt that knot during the commotion it would of took a crowbar to pried it loose. But I didn't think I had much chance to hold that horse then, because one leg and hip being useless I couldn't manœuvre around to get a footing, and the best I could do was to hang on and drag.

And that I was doing in fine shape, because that pony was hitting for the tall and uncut. He was at the height of his glory now, and proceeded to try and scatter me all over the flat. I was drug thru sage and buck brush, alkali and rocks, and pretty often I seen the shadow of a far-reaching hoof come across my face. He was trying to kick me loose.

But I hung on. My shirt was tore off by pieces and some skin with it, all the way from my face to my waist. From my waist down I was protected with good old shap' leather. My hurt leg didn't bother me much then because I didn't have time to think about it, but I know it sure didn't help me

any. I'd got to thinking that pony would never get tired of dragging me when pretty soon the earth begin to slow up under me and the brush didn't claw quite so hard. Then, and just as sudden as he'd started, the horse stopped, turned, and the length of the rein away, he faced me and snorted. I'd been too much of a drag for him to keep on going with.

It seemed like I laid still for five minutes after he stopped. For one thing I wanted him to cool down some, and I didn't want to jump up and scare him some more. That'd be another good excuse for him to start all over. And then again I wanted to sort of tally up on myself to see what part of me was still in working order.

Still hanging on to the bridle rein, I finally begin to squirm a little. The horse snorted at the first move I made, and then I noticed that my leg wasn't so numb no more. Instead of that I got to feeling a lot of pain, and I found I could hardly move it. A ligament or something was tore sure, I thought, or maybe a bone was broke—it felt like it.

I was in a fine fix—Here I was, a good ten miles from camp, and worse than afoot, because it took a man with two good legs and everything else good to get on that horse, any time. I couldn't ride, and I couldn't stay there.

But as they say, where there's a will there's a way. In my case tho it was more "when you *have to* you can" and so on. Anyway, after I got to figgering things out a spell I made up my mind to *ride*, and being I had no choice I was going to ride that horse.

The hardest part for me to figger out was how to get on him, because with one leg dragging I sure was in no shape to get in the saddle like I should. He'd just take advantage of me if I tried that

and maul me around some more. It was then that I, natural like, thought of my rope. A cowboy can do a whole lot with them things when he's in a pinch.

I eased myself up on my good leg, made an awful face as I tried to balance myself there, and then begin to hop towards the horse. But every hop I made towards him scared him, and he kept a backing away out of my reach. Seeing that wouldn't work I tried then to put a little weight on my bum leg so I wouldn't have to hop so much, and even tho that brought me a lot of pain I managed to do that some, and inch by inch I begin to get closer.

The horse kept a watching me like a hawk and cocked an ear at me as I got closer and closer to his shoulder. I sure hoped he didn't blow up then because I'd had no chance to get away. I worked my left hand up and down in easy motion till I touched his neck and kept a working till I got hold of the cheek of the bridle. That done, I rested a spell because the pain in my leg was making me weak.

After a while I went on again, with my right hand this time, and started rubbing along his neck till I got to the withers. Then I slowly reached over and begin to unbuckle the strap that held my rope. The horse begin to snort and act up a little when he seen the rope move, but I was lucky enough to get it, and not any too soon, for the next second he'd snorted away from me and went to the end of the rein again.

I had to start all over in getting up to him, and queer I thought how he realized I was handicapped, because I'd never had much trouble getting up to him before; he wasn't so bad only to get onto. Anyway, I felt better now. I had my rope in my hand and soon I'd

have him pegged down where I could whisper in his ear without any back talk from him.

First tho, and before I started flashing a rope around him, I figgered I better fix that horse so he wouldn't try to jerk away from me again. He was acting like he might most any second, and I sure didn't want to have him drag me thru any more sage-brush.

I dropped the loop end of my rope with most of the coils to the ground and took the other end, and slow, on account of the pain every move brought, I eased towards the horse's head once more. He kept a backing away from me as before, but after a while I got to touch him on the neck again. Then, not losing any time, I slipped the end of the rope thru the left ring of the bridle bit, and drawed on it till it reached the rigging ring of the saddle, and there I tied it to stay.

I drawed a long breath after that was done because I felt then that I had my horse, and he wouldn't drag Willie over the flat any more. The contraption I'd put on him was what we call a draw rein. I could now turn his head with my little finger, and with all the coils of rope I had left on the ground I had plenty to hang on with.

But I wasn't thru with him yet. I took the loop end of my rope, and now, hopping on one leg all I pleased, I made a loop, and while the horse snorted and pawed the air I begin to aim that loop at his front feet. I was handicapped so that I spilled quite a few throws before I got them front feet of his, but when I did I sure done a good job, because I got both of 'em in a figure eight.

That was no more than done when Mr. Horse quit his fighting right now. He knewed what a rope around his

front feet would do to him if he didn't behave, so he stood still and behaved; and I felt like patting myself on the back for the contraption I'd invented out of one rope which started from the rigging ring thru the bridle and down to his front feet. I had the middle of the rope in my hands, and even tho I could just hop around like an old man, I had that ornery horse where I could do anything I wished with him. He was wise enough to know it too.

The next question was to get in the saddle. That was going to be a hard one even if I could get the horse to stand still, but it was my intentions to ride, so at it I went.

I looked around my waist for a piece of my shirt. I wanted to use that for a blindfold and cover up that pony's bad eye which he kept on me so steady. His hind feet was still free and I knowed from my experience a short while before that he'd sure use 'em if he seen his chance. I knowed how far ahead he could reach with 'em too.

But as luck would have it I found enough of the remains of my shirt to cover his eyes with, and that I was very careful in doing. His goose was cooked now more than ever because he didn't know where I was nor what I was doing.

I reached down then and unfastened the rope off his front feet, but I done that in such a way that he'd think the rope was still holding, for I only left it wrapped around so I could pull it up and free him after I got in the saddle.

Lucky, I thought as I prepared to climb on, that it was my right leg that was on the blink instead of my left, because with my left I could get up on the side which I was used to, and the horse would be more apt to stand. I grabbed a hold of some mane with

one hand and the saddle horn with the other and put most of my weight on my arms. The horse kind of trembled all over and snorted as he felt my weight but he never budged, he was afraid to; then I eased my left foot in the stirrup, slowly raised myself up and leaned well over the fork of the saddle, and taking my right hand off the saddle horn I reached for the bum leg and brought it over the cantle to rest on the right side of the horse.

If that horse had made a move while I was doing that I think I'd just fell off because the pain was a plenty as it was; but luck was with me, and weak with the hurt I finally managed to straighten up in the middle of the saddle where I belonged.

The next thing now was to get this horse to going towards camp without him bogging his head and try to buck me off. I knewed this was the kind of a chance he'd always looked for and he'd sure take advantage of it soon as he felt he was foot loose, but I was aching for anything but jolts right then, and if he did act up with me it sure wouldn't be because I let him.

With the blindfold still over his eyes I drewed the rope up from around his feet, coiled it and tied it to the saddle. The other end of the rope was still thru the bit as a draw rein, and I used the leverage I had on that to bring his head around and, as we say, set it right in my lap.

I took the blindfold off then, and kept it for future use on the way to camp, for I figgered I'd need it some more before I got there.

The horse was free. I gave him his head, and he snorted as he lifted one foot and the other, mighty careful like, to make sure no rope was there to trip him, and then, seeing he was sure

enough foot loose, he went on to do just what I thought he would. He started to bogging his head with intentions to try and buck me off right there and then, but he hadn't as yet been made acquainted with that draw rein I still had on his head, and when, without much effort, I brought it up so his nose touched my knee was when that pony got the surprise of his life.

The most he could do was crowhop around a little, and that not being at all encouraging for him, he soon stopped it. But it wasn't any too soon for me. I yanked on the draw rein till all orneriness went out of his head for that time, whirled him around a few times till him and me both got dizzy, and then lined him out for camp at a fast walk.

It was pitch dark by then, and I can't say that I enjoyed that ride on in. What with the pain every step he made brought me, and then watching for every bad move he'd make, and catching 'em in time, so he wouldn't get the best of me, and all, sure didn't leave much for me to grin at before I reached camp.

Then again, I run across two gates to open and close before I got there. I had to get off at both of them gates because they wasn't the kind that could be opened or closed from the back of such a horse as I was riding. I spent near an hour getting off and on my horse at each gate, because each time I had to put the blindfold over the horse's eyes, throw the loop end of my rope around his front feet, and get him to stand. It was all near the same as what I've already described only the horse didn't get to drag me around like he did the time he kicked me. But I had to grit my teeth at every move I made, and when I finally got to camp I didn't



"I made a loop, and while the hoss snorted and pawed the air I begin to aim that loop at his front feet." — Page 51.

From a drawing by Will James.

get there any too soon because the way my whole right leg and hip was hurting I don't think I could of brought myself to make another move.

So, whether it was luck on his part, or scheming, that horse managed to get three long weeks rest from that day's happening. It took me that long to recuperate so I could be able to ride him again; and from that dealing with him, and others of his kind, is where I finally got to prefer a raw uneducated bronk, fresh from the wild bunch, rather than one that's been handled and turned loose and spoiled.

A raw bronk would of snorted a warning as I reached for the latigo to cinch up the saddle; his fighting would of been in the open, where with this man-wise horse he played possum and acted tired so I wouldn't be watching

him too close and so he could slam me one to the best advantage.

But I didn't hold it against that horse for what he done to me—no rider who hires out to ride that kind of horse ever does—and if a cowboy gets laid up after a mix-up with one of them ponies he most usually blames himself for letting the horse get the best of him.

I figgered I'd been slipped up on because I wasn't watching close enough. He'd put one over on me, and as I watched him graze in the big pasture while recuperating I felt like he was the winner and I was just the loser.—From watching his chance, catching me when I wasn't looking, and placing a kick at the right time, he'd won out on his main ambitions which was on being turned loose and nothing else. The happening was just another feather in his foretop.



The Boy Friend of Broadway

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

Author of "Spread Eagle," etc.

BECAUSE it was a matinée day, Wallace Morrison rose about one o'clock, to the accompaniment of his own violent protests. In twenty complaining minutes, while the hotel maid waited outside his door to make up his room, he accomplished a shave and a shower. His temper improved with his appearance to such a degree that, by the time he was half dressed, he was singing a snatch of melody left over, like the empty pint flask on his bureau, from the festivities of the night before.

"Lucky?
I mean that's me. . . .
You knows I'm luck-ee,
You dice and horses; cards an' women,
You can't resist me, when I'm winnin'. . . .
Yes, suh, I'm luck-ee,
I'm luck-ee, that's me."

For the fifteenth time the maid rapped on his door. Morrison paused in his song to shout, "Come in, Hulda," and then continued tying his polka-dot tie.

With a rattle of master-keys Hulda pushed open the door. On the threshold

she paused, surveying the room in astonishment. For surrounding Wallace Morrison, as he stood grimacing in the mirror, still minus his coat, vest, stockings, and shoes, was a complete woman's wardrobe. It was not a mere dress or two with perhaps a suit and coat, but it was the ultimate plural of "clothes." It was the kind of thing that women bring back from Paris.

Gowns, wraps, two fur coats, negligées, house dresses, party dresses, day dresses, tea dresses, evening dresses overflowed from the closet, which hung full, until Morrison's room resembled an untidy wardrobe-mistress's sanctum just after the finale of a musical comedy. And, standing there in the midst of this riotous profusion of costume and apparently oblivious of it, was a dark, good-humored, curly-headed, debonair man of forty.

Hulda, angular and suspicious, peered into the closet, the bathroom, under the bed, and even threw back the sheets and blankets with unnecessary violence. Morrison watched her, his black eyes laughing. He bent over and picked up from the floor a dress of Nile-green silk, a filmy thing which only a very beautiful woman would have dared to wear.

"Never mind that house detective," he reassured the maid. "This came in empty, Hulda. But you ought to see what fits inside it." He held out the dress to her.

Hulda regarded him—and the dress—with as dark suspicion as a natural ash blonde is capable of showing. She thumped her carpet-sweeper on the floor.

"Mr. Morrison," she announced, "I'll bet you've gone and done it again."

"Now what are you accusing me of?"

"Why, falling in love again."

The man threw the Nile-green crea-

tion upon the bed and sat down to put on his stockings and shoes. He sat in the nearest chair, crumpling beneath him a brocaded evening wrap trimmed with white ostrich plumes.

"For once, Hulda, you're right."

Hulda sniffed disdainfully. "Not two weeks ago—well, the night you give me passes to 'Steppin' Out'—you promised me you wouldn't fall in love again for a long time. Now, didn't you, Mr. Morrison?"

Morrison tightened his shoe-laces and grinned engagingly. "It's been a long time. Two weeks is a long time."

"You're a great, big damn fool." Hulda said it emphatically. "Where's that needle and thread I left here? There's a button off your shirt."

He found the sewing kit and stood obediently, like a very small and very naughty boy, while the maid sewed a button on his polka-dot shirt. When she finished, by way of reward he kissed her, and grinned at the vigorous slap that the caress called forth. He then slipped into his vest and coat. He hung a cane on his left arm, put a handkerchief half-way into his breast pocket, lighted a straw-tipped cigarette, and stuck his hat on his head at a jaunty angle. He was ready for the street.

"My sister-in-law's brother," said Hulda, detaining him, "him that's workin' for the express company, wants to take his girl to a show."

"What kind of a show?"

"Hoofin' an' music, of course."

Morrison took out a small note-book and made a memorandum of the matter. "Tell him the Plaza Theatre. His seats'll be in my name at the box-office."

"I don't care if they ain't very good seats," Hulda added upon mature reflection. "She ain't a very good girl."

Morrison flicked off his cigarette ashes on the rug, conveniently near Hulda's carpet-sweeper.

"And I'd like to take my gentleman friend to a show, too."

"What kind of a show?"

"Oh, a drama show." Like most professional Broadway habitués, she pronounced it "dray-ma."

"Seen 'Louis Sends His Love'?" he asked, naming one of the comedy successes. Hulda shook her head.

"Well, Penn Theatre. Tickets'll be in my name." He made another entry in his note-book.

"And Mr. Morrison"—Hulda leaned on the handle of the carpet-sweeper. Her voice assumed a pleading tone—"what in hell do you want me to do with these rags?" Her gesture included the fortune represented by the silks and furs, the brocades and wools, the feathers and plumes with which the room was strewn.

"Send 'em to the cleaner's."

"What's the idea?" Hulda asked it as if she had the right to know.

"Well," Morrison explained, "you see, when you love a woman, you have to do something for her, don't you?" He paused and waited until Hulda assented coldly to the statement. "I can't give her money or anything. I'm broke. So I told her to send over her clothes and I'd have 'em dry-cleaned for her. You see, I can have it charged."

With a wave of his hand, as if he had explained everything, Morrison went out the door singing "Sugar Daddies."

"I gave her—a butler,
A duplex—a motor,
A yacht and—a château on the Sound.
I sent her—to Paris,
Like she was—an heiress—
And all she said was 'Thank you' on the phone."

Disgorged from the elevator in the lobby, he waved his cane at the loungers whom he knew and sought the restaurant, where a head waiter beckoned him to a table by the window.

"Over here, Mr. Morrison. A little breakfast, sir?"

Visitors from comparatively rural communities looked up at the mention of "breakfast." They were eating a late luncheon.

"Double orange-juice and coffee. Black coffee," he added parenthetically. The visitors made a mental note that orange-juice and black coffee is what the well-dressed man is drinking for breakfast this season. The head waiter delivered the order to a subordinate with a flourish, as a stage magician does when he hands the empty gold-fish bowl to his assistant and turns to the next trick.

The fat manager approached Morrison's table, carrying a *Times*, *Tribune*, and *World*, the three morning papers which he had saved for his favorite patron. "You're early to-day, Mr. Morrison."

"It's a matinée day."

"That's right. So it is. And you have to work, the same's an actor."

"Never mind the papers. I read 'em somewhere, before I went to bed. By the way, how much do I owe you?"

The manager smiled and calculated. "Oh, fourteen dollars and something, including this breakfast."

"I'll match you to see whether it's twenty-five or nothing."

"All right, Mr. Morrison." The manager drew a quarter from his pocket. "You're matching me."

"And how?" Morrison tossed down a coin. Even the austere cashier in the corner laughed with him as he won. Upon another turn, he won back a

quarter tip from the waiter, then sent the waiter running to hand it to a vagrant hurdy-gurdy operator who was grinding "Lucky—that's me" on the sidewalk outside.

"I'm President of the Society for the Encouragement of Street Music," he told the beaming manager, as he drank his breakfast and departed to mingle with but not be lost in the early afternoon throngs along Broadway.

Broadway was Morrison's home, his playground, his country, and his religion. It was his honest boast that in four years he had never been north of Hampton's Theatre at Sixty-third Street or south of Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertoire Theatre on Fourteenth Street. For five years he steadily refused to make a pilgrimage to the Grand Street Playhouse, a dollar-twenty-cent taxi ride from Times Square, as Morrison reckoned distance.

So when the Grand Street players moved up-town to the geographical heart of the nation, on Forty-fourth Street as Morrison believed it was, he reviewed their performance as if they had come from Paris, Moscow, or Madrid. He dusted off his best vocabulary, usually reserved for visiting foreign artists like the Guitrys or the Moscow Art Players, and wrote of their "arrival here last evening." It was not affectation on his part, nor humor, as some of his readers may have supposed. Grand Street was as far removed from his consciousness as if it had been a boulevard in Shanghai, Tokio, or Vienna.

As has been intimated, Morrison's business was the writing, each and every day, of three thousand words of theatrical gossip. On Sunday he had a page to fill. Editors and publishers tolerated his peculiarities and vagaries be-

cause he produced the most complete, the most reliable, the most widely read gossip column to be found in any metropolitan paper.

Real-estate operators, bankers, speculators, brokers read the column, because it reflected the pulse of Broadway business. Morrison was the man who first called attention to the fact that a theatre one-half block west of the dead-line had never housed a paying attraction. "Even the cut-rate crowds do not care to emigrate," he wrote, spoiling two huge transfers of real estate. Or again, for tight money is always reflected first in theatrical box-offices, he typed the line, "The show business needs a stimulant," and call-money performed strange didoes.

He always listed the news of the casting of a new show, which sent hundreds of actors scurrying to the producers' office. He forecast closings, estimated attendance—in short, if one did not know Broadway one could learn it from his column, and if one did know Broadway one could learn more.

Because his daily routine was, to him, a completely satisfying combination of occupation and entertainment, Morrison never took a vacation. He held that no resort could hope to compete with the attractions Broadway offered him.

Did he crave a bathing-beach? There were vast marble pools at Forty-sixth and Forty-eighth Streets. Instead of golf or tennis, he found his exercise in a Forty-second Street gymnasium where he was always welcome and where he trained with a crowd of preliminary fighters from the Madison Square Garden. His hunting may not have been big game, but it was convenient. He shot clay rabbits in a Sixth Avenue shooting-gallery. Sunlight, without which man

cannot exist, he found under the quartz light in a physician's office.

He picked fresh cantaloupes in his garden with the joy of any commuter. But his garden was the painted vine of a chop-house window display. He gathered flowers upon occasion, and found them, not moist with dew, but redolent with the mingled perfumes of the florist's ice-box.

And so, while most of us find Broadway vulgar, tawdry, unreal, impossible, Morrison loved it. He accepted the "Mammy" ballads of Tin Pan Alley as the folk-songs of his homeland, the polyglot population of the theatre district as his nation. A flashing, thirty-thousand-watt cold-cream sign was more beautiful to him than a sunrise in the mountains. The rattle of milk-wagons, when he was homeward-bound at four-thirty o'clock in the morning, was like the sound of a nightingale. When a baby spot was thrown upon a velvet revue curtain, it gave him the thrill that others experience when the moon rises over Lake Como. He would not have exchanged an Eighth Avenue traffic-jam for all the gondolas in Venice. He would have backed the Paramount or the Roxy against St. Peter's, for architectural beauty.

Broadway, loved for herself alone, returned his affection as honestly as Morrison gave it. Theatre treasurers grinned when he approached, newsboys hailed him, taxi-drivers helped him home when he was drunk, without ever feeling for his wallet or his watch.

On this afternoon, like an emperor touring his provinces, Morrison sauntered up the street of many lights. His progress was slow, for friends halted him in each block. With every acquaintance Morrison ceremoniously

shook hands, received, gave, or exchanged a bit of gossip as the case might be, raised his hat in parting, before he advanced a few more steps.

In the strictest confidence he told a dazzling brunette show-girl that Aaron Michaeline was to begin casting a new musical comedy at four that afternoon. From a stage-hand he acquired the distinguished name of the correspondent in the Blackman divorce suit. He advised a worried stage-manager to dim the amber border-lights while the prima donna sang her waltz number, because amber made her face look old and lined.

At Forty-sixth Street, where the vaudeville "curb market" for bookings and acts is located, he encountered a fox-faced, wizened man, whose clothes shrieked for night to conceal their vulgarity and whose diamond studs flashed like a pawn-shop window display.

For the first time that day the fox-faced man smiled, disclosing his yellowed teeth. "Hello, scoop," he hailed the columnist.

"Lo, Jake." There was the formality of a hand-shake. "How's business?"

"Rotten." Jake spat out the word. "Soon's I take a buy on a show, she goes Leblang."

Morrison laughed until Jake was forced to grin with him. Jake was one of the shrewdest speculators on the shrewdest street in the world. And when Jake lost money it meant the rest of the country was struggling with a panic.

The two men backed against a lamp-post and allowed the world to jostle past them.

"Look 'em over, would you?" Jake gestured toward the five-deep human currents that had set in like tides up

and down the street. "Look 'em over, won't you? They've all got some money on 'em. If you and me was smart, we'd figure out how to get it."

"Any ideas, Jake?" Morrison laughed his inquiry.

"Well, you won't print it until I tell you, will you?" Jake asked it anxiously. Morrison shook his head. It was as good as a solemn oath to the speculator. "I'm going to try a new burlesque circuit."

Morrison shook his head, this time contemptuously. "No good — short skirts killed all the leg shows. You can see more on the streets for nothing than the police'll let you show for a dollar ten."

"Maybe. Maybe. But I figured on the novelty to put it outa the red."

"Where's your novelty in burlesque? You talk like Johnny the Dope. Burlesque's just the same show that I saw twenty years ago . . . can't be anything different."

"Maybe. Maybe." Jake pursed his lips. "But remember we ain't had much burlesque since the war. All these little squirts that has grown up since would think it was something new."

"Funny idea."

"No, it ain't," Jake contradicted. "Didn't you ever stop to think that the theatre crowd's always the same age? Out front, just the same's on the stage. Fellas go to shows, regular, for about three years. From the time they get a good job until they get married. Dames are the same way. After they're married, the fella goes to lodges and the movies. Why"—Jake waved his head impressively—"I'll bet ninety per cent of the boys come into my place never saw old-time burlesque."

"Maybe you're right, Jake." It was time for Morrison to move along. He raised his hat.

"Keep that idea to yourself," Jake called after him. "There's money in it. Why, say! How many people, fellas and girls, back-stage, do you know that you knew five years ago? I tell you they change faster, out front."

Upon the back of an envelope Morrison jotted down Jake's comment about the age of theatregoers; it was an idea for a Sunday feature. Then, with blissful content, he allowed his legs to carry him to the stage entrance of the Circle Theatre.

The door-man nodded to him, a mark of distinction on Broadway second only to recognition by a barber or a traffic policeman. A coatless stage-manager shook hands and added the important information: "She's in her dressing-room. You'll have a minute or two. I'm late ringing up."

In two leaps Morrison mounted the half-flight of steps that led to a dressing-room. His characteristic code rap on the dressing-room door, a tattoo that a trap-drummer would have envied, brought the shrieked invitation: "Go away, Wally. I hate you."

So Morrison entered.

Were one to attempt to describe Rosmary Chalmers, the impartial truth would sound like a press-agent's hymn to the Sunday-morning dramatic sections. She was a dancer, very blonde and very dainty, with a classic perfection of features that had barred her from the movies because it could no more be photographed than it can be catalogued in words. Her body, lithe and graceful because she was a dancer, did not have the greyhound muscles that sometimes mar the figure of a woman athlete. In a word, "she dragged in the yokels," as the producer of the Frolics boasted, at five dollars and fifty cents a yokel. Saturday nights she had

them standing in the rear of the house, for two-twenty a standing-spot.

Rosmary waited for Morrison, with her mascara-stick in her right hand. She smudged his nose with it before she kissed him.

"You blue-eyed devil!" With his handkerchief Morrison removed the scar of make-up from his face. "Poppa spank!"

She stepped back to admire his perfection of costume speculatively. "Gee, I wish you could sing tenor. I'd have the lead fired. He always has garlic in his salads. I'd make you do the waltz with me."

"Sing?" returned the man. "All you can do is say the lines." This was perfectly true, for Rosmary's singing was chiefly done by the strings and wood-winds in the orchestra pit. "How long's anybody had to sing to get a job in this show?"

"You'd have to," Rosmary retorted. She raised her short skirt an appreciable two inches higher. "I hit the high notes with my knees."

"Sure. Ann Pennington. Get by on the dimples."

"No, I'm not Ann Pennington. But you're not George White."

Morrison let that pass. "Listen, devil. Poppa's talkin'." A warning buzzer sounded, summoning principals and chorus to the waiting stage. Somewhere in the distance, brasses and a drum throbbed out a syncopated melody, the final phrases of the overture. "I don't care who you gotta date with. After the show, you're steppin' out with me."

A lowly rabbit's foot, gold-mounted and jewelled but still a rabbit's foot, whisked a last dab of rouge-powder into place, repairing the damage done by Morrison's kiss.

"I hate you." Rosmary made an im-

pudent face. "So don't keep me waiting." She picked up the property suitcase that she always carried on for her first entrance. "If you're a minute after eleven-five I'll go to Van's party like I promised."

"Van" was a millionaire's son, with a name, a lineage, and a bank balance impressive as a page ad in *Barron's Weekly*.

"I'll be here, devil."

"Gee, I hate you." She kissed him again, a faint dab of a kiss, for she dared not spoil her make-up, and sped lightly down the stairs. The anxious stage-manager, when he saw her coming, lowered his hand. There was a change of tempo in the music and the sound of a buzzing as a curtain rolled up. Morrison closed her dressing-room door and followed her slowly. By the time he reached the switchboard he could see her, sitting impudently cross-legged on the suitcase, facing a deluge of light from borders, spots, X-rays, and footlights, and chanting the lines of the opening chorus—

"He said he was an actor;
I said he wouldn't do—
For Tom Mix's horse
Is an actor, too."

"She's some gal," whispered the master electrician admiringly.

"Poppa knows," agreed Morrison.

The fact that Morrison had invited a spoiled, whimsical Broadway beauty to supper that night, and that, until his next pay-day arrived, he was broke, did not trouble the columnist in the least. As he left the theatre to retrace his steps down the street, he was merely concerned in figuring out which one of the night-clubs Rosmary would prefer.

Of course, said Morrison to himself, the Cosmopolitan was the most expen-

sive. That was decidedly in its favor, as such things are gauged in his world. But the Cosmopolitan was apt to be a little slow, with people old and sufficiently respectable-looking to be grandfathers and grandmothers sitting about, and, what is inexplicable, looking as if they would acknowledge the grandchildren.

"They don't bury their dead at the Cosmopolitan," Morrison dismissed it from the possibilities.

The Kings Up Club was rowdy and sporty enough to suit anybody. But what with the taxi-bandits arrested there the week before, and the Spegler suicide in the coat-room, and a policeman asking the names and addresses of every one who went in, he doubted if it were really the place to take a nice girl like Rosmary. Of course, it has been hinted that the policeman was merely a property policeman, paid by the management to give the customers a thrill, in a smart attempt to capitalize the notoriety the place had received.

Certainly the grass-widow from Central Park West, whom Morrison had taken there the other night, had kissed the policeman and told him her telephone number when he took her name. So far as the columnist knew, she had neither been arrested nor followed for so doing, which argued that the rumor was right and that the cop was a part of the hired entertainment. Morrison concluded not to risk the Kings Up Club. But he made a note on the back of an envelope to write something about the grass-widow and the policeman.

Still undecided about the locale of the night's supper-party, Morrison dropped into a subway entrance, rode nine blocks to his office, and threw the cover off his typewriter with the manner of a laborer worthy of his hire. Under his

practised fingers the keys rattled in staccato phrases. The phone at his elbow jangled. It served as a paper-weight for four days' accumulation of unopened, unread mail.

"Lo," Morrison barked, annoyed at the interruption.

"This you?" asked a man's voice cryptically.

"So far's I know," retorted the newspaper man.

"This' Herb Lochner. I ain't heard from you and I wondered if you was comin' up to-night."

With great haste Morrison turned over the unopened envelopes. "Wait a minute. Hold the wire," he pleaded into the mouthpiece, as he searched for a possible explanation of the call. After some difficulty he found it, an engraved card inviting the bearer and guest to the opening of the recently unpadlocked, newly redecorated, thoroughly chic Club d'Azure.

"Look, Herb." Morrison's eyes travelled about the room, searching for a glance at a calendar, to make sure that the opening date was that night. "Look, Herb, I hadn't let you know because I didn't know myself." He took a long breath and continued, "You see, I had a date with Rosmary Chalmers, you know, the little blonde, the dancer in the Frolics. If I can bust my date with her, I'll come. But she won't answer the phone in her apartment."

"Bring her along," Lochner pleaded. "Bring her. I'll give you a dance-floor table. All you haveta do is sign the check."

"No, thanks, Herb. I wouldn't feel right doing that." Morrison's voice was guileless, although lines of amusement and triumph gathered about his eyes. "You see, it isn't Rosmary alone. We're hooked up with a party."

"Who's in the party?"

Lochner, performing a routine courtesy for the press, which would assure him some newspaper mention of the opening, saw an opportunity to add to his list of "among the distinguished persons present."

Morrison thought fast. It was an opportunity for him to pay off a few old entertainment debts. He could get—

"Why, Herb, there's six of us. Bill Downing, that comedian in 'Golden Glow,' and Chuck Peters, you know—he's playing at the Palace this week. I don't know who they're bringing. Whether it's anybody from the business or not. Chuck's married, but he'll probably have some show-girl."

"Bring 'em all to my party," Lochner insisted. "You just invite 'em and sign the check for the lot. They wouldn't mind being photographed, would they?"

"They're actors, ain't they?" replied Morrison, as if the question were superfluous. "But, honest, I don't think we oughta come. We were goin' to have a quiet evening in Rosmary's apartment." Had he asked the other if he could bring five friends, Lochner would have found a thousand reasons why it was impossible. "You know, Herb, I don't mind crashing in myself, but six is too many."

Lochner pleaded. Morrison was obdurate.

"The fact is, Herb," Morrison winked at a passing copy-boy, "I'm no sucker. I have to work for a living. I can't pay night-club prices for liquor."

"Listen. I'll have three quarts of wine, it's just off a boat, too, in a cooler under your table. And Baccardi cocktails. How's that? I don't want you to buy a thing."

Under those circumstances Morrison

could hardly refuse. He hung up the phone, muttered, "So the angels fed Elijah," and continued to write his daily grist of copy.

About ten o'clock Morrison, wearing a dinner-coat that apparently guaranteed wealth and distinction as surely as a box at a horse show, entered a side-arm restaurant where he ate a forty-cent dinner. A pop-eyed buss-boy dropped a tray of plates while wondering whether the newspaper man was a foreign ambassador unused to American customs or merely some one from the social register on a slumming expedition.

At eleven o'clock with two borrowed dollars for taxi-fare in his pocket, Morrison collected his party into the blue-and-gold elevator and ascended to the twelfth floor and the garish splendor of the Club d'Azure. He and his guests were welcomed by the grateful Lochner with the same reticence and timidity that Texas Guinan showed when H. R. H. the Prince of Wales had the honor of being presented to her.

As the cocktails began to take hold, Wallace Morrison had never appeared in better form. Even the waiters about his table listened for his wise cracks on each patron who entered.

"Hanneford's filling up his house every performance," he remarked, when that producer came through the silk curtain that served as a door. Rosmary giggled. She knew of the old feud between Morrison and the producer, and of Morrison's joy when the producer suffered a "hundred-thousand-dollar flop."

"He's using the Manhattan telephone-book for a free list. He's only begun on the C's and he figures he can keep it running to August without touching the Brooklyn directory."

The story was repeated of the warm spring evening when Hanneford had every one of the 1,196 seats of his theatre filled, and the theatre treasurer found only \$181.75 in the box-office, so thoroughly had the attendance been padded with passes.

"I've found out what a college education's worth," Morrison continued in a bland, childlike tone. "Some one at the Yale Club gave up \$14.40 for two seats to that show. If he'd had normal intelligence, he'd of gone on a pass and sent Hanneford a bill for his time."

While they all were laughing Rosmary pinched his ear. "Come on, Wally. Let's dance."

The wine followed the cocktails in their glasses. It bubbled as vivaciously as if it had been the honest product of the grapes in a Marne Valley vineyard, instead of a combination of Baldwin cider, grain-alcohol, and carbonated water. And about the table gathered men and women who were welcomed with shouts as they set out new bottles and new flasks.

From six the party grew to sixteen, and Morrison continued to dominate it. Table after table was shoved up, and long before one o'clock manager, entertainers, waiters, and orchestra were aware that this was the important group.

Did a certain notorious actress come in?

"They ruined her art in St. Louis," Morrison confided. "They made her put brassières on the chorus."

Every one at the string of tables Morrison headed possessed some qualification that acted as a passport to the ranks of the elect. True enough, in one or two instances one had to be of the elect to recognize it. The overdressed, vulgar woman was private secretary to a pro-

ducer, although some attributed her influence over him to another relationship. There were one or two uninteresting and quiet men, but they had money. A drunken man had a glorious baritone voice, a certain stage-designer had imagination, and a lyric writer, at that moment, had a certain vogue. As for the women, most of them, like Rosmary, had their credentials plainly displayed in their faces. They were beautiful, else they would not have been there.

And host to them all, entertainer to those whose profession it is to entertain, Morrison held his ascendancy. He was proudly conscious that hundreds of men on the island of Manhattan would have bartered a cherished possession for a chance to occupy his chair beside Rosmary's and be listened to as Rosmary and the others listened to him.

Sophisticated aphorisms and rather wicked comments dropped carelessly from his lips. And even as he spoke he realized that his words would be repeated in dressing-room and club, restaurants and beauty-shop, for weeks to come.

The Manning divorce was mentioned.

"Well, what could poor Manning expect?" demanded the columnist. "He went to Atlantic City to see his sweetie and took his wife with him."

"The damn fool," drawled the vulgar woman. "Didn't he know Mrs. Manning would get jealous?"

"Oh, no." Morrison shook his head. "Nothing as naïve as that. His sweetie got jealous of his wife. So Manning had to divorce her to have any peace at home."

From the other side of the table, during a lull in the talk, came the casual phrase, "I said to him: 'I want you to understand I'm a woman of the world.'"

"Just half of that, Bernaise. Half of it," interpolated Morrison. It made a mortal enemy of Bernaise, but then she was slipping anyway. Her last three pictures were flops and the Keith people had cancelled her vaudeville bookings.

It was all more intoxicating to Morrison than the sparkling Burgundy which one of the wealthy men ordered. When the club quartet sang "Lucky—that's Me," the columnist joined them with riotous assurance.

"Yes, suh, I'm luck-ee,
I'm luck-ee, that's me."

The applause was tremendous. Then his whim changed. He ousted the trap-drummer from the orchestra and played a number through with startling variations as if he were a trick percussion star from a vaudeville act.

Then, by chance, the vulgar woman mentioned a scandal over which Broadway was gossiping.

"I can't get interested in that." Morrison shrugged his shoulders. "Exactly like the racket they had at the Astor over that fella from South Bend."

"When was that?" inquired the stage-designer.

"I don't know." Morrison searched his memory. "You all remember it?"

He looked from one to the other for confirmation. They shook their heads. "Why, you must remember it. Just after the Dolly Chambers murder."

"Who was she?" demanded Rosmary.

"Little show-girl. I was writing police then, writing police on the old *Sun*. It was the first big murder I wrote in this town. You must remember it.

Everybody was mixed up in it. Hell, the Producers' Club couldn't hold a directors' meeting. All the membership and house committees were in Canada, dodging subpoenas."

Morrison glanced down the table for his laugh, the laugh of reminiscence. But it did not come.

"You remember it, Bill?" he turned to the comedian.

"Before my time." The comedian shook his head.

Morrison danced once more that evening, but his heart was no longer in it. Perhaps the crowd about him sensed the change, although they gave no sign. As they left, earlier than he had intended, he did some of his best clowning. He kissed the check-girl for a tip—neglecting to mention that it was all he had to give her, as he was saving the money in his pocket for taxi-fare.

But as he rode to Rosmary's apartment, in the seclusion of the cab, his head fell forward on his hands.

"Too much wine, honey?" asked the most beautiful girl in the Frolics, taking his head in her arms.

Then she started. His eyes were moist. He was crying.

"Why, honey! honey! What's the matter?"

The man gulped. "That God-damned Jake's right. They're always the same age, front stage and back."

Rosmary did not understand. "I hate you, honey."

He pushed her away. "But, Rosmary, where in hell will I be in another year—in five years?"

It was a question Rosmary could not attempt to answer.



Across the Plains with Bridger as Guide

SOME MEMORIES OF THE LAND OF THE SIOUX

BY JAMES B. CARRINGTON

Mr. Carrington is the son of General Henry B. Carrington, who was a famous Indian fighter. Mr. Carrington in this simple account of an early recollection brings home the great changes which within his own memory have been brought about in the West.

WHEN I came across a copy of the little Kearney *Herald* recently, that had been stored away in an old blue carpenter-made, heavy army chest, strongly reinforced with sheet iron at the corners, and protected by a big padlock, it brought back vaguely, but in some respects vividly, a childhood surrounded by strange scenes.

The paper is yellow with age, and the type faded and indistinct. The size of the sheet is nine by fourteen inches, and the date January, 1866.

The motto at the head of the first page reads: "Independence in All Things, Neutrality in Nothing." It was published by Leigh R. Freeman, semi-weekly, and the subscription price was: One year, \$6.00; six months, \$4.00.

This publisher's announcement appears in the first column:

Persons wishing to obtain the earliest telegraphic accounts of the proceedings of the United States Congress, the Legislature of Nebraska; the progress of the Mexican and Chilian wars, and other excitable news, should subscribe at once to the Kearney *Herald*, which will furnish all items of importance at least two days in advance of any other means of intelligence. The outfitters of the Missouri River cities will find it greatly

to their interest to advertise in the *Herald*, as all the freighters and passengers buy it. For sale at the Post-Office of the City and Garrison, the Stage Office, and the Pacific Telegraph Office.

Also for sale at the Telegraph Office, ten by twelve photographs of the burning of Julesburg, Colorado, by the Indians in the winter of 1865. Drawn by T. H. Williams, of the 2d. Colorado Cavalry, who was on the ground, and photographed by Brady, N. Y. All who have seen this picture agree that it is the most superbly executed "Savage" landscape ever taken. The bursting of the shells from Fort Sedgwick amongst the thousands of painted warriors horseback and afoot, who are engaged in crossing the river, rushing hither and thither about the burning town, and over the neighboring bluffs, combine to form a scene so sublimely wild that none ever witnessed the like save those who had the ill luck to be present on that heart-rending occasion.

The Julesburg referred to was a typical Western mushroom growth, and notorious for bad whiskey and bad men, and general wickedness. Its destruction was by no means an unmixed evil. It was burned by Little Dog.

Those were the days when the Indians were an ever-present menace and when they were particularly excited and exasperated by the constantly increasing encroachment of the white

KEARNEY HERALD.

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FORT KEARNY, N. T., JANUARY 6, 1866.

NO. 2

"INDEPENDENCE IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRALITY IN NOTHING."

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TELEGRAPHIC.

The report that any reconstruction Committee had gone south on an investigation tour, is untrue. A prominent congressman, Radical, it is said, has declared there would be a change on the reconstruction question, and that the Tennessee delegation would probably be admitted a short time after congress meets:

It is thought that most of the southern congressmen will return to Washington, now that the Holidays are over.

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 4.—The Gov. today, received from the Secretary of the Interior, a confirmation of a grant of 5,000 acres of school land warrants in Humboldt county. It is the first instance of the kind, on record.

Washington, Jan. 4.—It is reported here by Juarist agents that a curious document may be made public concerning the organization of the Imperial operations. It will be remembered that for a time after the attempted assassination of Seward Col. Clarence Seward of New York, was acting Secretary of State. It is now charged that while acting in that capacity he was in negotiation with the Mexican Imperial agents with reference to being personally employed by a company one object of which is to carry arms and ammunition to the imperialists.

It is a remarkable fact that the Sweeny who has been figuring so extensively as Secretary of War in the Fenian organization is a Brevet Col. in the regular army of the United States. His Reg't. is the 16th Infantry.

No reason is known here for believing Secretary Seward's trip has any political significance whatever. His son Fred. is still in delicate health and by going away he averts the January receptions, and gets an opportunity to recruit a little.

CONGRESS.

Washington, 5.—In the House various resolutions of inquiry were passed including one offered by Ingersoll of Ill., instructing Judiciary Committee as to whether any further legislation is necessary for the suppression of Polygamy in Utah.

In the Senate Sumner, as usual, presented a number of petitions, resolutions and protests upon the irrepressible conflict, amongst them a petition from the colored brethren in Alabama and Missis-

Judiciary Committee.

Senate adjourned until Monday.

NEW YORK 5.—The Posts' Washington special says resolutions were offered in the House to-day providing that all public lands in Southern States and Westen next to the thrown open, to actual settlers. According to the decision of the Land Commissioners they are open to settlement for as much as we can get the white men.

WASHINGTON 6.—Gen. Wm. Hickory, chief clerk of U. S. Senate, died this morning aged about 70. He has been in the employments of that body forty-two years.

NEW YORK 6.—A letter dated City of Mexico, Dec. 17, says that the three loans put upon the market since the establishment of the Empire have involved the nation with a new debt of nearly \$80,000,000. Of this sum only about \$8,000,000 were used for public service, in consequence of which the Finance Commissioner in Paris has now at the disposition of Maximilian only a sufficient amount to meet the expenses during January.

NEW YORK 5.—Ed. B. Ketchum was taken yesterday from the Tombs to Sing Sing. He was accompanied by his father and one brother.

Gen. Sweeney, Fenian Secretary of War, made a speech in the Fenian Congress to-day, to the effect that he would endorse any measures calculated to unite the Brotherhood in inaugurating the great movement—the achievement of Irish independence.

To-morrow evening there will be held at Cooper Institute, a public meeting of citizens in support of the proposition that European powers shall not be allowed to intermeddle with American politics.

The Express has a report of a house in Hudson St., Jersey City, that is well supplied with arms and stocked with munitions of war, supposed to belong to Fenians.

PLATTE RIVER BRIDGE.

Col. Carrington, commanding the Fort, has warmly supported the recommendation of Gov. Saunders, Gen. Heath and others, to bridge the Platte, at or near Fort Kearney, and will commence a preliminary survey on Monday, with a view to such further recommendation as may be best in the development of the future state of Nebraska.

SPORT FOR LADIES.—Some of the ladies of the garrison took a ride this afternoon, escorted by two officers, for pleasure. They fell in with a pack of Prairie wolves, and one Timber wolf in company. The wolves were not hurt, however, and the wolves hurt nobody.

man upon their hunting-grounds, and the determination of the government to send soldiers into their country to build new posts and to make safe the journey for emigrants on their way to the land of promise.

Here is a significant paragraph from the *Herald*, and later events proved it a prophetic one:

The military force has been so much decreased that the Indians no longer fear it. One instance is where 8,000 Navajoe Indians are guarded by 400 soldiers. The former begin to show a disposition to turn the tables by becoming captors.

Inadequate troops and antiquated out-of-date arms were the cause of many of the tragedies written on the pages of our frontier in the sixties.

Among some items of local interest is this one:

Sport for Ladies. Some of the ladies of the garrison took a ride this afternoon, escorted by two officers, for pleasure. They fell in with a pack of Prairie wolves, and one Timber wolf in company. The wolves were not hurt, however, and the wolves hurt nobody.

The second page of the paper is mostly taken up with an interview with James Bridger, who was to be our scout and guide.

PERSONNEL: Col. Bridger, the hero of Fort Bridger and Bridger's Pass, is sojourning at the Overland House in this City. The Col. is the oldest American settler of the Rocky Mountain Region. Having left Richmond, Va., the place of his nativity, and taken up his abode at the site of the present Fort Bridger, in 1840.

He built that famous stone fortification which was the stronghold of about three hundred trappers, which effective force he lead in very many stealthy surprises against the wiley and crafty Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux. In 1853 he was driven from the home which his successful intrigues against the bloodthirsty savages, together with the abundance and variety of game had rendered doubly dear to him by the "Latter Day Saints" who took

possess of all the labor of this pioneer. He escaped only with his life and sought refuge in Missouri, where he owns a farm.

In 1857 when Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston marched against the Mormons he occupied the Fort and in behalf of the Government rented it of Col. Bridger for a term of ten years. As the lease expires next year, the Col. expects to return home and wake up the foes who cruelly drove him from thence.

He is perhaps sixty years old, fully six feet high, raw boned, blue eyes, auburn hair (now somewhat gray) is very active and communicative. He has guided numerous military expeditions against the Indians, and of these together with his own independent forays, he relates many interesting and thrilling incidents. . . .

The Col. has no faith in mounted expeditions against Indians. He says what all frontiersman know to be true, that the Indians can travel steadily for weeks together, and subsist upon cottonwood bark only, and their riders will build fires of the huge piles of Buffalo chips found where the herd wallows.

He thinks that our mode of hunting savages with mounted men and wagon trains is simply absurd, since it results only in heavy loss of animals and unnecessary exposure of troops who are compelled to return for rations or halt for their train to overtake them, which gives the savages exultant triumph, leaving the warriors smoking their pipes, whose bowls are tomahawks and the helves thereof the stems.

The Col. is now en route for Washington. He says he wants to tell the authorities how to manage the Indians; that if they will let him select a party of men, he will follow the Indians on foot, week after week, faring as they do, and will eventually overtake and surprise their villages.

He says that there is now a large party of Sioux encamped on the lakes just north of the forks of the Platte, that they are protected from the wind and have good water and grass.

He is of the opinion that troops unaccustomed to the frontiers are stampeded by the yell of the Indians when the enemy is in small force and might easily be managed by experienced "Dodgers." He thinks that the expedition, the 18th U. S. Infantry, now moving against the Sioux, is planned more sensibly than any before fitted up in this country,

since their wagon train is to establish a temporary base from which pack mules will supply the troops.

The third page has more despatches from the East, a list of the officers and companies at the post, and some items that give a vivid idea of what the soldiers had to endure on the march toward their destination.

The Cold Spell: During the cold spell in December when the mercury sank 29 below zero, the 18th. regulars suffered extremely. The first battallion marching west from Leavenworth had eighty men badly frozen and the second battallion had sixty more or less frozen.

Here is another impression of Bridger as he appeared at Fort Phil Kearney. It is from the narrative of the experiences of an officer's wife, in "Absaraka," a vivid and yet simple story of the hardships and dangers of a trip across the plains in an army ambulance. The Indians had been invited to the post for a conference over the question of peace or war, and the red sandstone pipes were passing around and "hows" were being exchanged between the red men and the officers of the post.

In front of them all, and to the left of the table, sitting on a low seat, with elbows on his knees and chin buried in his hands, sat the noted James Bridger, whose forty-four years upon the frontier had made him as keen and suspicious of Indians as any Indian himself could be of another. The old man, already somewhat bowed by age, after a long residence among the Crows as a friend and favorite chief; and having incurred the bitter hatred of the Cheyennes and Sioux alike, knew full well that his scalp—"Big Throat's" would be the proudest trophy they could bear to their solemn feasts. There he sat, or crouched, as watchful as though old times had come again, and he was once more to mingle in the fight, or renew the ordeal of his many hair-breadth escapes and spirited adventures.

Many stories are told of his past history,

and he has been charged with many of his own manufacture. He is said to have seen a diamond in the Rocky Mountains, by the light of which he travelled thirty miles one stormy night, and to have informed some inquisitive travellers that Scotts Bluff, nearly four hundred feet high, now stands where there was a deep valley when he first visited the country. When asked about these statements, he quietly intimated that there was no harm in fooling people who pumped him for information and would not even say "thank ye." Once he was wealthy, and his silver operations in Colorado might have been lucrative; but he was the victim of misplaced confidence, and was always restless when not on the plains.

To us he was invariably straightforward, truthful, and reliable. His sagacity, knowledge of woodcraft, and knowledge of the Indian were wonderful, and his heart was warm and his feelings tender wherever he confided or made a friend.

He cannot read, but enjoys reading. He was charmed by Shakespeare; but doubted the Bible story of Samson's tying foxes by the tails, and with firebrands burning the wheat of the Philistines. At last he sent for a good edition of Shakespeare's plays, and would hear them read until midnight with unfeigned pleasure. The story of the murder of the two princes in the tower, however, startled him to the point of indignation. He wanted it read a second and third time. Upon positive conviction that the text was rightly read, he burned the whole set, saying that Shakespeare must have had a bad heart and been as damned mean as a Sioux, to have written such scoundrelism as that.

Bridger was evidently quite a different type from some later famous guides. He was more of the Daniel Boone, Hawkeye kind, crude of exterior but with a mind alert and filled with the lore of the red man and hunting of big game. What a hero he would make for some latter-day Cooper!

It was at old Fort Kearney, Nebraska Territory, that the expedition of the 18th Infantry, U. S. A., was made ready for its long march across the

plains to the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, where it was to build Fort Phil Kearney, under the most trying and dangerous conditions, and later to lose eighty-one officers and men who were ambushed by Indians almost within sight of the fort. A monument erected within recent years, near the flourishing city of Sheridan, Wyo., commemorates the event.

Not far from Fort Kearney there was a Pawnee reservation, where I had many friends among the Indians, some of whom used to use my good offices to get by the sentinel in front of headquarters. They and their squaws were famous beggars, and the cunning little brown papooses made an irresistible appeal to my mother. How they could eat, old and young—they never seemed to get enough; and how they loved a piece of bright cloth or an old skirt! They were dirty and picturesque, and but for the trick of taking me by the hand rarely got by. I used to have a lot of fun with the Indian boys, shooting at a mark with bows and arrows, and when General Sherman visited the post we had a contest to see who could shoot the highest. My bow was boy's size, but I won by lying on my back and putting both feet against the bow to pull it.

A few days before we left old Fort Kearney, on the long and memorable march across the plains, our house burned down early in the morning, and I recall the terror of the scene, the mad scramble to save a few things, but especially the rapid popping of several big army revolvers that the fire set off.

Our home for weeks was to be an army ambulance of the old kind, bumpy, drawn by mules, as were all of the big covered wagons.—Two hundred and twenty-six mule teams in all, besides ambulances. There followed

many weary days and nights, never free from apprehension of a possible Indian attack, and the wagons were always corralled at the end of a day's march to be ready for what might happen. When the tents were set up it was considered a wise and necessary precaution to look around carefully to see that there were no rattlesnakes playing in the vicinity. Nightly we heard the weird and mournful howling of wolves, sometimes the deep rumble of a stampeded herd of buffalo, that fairly shook the earth. And all through the dark, at regular intervals, the reassuring calls of the sentinels on watch.

My brother and I had been given a small Indian pony that we called "Calico," and during the day we would take turns riding him, to get relief from the monotony and cramped quarters of the ambulance. I can still remember passing prairie-dog villages where there were thousands of the funny little rodents running around, or sitting up to bark at us and then ducking down into their holes. Never a day without the sight of leaping antelopes, an occasional sneaking coyote, big jack-rabbits, often herds of buffalo in the distance, and ever the monotonous expanse of sage-covered plains, blinding dust, the big skies stretching to the blue horizon, distant mountains, gorgeous sunsets, and in the heat of some days a shimmering mirage that looked like a great sea.

A memory that especially lingers was the death of Gray Eagle, my father's magnificent horse that had been presented to him by old soldiers. He succumbed to bad water and lack of proper food. His strength exhausted, he had to be shot, and we watched his poor body as long as we could, in silence but, needless to say, not without blinding tears.

Among all the vague memories of

those distant days is one that comes foremost—how many times later I awoke in the dark in terror, to see again the tortured bodies and bloody arrows of that night. It was about noon of the day that out of the quiet came, with startling distinctness and suddenness, the sound of volley-firing over the hills and out of sight of the fort. This was succeeded by scattering shots—then silence. That night the wagons and ambulances that had gone out with a rescue-party came back loaded with the horribly mutilated bodies of most of Captain Fetterman's command of eighty-one men, who had been ambushed and completely annihilated by an overwhelming body of Indians. A night of horror, a dawn of dread, of sorrow, of the bitterness and craving for revenge in every survivor's heart! A little band of men from the diminished garrison were to go out the next morning to bring in the living, if by chance any had survived; or the bodies of the missing. If the Indians had realized their power on that day, and the utterly inadequate number left in the fort for its defense, they could

have repeated the unspeakable atrocities of the day before, and, as in the Fetterman fight, there would have been none left to tell the story. Women and children? Well, they would not have been there, for one of the last orders of the commander, who led the rescue-party in person, was that, in the event of the post's being overwhelmed, women and children were to be hidden in the magazine and a match or shot ready to ignite its stores of powder.

Looking back over the many years that have gone, it seems to me that we children thought chiefly of the good times we were having; to us it was a wonderful and glorious adventure. Little did we appreciate the ever-present anxiety that filled the minds of our mothers, the downright hardships and privations they endured, the wearing responsibilities that bore so heavily upon the shoulders of the commander, his officers and men. To us it was mostly *wash-ta-la*, good, but to our elders it was all *wau-nee-chee*, very bad, if I am right in my recollection of the Indian words.



Prayers

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

WHEN I prayed in Salisbury
Before the gray choir,
Straight and clear my prayer rose
Underneath the spire.

When I prayed in Sarum
By the old Saxon wall,
I prayed with my hands bound
And saw arrows fall.

But when I prayed in Stonehenge
Underneath the sky,
I lay on the altar-place
Waiting to die.

The Paradox of Light

BY ARTHUR H. COMPTON

The winner of last year's Nobel Prize in physics discusses one of the most vital problems of present-day physical science. The apparent duality as waves and particles of the fundamental entities of which the world is made has only very recently been discovered. A part of the article is the description of Doctor Compton's own researches for which he received the Nobel award.

THANKS to the light about us, we guide our steps, escape from remote danger, enjoy a beautiful scene, learn the nature of a distant star, see the smile on a friend's face. Light is vital to the growth of both plants and animals. Our work, our pleasures, our very life are continually dependent upon its presence. Yet of its own nature we know very little.

Newton thought of a beam of sunlight as a stream of little particles shot from the sun toward the earth. The rival conception of light as trains of waves, analogous to the waves in air that give us the sensation of sound, though familiar to Newton, was not generally held until the beginning of the nineteenth century. At this time Young and Fresnel discovered the surprising fact that by adding one beam of light to another under proper conditions it is possible to produce darkness. If light consists of streams of particles, no one could find an explanation of this remarkable phenomenon; but if it is a wave motion a satisfactory interpretation is easily found. Every one has watched the ripples forming when pebbles are thrown into a pool. If the crests of one set of ripples fall upon the crests of another, the ripples are high; but where the crests of one group fall on the troughs of a second, the ripples are small or disappear. It was only neces-

sary to imagine that light comes in trains of waves like these ripples to see how it might be possible for the crests of one train of waves to be neutralized by the troughs of another. Thus experiments which showed that one beam of light could interfere with a second to produce darkness convinced its students that light is not like a stream of bullets, but is to be compared rather with the ripples on a pond.

THE CONCEPT OF THE "ETHER"

Sound waves are propagated through the air; but light waves may come to us from the filament in an electric-light bulb, within which is the best vacuum we know how to produce. In order that there might be some medium to transmit these waves, an *ether* was invented, which should pervade all space. This ether was supposed to have the properties of an elastic solid, something like the Jello which is served to us for dessert, through which the vibrations could be transmitted. Fresnel found that if the ether waves are to act as light does the ether must be immensely more rigid than steel. Yet through this rigid medium the earth and sun and we ourselves must freely move. A truly difficult conception!

Such a mechanical view of light waves was abandoned by Maxwell some

sixty years ago when he showed that there should exist a kind of electrical wave which travels through space at the same speed that light had been found to travel. It was some years later when Hertz produced such electrical waves in his laboratory by passing a spark between metal balls, and found that these waves had many of the characteristics of light. The development of the idea from there on is familiar: how the electric waves of Hertz suggested to Marconi the wireless telegraph, and how this further developed into the wireless telephone and the radio. We have now become so familiar with the idea of wave-lengths of radio waves and of frequencies of vibrations that the possibility that such rays may be anything other than waves rarely enters our minds.

In speaking of radio waves and light rays we still frequently use the term "ether." According to Maxwell's picture, however, there is nothing material about the medium through which the waves pass. We merely ascribe to space certain electric and magnetic properties, those indeed which the space must have in order to account for the pushes and pulls between magnets and electric charges. On the other hand, though there is no material medium, the electric waves are themselves a form of matter, that is, they have mass and weight, the essential characteristics of matter in the physical sense. It has been shown that when a beam of light strikes a surface it exerts a pressure, just as if the light beam were a stream of water from a hose. This means that the light waves have momentum, and hence also mass—that they are themselves a form of matter. Nor is the amount of matter in light rays insignificant, as is emphasized by the example of the sun, which radi-

ates away as light four million tons of its material each second.

The motion of the nozzle of a hose back and forth does not of itself produce any wave; but when the water is turned on it is thrown in a wavy stream. The existence of these waves does not depend upon any medium through which the stream of water moves. The stream is its own medium. In a somewhat similar way it is possible to imagine an atom at the sun oscillating back and forth and emitting a stream of radiation toward the earth. The stream of waves is its own medium, and when the radiation ceases the space is again empty.

My friend Professor N. Ahmad once told me the following story, ascribed to one of the wise men of ancient Persia, as we were whiling away together the evening hours in a Dak bungalow in the mountains of Kashmir: A certain Arab at his death bequeathed all of his property to his three sons, one-half to the eldest, one-third to the second, and one-ninth to the youngest son. Now it so happened that the most valuable part of his estate consisted of seventeen camels, and the sons fell to quarrelling regarding how they should be divided. At last they brought their camels to the sheik that he might apportion them justly. After listening patiently as they presented their problem, the old sheik spoke:

"Allah has granted his servant an only camel. I pray you, my children, to accept this camel at my hands, and add it to your father's estate. You now have eighteen camels."

To the eldest son he said: "Take thou now the half of the camels, nine, which is more than thy share. Go thou and be content."

To the second son likewise: "Thy

share was one-third. Take thou six camels, which is more than thy share. Go thou and be content."

And to the youngest son in the same manner he spoke: "Take thou now the ninth, two camels, which is more than thy share. Go thou also and be content."

And so they departed joyfully, taking with them nine camels and six and two. Then the old sheik lifted his eyes and saw before him his own camel standing.

"Behold the reward of the faithful! I have given my camel away, and Allah has restored my camel to me. Blessed be Allah!"

It is perhaps fair to say that the concept of the material ether played the same part in the development of the wave theory of light as did the eighteenth camel in the division of the Arab's estate. Both made the solving of the problem easier, but neither was really essential to the solution.

Some five years ago, Nichols and Tear, at Cleveland, showed that it was possible to detect electric waves of the same type as those used in radio transmission, though of shorter wave-length, by the same method that is used to detect heat rays. The spectrum of these heat rays in turn can be followed continuously through the infra-red region and the region of visible light to the region of ultra-violet light, those rays with which we are now becoming familiar because of their value in curing rickets and tuberculosis. A young Scotchman by the name of Osgood, working at Chicago, showed last summer that the spectrum of ultra-violet light could be followed right through to the region of X-rays, so that these are also known to be of the same nature. Beyond the X-rays are in turn the gamma-rays from

radium and the penetrating cosmic rays which are found at high altitudes. Whatever we say regarding the nature of one of these types of rays must therefore hold equally well for the others. If, then, radio rays and light rays are waves, so also are X-rays and gamma-rays.

EINSTEIN AND THE PHOTOELECTRIC EFFECT

The first serious challenge to the view that light consists of waves, since the time of Fresnel and Young, was made by Einstein in 1905. When a beam of light falls upon the surface of certain metals, such as sodium or zinc, electricity in the form of electrons is found to be emitted from the surface. The number of these electrons is proportional to the intensity of the light, but the speed at which they move does not depend upon its intensity. It depends only upon the color, or frequency, of the light which strikes the metal. Thus the feeble light from a star will eject an electron from a surface with just as great speed as will the intense light from the sun.

This "photoelectric effect" is especially prominent with X-rays, for these rays eject electrons from all sorts of substances. X-rays are produced when a stream of electrons hits a block of metal inside an X-ray tube. It is as if one were shooting at a steel plate with a rapid-fire gun. The stream of bullets represents the electrons shot at the metal target of the X-ray tube. The racket produced when the bullets strike the steel plate corresponds to the X-rays emitted from the target of the tube. Let us suppose that an electron strikes the target of an X-ray tube at a speed of a hundred miles a second (these electrons certainly move tremendously fast). The

X-ray produced by this electron may pass through a block of wood, and strike a piece of metal on the other side. If when it strikes it ejects an electron from the metal the speed of the ejected electron will be almost as great as that of the original electron which gave rise to the X-ray.

The surprising nature of this phenomenon may be illustrated by an experience which I had in my early boyhood. During the summer vacations my father would take our family to a lake in northern Michigan. My older brother, with several of the older boys, built a diving-pier around the point a half-mile away from the camp, where the water was deep. We younger boys built a diving-pier in the shallower water in front of the camp. It so happened, one hot, calm, July day, that my brother dove from his diving-board into the deep water. By the time the resulting ripples had spread around the point to where I was swimming a half-mile away, they were of course much too small to notice. You can imagine my surprise, therefore, when these insignificant ripples, striking me as I was swimming under our diving-pier, suddenly lifted me bodily from the water and set me on the diving-board!

Is this impossible? It is no more so than for an ether ripple, sent out when an electron dives into the target of an X-ray tube, to jerk an electron out of a second piece of metal with a speed equal to that of the first electron.

It was considerations of this kind which showed to Einstein the futility of trying to account for the photoelectric effect on the basis of waves. He suggested, however, that this effect might be explained if light and X-rays consist of particles. These particles we now call *photons*. The picture of the X-ray ex-

periment on this view would be that when the electron strikes the target of an X-ray tube its energy of motion is transformed into a photon, that is, a particle of X-rays, which goes with the speed of light to the second piece of metal. Here the photon gives up its energy to one of the electrons of which the metal is composed, and throws it out with an energy of motion equal to that of the first electron. Such a picture accounts at once for the fact that the number of photoelectrons is proportional to the intensity of the radiation; for if one beam is twice as intense as another it has twice as many photons, which will eject twice as many electrons. In order to explain why the electrons move faster when thrown out of a metal by light of higher frequency, Einstein borrowed a suggestion made originally by Planck, that the energy of a photon is greater for light of high frequency—that is, photons of blue light carry more energy than photons of red light.

In this way Einstein was able to account in a very satisfactory way for the phenomenon of the ejection of electrons by light and X-rays. But his theory had been devised for just this purpose. It was not surprising that it should work well for this one phenomenon. It would naturally carry much greater weight if it could be shown that the theory accounted for other facts for which it had not been originally intended. This is what it has recently done in connection with certain properties of scattered X-rays.

PECULIAR X-RAY ECHOES

If you hold a piece of paper in the light of a lamp, the paper scatters light from the lamp into your eyes. This is the way in which the paper is made

visible. In the same way, if the lamp were an X-ray tube, the paper would scatter X-rays to your eyes. If you had a blue light in your lamp, the paper would appear blue. If the light were yellow, the paper would appear yellow, and so on. But some five years ago we noticed that when a sheet of paper or anything else scatters X-rays the "color" or frequency of the rays is changed. The corresponding effect with light would be for the paper to appear green when illuminated with blue light, yellow when illuminated with green light, red when lighted by a yellow lamp, and so on.

If light and X-rays are waves, the scattered X-rays are like an echo. When one whistles in front of a barn the echo comes back with the same pitch as the original tone. This must be so, because each wave of the sound is reflected from the barn, as many waves return as strike, and the frequency or pitch of the echoed wave is the same as that of the original wave. In the case of the scattered X-rays the echo should similarly be thrown back by the electrons in the scattering material, and should likewise have the same pitch or frequency as the incident rays. Thus the wave theory does not account for the lowered frequency of the scattered X-rays.

The corpuscular idea revived by Einstein suggests, however, a simple explanation of the effect. On this view we may suppose that each photon of the scattered X-rays is deflected by a single electron, just as a golf-ball might bounce from a football. Since a part of the golf-ball's energy is spent in setting the football in motion it bounces off with less energy than when it struck. In the same way, the electron from which the X-ray photon bounces will recoil, taking part of the photon's energy, and

the deflected photon will have less energy than before it struck the electron. This reduction in energy of the deflected photon corresponds on Einstein's view to a decrease in frequency of the scattered X-rays, just as the experiments show. In fact, the theory is so definite that it is possible to calculate just how great a change in frequency should occur, and the calculation is found to correspond accurately with the experiments.

PLAYING BILLIARDS WITH PHOTONS AND ELECTRONS

If this explanation is the correct one, it should however be possible to find the electrons which recoil from the deflected X-ray particles. Before this theory was suggested no such recoiling electrons had ever been noticed. Professor C. T. R. Wilson of Cambridge University had, however, invented a beautiful method for making visible the tracks left by electrons when they go at high speed through air. Within a few months after this new theory of the scattering of X-rays had been proposed he photographed the trails left when electrons in air recoiled from the X-rays which they scattered. Thus we have observed not only the loss in energy of the deflected golf-balls, but have also found the footballs, or electrons, from which they have bounced.

Finally it was found possible to follow not only the electron which recoiled from the impact of the X-ray, but also the path of the deflected X-ray particle as it bounced from the electron. Wilson's method was used for photographing the trails left by the electrons which had been struck by the X-ray particles. A faint beam of X-rays was shot through air of such intensity that in each photograph would appear the

trails of one or two recoiling electrons. Now if the recoiling electron moves to the left, the X-ray particle must have glanced to the right, just as when the golf-ball bounces to one side the football recoils to the other. If the scattered X-ray goes as a wave, like a ripple spreading in all directions, there is no reason to expect it to affect a second electron on one side rather than on the other. But if the X-ray is a particle glancing to the right the second electron which it strikes must be on the right side of the particle's original path. A large number of photographs showed that this was indeed the case.

Such experiments show very directly that an X-ray is scattered from an electron in a definite direction, as it should be if it is a particle.

THE PARADOX OF PARTICLES AND WAVES

But if X-rays consist of particles, so also must light rays and heat rays and radio rays. We are thus confronted with the problem either of accounting on the corpuscular theory for the properties of light which have been explained in terms of waves, or of reconciling the view that light consists of waves with the view that light consists of corpuscles. For centuries it has been thought that these two conceptions of the nature of light are contradictory; but when we are confronted with apparently convincing evidence that light consists of waves, and equally convincing evidence that it consists of particles, the two conceptions must in some way be reconcilable.

The theoretical physicists are hard at work on a reconciliation of the two conceptions. One suggestion is that the energy of radiation is carried by the particles, and that the waves serve merely to guide the particles. According to a

second view the particles of radiation exist in any true sense only when the radiation is acting on atoms or electrons, and that in between such events the radiation moves as waves. It is as yet difficult, however, to state these ideas in any satisfactory form. Perhaps the best picture that one can give of the relation between waves and particles is the analogy of the sheets of rain which one sometimes sees in a thunder-storm. We may liken the waves to the sheets of rain that one sees sweeping down the street or across the fields. The radiation particles or photons would correspond to the rain-drops of which the sheet is composed. This picture is probably a fairly accurate one when we are thinking of radio rays. For in the case of radio rays even a feeble signal, such as one broadcast from Los Angeles and heard in New York, would have waves consisting of thousands of photons per cubic inch. But in the case of X-rays one can perform experiments with a single photon, and it is difficult to imagine one particle arranged in sheets.

The fact remains that the evidence before us seems to demand that light and other forms of radiation consist both of waves and particles.

OUR NEW ACQUAINTANCE, THE PHOTON

During the last generation we have familiarized ourselves with electrons, the elementary units of negative electricity, and protons, the smallest units of positive electricity. It is of these two types of particles, arranged in different manners, that the various kinds of atoms are built. Now we recognize in nature a third type of elementary particle, the photon.

The photon is a concentrated bundle of energy which moves through space at the speed of light, fast enough

to circle the earth seven times in a single second. We have gradually been accustoming ourselves to the idea of disembodied energy, or rather of energy which is its own body. Thus it has long been recognized that the most reasonable explanation of the mass of the electron is to suppose that it is due to the electric energy which it possesses. The same is presumably true of the proton. But we have never observed an electron or a proton giving up its electrical charge and all of its energy (though such an event very possibly occurs in the interior of the stars). The photon on the other hand is created, apparently out of nothing, when an atom or an electron loses energy; and when the photon gives up its energy to another atom we can find nothing left. The photon has momentum just as does any form of radiation, and hence has mass, and is thus truly a bit of matter—a material particle. But it is a particle which is created from the energy spent by an atom, and when it releases its energy it vanishes.

The work that a mosquito does when it walks an inch up the side of a wall takes the energy of a hundred million X-ray photons, and an X-ray photon has some ten thousand times as much energy as a photon of visible light. It is true that these energies are excessively small. Yet they are sufficient for each individual photon to produce a detectable effect.

The mass of these photons makes itself evident by knocking the electrons around, as we have described above. For ordinary frequencies of light or X-rays the mass of a photon is much less than that of an electron, but a photon of hard gamma-rays from radium weighs about the same as does an electron at rest. In a piece of matter at ordinary

temperatures, the photons do not add appreciably to the mass. But inside the stars, where the temperatures are measured by millions of degrees, the photons weigh about one per cent as much as the electrons present. This means that it would take several earths to weigh as much as the photons in the sun.

Of the fundamental things in the world there thus remain these three, protons, electrons, and photons.

ELECTRON WAVES

If then light, which has long been known as waves, is now found to consist of particles, may it not be that such things as atoms and electrons, which have long been known as particles, may have the characteristics of waves? Thus reasoned the French physicist, de Broglie. His suggestion was put to experimental test during the last year by two American physicists, Davisson and Germer. They found that a stream of electrons could be made to show interference effects in just the same way as can a beam of light or X-rays. It was, however, this interference property of light which was the chief argument in the proof of its wave character. We now have precisely the same kind of evidence for believing in the wave characteristics of electrons.

Our paradox of waves and particles is thus not confined to the nature of light, but applies to electrons as well. Light which we have long thought of as waves has the properties of particles, and electrons which have long been thought of as particles have the properties of waves. There seems to be a dualistic aspect to these fundamental entities. The distinction between the conceptions of waves and particles may not be as sharp as we have thought.

Red

THE ADVENTURE OF A BEACH-COMBER IN THE ORIENT

BY CLIFF MAXWELL

The author is a vagabond. He has been an itinerant telegrapher, newspaper man, hobo. While a beach-comber in Shanghai he picked up this true tale.

THE Wayport's lobby was buzzing with conversation which paused but a second, then resumed as, with an all-inclusive nod, Red passed on into the little café at the back.

"Some guy, Red!" ejaculated Singapore Slim, turning to me where I sat. "He's feeling pretty good to-night and with good reason, too."

"How's that? Why is he feeling so good?" I asked.

"Oh, he just played even with Pegleg Kearney, an old squirt who has double-crossed every one he could in China—including Red. Well, he won't bother any one else for a while, anyway," he answered.

"Well, what's the story? What does Pegleg do—and what did he do to Red?" I persisted.

"He runs guns, steals slave-girls, and smuggles mud—when he isn't busy double-crossing some one. Get Red to tell you the story. He's the most concerned, he'll tell you," he replied.

Red was just mopping up the last of his ham and eggs as I sat down in the chair across the table from him.

"What's all this I hear about you putting the skids under a one-legged guy, young man? Did he do you wrong?" I asked facetiously.

Red grinned good-naturedly. "Well, if he did we're about fifty-fifty now.

He'll hardly be in a position to do any more wrongs for a while—and, I understand, Bilibid is cussed hot during the summer season," he replied, washing down the last bite with a swallow of the varnish that passed for coffee in the Wayport.

"Kind of a wonder you wouldn't unloosen to an old pal," I remarked as wheedlingly as I could.

Red wiped his mouth with the back of a freckled hand and looked at me with a quizzical twinkle in his brown eyes. "Come on over to Chee Dee's with me and, as soon as I've 'laid on my hip,' I'll tell you the story of me life," he came back at me, as he arose from his chair, picked up his meal-chit and started toward the bar, where the Chinese cashier-barkeep' was busily wiping mythical spots off the long, polished counter.

Chee Dee's place of business was in the native quarter, away over from the French Concession. Through the half-open window of the little private room back of the big room where the proletariat wooed the Poppy Goddess, the shrill voices of singsong girls blended with the discordant clash of wedding-gongs that came from the ceremony in progress in the house across the way. Shanghai's Chinese night-life was in full swing. Overhead a cold, dispassion-

ate moon threw a blaze of silver light over all.

Red filled his lungs with the smoke from his last spluttering "yin pao" (opium pill), then slowly and luxuriously exhaled it in a great cloud of white vapor that gradually changed to blue as it struck the colder air and settled a soft, pungent haze about the three of us.

"All right, I'll be set in a minute to tell you about Pegleg and me, and mud and guns, and slave-girls and double-crossing," he said in belated answer to my repeated request for Pegleg's story.

Raising himself on a reluctant elbow, he handed the long-stemmed pipe to the mask-faced Chee Dee, thumped his hard pillow into a more comfortable shape and (with a prefatory remark that, regardless of what the Occidental thought of the narcotic effect of the "Black Smoke," he couldn't sleep for several hours following a session with it) settled back and began.

Pegleg blew into Shanghai in '18. He was captain of a dirty little schooner that traded up and down the coast between Shanghai and south China ports. Sometimes he sailed up the river past Hong Kong to Canton. On these occasions he would touch at the Portuguese city of Macao. Here he would lay in as big a cargo of mud as he had money to pay for. Opium is cheaper in Macao than any other place in the East—and the widest-open city in the world.

Pegleg picked up a coolie in Canton one trip he made there and brought him to Shanghai to act as a go-between in opium deals. He kept him full of enthusiasm by promises of high wages and bonuses on all opium deals he engineered. Naturally, being Chinese, the

coolie worked extra hard to put Pegleg in touch with other Chinese who dealt in opium. Pegleg kept his coolie for a couple of trips, until he met the Chinks he wished most to meet, then chased Ah Fok, the coolie, ashore at Hong Kong without having given him a clacker of either wages or bonus. The Chinks Ah Fok had introduced him to, Pegleg double-crossed one after the other, as soon as he could interest them in an opium-smuggling partnership. Ah Fok, in Hong Kong, got wind of all of this and was keen to get even.

It wasn't long until the Shanghai Chinks would have nothing to do with Pegleg. They soon became tired of his lies about being held up leaving Hong Kong and his cargo of opium confiscated by the Hong Kong custom officials; being stopped by the Woosung Harbor Police or boarded in Shanghai by the authorities with the same result. Too well had the gossip of the opium-dens been circulated about Pegleg and his crookedness. Only those very few Chinks, who had not heard this gossip, would have anything to do with him, and among these few was Chink Helen, madame of the slave-girl house over on Yalu Road.

One afternoon when she and her girls were out for a walk along the river-bank, they stopped opposite the little pier where Pegleg's schooner was tied up. Pegleg was stumping back and forth on deck, very likely doping out some new scheme of double-crossing, when Helen and her charges came down onto the little wharf and brought up at the shore end of the schooner's gangway.

"Come on aboard!" Pegleg sings out when he sees them.

It wasn't ten minutes before the girls were romping all over the ship; climb-

ing into the rigging, investigating the galley, swarming through the fo'castle, and, generally, having the time of their young lives.

One of the girls took Pegleg's fancy. One of those who had climbed into the rigging. "How much you want for that girl?" he asked Helen, pointing to the girl who was now sitting on the spanker-boom, one arm around the mast and waving the other at her companions below on deck.

"Thlee hunna dolla you buy. S'pose so you likee lent, leighty dolla one month, can do," was her reply.

As wary as they usually are, yet occasionally a Chink will overplay a hand. This was one of the times and Helen was the Chink. She, thinking because Pegleg was captain of the little schooner his word was good, listened to his proposition that she let him have the girl to take with him on his next trip south, where he was going in a day or so for a cargo of opium. He did not find it particularly difficult to persuade her not only to let him have the girl on credit until his return from the south but also to invest \$300 in cash in his opium scheme.

He agreed to pay Helen her "thlee hunna dolla" for the girl as soon as he returned and also to invest her \$300 cash in opium, which he was to turn over to her upon his return. Accordingly he did take the girl south with him and, arriving in Macao, put Helen's "thlee hunna dolla" with what he had and laid in the largest cargo of mud he had yet handled. He knew the Shanghai Chinks with whom he could do business were becoming less in number each trip he made. He could not profitably continue smuggling opium into Shanghai, so with this last cargo disposed of he intended trying some-

thing else—it might be a bit riskier but the returns justified it.

Upon his return to Shanghai he married the slave-girl in a Christian church but conveniently forgot to notify Helen of it. Incidentally he absent-mindedly neglected to give Helen any of the mud he had bought with her money, or to return her any of the "thlee hunna dolla" she had given him to invest in the mud.

Ah Fok, the coolie Pegleg had chased ashore penniless in Hong Kong had, meantime, made his way back to Shanghai. He was bent on getting square yards with Pegleg—and when a Chink has this in mind he usually does it. It may take him ten years—but he'll do it. The fellow he is after will know all about it, too, when the yards are squared. I could almost believe they'd carry a grudge over from one incarnation to the next, judging from some of the things I've seen them do.

Ah Fok wasted no time. As soon as he could engineer it, he met and made up to Pegleg's ex-slave-girl wife. This was not difficult—the difference racial, biologically, and geographically between her and Pegleg was too great to be bridged by a mere marriage ceremony. Pegleg was to her merely an expedient. Ah Fok soon learned this—"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain . . ." You know what Harte says.

Biding his time and keeping his own counsel, Ah Fok got a job as house coolie in Helen's place. He had heard the gossip of the opium-joints, and what had not come unasked to him he went out and dug up. He had Pegleg's entire history from the first day that worthy hit China. Ah Fok lost no time telling all this to Helen—likely with embellishments.

Helen soon learned she had no legal

recourse so far as the money was concerned which she had given Pegleg to invest in opium; the chance of getting the girl back into her house after Pegleg had legally married her she knew was nil. In short, Pegleg had double-crossed her to a fare-thee-well. Helen simply started a propaganda of her own with the result of a boycott—with Pegleg on the receiving end.

With no possibility of continuing opium-smuggling into Shanghai, Pegleg, having disposed advantageously of his last and biggest cargo, now decided to turn to the new venture he'd had in mind some time—gun-running.

He had learned, via the grape-vine telegraph, that there were hundreds of thousands of German military rifles in Japan which had been brought there after the war. Not only were there rifles, but there were field-pieces and other military equipment. The same grape-vine telegraph system informed him these munitions were eventually to find their way into China for the use of warring factions in both the north and south of China. This military equipment merely waited for any filibusterer who had a little money to invest, to come along and buy it up and resell at an enormous profit to whichever Chinese faction wished to pay the most for it.

Pegleg had netted several thousand dollars by the sale of his last cargo and, with this money, he decided to charter a ship and go to Japan for a cargo of munitions. He would have enough money to do this—next time he could charter more ships and make more money—besides, there was always the possibility of a chance to double-cross the Japs.

He had dealt so crookedly and rotently with the Shanghai Chinks, none

of them would have anything to do with him. The Shanghai foreign population knew but very little, or nothing, of him, so the logical thing for him to do was to recruit his assistants from the foreign population if he could find among it those who were not too scrupulous about smashing international laws. The floating population was Pegleg's answer. The floating population was made up of beach-combers—those individuals to whom this would be an adventure they'd go a long way to chance. Thus it was that Oxford Eddie and I were approached by Pegleg. He didn't have to coax either of us—not a bit!

His proposition sounded so good to us we were in a fever to get started right away. I had visions of untold wealth and all the luxury that wealth would bring me here in the East, where I planned on remaining. Eddie was going to return to England with his share of our loot changed into thousand-pound notes. He intended looking up a former professor who had told him before his graduation from Oxford that he might as well leave Oxford without waiting for graduation exams. He'd be nothing but a wastrel anyway. "A wastrel and a ne'er-do-well is what you'll turn out," he had told him. There had been so much truth in what he had said that Eddie was now resenting it—he wanted to find that prof, walk up to him with a sneer on his face, shake a sheaf of thousand-pound notes under the startled prof's nose, and with a slighting remark about professorial prophecies being somewhat uncertain, walk off with a laugh at the discomfited prof. Yes, Eddie and I mentally had a lot of fun with the money we were going to make working for Pegleg.

On his last trip south, Pegleg had picked up a snaky-eyed beach-comber in

either Amoy or Swatow and brought him back to Shanghai. His name was Wagner, and he and Pegleg seemed to be very thick. Neither Eddie nor I liked him—nor did he like us.

Pegleg, to make his enterprise appear legitimate in the eyes of the Shanghai authorities, rented a suite of offices in the Glen Line building and gold-lettered his door with the ornate caption "General Importer and Exporter." This, too, would give him sufficient excuse to charter ships.

He didn't have the money to charter more than one ship at first. He left Wagner in charge and made a trip to Peking to see if he could not interest the north China militarists there in contraband munitions.

He was successful. While he was yet in Peking he arranged to charter the old *El Dorado* and, in company with a little mandarin, sailed from a north China port for Ginsing, Japan. No doubt the mandarin had been sent to keep a weather-eye on Pegleg.

In Ginsing the *El Dorado* took aboard 16,000 German military rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition for them, 52 field-pieces, and 1,000 Mill's hand-bombs. Enough to equip a young army.

Sailing across the China Sea and arriving at the mouth of the river on his way up to Woosung, Pegleg radioed to Wagner to leave Eddie and me in charge at Shanghai and come immediately to Woosung.

China, like every other country, has enough corrupt officials to make anything possible, *once*. It was a comparatively easy matter for Pegleg's ship to warp alongside the Woosung dock that night and, with Wagner in charge, unload his cargo of "shovels"—as his manifest read—and get away with it

before the Shanghai authorities, fourteen miles up the river, got wise to what the cargo was. At that, his margin of safety was not any too wide, because some one tipped these officials off—but only in time for them to arrive just after the last long box of "shovels" had been whisked off the dock and into a waiting motor-truck.

Pegleg received for this cargo just 120,000 Mex. above and beyond all expenses. In other words, \$70,000 in real, honest-to-gosh money—though Eddie and I didn't know it till afterward. When we asked him for an advance on the several weeks' wages he owed us, he stalled us off. He had not paid us a cent, and Wagner, when we asked him for an advance while Pegleg was away, had replied that Pegleg had given him no authority to advance us anything.

Not that we went hungry—Pegleg had too much salable stock for Eddie or me to miss any meals. Particularly so with a Chink fence we knew down on Jukong Road who was not only willing but anxious to buy all of this stock we'd bring him—but it did make us both sore to be stalled off by such a tin-horn as Pegleg.

With gun-running as easy as he'd found it, Pegleg now decided to go into it on a bigger scale. He chartered the *Yelang*, an old Chinese pirate-boat chaser from the Chiekiang government, equipped it with wireless, and, having found that I understood radio, put me aboard it as his "Chief Radio Operator." He had not given either Eddie or me more than ten Mex. of the wages he owed us—we were simply waiting our chance. Both of us had, by this time, learned all about Pegleg—even to Ah Fok, the coolie. I went out of my way to cultivate Ah Fok, who was now much more intimate with

Pegleg's Chink wife than I would like any one to be with mine—if I had one—although you may be sure Pegleg didn't know this. Pegleg did not even know that Ah Fok was in Shanghai. He'd chased him ashore penniless in Hong Kong—and forgotten him.

In addition to the *Yelang*, Pegleg chartered three other tubs and immediately sent them to Ginsing—after he'd made a little dicker by cable with a certain Jap he had met when he was there with the *El Dorado* and who had been closely identified with the former venture. Wagner would be Pegleg's representative in Ginsing, because the Shanghai authorities were keeping an uncomfortably close watch on Pegleg's moves—besides, he could use Wagner as a catspaw should the occasion demand.

Pegleg had engineered his scheme so well and kept it so dark that the Shanghai authorities paid no attention to Wagner's departure on one of the little Jap freighters that trade between China and Japan. Besides, why should they? Who was Wagner? Nothing but a snaky-eyed, wizened-faced beachcomber who didn't cut enough ice to make a cocktail for a gnat when it came to gun-running.

Pegleg, like all too many Occidental husbands, had to tell his Chink wife everything! All that he had done—and all that he intended doing! Not only this but, to top off his asininity, he put all his money, except 20,000 or 30,000 Mex., in her name, so that, were he caught, the authorities could get but little from him.

The *Yelang* must have been obsolete even before the Ark was built. Above her water-line, from stem to stern, she was a literal sieve from bullet-holes

made by slugs fired out of pirates' rifles. On her last trip down the river her compass had been smashed beyond repair by a large-calibered pirate's bullet that had torn its way through the wheel-house bulkhead and wound up its career in the vitals of the compass. Sections of hinged iron plates on both sides of her well-deck answered for protective armor from the pirates' fire, and the souvenirs the old tub had collected in the way of missiles fired against them would have gladdened the heart of the most enthusiastic collector.

Aside from myself, every one aboard the *Yelang* was Chinese. Woo, the captain, had been told by Pegleg he would receive fabulous sums for the part he was to take in the scheme. Pegleg had also promised him all sorts of high-sounding titles as soon as his gun-running placed him in a position where he could pull wires—up to date he had received neither.

I had not been long aboard before I had a confidential chat with Woo, with the result that I thought it time to start the ball rolling. I went ashore and up to Pegleg's "store," where I got into close conference with Eddie out in the corridor. Pegleg did not see us, so we were not interrupted. I was strong for jumping into Pegleg's office right then and telling the old wart what we had on him, and that if he wanted to save his pelt he'd better come across. Eddie wouldn't hear of it.

"Wait until we've lined up some of these Chinks he's been double-crossing and give me a chance to see Liang, the Chink who checked Pegleg's "shovels" from the *El Dorado*, before we start anything. We don't want a slip-up, and we won't have if we manage things right. We can't very well beat up a one-

legged old stiff like him—but we *can* give him a taste of his own medicine. Your job will be to see Ah Fok—you hang around Chee Dee's and so does Ah Fok. He is thick with and sweet on Pegleg's wife, and the same thing holds good for her in the case of Ah Fok—and Pegleg's money is in *her* name! See what I mean?" he said with a wink. I was on.

I didn't return aboard that day but kept busy rounding up the Chinks Pegleg had double-crossed. After I'd explained our scheme they could hardly wait for us to get started, and they gave me all the detailed information I asked for and some that I didn't. I had a most satisfactory talk with Ah Fok, who promised to have one just as satisfactory with Pegleg's wife. I didn't fail to mention to Ah Fok that since the talk he was going to have with Pegleg's wife would turn out to his monetary advantage, neither Eddie nor I were to be left out in the cold. Ah Fok promised me we would not be.

Next morning when I went up to the Glen Line building, Eddie met me just inside the door with a cablegram in his hand addressed to Pegleg. As Pegleg had not come down to his "store" yet, we soaked the flap loose from the envelope and read the cablegram. It was from Ginsing, Japan, dated the day before. "Cargo for three ships available. Cable ten thousand first deposit. Your representative took ship out of Japan yesterday. Advise. Signed, Tako, agent," is what Eddie and I read.

"Right where we want him! There'll be a duplicate copy of this in the cable office we can refer to if we have to, should he get too stubborn," said Eddie. "What luck yesterday?" he asked.

I told him who I had talked to

among the Chinks, what information they had given me, and that we could depend upon their co-operation, if we needed it; and then I told him of the talk I'd had with Ah Fok and what Ah Fok had promised about seeing that both of us were taken care of.

"Fine!" he said. "We'll get busy as soon as Pegleg comes in. Hurry! I think this is him coming up the lift now," he hastily concluded, hurriedly re-sealing the cablegram with paste from a convenient desk. Then he scurried into Pegleg's private office and laid the cablegram face up on Pegleg's desk. I went through the back door into the hallway as Pegleg opened the front door and walked in.

I hurried down the corridor and met Eddie outside the front door. We decided to give Pegleg time to read his cablegram before we went in to talk to him.

He was sitting before his desk with the cablegram hanging limply in his nerveless hand when, a few minutes later, we entered his office unannounced.

"We came up to collect the wages you owe us, and we're not accepting any excuses this morning," I said when he looked up.

His face grew as black as a thunder-cloud. I thought he was going to have apoplexy. He was so mad for a moment he couldn't speak. When he finally did get the first words out, they simply crackled and dripped sulphur.

"Look at that!" he yelled, shoving the fluttering cablegram at me. "That's what I get for taking you dam' beach-combers off the beach an' givin' you a respectable job! I cabled 10,000 to that dirty rat, Wagner, to make a deposit on the cargo I was bringing here, and I get

this cable advising me my representative took ship out of Japan yesterday!" he snapped, glaring first at Eddie, then at me. "Only one thing that can mean—he's taken that 10,000 and jumped out, and my cargo of merchandise waiting on the Ginsing docks!" he continued. "Git out of here, both of you, dam' you! Neither of you will git a clacker outta me!" He heaved himself out of his chair and waved his arms toward the door.

"Is your Ginsing cargo 'shovels'?" Eddie asked him softly.

Pegleg dropped into his chair as though he'd been shot, then jumped up again as though he'd sat on a bee—but a paleness replaced the thunder-cloud in his face.

"What th' hell do you mean, 'shovels'?" he yelled—but I noticed the yell sounded terribly forced and insincere.

"I'll tell you what I mean, Pegleg," Eddie answered evenly. "From the time you first hit Shanghai, three years ago, you've made it a point to double-cross any one and every one you could. You felt fairly safe doing this because of your physical condition—you took advantage of the fact you have but one leg. There are no such words in your lexicon as friendship, loyalty, honor, decency, or squareness—and it's time you learned how it feels to be double-crossed. Red and I have enough stuff on you to earn you quite a long vacation in Bilibid if we pass it on to the U. S. District Attorney at the American Consulate—and that's exactly what we are going to do. We're going to tell the D. A. everything about you from the time you first lit in Shanghai and double-crossed your first Number One boy, after you'd sent him ashore with a suitcase of mud, down to your present attempt to double-cross us—and our

story will include Ah Fok and Chink Helen, and your dealings with both. We intend telling him what you did and how you did it with the *El Dorado*—and what you are trying to do now in the gun-running line.

"If that rat, Wagner, double-crossed you, Red and I are simply tickled stiff—you have it coming. From here we go to the consulate, and if you can beat the game after that, or beat the warrant that will be out for you half an hour from now, you are welcome to try. You can't buy us off now for ten times what you owe us—we want to give you a fair working idea of what *your* come-ons felt like when you double-crossed them," Eddie wound up, grabbing me by the arm and dragging me toward the door.

Pegleg was not "among those present" when, an hour later, the U. S. Marshal called at Pegleg's place of business. It was not until a month after this that Pegleg was found, a thousand miles up the Yangtze aboard an old Chinese junk, where he had squeezed himself as far as possible up into the eye of the old tub.

He was brought back to Shanghai for trial, found guilty and sentenced to a jolt in Bilibid to-day—he'll start for Manila on one of the Dollar Line boats to-morrow. That's why I celebrated tonight.

Wagner came back to Shanghai, opened a café out on Jessfield Road, and French Julia trimmed him out of it shortly afterward—then had him thrown into jail on a charge of assault and battery. Seems he had double-crossed her a few years ago in Calcutta. She just evened up matters.

Ah Fok and Pegleg's one-time wife are living happily together in Kowloon, just across the bay from Hong

Kong, where Ah Fok has opened a nifty little café that caters to Caucasians only. I think he prefers to do business with whites — particularly the one-legged ones.

Ah Fok gave Eddie and me enough out of what he got in the deal, after he ran away with Pegleg's wife, to enable Eddie to return first class to England —but Eddie didn't get enough to change into thousand-pound notes to shake under his old professor's nose. I got enough to keep me indefinitely at the Wayport and still have enough to celebrate here at Chee Dee's any time I wish.

That's the story, Max, of how one bunch of guns came into China; and

now, since I'm so dopey I can hardly keep my eyes open, I will, with the kind permission of yourself and Chee Dee, turn over and let the Black Smoke have its way—it's just beginning to hit on all six. Good night—and close the door when you go out.

"Good night," I answered, and a moment later, after a good-night nod to Chee Dee, who was already preparing himself a smoke, I quietly opened the door to avoid awakening Red, who seemed to have dropped into the arms of Morpheus with a thud, and stepped out into the soft velvet of an Eastern night and took my way toward the foreign quarter.



They Are My Friends

BY SUSAN DELANCEY

THE friendly trees hold out their arms to me,
They bend and twist and whisper to the wind,
And all they say is beautiful and kind.

They take the summer's fever on their heads,
It trickles through their fingers, stippled, sweet,
And falls in broken glory at their feet.

They stand courageous against frost and snow,
Stripped of their leaves, pale, gaunt, and winter-worn
But gallant soldiers holding death to scorn.

Without the trees how pitiless the sky
Cupping us in with unrelenting might;
Too vast the day, too deep the lonely night.

They are my friends, and draw earth intimate,
God planted trees to play this human part,
They are my friends and live within my heart.

“You’d Be Surprised”

BY T. B. SIMPSON

“**A**ND where have you been all my life?”

As she asked the question, which is one that does not in the normal course of events call for an answer, the girl drew a shade closer to the man with whom she was dancing, and her right hand exerted on his a pressure which was faintly perceptible.

That is to say, it would have been faintly perceptible to you or to me. Frank Leslie felt it in the innermost fibre of his being. He was thrilled through and through.

“Oh, just existing here and there,” he answered stammeringly, ignoring the fact that the question is one that does not in the normal course of events call for an answer. “But to-night I think I really am beginning to live.”

“Say, you are a scream,” said the girl, and the words fell like music on Frank’s ears.

Indeed, there is no particular reason why they should not have fallen like music on any one’s, for they had only the ship’s orchestra to contend with, and that could not honestly be described as fierce competition in the musical line.

The scene was the main-deck of the good ship *Montezuma*, bound from Glasgow to Montreal with a cargo of homeward-bound American holiday-makers and outward-bound domestic servants. In a few years’ time the latter would return with their own butter-and-egg men in tow, but that is another story, also a true one. There was the

usual sprinkling of business men and of those nondescript travellers for whose existence it is hard to assign any reason at all.

Frank Leslie falls into the category of business men, although it is a never-ending source of surprise to him to be so described. A public school and Oxford education, interrupted by participation in the war, had left him with just enough sense to give up any thoughts of a learned profession and to accept with gratitude a position in his uncle’s distillery in the neighborhood of Glasgow. He was now bound on his first overseas business trip, and in the course of the next few weeks would smoke endless cigars in listening to endless dissertations on the superiority of business methods in the New World, at the end of which he would return to Scotland with a net gain to the Old World of several thousand pounds sterling. There is nothing on record to show that the population of Canada has increased ten times in the course of the past few years, or that there has been an alarming growth of inebriety in that country. And yet the sales of Leslie’s whiskey in Canada have increased more than tenfold since the war.

But we are not concerned with the business end of Frank Leslie’s trip, nor with the contiguity to Canada of the United States of America; we are concerned rather with the romantic *Aeneid*, in its opening stages, of a susceptible Scots bachelor. For the first two days of the voyage he had wandered glumly

round the boat, wondering which district of North America produced the most disagreeable people, and thankful for one thing only, that he need speak to none of them. Never having been on a voyage before, he did not know that five days later he would be parting from some of these so repulsive persons with a genuine lump at the back of his throat.

Long before the end of the second day he had decided that there was only one girl on the boat for him. She had hair like ripe corn; in other words, its color was such as no stay-at-home Briton has ever seen. Her eyes were brown—or at least one of them was; the other had a distinct tinge of blue, which has always a particularly fatal effect on the other and weaker sex. Her teeth—but why particularize? The inventory of the heroine is long since out of date, and it is enough to say that she had, as they say, "*It*," in a manner of saying. What that means no mere male may presume to say, but every girl will understand. Anyway, the men clustered round her with all the eagerness of Scottish travellers running to fill their fountain pens in the Black Sea.

Frank did not know the girl. Needless to say, she was not at his table, which he shared with an angular spinster from Toronto and an angleless couple who raised hogs somewhere in the Middle West. Frank thought it was a pity they had ever stopped raising them, even for a minute, and longed to meet the girl. But a little ingenuity soon overcomes such difficulties—at any rate, on board ship. He had seen her going around a lot with the ship's doctor—curse him!—and at the cost of two cocktails before dinner and a large brandy-and-soda after dinner, here he was, on the third day, actually dancing

with his charmer. He had also had to listen to a detailed and nearly unbearable account of one of the doctor's recent conquests, but one must suffer in a good cause.

He had been much too good a host to let the doctor drink alone, and this emboldened him a little.

"You're the one girl on this boat I felt I simply *must* meet," he said, feeling a little surprised at his daring, although he spoke the truth.

"And how many other girls have you said that to?" she laughed.

"None," he answered fervently; and national caution compelled him to add: "As yet, anyway; but of course I won't. I've had a good look at all of them."

"And where have you been all my life?" she then inquired, and her partner thought it the most beautiful speech he had ever heard.

Frank Leslie has now met the girl, and it is time the reader did the same.

"Meet Harriet Furby, reader," say I; and the reader, knowing that she has "*It*," surprises me not at all by the fervor of the answering "Pleased to meet you, Miss Furby."

Harriet was returning to her native Seattle after a hectic three weeks' tour of Europe. She had landed in Naples, which she classified as "too smelly for anything but simply *divine*," and had penetrated as far north as Edinburgh, which she electrified Frank by describing as "the town where the main street has stores along one side and a cunning little fort on the other." She had been refused admission to the rooms at Monte Carlo.

"You see," she said, "I'm a girl who works for my living, and they thought I might get ruined and bump myself off."

She informed Frank that she acted as

“technician to a doctor.” What that might be he did not know, but thought that if she did really work for her living, it must be a pretty good one, as she was well turned out, from the topmost crest of her golden waves to the point of a slender foot which was, in the words of her own glorious language, “not hard to look at.”

On the following morning the newly made acquaintances met shortly after breakfast.

“By gad!” thought Frank. “She looks more wonderful than ever in that topping little tailor-made thing. What ripping legs the girl's got! She's too marvellous for words.”

“Good morning,” was what he said.

But he was soon successful in making a hit. Fastened to the topping little tailor-made aforesaid was a button on which were engraved the mysterious letters “S. A. W. G.” Miss Furby, in addition to her other occupations and accomplishments, is a member of the Seattle Association of Women Guides, and has graduated in every art known to such persons, from rope-splicing to first aid for injured animals.

“What do these letters mean?” asked Frank.

“You'd be surprised,” she parried.

“I know,” he said, wrinkling his forehead in pretended thought. “They mean ‘See A Wonderful Girl.’ ”

“More wise cracks!” she laughed. “But go to it! I get quite a kick out of them.”

Her words, coined in the mint of this rich idiom, appeared to Frank to bestow upon the English language a grace and majesty which it had hitherto entirely lacked.

The acquaintance progressed rapidly, as such things do on board ship, and

might soon have been dignified with the name of intimacy. Frank found himself pouring into Harriet's receptive ear confidences which his closest friends at home had never heard; some of them might have caused even his closest friends very considerable surprise.

With a new-found enthusiasm for deck-sports, Frank found himself spending a daily increasing part of his time with Harriet on the top deck, where the tennis-court was situated. Their companions and opponents on these occasions were a charming pair of American children, brother and sister, of whom the former, at the early age of fifteen, was an outspoken devotee of Miss Furby.

“Say, Harriet,” he observed with an ease that Frank envied, “if the girls are like you out West, I guess I'll have to ‘go West, young man,’ myself. Are they?”

“You'd be surprised,” was the cryptic answer.

These words were frequently on her lips, and Frank Leslie regarded them as a fascinating answer to any and every question.

In the intervals of tennis they sat together on the top deck, sharing Frank's travelling-rug. Sheltered beneath its capacious folds, they watched the antics of others engaged in the endeavor to grasp the elusive ring. None could catch or throw it with half the grace of Harriet; none could drop or even miss it altogether with her pretty aplomb. One day Frank was surprised to find that they had been gazing at the tennis-court for nearly an hour since the last player had deserted it.

Their hands being concealed from the vulgar gaze by a rug, it would be

hard to say which of the pair first grasped the other by the hand. Besides, in this particular case it would be un-gallant. It is enough to remark that they found it indispensable, amid the rigors of the northern route, to entwine their hands beneath the rug, and Frank at least found that the circulation moved briskly in consequence.

"Do you like this sort of thing?" she asked.

By way of answer he removed his signet-ring and slipped it over one of her fingers. Accidentally, or by design, he chose the third finger of the left hand. That was the one it fitted, anyway.

The girl brought her hand out from the rug, and turned the ring round so that the seal was inside.

"It looks just like a wedding-ring," she said.

"I only wish it were," he replied.

"You *are* a gay old rounder," she laughed. "Like best to flirt with the married dames, do you?"

"You know quite well what I mean," he said.

At this point the American children pounced upon them.

"Come on," they cried, "let's have a game."

"You are now," said Frank, taking Harriet by the hand and bowing, "about to meet a new opposition in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, for this is my wife."

As he spoke he indicated the ring on her finger.

"Yes," said Harriet, "I've just married Mr. Leslie. Cute ring, isn't it?"

The children laughed, and the game began. In the first game the newlyweds, leaping for the ring at the same time, found their hands meeting upon it.

"Quite symbolic, isn't it?" asked Frank.

"You'd be surprised," was all that Harriet could gasp.

When the game was over, Frank took Harriet aside.

"You know," he said, "we *are* married by the law of Scotland, whether you like it or not. There two people have only to take each other for man and wife in the presence of two witnesses and the thing is done. And I'm a Scot, and so it counts."

"But we're not in Scotland?"

"Ah, yes, we are," he answered disingenuously. "This ship's registered port is Glasgow. So that's that."

Harriet laughed. She probably got "quite a kick" out of this sort of thing.

To seal the bargain, Frank escorted her to the ship's store to buy her a present. Nothing took her fancy but a mammoth and unattractive dog, which her man duly purchased for her.

"I'll christen him Frank," she said, "and every time I look at him I'll be reminded of you."

Frank looked at the dog and then in her laughing eyes, and felt that the compliment was a doubtful one.

Their tennis friends were passing and he hailed them.

"How do you like our little one?" he inquired. "He's supposed to take after his mother."

He had got his own back, and he descended to his cabin to dress for dinner, as pleased with life as he well could be.

Meanwhile it must not be thought that this very attractive girl lacked other admirers on the ship. On the contrary, she had hosts of devotees, and if you asked her for a dance the chances were that you would be met by the fatal words "Missing six." But her courtiers

other than Frank, with the singular spirit of fair play which commonly prevails in these matters, saw that here was a man who had taken the plunge in no half-hearted fashion, and left her very much to the company of the undemonstrative Scot who was clearly "giving the girl a rush." You have noticed that, in spite of his nationality, he had even given her a dog as well.

But there was one who did not see why he should not also enjoy more than a fair share of the lady's attentions. Here at last is the snake in the grass, the villain of the piece, and the breaker-up of love's young dream, all in the person of Mr. Frederick L. Harper, sales manager in Minneapolis of Kal Kool Office Requisites, Inc. Mr. Harper had all along admired Harriet, and he now came to the chase at a rather late stage in the voyage with all the greater avidity because another member of the ship's company had proved a disappointment to him.

Much of an age with Frank, the hated rival had distinctly the advantage in looks, and had "the gift o' the gab wery gallopin'." Although completely uneducated, he could talk endlessly and attractively on any subject under the sun, and the tongue-tied Frank observed with alarm that Harriet enjoyed listening to him.

"Ignorant, vulgar brute," he thought. "He's mugged up all this talk from 'Old Mother Hubbard's Scrap-book,' I suppose."

He had too much sense to say so aloud, and agreed with Harriet that Mr. Harper was "too cunning" when he held forth on Schopenhauer or the next world war.

Of an evening the three would sit together on a sofa, Harriet curled up in

the middle, and the two men, outwardly polite, would talk to her and at each other.

"It's real good of you, Miss Furby," said Mr. Harper, "to take pity like this on a couple of lonely bachelors."

"But Mr. Leslie isn't a bachelor. He married me, on board, you know."

"Too bad," said Mr. Harper, and looked as if he meant it.

"But you really are a bachelor, are you?" pursued the girl. "Somehow you don't look like one."

"I don't quite know what to make of that," he replied. "Do you think I lack Mr. Leslie's look of care-free innocence? But such is indeed my unhappy status."

Mr. Harper called it "statts," and omitted to mention that it had recently been reacquired in Paris on the occasion of his second divorce. He was thus a wise guy where women were concerned, and this gave him an undoubted advantage over Mr. Leslie, who was romantic and inexperienced. But for all his realism, Mr. Harper found himself, on the whole, fighting a losing battle in the struggle for Harriet's companionship. Every day Frank found himself more deeply in the toils; the poor fellow really had lost his heart to the girl. As to the girl's heart, who shall say?

Perhaps some one in Seattle could have answered the question.

Frank found himself one evening turning a strange ring round Harriet's finger. She was still also wearing his own.

"Hullo," he said, "when did you get this ring?"

"My sweetheart gave me that," was the reply.

"Your *what?*" he asked astounded. "You're not engaged, are you?"

"No, of course not; don't be silly," she said. "But that's no reason why I shouldn't have a sweetheart, is it? Kendal and I have been running around together for two years now, and he gives me all sorts of nice things."

Kendal, it seemed, was a kind of fairy godfather, who supplied Harriet's needs, which were numerous. He was a widower, and crazy to marry her, but she was keeping him guessing.

"Oh, we have lovely times," she said. "You'd be surprised."

Frank thought that this semi-detached relationship was most unsatisfactory, and said so, but she only laughed him to scorn.

So matters progressed until the night of the concert. This was a Wednesday, and the ship was due in at Quebec on Friday morning. Here Frank was to disembark, leaving Harriet, alas! and Harper, alas! alack! to spend another night on board *en route* for Montreal.

The concert was divine. That is to say, the performance was mediocre, and the audience apathetic. But Frederick Harper, with some of the pushfulness which has made Kal Kool Office Requisites what they are, had thrust himself on to the stage and into the chair, from which he made a series of miniature orations. At the remotest end of the room, side by side, and indeed head to head, sat Frank and Harriet. Frank was blissfully oblivious of the entire performance.

When the evening was over, he escorted Harriet to her cabin, or rather to her cabin door. On reaching it "This is as far as I go," she said.

Frank bent over the threshold, but it was as far as he entered into this Eden.

"Good night," said the girl, and extended her cheek to be kissed.

Frank kissed it. He may have been a fool, as his subsequent behavior proved, but there was a limit to his folly.

He clasped her by the arms, and sought her lips with his.

"No, no," said the girl, eluding him.

"Ah, yes," he pleaded, "just one."

"No," she said quite firmly, and pushed him back.

"I'm sorry," he said; "I hope you're not offended."

"No," again said the girl. "Good night."

And he went. It pains me extremely in this enfranchised age to record, first, that Frank Leslie apologized to the girl and, secondly, that he went. None of my younger readers will believe me, but these are the facts. You see, the man was completely unsophisticated. He did not know enough to come in out of the rain. But he was learning fast.

"After all," he reflected philosophically, as he made his way to his own cabin, "there is still to-morrow night. . . ."

During all these days Harriet had continued to wear Frank's ring. One day he had tried, half in earnest, to recover it.

"Don't!" she cried. "How dare you? That's *my* ring now, and you've no right to take it from me."

He desisted. But he felt a little uneasy. The ring had been his father's, and Frank felt that it would never do to give it to a girl, however charming. Besides, his mother would be sure to note its absence on his return and to ask awkward questions. However, as time passed, his infatuation grew to such an extent that he *wanted* the girl to keep the ring.

"Tell you what, Harriet," he said on the concert day, when they had exchanged addresses, "give me back my

ring. I want to have something done to it in Quebec.

"Don't worry," he added as the girl hesitated, "you'll see it again, all right. You'd be surprised."

And the ring was transferred back to where it lawfully belonged. . . .

Came the morn, as the high-class writers say, swiftly followed by breakfast, luncheon, tea, and dinner, as I now take the liberty of adding on my own account.

After dinner all was bustle and excitement on board the *Montezuma*. The pilot came on board at Rimouski, bringing in his boat newspapers and mail. Those passengers who now were faced with an immediate return to the stern rigors of prohibition were making the most of their present opportunities, which were ample. A spirit of carnival prevailed.

Harriet ran to and fro, flitting from group to group with a smile for this and a word for that. She had a bundle of letters awaiting her from her "sweetheart." She barely glanced at them.

"Here," she said, tossing them to Frank. "Read these and *see* if Kendal isn't crazy about me."

Frank felt somewhat of a pig to read another man's letters, but read them he did. Kendal certainly *was* crazy about the girl. Meanwhile, when was he to see her himself? He hoped that there might be some tender passages; to-night was his last night, and she would surely be kind to him.

"What about a dance?" he asked, stopping her at the door of the smoking-room.

"Sorry, I've got this *and* the next," she said. "Meet me here at eleven, see? Then we can dance all we like. Promise?"

"Rather," he said, and sat among the

revellers, exulting, till eleven o'clock.

He took a glance at the dancers from time to time, but failed to locate Harriet. Five minutes before his "date," with a touch of unwonted vanity, he went down-stairs to brush his hair. On his way up he met Mr. Harper going down. From each of Mr. Harper's side-pockets projected the yellow neck of a champagne bottle, and Mr. Harper's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Hullo!" said Frank, at peace with all men. "You look as if you were going to have an evening of it."

"I certainly am going to have quite a party," rejoined the other happily. "Oh, boy, the lid will be off the kettle to-night."

With these cryptic words he vanished round the corner.

Frank went to the rendezvous, and awaited Harriet.

Then an annoying thing happened. That evening the band had received its collection for the voyage, and the members of it, in whom the financial instinct was more firmly implanted than the musical, abandoned their efforts at eleven o'clock promptly. No amount of protestation could induce them to resume. They folded their instruments and silently stole away, doubtless to dream of better collections on happier voyages.

Frank remained, and awaited Harriet with growing impatience. "In love, you must know, every moment's an age," and to the inexperienced lover in particular those protracted periods are unusually tiresome. A friend of mine used to employ them in learning selected passages of English poetry. He has since become in consequence professor of English literature in a State university, and remains a bachelor. But poor Frank had no such resources.

It would be hard to say how long exactly he had been waiting before the suspicion entered his mind that she had never meant to keep the appointment at all, or how long thereafter before his first unworthy suspicion became a certainty. Perhaps if we allow twenty minutes for both processes we shall not be far wrong.

By half past eleven he was prowling the deck like a man demented. His whole world had fallen about his ears like a pack of cards. Long before this, of course, he had collated the man Harper's champagne-party and the girl's defection, with the most uncomfortable mental consequences. God damn their souls everlastingly! They must be drinking in Harper's stateroom now. His first impulse was to go and seek them out. He didn't know where Harper's room was, but he could easily find out. Then he paused, for he saw that he would make himself merely ridiculous.

What an ass he had been, anyway! He had allowed himself to become infatuated with a perfectly worthless little flirt. He would have done anything for her. And now—to think she should go off with that cad like this! She and her "sweetheart"—the poor boob! The girl herself was a bit of a cad, anyway—fancy giving him her "sweetheart's" letters to read! A thousand little incidents crowded into his mind, driving him to the conclusion that she was selfish, greedy, vain, and heartless. He had bought her a dog, but she had sold him a very large-sized pup. .

Such were his thoughts, and you will notice how quickly the boot had been transferred to the other foot. Personally, I think that he was unjust to the girl, but that, as Shakespeare once observed, is how these things are.

Frank prowled through all the public

rooms on the ship. Passing through the rapidly thinning lounge, he imagined (quite mistakenly) that his movements were becoming conspicuous. Sitting down at a writing-table, he found himself, to his surprise, engaged in a wholly imaginary business letter which began "Dear Sir," and ended "Yours faithfully, Calvin J. P. Ford."

Having cast the fragments of this composition to the winds, he ran into old Mr. Justice Macmurtrie, who was smoking a final cigar before retiring. They circumnavigated the deck together, and the learned judge has never had a more apparently attentive audience for his account of the deathless day when he went round the St. Andrew's course at Montreal in 93. From different decks there came, from time to time, a laugh, a cry, a snatch of song. The old gentleman and Frank had the promenade entirely to themselves. Each time they passed the smoking-room, at whose door the rendezvous had been fixed, Frank peered uneasily within, but caught nothing but the mocking eyes of old Mr. Lillie.

"Don't you worry, my boy," they seemed to say. "It always happens like this. I found it out thirty years ago. Give it up and be happy."

The learned judge at length sunk his final putt and gazed at Frank in triumph.

"Bad luck," cried Frank, "awfully bad luck."

The old man looked at him in surprise, bade him an abrupt "Good night," and betook himself to bed.

At one o'clock, beneath a sky ablaze with northern lights, Frank stood on the topmost deck and cursed all women, a proceeding both foolish and unprofitable.

"And she nearly had my ring," he

muttered. "She shall never wear it again. Nor, by God! will I."

And he tore it from his finger. . . .

On the next morning he had to leave the boat early. The night he had devoted partly to sleep and partly to deep thought. His education was progressing rapidly.

After breakfast he met Harriet. She looked more ravishing than ever in a little pale blue frock, and they exchanged a cheerful "Good morning." Nothing was said about the "date" which she had failed to keep, or indeed about the one which she had kept.

Frank's hands were resting on the rail.

"Why," said Harriet, looking at his fingers, "wherever is your ring? *My* ring?"

"I threw that in the St. Lawrence last night when I found out that you preferred to spend the evening with Harper."

"You didn't!" she cried. "I don't believe you."

But looking in his eyes, she saw there a look so pained that even she could not disbelieve him.

"Oh, how could you?" she asked.

"How could *you*?" he retorted, and silence fell upon them.

After a few polite and stilted phrases they parted, and he went on shore.

Having secured his room in the great Château which dominates the St. Lawrence at Quebec, Frank walked up the neighboring hill and lay in the sunshine, gazing down at the river.

Far below lay the *Montezuma*. Presently the steam rose in short clouds from her siren, and two or three moments later—so far away was she—Frank could hear the corresponding honks which announced her departure. The great steamer swung into the river,

and passed beneath the height on which he lay.

Was that a blue dress which he could just distinguish on the deck? It was impossible at this distance to say. Well, Harriet could spend the whole voyage to Montreal in the treacherous arms of Mr. Harper, for all he cared. And probably would. . . .

Here he did the girl an injustice. She did nothing of the kind. Piqued by the loss of her ring, thus wasted in the river's bed, and with a slight hang-over headache from the previous night, she went to her stateroom early, and left Mr. Harper to whistle for his supper. What she thought of it all I cannot tell, nor does it concern us, for if you have read this narrative with the care which it deserves, you may have noticed that never once have we penetrated Harriet's thoughts, if she ever had any. . . .

Frank walked down the hill to the Château. It was time for luncheon, and he was hungry.

As he passed through the long hall of the hotel his fingers strayed absently into his waistcoat pocket, where they encountered a small, hard object.

He drew his signet-ring from the pocket and placed it on his finger, smiling as he thought that never again would he remove it from its rightful place.

Now, seated on a sofa in the hall, discreetly placed where she had a view of three converging streams of traffic, sat a very beautiful girl.

She saw the smile and, catching Frank's eye, returned it in the most friendly fashion.

He walked straight to where she sat, and, taking a responsive hand firmly in his own, "Hullo," he said with easy confidence, "and where have you been all my life?"

Threshold

BY STRUTHERS BURT

He went accompanied by the wound,
Deeply, of every summer sound,
Content too poignant for content,
Joy too winged by ecstasy
With field and road and firmament,
To keep itself from sorrow free:
In the long rhythm of the days
He felt the final, growing phrase.
Knowing each minted moment spent
Once borrowed was forever lent,
He learned an amplitude of grace
To meet the future's beggar face,
Lest like a miser he might end
With unspent time he could not spend.
The dawn was fathomless with sound,
With little sounds, with smell, and shade.
The sun drew patterns on the ground
The precious song of birds inlaid;
Leaning upon his window-sill
He marked the clouds upon a hill.
The dampness touched his throat, the whir
Of dragon-flies disturbed the air,
Broke for an instant, bright and neat,
The mounting stateliness of heat.
Far off the ducks about a pond
Quacked and a neighbor answered; fond
And strumming fingers, faint, unknown,
Sparkled with music; there was blown
Across a golden harvest glade

THRESHOLD

The flaming of a reaper's blade.
And in the night when all the hedge-rows
Sheltered a cricket, and where sedge grows
The plaintive frog entranced his mate,
He walked enchanted and sedate,
Fearful lest he disturb the moon:
A lane, a sloping meadow, soon
The birches weaving in the breeze
Were silver silent marching trees,
The lanterns of the glowworm woke
Beneath the darkness of the oak.

. . . O darling God, so hard to find,
Make of me neither flesh nor mind,
Neither a foot that endless walks,
Nor brain that thinks, nor mouth that talks,
But something that the wind blows through,
The night makes still, the sky makes blue,
The earth makes waiting and content,
The mould regards as complement.

O darling God, so hard to find,
Make me, all seeing, ever blind,
Make me, all hearing, ever dumb,
Make me, all feeling, ever numb,
Make me a part of this that now
I stand outside of, which is Thou.

O darling God, so hard to find,
Who is not either flesh or mind.



As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

AND this is what some well-known writers say of the man and his work. Hugh Walpole: "He is the finest romantic writer alive in England to-day." Arnold Bennett: "I still remember the thrills he gave me!" H. G. Wells: "A brilliant writer." Arthur Machen: "He tells of a wilder wonderland than Poe dreamed of." Ralph Straus: "The book intrigues you, thrills you, baffles you." Carl Van Vechten: "What a man! What an imagination!" Sidney Dark: "His writing is packed full of thrills."

Thus prepared by our literary guides for the masterpiece, I open the book and find this average specimen of the style in conversation:

"Ha, ha, yes, the unsceptical man," he laughed; "I used to assume that his hands lack culture; but not so—violinist. Grandly sceptical—gallant adventurer!—of the old, but unsceptical of the new, of his own musings o' nights over his stove-fire and porcelain pipe; a mind like Goethe's—tighter-fibred—but still more poet than scientist, expressing himself in ciphers for rhymes, and for 'hail, holy Light' he scribbles $v(1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2})$ where c is the wings of the morning. Ciphers more seductive than rhymes!—luckier dovetails, tricky coincidences—so that one of our scientists admits point-blank that he is not 'unbiased' toward them. Think of that! 'Scientific' means 'free of bias,' and when a high scientist has bias so badly, that he is actually conscious of it, avows it without a sob, why then the very devil's in the Holy Place, and c is the speed of Lucifer. Anyway the force of gravity is proved; and some looking-round, circumspection, scepticism, would have rescued them from abolishing it."

The only comment I can make on such a style is: "Ha, ha, I don't like it; 'εντεῦθεν ἐχελαύνει, $x^2 + 2xy + y^2$."

Now what do you suppose the critics would do to Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson if he wrote a paragraph like that? and I assure you the specimen I have given is no more than a fair sample. Well, the title of the novel from which the above extract is taken is "How the Old Woman Got Home," and the author is M. P. Shiel.

Having thus paid my respects to the style, let me say that I was deeply interested in the story and read it through eagerly to the conclusion, where the hero, a true child of this scientific age, ends his career by suicide. *Finis coronat opus.* If the author meant us to admire his hero, I am sorry, because he is a rotter; but there are three splendid women in the book, the asthmatic mother, and Mary, and the patient wife, who could give Griselda cards and spades. It is certainly worth two dollars and a half to meet Mary; bad grammar in the mouth of a beautiful woman sounds more charming than good grammar in the mouth of an ugly one.

I suppose one reason why this book is so highly praised is because it is so absolutely up to date; it sounds on all its brasses and tympani the glorification of Science—Plato, Aristotle, and the Christian religion are consigned to the scrap-heap. Yet, also, and in this respect he is likewise up to the minute, whenever the author wishes to be *terrifically* em-

phatic—he is chronically emphatic—he borrows words and figures from the New Testament.

It is a relief to turn from discords to first-rate work, where the attention of the reader is held not by sensational effects but by sheer excellence. Edith Wharton's "The Children" is the best novel she has written since "The Age of Innocence." It has, like most of her books, an acid taste; but her irony is not directed against virtue. In fact, the most ironical parts of this story are the least successful; the grown-up children of fashion who parade at the Lido seem to me almost unreal; and their facilities in marriage, divorce, and remarriage degenerate into absurdities, as, after all, perhaps they were meant to do. Mrs. Wharton attacks modern divorcing from a different standpoint from that occupied by Paul Bourget; to him marriage is a holy sacrament and divorce wicked. Mrs. Wharton considers the question on the grounds of expediency; what is to become of the children?

But this novel is not propaganda; it is, as every realistic novel should be, a representation of human nature. Judith is a triumph of characterization; I shall never forget her and am happier by knowing her. "Young in limbs, in judgment old," she is as charming a girl as one could hope to meet either in books or in life. I have always hoped that a special armchair would be reserved in heaven for the oldest sister in a large family of children. She has to do all the dirty work and drudgery without having the maternal passion that (I hope) glorifies it. Ordinarily the sister-turned-mother is a worn, sad, bedraggled object, cumbered with much service; but Judith, although she manages a whole flock of wild ones, is herself as fresh and

lovely as a flower. Her first appearance, as she comes upon the steamer, is a perfect dramatic entrance; and at the last we have an unforgettable picture of her as seen by the hopeless eyes of her unsuspected lover.

She holds his heart and his fate in her little hands; and I do not remember any scene more poignant than this since Lavretsky fell in love with Lisa. The difference between the heroines is the difference between the serious Russian who has never had any "fun" and the laughter-loving young American. The difference between the heroes is that Lavretsky had at any rate the satisfaction of knowing that Lisa loved him, even in the convent; whereas the heart of our American gentleman is arid; Judith does not imagine, much less suspect, that she is the object of his love. "For every age love has its tortures," said Turgenev.

Our American gentleman is proceeding happily on his way toward marriage with a charming, cultivated, eligible woman of the proper age; and he does not see that sixteen-year-old Judith is a siren where his marriage, his fiancée, and his life are to be shipwrecked. But the interesting and true-to-life thing is that his fiancée does see it; when he first speaks to her of little Judith, she scents a rival as a hunting-dog scents game. Women cannot be deceived in an affair of this kind. The only safe rule to follow is never to talk to one woman about another one. Even then you will probably be found out.

Then when the woman of the world sees little Judith she estimates her as a prize-fighter estimates the points of his proposed antagonist. There is only one question—*Is she dangerous?* The answer is Yes, she is horribly dangerous, probably fatally dangerous, because *he*

will not see it; indeed, he does not see that his neck is already in the snare.

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together, said the greatest of diagnosticians; when will middle-aged and elderly men learn this? When will they learn that under no conceivable circumstances will or can a young girl feel romantically or sentimentally inclined toward a middle-aged man? This is a rule to which there are no exceptions. If a man under such circumstances realized that to the eyes of spectators he is just as absurd as he would be in the tennis cockpit with Mr. Lacoste, then perhaps—

But, alas, healthy, affectionate Judith, who loves Martin Boyne as she would love a jolly old uncle, hugs and kisses him with a frank fervor that ought to have undeceived him. This contact warms his dusty heart. Now the manner in which he is disillusioned is masterly; I cannot praise it too highly. When he talks to her about her getting married, and finally tentatively—oh, so tentatively—suggests *his* possibility as a husband, the silver cascade of honest mirth that pours out from her lips is to him infinitely more tragic than tears. I do not remember any instance in fiction where unaffected, joyous, affectionate laughter, laughter without a tinge of malice or irony, has been so terrible a passing bell.

One fine August day we took a train from Paris to Saint-Brice sous Forêt, and were driven from the little station to the Pavillon Colombe, the beautiful home of Edith Wharton. She received us with gracious hospitality, and we walked in her lovely gardens. We agreed that of all the new plays in Paris, the best was "Vient de Paraître," by Edouard Bourdet, who wrote "The Captive," suppressed by the New York po-

lice. I hasten to add that there is nothing objectionable in the new piece, which is a delightful satire on publishers, on the methods used in awarding literary prizes, on publicity in general, and also on the "temperament" of authors. Mrs. Wharton said she knew M. Bourdet very well, and had the highest admiration for him. At luncheon we talked of Sinclair Lewis and Henry James. She gave many interesting and diverting anecdotes of Mr. James. The Pavillon Colombe is a charming eighteenth-century house, an ideal dwelling-place for a creative writer, and Mrs. Wharton writes every day, or as she expressed it, "I am always writing." Far from the madding crowd and yet near enough too. Tennyson has described it in "The Gardener's Daughter":

"Not wholly in the busy world nor quite
Beyond it, blooms the garden that I love."

Richardson Wright has produced an original, scholarly, and highly amusing book in "Forgotten Ladies," which might have been called "Wild Women." He has gone back to the days of savages and forests along the Mississippi, and brings us by easy stages to Boston and New York. The volume is copiously illustrated, there are abundant notes, and a good bibliography. The famous Wesley Brothers in Georgia, the famous Woman Spy of the Confederacy, the Know-nothing Party with the fanatical attacks on Convents and the Roman Catholic Church, the growing craze for spiritual séances, have separate chapters; the section that perhaps will be found to contain the largest amount of interesting information combined with humor is that devoted to *Godey's Lady's Book*, with its amazing woman editor and old Godey himself. The method used in this survey of social his-

tory in America is somewhat like that employed by Mark Sullivan in his "History of Our Times."

If there are any misguided readers who for one moment imagined that "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" was a fluke, they will be undeceived by a small thin volume called "The Angel that Troubled the Waters." The book, less than one hundred and fifty pages, contains seventeen short plays written by Thornton Wilder between 1915 and 1928. The Foreword, dated from Lawrenceville School last June, is an exquisite specimen of English prose. Mr. Wilder is an artist of the first rank; he is original and profound; he has at his command a style of such beauty and accuracy as to be literally the "last word." Those who declared that "The Bridge" was an ironical treatment of religious faith will be obliged to revise their opinions after reading this Foreword. Mr. Wilder combines religious faith with a sophisticated manner. He is a far greater literary artist than Aldous Huxley and differs from the young Englishman in having something important to say. For example:

Almost all the plays in this book are religious, but religious in that dilute fashion that is a believer's concession to a contemporary standard of good manners. But these four plant their flag as boldly as they may. It is the kind of work that I would most like to do well, in spite of the fact that there has seldom been an age in literature when such a vein was less welcome and less understood. I hope, through many mistakes, to discover the spirit that is not unequal to the elevation of the great religious themes, yet which does not fall into a repellent didacticism. Didacticism is an attempt at the coercion of another's free mind, even though one knows that in these matters beyond logic, beauty is the only persuasion.

The appearance of Thornton Wilder in the world of literature marks the ad-

vent of a man who combines the strongest convictions with the finest tolerance; whose sense of humor never fails, because it encounters no closed doors; whose power of delicate irony is surpassed only by his sympathy. His success shows that America is ready to listen to a great artist, as she listened to Nathaniel Hawthorne. It will be a good thing if we can turn away from the roar of vulgarity, the exploitation of crass boasting, the sordid tragedies built on invincible dulness, the glorification of negro animalism, and listen to the still small voice of Truth and Beauty.

As a rule, I dislike intensely animal stories. But "Bambi," by Felix Salten, is so original, so imaginative, so wise, that I could not lay the book down until I had finished it. No child is too young, no man is too old, to enjoy or to profit by the reading of "Bambi."

Mussolini has published his autobiography. I suppose that he and Lenin are the two most powerful personalities that emerged from the war. Mussolini cannot communicate his secret, but his masterful qualities appear plainly enough in his book. One thing he needs to round out and complete his career. He should become a member of the Fano Club. He really ought to take a day off from running the country and pay a visit to Fano. I am told by the most recent visitors that the famous picture is in danger of decay; Mussolini should attend to this.

With reference to Captain Liddell-Hart's book on the war, "Reputations Ten Years After," I wrote to my friend Major-General James G. Harbord to see if he approved or not of the decisions handed down by the young British captain. I received the following letter

from General Harbord, who himself wrote one of the most famous books about the war, "Leaves from a War Diary":

My impression is that the book is fair and unprejudiced, and is a very correct estimate of what I believe the place in history of those several gentlemen will be. I had a personal acquaintance with Lord Haig, with Joffre, Foch and Petain. My actual acquaintance was, perhaps, closer with Marshal Petain and Lord Haig than with the others named. I think the estimate of General Haig was a very fair one, so too with the estimate of Petain whom I, myself, have always rated higher as a General than I rate Foch. The choice of the latter as Commander-in-Chief of the Allies seemed to me to be more or less of a political accident. He had, of course, an excellent reputation after the first battle of the Marne, but in the Spring of 1917, after the Nivelle Offensive, the French Government evidently rated Petain higher than Foch because they selected him for the Command of the French Armies when the two Generals were equally available for the selection. Foch then drifted on for another year as Chief of Staff at the War Office, but exercising authority as such only in theatres of war other than the Western Front. As I have understood it, he exercised no control over Petain and the French Armies in France during that period. When the disaster at Caporetto occurred there was a strong feeling, probably groping toward unity of command, which crystallized in the form of the Supreme War Council at Versailles where each Prime Minister of the Allied countries was to be a member, each with a Military Adviser. Our General Bliss, who had retired for age from the position of Chief of Staff of our army, was made the American member. There was a quarrel among the British which resulted in the relief of Sir William Robertson as Chief of the Imperial General Staff and the substitution of Sir Henry Wilson, in my judgment a less able man; and Foch, and Clemenceau, were the French representation. This Supreme War Council, naturally, began to aggrandize itself and seek power. The first apparent move in this direction was to attempt to form an Allied Reserve by contributions of troops from each of the Allied Armies on the Western Front. This determined upon, it was

evident, even to a bunch of Prime Ministers, that such a formed Reserve could not be commanded by a committee which was really what the Supreme War Council was, so the natural act was to take the most experienced and Senior Officer connected with the Supreme War Council and give him the job,—that meant Foch. Due to the inability of Haig and Petain, however, to spare their quota of troops for this Allied Reserve, it had not been formed when the German Offensive of March 21st was undertaken which resulted in the practical destruction of the British Fifth Army and created a situation which forced the unity of command, and Foch again, naturally, was agreed upon for Commander-in-Chief. That, itself, was accomplished in two bites. He was first, still acting apparently for the Supreme War Council, appointed to coordinate the action of the Allied Armies. Coordination, without authority to command, is an unworkable situation, and the next step was to make him Commander-in-Chief. Petain who, as I said above I regard as a better general, had by his contempt for politicians made himself *persona non grata* with the high civil authorities in France, while, in the meantime, Foch had been more and more in contact with them and had won their esteem.

As I said above, I have not read the article on Pershing since November or December, when it came out in the *Atlantic*, but there were two things, which I seem to recall as having attracted my attention at that time, which were wrong. One was that in General Pershing's pressure for open warfare, or war of movement as they sometimes call it, instead of the continuation of trench warfare, he was not fully aware of the effect of machine guns which, of course, had been developed in the War to an extent never before known. That is not the case. General Pershing was fully aware of the potentialities of all the weapons that were being used in the war, but he found in France the opposing forces glaring at each other from trenches, in some cases only a few yards apart and some of which had been occupied for four years. He realized that in order to win the War somebody on one side or the other must crawl out of the trenches and move forward, taking all the risks that pertain to such a movement. The professional training of American Officers, as was of course true of our Allies before the outbreak of

the War, had been in open warfare and had never contemplated a stalemate in permanent trenches. These considerations led General Pershing to insist on a different character of warfare than that which he found on arrival. It seems to me, too, that the article on Pershing criticized the great loss of Officers, particularly of Company rank, as compared to the enlisted casualties, which the Allies were accustomed to attribute to our inexperience in warfare. The truth is that there are certain things in war which every nation has to learn for itself. The losses of Officers in the American Expeditionary Forces corresponded very closely with the losses of the Allies and of the enemy in the first year and a half of the war. We could not profit by their experience in that particular case. Those losses did not result principally from inexperience. At the beginning of a war officers, indeed the officer class generally, have to demonstrate their mettle and their capacity for leadership before their men including the willingness to take risks. The less trained the men are and the less unprepared the nation, the more certain it is that the officer class are obliged to demonstrate their capacity for personal leadership. It always results in an undue proportion of losses among the class which the nation can least afford to lose. This is exactly why the Allies lost heavily of Officers in 1914 and 1915 and why we lost heavily in 1918, and it also explains why we could not benefit by their experience and thus avoid such losses ourselves. It is particularly true of a democracy, where Officers are selected from the same level as the enlisted men, that they get no more than scant official respect from their men until they demonstrate physical courage.

Liddell Hart appears to me to be a very able writer on military subjects. I understand he fills the place on the London *Times* which was so ably filled for many years by the late Colonel Repington. I have an idea that, ten years after the War, he has pretty correctly stated what will be the ultimate verdict of history on the men of whom he writes.

James O. G. Duffy, of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, writes a highly interesting letter:

A belated reading of the June SCRIBNER brought me your query about the authorship

of "The End of All." The September number anticipates me in giving the answer. But as I can add something to the information, I shall act on the impulse to write this letter, knowing from long experience that if I defer it the psychological moment will never recur.

The title of the story as it appeared in the Philadelphia *Times*, if I remember aright, was "The End of All Things," and the name "Nym Crinkle" was the pseudonym of A. C. Wheeler, then and for many years previously the best known dramatic critic in New York. I have not overlooked the scholarly William Winter, but Nym Crinkle's flashing rapier play in the *World*, his trenchant epigrammatic style and the general pungency of his critiques made a wider appeal than Winter's polished essays in the *Tribune*. (Parenthetically I may be permitted to remark that your apparent failure to react to Nym Crinkle's name helps to prove the utter futility of dramatic criticism as a man's major life work.)

"The End of All Things" has lived in my memory as the best end-of-the-world story I have encountered in a life that has encompassed a considerable amount of reading. You scarcely did justice to the Poesque theme in saying it told about a great wind. The idea was that a vortex in space sucked in the earth's atmosphere, that populations were wiped out as the air was steadily drawn into the vacuum, that there was a panic rush from New York to board Eastbound ships at any price, as bulletin after bulletin came in from the West and was read by surging crowds around the newspaper offices. All this was supposed to be narrated by one disembodied spirit to another. I remember the last line, the catastrophe having reached New York, "and then the drums of my ears burst," concluded the narrator.

I respectfully suggest to Henry Lanier that he reprint "The End of All" in *The Golden Book*.

Professor Irving S. Wood, of Smith College, sends me an interesting letter about the linguistic attainments of the author of "My Country, 'tis of thee":

In the Sept. "As I Like It" you quote a letter regarding Dr. S. F. Smith as a linguist. This recalls to me another instance of the evi-

dence of his linguistic attainments. About the time you and I were together in philosophy classes under Professor Ladd, Dr. Smith spoke one day informally to the students of Yale Divinity School. He urged them to make themselves familiar with the Bible by committing large portions of it to memory. He emphasized the Psalms, and contended that it was just as easy to memorize them in Hebrew as in English. To show how simple a matter it was he began repeating them in Hebrew. I do not remember how many he repeated, or how many he said he could repeat, but I remember how those students gasped at what he told them. It seemed to be as casual a matter to him as though he had said that he was accustomed to read the SCRIBNER's "As I Like It" every month.

From Cornell University, Professor W. T. N. Forbes writes: "May I suggest an emendation in your Robert Browning poem in SCRIBNER's? Read *Aconite* for *Aromite*. Then we get the 'poisonous weed' and the 'floweret fair' at once."

In the long necrology list for 1928 is included Lord Frederic Hamilton, author of charming books of reminiscences such as "The Vanished Pomps of Yesterday." An admirable leading article on him was written by J. C. Smith in the Boston *Globe* for August 14. Then the death of the English novelist Louis Tracy seemed to me almost a personal loss. For I shall never cease to be grateful for his wildly exciting story "The Wings of the Morning."

James E. Whitney, of Boston, commenting on my remark about the widow who was so unhappy that she had no more fear, sends me a beautiful and impressive poem on this very theme by Aline Kilmer:

"I shall not be afraid any more,
Either by night or day:
What would it profit me to be afraid
With you away?"

Now I am brave. In the dark night alone
All through the house I go,
Locking the doors and making the windows
fast

When sharp winds blow.

For there is only sorrow in my heart,
There is no room for fear:
But how I wish I were afraid again,
My dear, my dear!"

With reference to the use of the word American for a citizen of the U. S., Doctor W. A. L. Styles, of Montreal, writes:

Your columns in the October SCRIBNER's carry a reference to the term,—American. You state that you doubt if Canadians really object to the exclusive restriction of this word to citizens of the United States. For your information, kindly take the opinion of a well-informed native-born Canadian that we regard the restriction of the term "American" as embracing solely citizens of the United States to be somewhat offensive and rather egotistical. Webster's New International Dictionary defines the word as "a citizen of America," "a native of America," and surely Canadians may justly lay claim to that honor in common with natives and citizens of Mexico and other countries which comprise America at large. Never mind the public utterance of the British speaker referred to in your article: he was addressing a British audience in England and is welcome to his imperialistic language construction.

"American" may be a convenient term, but I heartily differ with you when you state that it carries no assumptions!

Another interesting letter on this subject comes from Robert Hammond Murray:

I don't know about the Canadians resenting our calling ourselves Americans, but it is certain that our brethren to the south—the Latin Americans—do. Not infrequently they speak right out in meeting about it. Their contention is that they are as much American as we. Continental-ly speaking, they refer to us as "*americanos del norte*" (small "a" and "n" please), or North Americans. They take the thing rather seriously, too. Evidently

someone recently put a bug about it in the ear of the solemnly meticulous gentlemen in the Department of State who are growing round-shouldered under the strain of trying to support the rapidly increasing political avoidduois of that effete fetish of our political statesmen, the Monroe Doctrine. For I understand that not long ago orders went out that our Embassies and Legations, etc. no longer were to be described as "American" but as "United States." In Mexico our claim to exclusive rights to the use of "United States" is challenged, for there this country is almost always referred to as "los estados unidos del norte," or "The United States of the North." This is largely because the full and correct style of the Mexican republic is "los estados unidos de Mexico," or "The United States of Mexico."

I have often wondered what was the origin of the expression Calico Cat. Gertrude Churchill Whitney, of Methuen, Mass., writes on both cross-eyed and calico cats:

I would like to tell your correspondent (from Bristol, Rhode Island), who wrote so graphically concerning a certain cross-eyed cat that she remembered to have seen, that there has been one other such freak, to my knowledge, in the shape of a short-bodied, piebald runt of a cross-eyed cat, also female, belonging to some neighbors of mine. Just to gaze at her comical, cross-eyed visage was a source of unfailing mirth to me.

She was a motley animal whose coat was a combination of black, yellow and white markings. William S. Hart would probably have called her a pinto cat, but we in New England call them calico or tortoise-shell cats. I have heard it said that this combination of colors occurred in female cats only, their male offspring running to blacks or yellows, or possibly white.

When I was a little girl, our family cat produced a family of kittens from a rag-barrel in our attic, much to my astonishment. My mother gave me to understand that the mother cat had actually evolved them out of the rags in said barrel. When I expressed my disappointment that they seemed to be much of a blackness, with only a scanty star for a "shirt-bosom," she said, "I guess the mother kitty didn't have enough white rags!" Which

sets me wondering whether the origin of the epithet "calico cat" might not be traced to the rag theory (which possibly has been used by New England mothers ever since the *Mayflower* landed) to account for the origin of the species "Felis domestica."

THE FANO CLUB

Miss Louise Manny, of Newcastle, Canada, gives interesting information:

Did you know that Arabic type is supposed to have been used there for the first time, in the *Diurnale Græcorum Arabum*, printed in 1514?

This is probably the most famous English-speaking club in Italy, and has attracted world-wide attention. One result of its prominence is that there are many more picture post-cards there now than there were when we founded the club on Easter Day, 1912. The entire Gillespie family of Stamford, Conn., have joined each and all—a grand addition in quantity and quality. The Head of the House, Bill Gillespie, contents himself with modest initials; but Anne suggests: "How about you, Billy, as Guardian Angel?" Bob Gillespie and B. M. Gillespie write laconically; Bill, Jr., says "At last! we have seen and are whole!" Mabel Gillespie writes: "I have literally bitten dust; gone without food and drink all day from Venice to Fano, but it was worth all and more." M.E.B., whose initials may become as famous as W. H., joins; and Miss Hortense Metzger has visited Fano for the second time, and sends a disconcerting report on the deterioration of the picture. After all these enthusiastic tributes from new and old members, it was interesting to receive a card signed M. S. S.:

Greetings from Fano. It's a Hell of a dump. I don't choose to be elected.

A sprightly protest against my ad-

vocacy of hot baths comes from Robertson Wilkie, Path Valley, Pa.:

I saw copied in the *Valley Sentinel* what you said about cold baths being nothing to brag about. Then I read you were a Yankee from Yale college and I knew why you were soft. You Yanks have been writing most of the history books for years and claiming everything for New England. I'm tired reading of the hardy Pilgrims.

Down this Valley we come from Scotch and Scotch Irish who thrive on cold water on the outside of the body and something stronger inside. We are not afraid to stand in a wash-tub Saturday nights and pour a bucket of cold spring water over us. Then we go to the Presbyterian Church on the Sabbath with a clean body and a pure heart, and put a levy in the plate.

Our people broke the trails from here through Virginia and on to Kentucky—and did work that the Pilgrim fathers could never have tackled. I reckon they would have missed their hot baths!

Do you read about it in Yankee histories? Never! Teddy Roosevelt was the first big man to write about it. His mother was Scotch.

If you stick to cold water outside your body and good Scotch or Bourbon inside, and learn the Shorter Catechism on the Sabbath and sing the Psalms of David in the old Scotch version, you will find your mind clearing up, and you'll not write such nonsense about hot baths.

You probably never heard of Bobby Burns up your way, or tasted a haggis. Hot water and beans for the Yankees!

"In Heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland Welcome."

THE FAERY QUEENE CLUB

Alfred Iverson Branham, of Atlanta, read the F. Q. through twice when he was fourteen; — — —, having read all of the F. Q., "Paradise Lost" and "Regained" and the "Canterbury Tales," rightly thinks he is entitled to membership in something or other; Lucia Robbins, of Selma, Ala., read the entire work in a 1609 edition. She is a novelist and playwright, and recom-

mends Spenser; Louis Carnak, of Athens, Ga., comes in through an edition of 1819. Charles F. Bridgman, of Culver Military Academy, joins. He agrees with me that the poem is wonderful; not content with having read it through, he is rereading it.

The Reverend S. C. Bushnell sends me the following quatrain by Mrs. Agnes M. Hickey of New York. It hits many writers just now:

DISDAIN

"Since you are made of such superior clay,
No doubt, when dissolution dawns on you,
Discerning Worms will use discretion, too,
And nonchalantly turn the other way."

Another short poem that I cut from the London *Morning Post* is applicable to many strikes:

THE MILK WAR

"Oh, it really is a very pretty quarrel,
And the combatants are desperately keen,
And to watch them fiercely fighting
Would no doubt be most exciting
If it wasn't for the Public in between!"

Arthur Merton, of Pasadena, writes:

In the August number of "As I Like It" (page 244) some former Yale man lays claim to being a charter member of the Shiraz Club from his early retreat 52,000 feet above the Persian Gulf. I think we should all agree in allowing his claim to stand unchallenged. In fact I think he is fully qualified to become a member of the Southern California realty club. From that elysian height Mt. Everest must seem a mere foot-hill in the hazy eastern sky.

A man from California rebuking another for what was literally a "tall" story has an oddity all its own; but as you see the humor of it is not lost on Mr. Merton.

Yesterday afternoon I heard the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, under the incomparable Stokowski, play Sym-

phony Number 10, by a composer whose name was to me unfamiliar, Szostakowicz. He is twenty-two years old, was born in Russia and lives there now. I rather expected something wild; but Symphony Number 10 is a magnificent piece, full of lovely melodies and harmonies, and thrilling in its occasional martial manner. In the course of the composition, there are solos on the oboe, piano, violin, 'cello, trumpet, clarinet, and kettledrum. I hope I may hear this symphony again.

William Kelly (Yale '74), of Iron Mountain, Mich., writes:

In August SCRIBNER's "As I Like It," the last paragraph is in regard to Avery's pitching. In 1871, when Strong was the Yale University pitcher, the rules as I remember them,

required that the ball be pitched. In '72 or '73 Alex Nevin '74 was put in as pitcher and he threw the ball from below the shoulder. He had a very swift delivery but it was straight. In the first game with Harvard that year the Harvard players were unable to find the ball but when they went home they practiced with a man throwing the ball as swiftly as he could at them and when Yale met them in the second match expecting to clinch the championship with ease the Harvard men knocked the ball all over the field.

Avery of '75 has the distinction of being the first college pitcher who delivered a curved ball. The story goes that in a practice or unimportant game, when he found that he was able to throw a curved ball he was so elated that he laid down on the grass and rolled. Avery was a very conscientious man and it was said that before any important game he prayed for help. Whether this invoked supernatural aid or whether his intentness and devotion increased his skill we may not know, but the result was that he was wonderfully successful.



For current announcements of the leading publishers see
the front advertising section.

The International Exhibition at Pittsburgh

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE value of the annual international exhibitions at Carnegie Institute, in Pittsburgh, could hardly be overestimated. In each one of them, as in a laboratory, one may analyze the current situation in modern painting. It is true that not all the existing evidence is available. The various nations do not send examples of all their artists. But the men present are selected with great care, as representative, and what they have to say is indubitably suggestive. It is peculiarly interesting at the present time, when contemporary painting is in a state of transition. The conflict between the old and the new, between conservatism and radicalism, steadily continues. What is the ultimate decision to be? One goes to Pittsburgh specifically concerned with the light that may be thrown on that question. Incidentally I may note that it does not "leap to the eye." It is necessary to go rather searchingly into the problem. The latter has been rendered the more complicated this year by the action of the Jury of Award. This body gave the first prize to André Derain for a large Still Life. It is as difficult to see why this was done as it was to explain the award in 1927 to a flower piece by Henri Matisse.

On a table covered with a white cloth rest a couple of wild fowl, with the sportsman's musket behind them. The table, drawn in such wise as to give one an uneasy sense of dislocated perspec-

tive, is of dark wood, the tone of which is echoed in other details of the composition. The broad color arrangement is one in which black and white are balanced with strong strokes of a tawny hue. It is a passable picture, realistic in spirit and mildly ingratiating in tone. For a certain delicacy of feeling and for charm in linear precision I found one of Derain's other contributions, a little figure study, far more persuasive. Of the creative power attributed to him by the ardent modernistic oracles the Still Life gave no sign whatever. They hail him as the leader of a school, a great renovator, and it may be that the jury in giving him the prize had some idea of paying tribute to his general significance. If so, it is a pity that a better picture was not available, one more clearly indicative of the outstanding virtues we are asked to applaud.

The evangelism of these modernistic figures is amusingly mysterious. I had an instance of it following the award to Matisse, mentioned above. Friends returned from Paris brought me the news that that painter had abjured his gods and was returning to the old fold. They said there was even a rumor abroad that he had announced his volte-face to his pupils and advised them to follow his example. The Paris correspondent of the *Herald Tribune* tracked Matisse down to his studio at Nice and asked him what had really happened. A complete denial of the rumors en-

sued. "In the first place," he said, "I have no pupils. I live here alone, not tutoring anybody. Secondly, though I am considered a modernist, *I have never abandoned the traditions of painting.*" The italics are mine. If Matisse is a traditionalist, then what is tradition? Derain, this year, wakes the same dubiety. He seems to be oscillating between the old habit of French art and some reconcile hypothesis of his own, and in the upshot he successfully affirms neither the one thing nor the other. In the Still Life I missed especially the immemorial French distinction of design, the power of lucid and effective organization. And I missed even more the accent of style which is inseparable from the best French painting.



I have turned first to the French section partly because of the Derain episode and partly because it is to Paris that one looks for straws showing which way the wind is blowing. The group of about a dozen artists swiftly divided itself into two camps, and that of the modernists was assertive enough. I noted some ugly things by Picasso, Braque, and Gromaire, and some pretty ones by Marie Laurencin. One other exhibitor, Maurice Asselin, seemed to be slightly tinctured by the new theories. But it was interesting to see how invincibly the conservatives did, after all, overshadow their challengers. I would not ignore the rather trite elements in certain of the old stagers, men like Besnard and Lucien Simon. But at least these practitioners know their trade and, what is more, they have long since abandoned the sleekly mechanical note which was the bane of the old Salon. There is life in their works, and it is life competently drawn. I make much

of this latter point in the quarrel between the old and the new. Whatever blessing the modernists may be prepared to confer upon us, it is not that of authoritative craftsmanship. The most encouraging factors in the French contingent were the progressive men like Pierre Bonnard, J. G. Henri-Martin, and Henri Lebasque, exemplars of a more or less traditional technique and of a lighter, more inspiriting, key of color. Taking the French section as a whole and balancing the various types against one another, I should say that the transition now developing is toward greater freedom but also toward adherence to well-established national standards.



The same drift was perceptible elsewhere. Freakish experimentation appeared to have died down. The general tone was, if not strictly conservative, at any rate more in the direction of stabilization than of wild revolt. This was notably the case in the British section, where the veteran Frank Brangwyn set the pace in a number of his spacious and romantically colorful canvases. Most of the exhibitors revealed something like an academic tendency, painters like W. Russell Flint, Laura Knight, Colin Gill, Sir George Clausen, and so on. Two contributors detached themselves from the rest. One was Mrs. Dod Procter, to whose Portrait of a Girl an honorable mention was awarded. Her forms are well modelled and drawn and there is individuality in what she does. The most interesting of all the English painters to me was Vivian Forbes, a man with his own view of life and a wide range. He proved admirable in portraiture and still life, and in one landscape with figures, *The People of the Nile*, he displayed work that, if doubtless acceptable



Still Life.

From the painting by André Derain.



On the Beach.

From the painting by Besnard.



Young Girls on a Terrace.

From the painting by Henri Lebasque.



Painters.

From the painting by Anselmo Bucci.



The Window.

From the painting by H. E. Schnakenberg.



Portrait of a Girl.

From the painting by Mrs. Dod Procter.



The Sleigh.

From the painting by P. Malivine.



Landscape near Kitzbuhel.

From the painting by Emil Orlik.



Towering Clouds.

From the painting by Charles H. Davis.



Lilac Dress.

From the painting by Thomas W. Dewing.



Two on the Aisle.

From the painting by Edward Hopper.

at the Royal Academy, nevertheless had a free, personal force calculated to win sympathy in other quarters. He has ideas and technique. Ideas, of an obscure order, were adumbrated in a brief series of mystical compositions by the late Charles Sims, queer Blakian conceptions. Unfortunately no great technical aptitude waited upon his imaginative impulses, and the ideas aforesaid remained incomprehensible. A certain curious interest attached to these paintings. All his life Sims was known as a purely academic artist. Just before his death he seems to have suddenly deviated into the path of the would-be seer. The change is one of the oddest in the annals of modern English art.



Our own section really bore off the honors of the occasion. It was the largest, to be sure, and so the most varied, and this only emphasized the virtues which belong to the American school, the virtues of trained workmanship and keen-eyed veracity. It was a pleasure also to see the number of men in this section who "see beautifully" and brought into the exhibition elements of delight and charm. A group of five paintings by Thomas W. Dewing, placed on the very threshold, splendidly illustrated the unwavering standard of that distinguished figure. He leaves the drama of life to take care of itself but out of form and color he weaves unforgettable harmonies. In the same small room with him were Bryson Burroughs, painting his animated versions of classic myth, Horatio Walker, producing pastorals full of rich color, and the similarly naturalistic painters Mahonri Young and Edward Hopper, both men of marked talent. I lay stress upon the cumulative effect which these artists had

in a single room. They filled it with vitality and individualized interest.

All through the American section one recognized the successful search after truth. Beauty, in the more imaginative sense, was not so often visible. In its place was the decorative motive exemplified in the portraiture and flower subjects of Edmund C. Tarbell or the boating scenes of Jonas Lie. Only rarely did the emotional sentiment crop out, as in the landscapes of Charles H. Davis. But of an honest interrogation of the facts of nature there were repeated indications, accompanied by the hint of originality that is perhaps the most precious ingredient in a work of art. I refer here to the urban themes of Guy Pene du Bois, to a picture like *The Window* of H. E. Schnakenberg, to one such as John Carroll's *Three People*. The last-mentioned canvas struck me as needlessly prosaic but at least it was vitalized. Other memories come back to me, of impressive sea-pieces by Frederick J. Waugh, of engagingly subtle landscapes by Ernest Lawson, of sparkling flower pieces by H. A. Oberteuffer, of a vivid New York scene by Glenn Coleman, of poetized shore subjects by John Noble, and of a huge picture, *The Fossil Hunters*, by Edwin W. Dickinson, which though pictorially puzzling and dismal in tone had at any rate the germ of an imaginative idea in it. In short, I came away from the American section stimulated and refreshed.



There were some bright moments to be had elsewhere. The two Belgians present gave an excellent account of themselves, agreeable spokesmen for modern Flemish art. Albert Saverys is a landscape-painter who has been touched by the early historic tradition of his

school but preserves a modern outlook. Louis Buisseret, painting portraits and the nude figure, turned out to be one of the most welcome visitors the International has introduced. He paints in a light, almost blonde, key and is an able draughtsman. His conceptions are unconventional. He strikes a new note. I discovered a kindred type in the Spanish section, in Louis Elipe, the painter of a picture called simply *Nudes*, which was like an echo of Palma in its gracious forms and pure tints. In Spain, if one is to accept the exhibit at Pittsburgh as representative, the old meretricious sleight-of-hand, wreaked upon trivial subjects, has been completely abandoned, and modernism, it is to be inferred, is hardly any more in favor. Sound draughtsmanship marked the canvases of Sunyer, Dali y Domenich, and Pruna, and it told again in the work of the most conspicuous Spaniard, after Elipe, that clever dealer in characterization, Ramon de Zubiaurre. I couldn't find the ghost of any imaginative purpose in his big picture of *The Spinners*, nominally dedicated to the Three Fates, but there was no denying the vigor and accuracy with which he had brought racially picturesque men and women into his composition. One Spanish painter, Enrique Martinique-Cubells, in *Taking out the Boats* and one or two other things, piquantly renewed the influence of Sorolla. But in general the section spoke of later forces.

Italy, like Spain, this year eschewed the modernistic lure. Conventional routine has been abandoned, but so has distortion and eccentric workmanship. Instead the painters tackle their problems in a sane, straightforward mood and pay due attention to the laws of technique. I noticed this tendency especially in the clever nudes of Achille Funi and

Giannino Marchig. Two salient Italians also to be cited are Pietro Gaudenzi and Anselmo Bucci. The former, it is true, occasionally seems to be painting by main strength, but in the long run his realism rings true. Bucci, I suppose, would be dubbed "old-fashioned" in some quarters, but his Painters, with a stalwart figure looming up against the faintly outlined buildings of an old hill town, happens to be one of the sincerest things in the show and one of the most efficiently painted. A light note was added to the Italian section by Emma Ciardi, the facile painter of eighteenth-century gallants and ladies in rococo environments. She rounded out a highly creditable ensemble. The South, indeed, was very honorably represented at Pittsburgh, and the fact is the more appreciated when one remembers the hard, tinny sort of picture that used to be so common both in Spain and Italy.



The Northern schools might conceivably have been a bit more thrilling than they were. Of the three Russians represented, Petroff-Vodkin had most the nationalistic air, without making it of much importance. Philip Maliavine left the impression of a deft, brisk executant, portraying racy types and scenes in a manner that hinted vaguely of French influence. In the Polish section there was one striking exhibitor, Madame Olga de Boznanska, whose portraits have an original quality making itself felt through a pale veil of color. I found nothing that made a really arresting appeal from Czechoslovakia, or from Switzerland. The well-known art of Bruno Liljefors answered well enough for Sweden, but one wished for something newer, from a fresher hand. Norway was flatly disappointing. The

Germans made a fairly creditable showing, chiefly through the landscape art of Emil Orlik and the skill shown in the painting of the figure by Gert Wollheim. Only two Austrians contributed, and only one of them, Victor Hammer, excited interest. His portraits disclosed polished draughtsmanship. Martin Monnickendam and Jan Sluyters, exhibiting for Holland, commanded respect for their technical adroitness and for a certain Dutch simplicity. The nations just traversed make, numerically, an imposing enough array, but æsthetically they were not, on this occasion, of much weight. In a perspective embracing the entire international company I could not perceive upon the horizon any startlingly new and enkindling force. The exhibition was interesting, as always, but in no wise exciting.



I must notify my readers of an exhibition that is opening as I write and to which I shall return on a later occasion. This is the memorial exhibition of the works of the late Edwin Austin Abbey which has been organized by the American Academy of Arts and Letters at the building in West 155th Street. Mrs. Abbey has brought most of the things in it from her husband's great studio in England. The collection of about two hundred and fifty pieces includes work in divers mediums. Abbey was an ex-

traordinarily proficient technician. He began life as an illustrator, and in the pages of *Harper's Magazine* made himself a master of black-and-white. He used the brush and the pen with equal authority. His early fame was established largely through the clairvoyance with which he interpreted Herrick and other old English song-writers. He was, indeed, ever a man of imagination, and he proved it magnificently in his illustrations for Shakespeare. But it is important to recognize in him the technician to whom I have referred, the artist pure and simple. In water-color, in oil, in pastel, he poured forth an amazing succession of charming pictures, and he made his mark in mural illustration. The big panel that he did for the old Hotel Imperial in New York City is appreciatively remembered. In the early nineties he carried out an elaborate series of decorations for the Boston Public Library, and in 1902 he was commissioned to execute an even more ambitious scheme for the Pennsylvania State Capitol at Harrisburg. He was at work upon the concluding phases of this monumental enterprise when he died in 1911. The American Academy, in placing his art before the public, is rendering him a well-deserved honor and is performing a service to students of the subject. The exhibition is wisely scheduled to last for some time. It may be seen until the end of March.



A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the
Fifth Avenue Section.

In His Own Country

(Continued from page 13 of this number.)

"Well, Bill, what turned up in the city?"
"I told you nothing turned up."
"What did they say at the college?"
"They didn't say anything at the college."
"What's the matter, Bill? You don't need to get sore. Can't you tell whether you went to the college?"

"All right, I guess I can. I'm a fool. I guess I'm a rube. I didn't get to the college. There now, you know all about it."

He looked at her directly, to observe closely every line on her face, as he told her that he didn't go to the college. "Aw gee, that's too bad, Bill," she said, pulling out the table-drawer, her fingers groping for three spoons to fit together neatly so he wouldn't see that she wanted to cry.

Slowly, as though it had happened a long time ago, he told about the day in the city. First he had got something to eat that had cost thirty-five cents. After a good wash, in a toilet adjoining a restaurant, he had inquired the way to Saint Michael's College. On the city streets he walked for three-quarters of an hour, rehearsing the story he would tell. The first time it sounded impressive, but the third or fourth time it was so strangely muddled it hardly seemed to be his own story. By the time he arrived at the college he almost believed that he had no story to tell. The college is an old gray brick building, one side facing the car-tracks, the street at the front leading to Queens Park and other colleges. Walking slowly, he turned in at the main gate. Repeating the story to himself, he was half-way through it when two men in long black soutans and Roman collars came out of the main door, and paced up and down the cement walk in front of the building. He couldn't help watching them because he knew he ought to approach them, explain himself, ask whom he ought to see. Distracted, he felt there was nothing on earth to say to any one. He felt foolish, his lips were dry, and he muttered to himself some words about Saint Thomas Aquinas; then got the notion that the two men with Roman collars would have been tired walking long ago if they hadn't been

watching him. A church forms one wing of the college. The door was open and the pews looked very cool in the shadows inside the church. He entered by this door and sat down at the back of the church, sweating and uncomfortable. He mopped his head with his handkerchief and watched the two teachers through the open door. They were out of sight and in the college; he left the church at once.

At the street corner he was ashamed of himself and walked twice around the college, gradually convincing himself it would be a waste of time talking to anybody while he was so unhappy.

In Queens Park he sat down for an hour until he felt better, and knew he ought to have finished his work at home entirely before talking about it to anybody. So he asked a fellow walking in the park the way to a decent library. The rest of the afternoon he spent in a reference library getting some excellent information. He was happy till the librarian in the reading-room, to whom he indicated the kind of material he was seeking, told him he might be interested in an English magazine called *The New Criterion*. He enjoyed this magazine till he read a long review of a book about an early philosopher named "Duns Scotus." The idiotic reviewer attempted to show that "Duns Scotus" was really more acceptable to the early Christian church than Saint Thomas Aquinas: obviously it was idiotic. He got into a rage and tossed the magazine across the table, jumped up, and hurried out of the reading-room. He had half an hour before train-time, so he walked to the station.

"So you see it was a bad afternoon all the way round," Bill said.

"It's queer, downright queer," she said, and added cheerfully: "The trouble was you simply got a bad feeling thinking too much about it."

"I guess so."

"Oh, that's it all right."

"Maybe so."

"Shucks, Bill, let's get something to eat."

"Not me, I'm tired. I'm going right up-stairs to bed."

He left the kitchen. She heard him going up-stairs, his feet moving slowly. She put her arms down on the table and was sorry for Bill and started to cry softly. She had a heavy feeling because he had told his story, it was over, nothing could possibly come of it. She cried quietly, then rubbed her eyes, powdered the lids, and went up-stairs to bed.

IV

She thought that the trip to the city ought to have discouraged him, but he determinedly worked much harder. He was amused when she talked as if he needed sympathy.

She got tired of going to the show alone and of walking down the street to talk to old Mrs. Lawson. Dolly and Curly Knox called on her one evening and asked her to get into the Ford with them and go down to Wasaga Beach. The three of them sat in the front seat and on the road beyond the town Curly sang some new popular songs. Many cars were on the road to the Beach. The bigger cars, passing them, left them trailing in a cloud of dust that angered Curly. Dolly laughed at him and he became good-humored again, and they all sang happily. At the Beach they went to the dancing-pavilion, and Curly danced first with Flora and then with Dolly. Sometimes he bumped into young city fellows staying in the cottages on the shore, and admitted to Flora that he did it because they danced better than he did. Flora was happy until it was time to go home and girls got into cars with fellows so contentedly that she felt like a gooseberry, sitting beside Curly and Dolly all the long drive home in the moonlight. They talked out loud and laughed and sang. The shadows in the bushes and the moonlight on the narrow road pleased her, though she kept on feeling she ought to be in the back seat with Bill, who would pinch her leg, or tease Curly.

At home Bill was still working up-stairs. Instead of going up-stairs and talking to him, she sat alone in the dark in the front room. "He's a fool," she thought, trying to look out the front window. Outside the street was quiet. Then a car came along the road, going slowly, some one in the back seat playing a ukulele, and she wished she were sitting be-

side him encouraging him to strum loudly. Leaning forward, listening carefully, she heard the strumming faintly, the car a long way down the road; then she leaned back and giggled, thinking the ukulele-player mightn't be a man at all. "I ought to put a light in this room if I'm going to sit here," she said aloud. But a thought of Bill approaching people timidly in the city and practically walking around in circles began to amuse her and she sat there. She indulged her fancy and had him go round and round in circles, the circles always getting bigger. She stroked her round knees softly, giggling in the dark. Straightening up to get her breath she whispered: "Just as though he had a bat in the belfry."

She went up-stairs to the bedroom and began to undress quietly and slowly. She sat on the bed, listening, and hoped Bill had heard her laughing down-stairs and would come into the bedroom and complain angrily that she shouldn't be in a house with serious people. Then she would stretch lazily on the bed and laugh out loud at him till she got a stitch in her side.

Only one thin sheet covered her body and the bed felt good. Her legs were resting nicely, feet far apart so she would feel no warmth from any kind of a contact. If any one got into bed with her, she would have to put her feet closer together to give him room. Suddenly afraid of her own thoughts, she muttered: "I feel crazy to-night." But she stubbornly permitted herself to enjoy delicious sensations from thoughts she knew ought not to be in her head. Before going to sleep she hoped Bill would not get into bed at all that night. Some time later she woke up quickly. Some one had opened the front door and was walking in the hall. Wide awake, she sat up. She was alone in the room, and knew she had heard Bill down-stairs. He had gone for a long walk before going to bed.

Two weeks later she told Bill it would ruin his health to be up half the night wandering around the streets. He shrugged his shoulders. "It will be a good deal better if you don't bother about such things at all," he said. Clinching his fists, he glared at her as though expecting stubborn resistance in an argument. "I got my work to do, you got yours; that's about all we can say," he said.

"I'll not care a snap of my fingers what you do from now on."

"All right, only don't get sore. The main thing is, this is very serious with me."

"I was never so serious in all my life."

"Nor have I been so serious in all my life."

"Nor in all my days."

"Nor in all my days."

"Stop it; do you hear, Bill?"

He laughed suddenly and got up from the table to go to work. "Don't get rattled, Flora. Life's too short."

In the afternoon she walked alone down by the pier near the grain-elevator. The tin on the side of the elevator facing the water was brown and rusty. Boards on the pier were loose and through the wide cracks she saw the dark water underneath. Close to the pier the water was dark; pieces of paper, scum, small sticks bobbed against the posts. She was walking on the pier out beyond the elevator. An uncle of hers had once looked after the elevator, but in those days you couldn't pass the open door without getting covered with grain-dust. Now an old man sat on a stool, back from the edge of the pier. A boat hadn't been in all summer. She sat down at the farthest solid section of the pier, and broke off small pieces of wood from the rotten boards and tossed them into the water. Across the strip of water on the next pier some kids were swimming, one boy diving beautifully. The kids were shouting, swimming rapidly and diving, playing water tag. Flora looked out over the bay at the white clouds piled in the pattern of an old world in the blue sky. Then the strong sun warmed her neck and she held her hand over it. The bright sunlight glinted on the wave tips in the blue water. Her neck still tingled from the heat and she got up, walking back carefully along the pier.

On the way home she passed the shipyard employment office and saw Pete Hastings talking to the man at the wicket. He waved his hand and caught up to her before she got to the street.

"Say, Flora, they're just telling me they'll be getting a boat in the dry dock soon."

"They're foolin' you."

"No, go on back and ask him yourself if you don't believe it."

"But what's it to you, Pete? You don't want work, surely?"

"I wouldn't mind it for a week, just for a change," he said good-humoredly.

They walked along the street together. He had no coat on and his dark-blue shirt wasn't

very clean. He had on a wide belt and very thick boots, and his pants were all frayed at the cuffs. His face and neck were tanned and clean.

"How's Bill, the bright boy?" he asked genially.

"Oh, forget your teasin', Pete Hastings," she giggled.

They had an easy, unimportant conversation that lasted most of the way home; then, for a few moments, he walked beside her saying nothing. Finally he suggested that they take a walk some afternoon down along the bay by the vines where the kids played tree tag. She patted his arm and said it would be all right with her; then, when he turned away and left her, wondered why she had tolerated the suggestion and why she hadn't been angry when he called Bill a "bright boy." Standing on the sidewalk, watching Pete's strong legs moving farther away, she urged herself to run after him, pound him on the back till he turned around abruptly; then, with her hands on her hips, or snapping her fingers under his nose, explain to him that he was merely a lump of clay compared with Bill. But she shrugged her shoulders and walked on home.

After supper, when she was wondering if she ought to tell Bill that she had gone for a walk with Pete, he asked soberly if she had ever thought seriously of going to church.

"We never go to church, Bill; you know that."

"I know it, and I'm not suggesting we ought to, either; only the thought of it fits in nicely with my work." He said that in the office this afternoon he could hardly relate his scientific summaries to religion if he did not understand the religious feeling. He was tired and really worried.

"Oh, I don't know, Bill; I don't know."

He wasn't as clean and neat as he had been. She was eager to say that he should not work that evening, but should go to bed early. He would drop the corners of his mouth, frown sullenly, and say nothing the rest of the evening. The talk of religion disturbed her, because usually he was confident and sure of himself. Now he was groping toward an idea that eluded him, feeling his way along an unfamiliar path.

"The trouble is," he said, "it isn't a feeling you can get by approaching the matter scientifically. It evidently had to get you un-

expectedly, so I don't know how to go about it." He smiled, assuring her it was merely a simple inquiry for him, but she knew, suddenly, that in the last month he had gone far beyond her. He was sitting beside her, talking—a tall, thin man with red eyelids and three cuts under his chin from shaving—and he seemed so bewildered she wanted to cry.

"Let's go to a show to-night," she said.

"The show would hurt my eyes, Flora."

"Then let's go down to the Greek's and have some ice-cream and listen to the nickelodeon."

"It's quite an old machine," he grinned cheerfully.

"We should worry; maybe he's got some new pieces."

So she washed and dried the dishes and they went down-street to the ice-cream parlor. The Greek did a splendid business in the summer months. The walls of the long parlor were blue, with many large, bright paintings of nymphs and fauns, garlands of flowers encircling each painting. The nickelodeon was at the back, and young fellows took turns putting in nickels. One of the Greeks with a white apron and hairy arms took the order for two butter-scotch sundaes. Bill was at first interested in the sounds from the nickelodeon; then, restively, he asked Flora if she were enjoying herself. He had finished his sundae and sat at the table, his knees crossed, not listening to anything she said. A loud laugh and some giggles came from a group of fellows gathered around the nickelodeon. Two of them had hold of big Artie McGuin, a dark, clumsy fellow who blinked his eyes, and who hadn't been right wise since birth. Artie laughed awkwardly but good-naturedly and shook off the two fellows, and a Greek came from the soda-fountain at the front of the store and made them all sit down at the tables. Bill stared resentfully at the boys who had been teasing Artie. He smiled politely when Mrs. Milligan and her daughter, on their way out, stood at the table and Mrs. Milligan invited them to come over some night and have a game of croquet on the lawn. Bill thanked her genially, but when she had gone he was silent and uninterested again. Flora became embarrassed, sure that young people, passing, stared at them, and finally suggested that they go home.

They got as far as the Catholic church on

the corner, two blocks below Main Street, just before the railway-crossing. Bill stopped under the chestnut-tree at the corner. The church lawn was well kept, a low iron fence following the margin from the church door alongside the walk to the cinder driveway at the rear of the church.

"Would you mind waiting here a few minutes, Flora?" he said.

"Where are you going?"

"Just going to take a look in the church."

"Man alive, what's ailing you?"

"Nothing. I just want to be in there when it's dark and quiet. I kinda think I ought to have a talk with a priest. Wait here a minute, Flora."

He walked toward the church steps. She watched him hesitate at the top step, come down, and walk across the lawn to the presbytery. He stood on the lawn, looking in the lighted window of the front room. Finally he turned, went up the church steps again, and into the church.

She waited under the chestnut-tree. A buggy and an old horse came down the street. Some one was talking on Ingram's veranda across the road, and she tried to make out the words but could hear only voices. She walked out of the shadow of the tree and paced up and down in front of the church steps. Once she stood opposite the lighted window of the priest's house, wondering what Bill had seen in the room. She saw Marjorie Stevens, Father Stacey's housekeeper, come into the room, stand at the window, and then turn out the light. Marjorie was a slim, pretty woman of thirty-five, aloof and dignified, who had gone to the city five years ago and had got married; and no one ever knew what had happened to her husband. Many people tried to be friendly with her and start interesting conversations, but she remained aloof and dignified. Flora suddenly felt angry at Bill. "He's behavin' like a nut—a juicy nut. What does a smart fellow like Bill want with monkeyin' around like this?"

Then he waved to her from the church step, came down lightly, two steps at a time, in good humor. Sullenly she walked beside him. Twice he spoke to her and she did not answer, so he shrugged his shoulders and began to whistle. On the old bridge opposite Starr's house she felt she must talk at once, for she was angry and very curious, and wanted him to see that she was angry before

discovering that she was curious. "You're a fine one!" she said. He kept on whistling. "You're a fine one!" She took hold of his arm, asking mildly what he had done in the church.

"Nothing whatever," he said. "Absolutely nothing. Just sat in the dark and twiddled my fingers. There's a red light up over the altar. I rather liked looking at it." He had looked in the window of the house, thinking he might see the priest. If he had seen him he would probably have gone in and had a talk with him.

A week later, the end of August, Flora had a long talk with old Mrs. Lawson. She had become uneasy about Bill in her own mind, and now regarded him as a stranger, who worked too hard in the evenings and couldn't sleep at night and went for long walks. Sometimes he went for a walk down on the pier, he said, or once or twice for a swim in the moonlight. Flora was sure that he had reached a point in his work where he had become confused and discouraged. At first she had seen only books on geology in the sewing-room, but recently he had brought home two books on paleontology and three short thin ones about chemistry. One night he was feeling good and explained to her that chemistry was the perfect illustration of form in the material world—a truth that he had grasped very quickly—and soon he would be able to demonstrate that all of life, scientifically speaking, could be regarded as a beautiful chemical formula. He was very much in earnest and told her he had decided to have a long talk with a priest about becoming a Catholic, because it was the next logical step to take in his work. Flora believed that he did have a talk with Father Stacey, for he explained, two days later, that he was happy to find that he could lead a normal blameless life with a little effort and a careful examination of his conscience. Flora said to her mother-in-law that Bill had become far too scrupulous; living had become too complicated for him, and it was a nuisance having him worry whether

his thoughts were in order and his life as worthy as his work.

His mother said: "Willie's probably making a great fool of himself. But he always did get impressions easy, and I'll give him a good talking to. Anyway, his father was a good Anglican. Why should he fool around with any other church?"

Flora went home to have an afternoon sleep, but couldn't close her eyes. Before lying down she had looked at herself in the mirror, realizing that Bill hadn't put his arms around her for a month. The diet he had recommended had taken some fat off her shoulders. She was a young woman and rather good-looking, and no one had put his arms around her for a long time. It was a hot afternoon. She began to breathe heavily, imagining her clothes were stifling her. She wiped sweat from her forehead. Trembling, she took off her blouse and put the palm of her hand on her shoulder; then sat down quickly, kicked off her shoes, and pulled off her stockings, laughing weakly. She walked over to the window and discovered a space between the wire screen and the sash. "That's where the mosquitoes have been getting in, I bet," she thought, and decided to take a fly-swatter, and, in the next few minutes, kill all the flies that were up-stairs. So she dressed slowly. She got the fly-swatter in the kitchen, and moved around aimlessly up-stairs, occasionally killing flies. She was alone with her own thoughts and was restless.

On Friday afternoon she went for a walk with Pete Hastings. They walked down by the lake, far past the blue drop near the blockhouse, and beyond the vines where the kids played tree tag. Once they sat down for a long time. He put his arms around her. She became so nervous and hesitant, and got up so quickly, that he teased her the rest of the afternoon. She hadn't felt so uncertain of herself since she had married, and had often thought that a married woman would not get excited easily when a man put his arm around her.

(To be continued.)





"Dalmatia."

Idealistically patriotic, Dalmatia looks constantly for help beyond the horizon.

From a lithograph by Carl Schmitt.

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The Pioneering Professors

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

The author of "From Immigrant to Inventor" and "The New Reformation" points out the practical value of the work of mute heroes of science.

Two centuries are a tiny span of time in the history of humanity, and yet innumerable changes which have completely revolutionized our civilization have been produced by the intellectual achievements of the last two centuries. Among these achievements those of science stand foremost. How many of us recognize that the foundations of this science were laid by university professors? I call them the pioneering professors. The world does not recognize clearly how great is its indebtedness to these mute heroes of science. Let me illustrate my meaning by a brief review of some of the achievements of the electrical science.

It was only two centuries ago when Newton, a professor in the University of Cambridge, created a new science, the science of motion of material bodies. This was the beginning of modern physical sciences. Newton's science of motion ruled supreme in the scientific thought of those days. Stephen Gray, a contemporary of Newton, and undoubt-

edly inspired by his science of motion, was the first to study the motion of electricity. This study led him to a great discovery, the discovery of the electrical conductors, which are to-day the great channels through which moving electricity conveys its many blessings to grateful humanity. Following in Gray's footsteps Franklin demonstrated to the wondering world that one of the most irresistible forces in nature, the force of lightning, is due to the motion of electricity. It is not surprising then that motion of material bodies and motion of electricity became the principal objects of study of the physical sciences during the eighteenth century.

The greatest achievement of those early studies of electricity in motion was Professor Volta's invention of the Voltaic battery. The eminent importance of this ideally simple generator of electrical motions was exhibited by Sir Humphry Davy, a professor of the Royal Institution, when by its electrical current he decomposed chemical com-

pounds and thus discovered electrolysis. This great discovery was the first contribution to the electrical science of the nineteenth century. It gave us our first glimpse of that remarkable relationship between chemical and electrical forces which is one of the most significant physical facts of to-day. Operating with a powerful Voltaic battery, such as Sir Humphry Davy had developed, Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, discovered that moving electricity generates a magnetic force in every part of space. A few years later Professor Faraday made another startling discovery, the discovery, namely, that moving magnetism generates electrical forces in every part of space. These three great discoveries are the foundation pillars of the modern electrical science and of its industries. They were made by professors, the pioneers of the electrical science during its early history. The names of Maxwell, Roentgen, Becquerell, and of others testify that down to the present time the university professors remained the pioneers of the electrical science. The same can be said of other sciences; their pioneers were also university professors.

The visible services of science which one sees in every nook and corner of our daily life were created by the pioneering professors. I delight in making this statement; it is a fitting answer to those people who are inclined to believe that a professor of science is necessarily an apostle of abstract scientific theories which may sound well in the lecture-rooms of the universities, but contribute very little to the solution of the practical problems of life. Practical men, it is true, formulate practical problems, and they also develop and exploit their solutions. But it is also true that the science which leads to the solution of these practical problems is a creation of the

pioneering professors. Morse, the practical promoter, installed the first telegraph-line, but Joseph Henry, the Princeton professor, supplied the knowledge for the earliest solution of the telegraph problem. Marconi, the practical Italian youth, was the first to transmit a wireless message between ship and shore, but Professor Hertz told him the story of the electrical waves which carried the message, and this story of the electrical waves was born in the soul of immortal Maxwell, the great professor of Cambridge University. The Wright brothers, the practical men, were the first to step into a flying-machine and fly, but in their technical development of that machine they started from the knowledge which Professor Langley's experiments had created. Many other illustrations could be given, all showing how the pioneering professors guided the hand of the so-called practical man. The cradle of the most practical things in the world is the science which the pioneering professors created. Moreover, they originated not only the visible but also the invisible services of science. These are not seen in every nook and corner of our daily life, but they are, perhaps, even more important than the visible services. I shall describe them by referring briefly to the history of one historic development in American science during the last fifty years.

Joseph Henry, the first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and one of the most eminent pioneering professors in American science, rendered invaluable scientific service to President Lincoln during the Civil War. It was the service of an idealist in science to an idealist in political philosophy. Idealism of the highest type was the bond of union between these two great men. The National Academy of Sciences, or-

ganized in the very midst of the Civil War and transformed into a national institution by a congressional charter, was the offspring of this warm friendship between Lincoln and Henry, and it was destined to become the cradle of American idealism in science. Under the leadership of Joseph Henry the members of the National Academy of Sciences started the historic movement for higher endeavor in our universities. Johns Hopkins University, founded in 1876, and dedicated to the highest intellectual endeavors, was the earliest concrete manifestation of this movement. Other American universities followed the noble example of Johns Hopkins in rapid succession. They soon developed into real universities, that is, institutions of higher learning, well equipped with research laboratories which were guided by the spirit of scientific idealism of Joseph Henry and of the other idealists in the National Academy of Sciences. The birth of the university research laboratories marks a new epoch in American history, the epoch in which the idealism of science and scientific research is gradually penetrating deeper and deeper into every phase of our national life. I shall point out now that this is one of the greatest invisible services of science rendered by the university professors.

There was a time when the American industrialists, the so-called practical men, paid small attention to the research laboratories of the universities. The practical man saw in the scientific research man a theorist only, whose work had no bearing upon industrial progress. But the scientific research laboratories of our universities soon compelled the practical man to change his opinion and his mental attitude. He soon learned that scientific research cul-

tivated in the research laboratories of the universities is the fountainhead of all industries. He was ready then to worship at the altar of scientific idealism which guides the scientists in the university laboratories. Their achievements soon convinced the captains of our industries that the scientists, trained in the university laboratories, are indispensable in industrial progress. This conviction is responsible for our modern industrial research laboratories, like those of the DuPont Chemical Works in Wilmington, of the Eastman plant in Rochester, of the Western Electric, of the General Electric, of the Westinghouse companies, and of many others. Their work is directed by men who received their training and discipline in the research laboratories of the universities, and, hence, the same spirit of scientific idealism which guides the university laboratories guides also the industrial research laboratories. This spirit is the bond of union between them and this union represents one of the greatest achievements in our American civilization during the last fifty years. The rise of our industries to a much higher level of efficiency is not the only result of this great achievement. There are other results which are, perhaps, even more important in our advancing civilization; one of them I shall mention briefly.

The phrase "scientific idealism" which I have employed several times in the course of this discussion is not an abstract concept; it is a simple philosophy which cultivates a definite motive, a definite mental attitude, and a definite method of inquiry. The motive is unselfish search of the eternal truth; the mental attitude is open-minded and unprejudiced interpretation of the language of nature; the meth-

od of inquiry is observation, experiment, and calculation. This is the philosophy which guided the great pioneers in science whose achievements conferred innumerable blessings upon humanity. One of the greatest of these blessings is the growing popular belief that this philosophy of scientific idealism is the safest guide in all human activities. It has stood the test of all experience in science and industries, and its motive, mental attitude, and method of work obviously recommend it to all the arts of human endeavor, and particularly to the art of government in a democracy like our American democracy. American scientists and engineers believe that the philosophy of scientific idealism will make democracy safe for

the world, a mission which is perhaps even more difficult than the mission of making the world safe for democracy. If this is really one of the great missions of the philosophy of scientific idealism, and I firmly believe that it is, then we must offer every opportunity to the disciples of this philosophy, to the scientists and engineers, to perform this mission. Let them have an opportunity to demonstrate that they can guide the machinery of our government just as successfully as they have guided the machinery of our industries. If they succeed in that, it will be the greatest blessing conferred upon humanity by the pioneering professors, the creators of the philosophy of scientific idealism.



A Sky-Pilot Taxies

BY THOMAS H. WHELPLEY

Feeling that ministers were too far removed from life, the pastor of the Chelsea Presbyterian Church of New York became a taxi-driver by night to see how the rest of the city lived. We asked Mr. Whelpley to tell us, after some months of experience, what he really found.

ONE of a minister's greatest handicaps, I have often felt, is being a minister. To really help people it is necessary to win their confidence, and for a minister to win that confidence is not easy. There is a surface congeniality, a seeming intimacy. In reality people do not feel safe with a minister, in the sense that they are not themselves in his company. And until the man in the pulpit has proven his worth, until he has earned their love

and respect, he is divided from his people by indifference, pretense, and practised piety.

An unhappy state of affairs; often the lack of any real understanding between my congregation and myself, especially during my early days in the pastorate, had been brought home to me. I would join a gay group of Sunday-school students, and their laughter would end. I would chance in at a choir rehearsal, and the conversation between

contraltos and sopranos would cease. I was a complete failure at the Men's Club—"Don't tell that story to the person . . . it might shock him." Also at the Ladies' Aid—"Give the pastor some ice-cream and cake, so he can be on his way. . . ."

I talked the situation over with my fellow preachers. Was it so with them? It was. But, for the most part, they seemed to take it for granted. On the other hand, it greatly disturbed me. I thought of getting a job somewhere, anywhere, so that I could work with people, in the shop, at the bench, at the desk, talk with them instead of at them, and come to know them as they are, not as they desired that I should know them.

This plan, however, had the disadvantage that it would familiarize me with one small section of life at a time, and it would be long before I could piece together the multicolored bits into an intelligible cross-section. So I had continued in the routine fashion, providing a place of rest, recreation, and, to an extent, amusement, for the men and women who chose to get up early enough on Sundays to come to church. I loved my work, but the progress I was making, or rather not making, greatly distressed me.

I was born to the cloth. As far back as I can remember it was my ambition to be a preacher. When I was a very small boy I sermonized at length to the trees, the flowers, and the stars. That I should become a minister was assumed. My great-uncle, the Reverend Doctor Philip Melanthon Whelpley, was one of the early pastors of the First Presbyterian Church, New York, and my own appointment, after an apprenticeship at St. James-in-Stephen, New Brunswick, to New York's skyscraper

pulpit, the Chelsea Presbyterian Church, marked the attainment, for me, of a theological goal.

I was young—just turned thirty—and mightily determined to put my message across in the big city. With pride I announced to my home-town congregation my election to a metropolitan pastorate.

"What! To New York, Doctor Whelpley!" they wailed. "To New York! That graveyard of young pastors!"

Their consternation amused me, even pleased me. I was so sure of myself. As I have said, I was young—and determined. My first sermon, however, in the city of magnificent opportunity, was scarcely what might be called a brilliant success. My congregation was small and, to say the least, indifferent. Youth was conspicuous by its absence. It was a miscellany of elderly men and women, mostly elderly women not in the least excited about saving their souls, but persuaded perhaps that lives lived by way of the Ten Commandments, more or less, had absolved them from soul-worry.

After several months of heroic effort I began to wonder and to worry. "That graveyard of young pastors!" The phrase stuck in my mind. I haven't found myself yet—that's what's the matter, I reassured my somewhat shaken determination. When I get to know these people and their problems, when I get to understand them, their difficulties, their dreams and desires—then it will be different.

But as the weeks slipped by it seemed to me I knew them less. I felt farther removed from them, more hopeless, and more baffled every time I faced them in the pulpit, or called on them in their homes, or talked with them in

my study. I felt discouraged and defeated. I felt all tangled up. I felt—well—buried.

I was sitting in my study one morning at work on a sermon and it was heavy going. What could I say to my people that would stir them? How could I reach them? How? From my study window I could see the city streaming by on wheels, the rush and roar of Twenty-third Street traffic—trucks, trolley-cars, limousines, roadsters, town cars and—taxicabs.

Suddenly an idea occurred to me. I would drive a taxicab. And why not? At once I closed my books, put aside my manuscripts, and, feeling more enthusiastic than I had since my arrival in the city some eight months earlier, set out for the taxi license bureau. That day marked the real beginning of my ministry to New Yorkers.

A taxi-driver's view-point of life and living was certainly kaleidoscopic enough, I decided, to provide an excellent panorama of the city in which we labor and belabor. I obtained a chauffeur's license without difficulty. I had always owned a car and was an expert driver. After some weeks' delay and a very lengthy examination at the police court, where I was questioned, finger-printed, photographed, and required to produce signatures of reliable citizens regarding my integrity, the hack license came through. I was qualified as Number A51804 to pilot my congregations and other congregations around the city, to follow the call of the ministry by day and the call of the cabby by night.

Once before in my life I had been close to people, rejoiced with them, suffered with them, toiled with them, prayed with them. Once before—during the World War. Eighteen years

old, with a typical Puritan background, I went overseas with the Canadian Infantry. Digging in with the godly and ungodly, I gained a certain tolerance, a breadth of vision, and a certain understanding of what life meant and death, beyond the reach of seminary walls—understanding born of sweat and blood and filth, of red-gold glory and terrible devastation.

Close to the simple human emotions, the things that move the human heart, I learned how to counsel the living and comfort the dying. I learned that through faith in myself and my faith in God I could lead a detachment through hell-fire and back again. Then it was over, and I was back at Pine Hill Divinity Hall. It was not until I attempted to cross-cut my way to New York churchgoers that I discovered I had lost that understanding, that tolerance of men, which I had acquired in trenches, shell holes, and slime.

Then I enlisted in the ranks of New York's night-hawk cabbies. Landing a job was not as easy as I had anticipated. The big metropolitan cab companies were fearful that it would be noised abroad that a parson was at the wheel of one of their cabs, and that the night-riding public would thereafter avoid all their cabs.

"People like to be themselves in a cab," the managers informed me, "and they can't be themselves around a preacher. Sorry, parson—like to help you out—but—well, you know how it is—business is business."

And so to the next company and the next. At last a small independent company reluctantly provided me with a sorry-looking hack that had for some time been out of use. However, with the help of old-timers in the garage, I made good and was sent out a few days

later with an up-to-date cab as one of the "regulars," who, by the way, were all for giving me a hand. They told me what to do and how to do it, what to say and how to say it, where to go for the best "breaks." To them I was just a greenhorn cabby. From them I learned how people regard the church and its leaders. From my "fares" I learned more.

I cruised about in all sections of the city, carried all kinds of people, buddied with my fellow cabbies, quarrelled with the traffic cops, and chatted with the men and women who rode with me. It had been my purpose to do the thing quietly. Why I thought I could avoid publicity I do not know.

"What did you get out of it?" I am frequently asked. And am frequently tempted to reply—publicity, publicity, publicity. Almost as soon as I applied for my hack license the thing was out. An enterprising young reporter made much of it, and twelve hours on the road brought forth front-page headlines—"Sky-Pilot Taxis," "Preacher Is Taxi-Driver at Night," "Pastor Taxi-Driver Composes Sermons into Dictaphone as He Cruises for Fares."

I was praised and blamed. I was photographed and caricatured, radioed and interviewed. Newspapermen and camera-men camped on my doorstep. I was thrust into fame, whether or no. Driving a taxicab magically invested me with authority. I was consulted on international affairs, civic problems, prohibition, divorce, virtue and vice. Letters poured in from all over the country and even from abroad. Flappers wanted to marry me. Down-and-outs wanted to advise with me, publishers wanted books, clubs wanted speeches. But through it all I held fast to my purpose—to know people so that

I could help them. As the Reverend Thomas H. Whelpley, pastor, I had not been succeeding. As plain "Tom" Whelpley, cabby, the doors to opportunity swung wide.

In the ministry, as in all life, a sense of humor is a valuable asset. I had been rapidly losing mine. But a few weeks as a cab-driver completely restored it. The cabbies are a cheerful crowd. In the small hours of the morning they swap funny stories about "fares," discuss religion and politics and women, and laugh a lot. "It's all in a lifetime, buddy," they would console me about a flat tire on a rainy night.

What did I get out of it?

Well—I learned much about the business of preaching, about people and things and the why of things, about the tangled web of six million lives which is New York. On every hand I saw men trapped—by their desires, their ambitions, their prejudices, their fears, their faith, and their lack of faith. I saw frantic men striving to fight free. I saw beaten men sitting quiet, making no move. I saw the fury of those who could understand, and the misery of those who could not. I saw meanness of spirit and nobility, determination to win and the tragedy of having failed. And I realized suddenly the tremendous gap between the Way of Life as we preach it and the way of life as we live it. Life—lip-sticked, rouged, and clothed in silk. Life—ugly, blackened, broken on the wheel. Life—seeking, calling, reaching for God.

I found men and women not less religious to-day than yesterday, not less religious in New York than in New Brunswick. But because the church has failed them they do not go to church. The reason it has failed them is because its ministers live in a world apart, hav-

ing no real understanding of the needs of those they purpose to serve. For the church is the shadow of a man. And is sadly lacking in man-power.

It has been said by a well-known psychologist that there is no place in the ministry to-day for best minds, for creative thought and intellectual effort. It seems to me that there is not only place for best minds, but a tremendous, a supreme, need for men of high resolve, with breadth of vision, wide sympathies, and understanding hearts and minds.

What price taxi-driving? An aching back, eye-strain, hurt pride, and great weariness. It took real courage not to give it up. But the brief glimpse behind the scenes which it provided was worth all it cost. The promise of that fleeting glance held me to it another night and another. As the weeks went by I became accustomed to the hardships of my *in-cognito*. I learned how to hold my tongue, how to stand the gaff from butter-and-egg men and their fur-trimmed ladies, how to get along with red lights and one-way streets, and how to give and take.

I settled down to organized effort, was a good listener, reported regularly to my dictaphone, attended afternoon teas and committee meetings, and performed wedding ceremonies, christenings, and burials in between times, and late afternoons hurried to the garage for my taxi with constantly increasing enthusiasm. I felt that I was getting somewhere. I felt alive again.

As a preacher I had been much con-

cerned about where I was going. As a cabby my concern was altogether about where other people were going and why. To my surprise I discovered they were going no place in particular, did not know why they were going, and did not care.

For the most part they are trying simply to get away from themselves, to lose themselves in the bright confusion of New York at night. They are greedy for gold, eager for power, and given over to material conquest. Slaves they are to their passions, their hopes, their fears. Blinded by the glare of a million lights, deafened by the rush and roar, fevered by the sickening speed at which they work and play, all sense of proportion, all sense of values, is lost to them. Hysterical, devil-may-care, they are selling themselves, betraying themselves, destroying themselves, bodies and souls, while the church stands idly by and wonders what it's all about. Your neighbors and mine. Average men and women.

Men are not fools. Discouraged and disgusted with religious bigotry, inter-denominational strife, and stupid sermonizing, they have gone their way. And have lost their way. They have gone so far afield that we who are supposed to be their shepherds can no longer even hear their cries. It was not until I abandoned the quiet pulpit, the stained-glass windows and glittering brasses, to follow my people where they have gone that I learned the truth about them. It was difficult, disillusioning, and perhaps unorthodox, but it was worth it.

"Hacking New York," incidents in the life of a professional taxi-driver,
will appear in an early number.



The Infantry Wanted a Bridge

BY EDWARD SHENTON

One of the features of the New SCRIBNER's has been the group of high lights of the war as seen by men who were there. Mr. Shenton contributes the eighth of the series. Others will appear from time to time.

THE house had been a charming place with large high-ceilinged rooms and long windows opening onto a walled garden. The splintered furniture evidenced a certain taste, and from a shattered bookcase in the front room books in expensive leather bindings were tumbled about the floor. The upper story had been torn by several shells, but enough remained to give the men below a feeling of protection.

Six privates and a sergeant from an engineer company dozed on mattresses salvaged from the wrecked bedrooms. A corporal lay stretched on his belly reading a treatise on surgery. Most of the books were about medicine. There were a few dealing with philosophy and science, but no fiction. Probably the former occupant of the house was a doctor.

Outside the afternoon was clear and hot. Inside it was cool. The air stirred to the hum of myriad flies.

Presently the corporal arose, went to the doorway and gazed up and down the deserted street. The nearest houses were not badly damaged, but as the street sloped toward the river the roofs and upper stories became twisted fragments of beams against the bright blue sky.

The corporal heard the voice of the sentry at the rear door and, turning, went down the tiled hall. At the en-

trance he met the lieutenant and a small, dishevelled infantry private.

"Where's the sergeant?" the lieutenant said.

"In the front room."

"Call him out."

The sergeant appeared, drowsy from his nap.

"Sergeant, the infantry want a footbridge. They're having a hell of a time getting back and forth over that creek. They've got some wounded out there and can't get 'em back."

"Aw rite," said the sergeant.

"This man will guide you. They want it ready by dusk. They want to get the wounded back to-night."

"Aw rite," said the sergeant. "Yes, sir."

"Let me know about it when you get back."

"Yes, sir. Sure."

The lieutenant departed, following the shelter of the garden wall.

The sergeant looked at the corporal. The infantryman took out a crumpled butt and lit it carefully.

"Now ain't that nice?" the sergeant said. "The infantry wants a bridge, do they? Well, that's fine. But what the hell do we build the infantry a bridge out of, I ask you?"

"I wish the Marines were in here," the corporal said. "Some of 'em can swim."

"Well," said the sergeant. "What have we got to build this here bridge?"

"An axe, some nails, and about ten yards of rope."

"Well! Ain't that nice? I ask you. Well, get 'em together." He turned to the guide.

"How do we go, buddy?"

The infantryman blinked and shook away the weariness enveloping him.

"Are you all set?" he asked.

"Sure," said the sergeant.

"Well, come on, then."

The remainder of the engineer detail gathered sleepily. They had the axe, a burlap bag full of large nails and a coil of rope.

"We oughta have some more rope," the sergeant said.

"We could collect some telephone wire."

"Sure. That's good enough. Two of you hop out and collect some wire."

Two privates went reluctantly toward the street. Walking about in the open was a dubious business. The Germans were on a hill across the river and their position dominated the town. Machine-guns covered all the east and west streets. The other soldiers sat down contentedly, to wait. The infantry private fell asleep immediately. The flies buzzed and the warm air flowed from the garden into the hallway.

"Jesus," said the sergeant. "These infantry is always wantin' somethin'. You'd think this war was just made for infantry. They want barrages, an' trenches an' wire an' bridges an' ammunition an' stiffs buried. . . . An' most of the time it's us runs around bringin' it to them. A lot of wet-nurses, that's what we are."

No one listened to the outburst. The sergeant relapsed into the general apathy. A machine-gun began firing. In

the silence it sounded quite close. There was a scuffle in the front of the house and the two engineers came panting along the hall.

"Look! Look at that, by God!"

The rear man lifted his foot and showed a piece of heel clipped from his shoe.

"Where's the wire?" said the sergeant.

"In the front room."

"Well, bring it along. Bring it out here. What the hell good is it in the front room, I ask you?"

One of the men brought the wire. They shook the sleeping infantryman.

"Hey, come on, buddy. We gotta get this bridge built."

The guide got up and set off without speaking. They went in single file through the gardens until they reached a narrow-gauge railway. Following this they were sheltered by the houses until they arrived at the edge of the town. Here the guide paused and peered apprehensively into the open.

"This here's a bad place," he said. "We had two runners bumped here last week. I don't like it."

There was at least a hundred and fifty yards of unprotected space before the railway entered a wood.

"We could go back up and around," said the corporal.

He pointed to the rear where the ground rose abruptly to a thickly wooded crest.

"Yea, we might."

"Well," said the sergeant. "Let's do somethin'."

One of the men scraped his hobnails on the steel rail. The guide threw himself flat against the wall of the house. They stared at him in astonishment. He got up slowly, looking embarrassed.

"I thought it was wanna them dirty

whizz-bangs," he explained. "I can't stand them things. They got my nerve, see."

"I just scraped my shoe on the rail," said the engineer.

"Well, it sounded funny. Them one-pounders got my nerve."

"I'm gonna make a run for it," said the sergeant.

He bounded into the open, running on the hard cinders at the edge of the track. They watched him anxiously, watched to see a spray of dirt at his heels. He reached the woods, throwing himself forward like a sprinter breaking the tape. Nothing happened. A second man followed. He carried the bag of nails and ran awkwardly. They saw him arrive safely at the woods. One by one the others left until the guide and the corporal remained.

"Gees, that's funny," said the guide. "We had two guys bumped right here last week."

"Make it snappy," the corporal said nervously. He felt there was something ominous about the proceedings. It wasn't natural. He could see the long smooth hillside beyond the river. He believed he could distinguish a thin yellow scar of trench line near the crest. He estimated the distance at a thousand yards. The guide sprang out from the protecting wall holding his rifle across his chest. It seemed a long time to the corporal while he watched the grotesque, leaping figure. But he reached the trees and vanished. The corporal took a deep breath and started. He ran easily, his head twisted toward the German line. It was a good distance in the heat. Half-way. Two-thirds. He saw the vague shapes of the detail in the shadow. The weight of his hobs was astounding. He arrived almost winded.

"Gees," said the guide. "Ain't that funny? Why, just last week we had two guys got theirs right there."

He grinned in relief. Feeling safe he went briskly through the woods, crossed the tracks of the main railroad and, still sheltered by trees, came to a company dug in under a high bank. An infantry sergeant spoke to the engineer sergeant and they walked away together. At once the detail stretched out on the warm ground. The corporal stared drowsily along the line of fox holes. Every one seemed asleep. The ground was strewn with empty tins, bits of equipment, bandoliers, fragments of all sorts. A tall lieutenant paced along the path. His uniform was immaculate. He switched at his boots with a hunting-crop. The engineer sergeant returned.

"Hey," he called. "Come along!"

An infantryman leaped from his shelter.

"Pipe down," he said. "The major's asleep."

The sergeant glared at him in amazement.

"He ain't had no sleep for three days," the soldier explained. "It's been bad up here."

The tall lieutenant came over to the detail.

"Be careful down there," he said. "Keep under cover and as quiet as possible. We don't want to draw any more fire."

"Is this the line?" the corporal asked.

"Practically. We have some men on the other side of the river but not many. That's why we want that bridge."

"Yes, sir," said the corporal.

The lieutenant smiled affably. The whites of his eyes were hidden by a

dull reddish film. One corner of his mouth twitched incessantly. The riding-crop tapped monotonously on his boot.

"Why don't you try to get some sleep, lieutenant?" the infantry sergeant said.

"I'll wait till the major wakes up."

The engineer detail went away feeling depressed and a little uncertain. They entered a woods again, walking forward from the line of troops. Suddenly they arrived at a stream. It was only twenty feet across but it was deep and flowed swiftly. On the opposite bank the wood thinned rapidly. They could see a flat space of meadow, and the gentle slope of the hill.

"You fellows keep under cover," the sergeant said.

Taking the axe he approached a fair-sized tree. The blade glinted in the level sunlight as he swung it over his shoulder. He was an expert woodsman. The axe bit deep and true. Great clean-cut wedges of the trunk fell to the ground. The tree cracked sharply and fell partly across the stream. The sergeant cut off the branches with a few deft blows.

With the rope in hand the corporal slid out on the tilted trunk. He tied the rope under a fork. Rising precariously he leaped for the opposite bank and missed. He sank up to his waist in the water. Scrambling out he passed the rope about a tree and hurled the end back to the others. Slowly they dragged the felled tree to where the corporal could make it secure. The sergeant chopped down another tree. They laid them side by side and laced them securely with telephone wire. Then they anchored the ends to either bank, cut a few saplings and nailed them at intervals along the footpath made by the

two trunks. The rope was stretched on the uprights to form a hand-rail. With great skill the sergeant succeeded in levelling slightly the rounded boles of the two trees. The sun had gone behind the hill. The woods were cool and quiet.

"There," said the sergeant. "That's a whale of a bridge, if you ask me."

The corporal walked gingerly across.

"It's no world-beater," he said; "but if they go one at a time it won't flop with 'em."

"Flop, hell," said the sergeant. "That's a good bridge. Nobody but a damn M. P. would wantta better bridge."

"Hey," called a voice from the dim opposite bank. "Give us a hand, will you?"

Three figures were discernible. The corporal recrossed the bridge. Two soldiers were half carrying a wounded man. His right leg was swathed in bloody bandages and he had a bandage across his eyes. The corporal looked at the three. Then he looked at the bridge.

"Will that hold up?" a soldier said.

"Sure," said the corporal.

They went forward carefully. It was a difficult task. The trunks bent and groaned. They had to carry the wounded man sideways with his feet hanging out over the stream. The corporal sighed in relief as he saw them reach the bank.

One of the soldiers turned and stared at the bridge.

"That's a hell of a bridge," he said.

They went on, stumbling a little, taking the utmost care of the wounded man.

"Well," said the sergeant resentfully. "Some birds would crab if it was Brooklyn Bridge itself. Come on, let's get out of here."

It was quite dark. They reached the place where the infantry were dug-in. Ration details had arrived and they could smell the hot coffee and slum. They strode among the eating men, who never raised their eyes. At the nar-

row-gauge railway an engineer said:

"Listen, I ain't gonna carry them nails any longer."

"Better keep 'em," said the corporal wearily. "Maybe the infantry will need another bridge before morning."



The Air Bum

AN UNFINISHED OFFICE ADVENTURE

BY OLGA EDITH GUNKLE

My office is the dullest place looking at it from the outside. The carpet is a sickly brown—the walls are lined with oldish books—the tailored stenographer sits near the door and guards it well.

To persons who come asking charity, the voyage down the carpet between the books and the stenographer is a modern Scylla-and-Charybdis experience that leaves them in a properly shaken frame of mind by the time they reach the haven of my desk.

To-day there came—down past the musty volumes on "The Family" and "Child Care"—a curly-haired giant in brown denim overalls. My stenographer gave him a chair and inwardly classified him as "young — H. M. (homeless man) — jobless — wants meal-ticket." She really was almost correct.

I hung up the telephone-receiver and turned toward "the case." There he sat—a big, bronzed, sturdy fellow—and frightened—well, he was so scared that I know the insides of his palms were

wet with that clammy fear sweat we all have at times.

Occasionally—but only occasionally—I try to look imposing for certain reasons, but most of the time my profession demands that I appear sympathetic in order to get the most possible information from my clients. To-day was one of the days when I knew I didn't look awesome, and yet there the lad sat too frightened to speak.

I smiled my very own smile—not the kind I make myself use—and waited. His nostrils twitched rapidly—he twisted his cap and blurted out:

"I'm a hm— f—." His voice was so low I didn't hear.

"I beg your pardon, but what did you say?"

He moistened his lips nervously. "I'm a stunt flyer."

"I don't quite understand?" I queried politely.

He looked incredulous. "Why, a stunt flyer does tricks on a plane—hangs from a rope ladder—jumps from one plane to another. Does parachute

long lines of books on "Child Care" and "The Family." I relented of my businesslike tone and called after him: "Hope you have all kinds of good luck."

He smiled back over his shoulder, an embarrassed smile, gave me the strangest, almost collie-dog, look, flushed a deep red, and stammered: "Thanks."

As he shut the door the stenographer remarked in a softer voice than usual: "I don't believe he's used to having people be as nice to him as you were. Did you see the look he gave you when he went out?"

"Yes, I saw—better bring in the next

case." When the next fellow shuffled in I began automatically: "Name, please? Present address?" Then I sat up horrified—I hadn't even asked the stunt flyer his name, let alone his present address. I continued automatically filling out our case-record sheet, feeling all the while very cramped and cooped up in my dull office, with the faded carpet and the book-lined shelves, and wondering rather uneasily what would finally happen to my stunt flyer, my "air bum" with the blue eyes and curly hair, who was ill at ease with autos and women, but at home in a plane in the clouds.

He Hoes

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

He hoes against the glooming west
Until his beard is full of dew.
The crows are home; but never yet
Has twilight found this farmer
through.

His son is mated with a wife
Coarse and common as the weeds.
His hopes have fallen on a soil
Less fertile than his thrifty seeds.

Eighty years have bent his bones
And brought his chin down on his
breast;
But still his arms swing at a work
So rhythmical it is a rest.

God willing, death will find him there
Clean and shining as his hoe,
Standing on his two stiff feet,
And not a weed in any row.

Sharp words and dirt are everywhere
In his house that once was clean.
His granddaughters run with the
men
And have a wormy fruit to glean.

He cuts the weeds away from corn
With a calm and ageless hate;
He does not care to go indoors
Until the hour has grown late.

He loves to be alone and see
His shadow lengthen without end
Until it lies across the world,
Across the house he could not
tend.



Building a Boat.

With Korčula in the background—a white city shimmering in a subtropical sun.

Korčula, in the Adriatic

FIVE DRAWINGS (FRONTISPICE)

BY CARL SCHMITT

KORČULA remains one of the beauty-spots of the world, untouched by the smudging hand of modern progress. Carl Schmitt, American painter, etcher, and lithographer, recently returned from a sojourn there, and these interesting modern studies of an ancient place are the result. Mr. Schmitt says: "Korčula is a town of 3,000 people on an island of the same name. It is on the regular steamboat route between Split and Dubrovnik. Since I was first in Dalmatia fourteen years ago the principal cities of the mainland have lost their character of peasant homeliness and something fine is gone out of their hospitality. But not so Korčula."

"I could write at length of the health (and consequent beauty) of the imaginations and bodies of the people of Korčula, due, I think, in part to a providential weakness in modern banking ability and in part to a beneficent sun. But the city, the buildings, the boats, and the indescribable water of the Adriatic are also a part of the picture. The city rises out of this clean blue water a mass of carved white glowing stone and climaxes in the cathedral which was begun in the thirteenth century. There are no automobiles here. The limestone-paved streets rising steep to the cathedral are built only for the prince and the peasant, one on foot, the other on a donkey. For this is the story of Korčula."



One of the Streets.

With the cathedral beyond, and Pelješac, the mountainous peninsula, in the background. Pelješac is the haunt of the few remaining jackals of Europe, whose bark can be heard at night across the waters of the Adriatic.



The Chapel.

In the centre of the town, on the top of the hill, is this little chapel.



A Vista of the Cathedral.



In His Own Country

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Author of "Strange Fugitive," etc.

In a Georgian Bay town, Bill Lawson worked on the town paper and was happy with his wife, Flora. They had grown up together and she had found it very easy to live with him. On a Saturday afternoon they went swimming, and afterward, lying on the sand, Bill told Flora that he was almost ready to carry out a plan that he had been making the last few days. The idea had occurred to him one afternoon when he was sitting in the newspaper office reading clippings from Sunday papers from the big cities. He had read about a professor who had described Saint Thomas Aquinas as the superman of the Middle Ages, a great man who had reconciled all the philosophical learning of his time with the theology of his time, and in that way had made a wonderful contribution. Bill told Flora that it would be rather wonderful if a man something like Aquinas should appear and by organizing all the learning of to-day into one splendid system demonstrate that science and religion were like a hand and a snug glove. Bill was not really religious, but such a notion fascinated him, and he thought that in his own way he might develop the idea. Flora praised him for being so ambitious.

She had to amuse herself in the evenings, waiting for Bill to come home from the town libraries, where he was making inquiries, getting an idea of the work that would have to be done by any man who was preparing, say, to make a summary of all the branches of science. One evening she had a talk with an easy-going fellow, Pete Hastings, who never worked hard but was always good company. Bill would never speak much of Pete, whom he considered a good-for-nothing.

She had no time to think seriously of Pete, because Bill had decided to go to the city, to Saint Michael's College, the scholastic college at the university, to try and interest some one in his plan. Flora was excited waiting for him to return, but when he did come back she was disappointed and unhappy because in the city he had got confused and nervous. He had walked around the college and hadn't spoken to any one, because he had felt that he had nothing very much to say. After that he became moody and irritable, though he was firmly resolved to go ahead with his work. Flora was alone in the daytime and the evening, and afraid to disturb Bill, who worked up-stairs and kept to himself. Occasionally she saw Pete Hastings and walked along the town streets with him, and one afternoon she walked with him beyond the limits of the town along the lake-shore. Beyond the vines on the spruce-trees, where kids played tree tag, they sat down together.

V

ON Friday at 4 p. m. Bill came home from work and sat on the front veranda before coming into the house. Flora, working in the kitchen, watched him through the screen door sit down slowly in the rocking-chair. She went on getting supper and called him when she had poured tea.

At one time he had been fond of combination salad; to-night he stared at the

plate, unable to understand why it had been placed before him.

"What's the matter, Bill?"

"Nothing. Do I look like something was the matter?"

"You look like you been thinking a good deal."

"Well, I have in a way; I quit my job."

"You silly, silly, silly man. No! You're just having some fun with me."

"It's not funny. Does it sound funny?"

"It doesn't even sound funny."

"That's the way it should be."

"You mean you quit your job on the paper?"

"Yeah, I know it sounds bad, Flora, but I've quit my job on the paper. I felt I ought to do it and I did it. A man shouldn't go on doing a thing when he feels like that about it."

She said jerkily: "What did Johnny Williams say?"

"He said it was too bad and was ridiculous enough to suggest I might change my mind in a week or two. Johnny doesn't get the point, and, God help me, Flora, looking at you and that expression on your face, I'd say you don't get the point."

"I haven't got any expression on my face."

"You have an expression on your face."

"Honest, I haven't."

"Stop your lips moving. Now stop it, do you hear? Stop crying. Here. Herc, take my handkerchief. Go on now, eat your supper, and I'll talk to you about it."

"Awright, Bill."

"No, I won't start till you eat something. Dip your fork in the salad. Now move your jaws up and down. Take a cup of tea."

He leaned back in the chair, linking his hands behind his head. He scratched his head slowly, letting his wrists come down gradually till they pressed against his eyes.

"You're with me, aren't you, Flora?"

"Ain't I always with you, Bill?"

"That's right, only this is a little different. A long time now working on the paper's been botherin' me. Even on a small paper like this one there's an awful lot of bunk tossed around, lies

and suggestions, so a man can no longer be scrupulous. I don't mean old Johnny isn't all right. But he looks at it differently. Maybe I've got so I'm too scrupulous, I donno about that, only it got to bothering my thoughts, I tell you. I can't go on working and worryin' over whether everything I'm doing's right or wrong. And it's not right. Say, how often in a day are you right? How often, afterward when you examine your conscience, are you wrong?"

"Please tell me, Bill," she said timidly. "What do you mean about your conscience?"

"Oh, that's simple, Flora. It's an old custom in the Catholic Church and it's too bad it went out of fashion with so many people. Sometimes a priest in a school would sit in front of a class and examine his own conscience and really be examining everybody's conscience. But you don't need that. A man can walk along the street and examine his conscience just as well."

"Who told you all that?"

"I just picked it up somewhere."

"Please don't talk any more about it, Bill."

"Why?"

"It just don't sound good, walking along the street doin' that."

"I was just explaining why I quit my job."

"And now, while you're at it, would you explain how we're going to live?"

"I'll do something else."

"Not in this town, you idiot."

Getting up, he looked at her carefully. She glared at him, hoping he would get angry. He merely stood there, regarding her indifferently, and she groped for words that might enrage him. If he would become violently angry and beat the table with his hands or

strike her violently on the face, she knew she would like it. He pushed back the chair and walked out of the kitchen.

He went up-stairs and she heard him walking into the sewing-room. A chair scraped, and he was sitting down. Then the white table-cloth, freshly creased and really a Sunday one her mother had given her last Christmas, attracted her attention. With the handle of a fork she made lines on the table-cloth, then stood up quickly and yelled up-stairs: "Bill, oh, Bill, you haven't eaten any supper." He did not answer. "Honest, Bill, I wasn't tryin' to get you sore."

For three minutes she waited at the foot of the stairs, feeling miserable because he had looked thin and half-starved. Then, in the front room, she lay down and felt surprisingly tired. Something should occur to her, a speech so impressive she could go up-stairs and talk to Bill authoritatively. But she was afraid of what he might say. For the first time she realized that he was capable of terrifying her. The sofa was old, and thick black hairs, protruding through the cover, pricked her hip till she shifted her body to a more comfortable position. Often Bill, lying on the sofa, would be tickled by one of the hairs and jump up complaining that the sofa ought to have been thrown out years ago; though when she suggested getting a new sofa he had objected bitterly. She longed for old days when he was happy in the evenings. To-night, after supper, he should have gone into the front room to lie on the sofa while she did the dishes, two pillows behind his head, and make strange but satisfactory noises on his mouth-organ. Not for two months had he played a tune. Nothing he might do with books would

be so pleasant for her as the noises he got from the mouth-organ, though often she had made him quit playing when the sound got on her nerves.

She got up to go out to the back yard and look at the garden. Only a few white roses were on a single bush, but all July there were roses. It was poppy time. Bill, though not interested in flowers, occasionally noticed dark-red poppies. Neighbors had noticed the dark-red ones and asked for seeds, but always she carefully gave away seeds for pink or white poppies: there was no use in everybody on the street having a yardful of the same fine red ones.

Watering the rose-bushes with a small green watering-can, she felt that she was no longer in her own home. She watered all the flowers, then sat on a grocery-box on the lawn long after it got dark, and thought of having many fine friends. Bill had grown aloof from her and stubbornly she told herself she would never again suggest that he make love to her, as she had done the night before. Her legs were cramped, sitting on the grocery-box, and she felt more restless than ever before. Her hand, patting the side of the box, touched the grass, and the dew felt good. She ran her fingers lightly along the surface of the grass, then touched her forehead with the moist tips. Three times she did it and her forehead felt cool. The yard was shadowed by the house, and a light was in Mrs. Fulton's kitchen window next door. A dog howled down the street, and in front of the house she heard Mike barking eagerly, the bark moving farther away as he trotted down the cinder path. Letting her breath out slowly, she got up, stretched her back, and walked around the alleyway to the front gate. She was

going to walk over to Dolly Knox's house.

Next morning, talking to Bill, she mentioned Pete Hastings's name four times, to worry him; but it never occurred to him that there was a personal implication, since he found Pete uninteresting and was astonished whenever any one took him seriously.

He was staying home all day. In the morning he got up at nine o'clock, had two slices of whole-wheat bread and an orange, and went up-stairs to work for three hours. Always at noon hour he seemed tired and puzzled, and she imagined the work was getting very difficult. One afternoon he came down-stairs at three o'clock and complained of light spots floating in front of his eyes. She suggested that he rest a few days. He shook his head, went on working, and next day had a very bad headache. In the morning he drank two cups of hot water and went out for a walk, without eating any breakfast. At noon-time he did not come back and she was so worried she could not eat anything. Later on in the afternoon he returned and said he had forgotten all about the time, and had just kept on walking around the town.

His hair was uncombed and his shirt open at the throat. He hadn't shaved all week, and his hands were dirty. She talked bitterly about his carelessness and his shirts, and one boot laced only half-way up, and said that soon he would be walking around the town in his bare feet. Mildly, he answered that there was no reason why he shouldn't wear a tie and, fingering his chin, said that he might just as well shave, only he had forgotten about it. Very angry, she told him to get his own dinner.

She walked over to his mother's place and they had a long talk about

Bill. The old woman offered to talk to him at once, and on the way home Flora insisted he would come to a bad end. Bill was sitting in the kitchen, at the table, a knife and a fork and a plate in front of him.

His mother put her hand on his shoulder and told him he was starving himself and was a fool not to eat.

"Of course I'll eat," he said.

"Go ahead, cook a steak, Flora," his mother said.

"I'll eat till I'm full," he said. "That's all you can expect of anybody."

But next day he ate very little and Flora avoided him in the house. She avoided him but really watched him carefully, hoping he would notice that she was no longer interested in him, and was surprised to discover that he was no longer aware of her. She wanted to hurt him, and sneered at him at supper-time and turned her back on him to read the papers from the city. In the evening she went down-town by herself and met Pete Hastings and allowed him to bring her home. He was such a gentleman that they walked very slowly, and they stepped off the road into a shadow under a big tree and he kissed her eagerly. A night-hawk swooped by screeching, and she trembled and put her arm tightly around Pete. They walked slowly away from the tree, saying nothing important but talking happily. Before they got to the corner she left him, promising that he could see her in the house some night when Bill was out for the evening.

Bill still went off by himself in the evening. Usually he went alone, though Mike, the fox-terrier, followed sometimes. Once Bill came home and shut the door before Mike got in. The dog scratched at the door and howled, and Bill asked Flora where it had been all

evening. Another time he was going down the front path at twilight, Mike tagging at his heels, and he turned, kicking out viciously, catching the dog on the lower jaw. Mike yelped and ran back to the house, and never followed Bill again.

Flora had been down-town shopping and was walking along the cinder path with Mrs. McGuin when she heard the dog squealing. She was sure Bill was beating Mike. Mrs. McGuin was prepared to stand at the gate for a long chat, but Flora left her and hurried into the house.

Bill was sitting on a chair in the kitchen, bending forward, staring intently at the dog crawling toward him on its belly. The dog was very scared and she watched its tail. She did not speak; she stood rigidly in the hall. Bill tapped the dog gently on the head; its tail wagged slightly, its eyes on Bill's face.

"Have you been beating that dog?" Flora said suddenly.

He looked up pleasantly and said: "Of course I haven't, Flora. Keep your shirt on." Then he went on staring at the dog.

"Well, I think you're a bit loony, do you hear?"

"Loony! I should say not."

"Well, don't hit that dog again. Some one needs to give you a good whack for what ails you."

He laughed easily and stroked the dog's back. Mike got up uncertainly, turning his head to Flora and watching Bill alertly. Flora looked around the room and then at Bill and the dog, and doubtfully went up-stairs to change her dress. Bill picked up Mike and sat near the back window.

She had taken off her dress and put on a skirt and was holding a blouse in her hand while she tightened the string

at the neck of her shirt when she heard Mike yelp twice and got scared. She hurried down-stairs. The dog yelped again when she was at the kitchen door. Bill, the dog in his arms, was looking out the window, the fingers of his right hand stroking Mike's ear. Absent-mindedly he twisted the ear, without turning his head from the window. The dog squirmed, but Bill held it and stroked the ear again. Flora snatched the dog from his arms and slapped him across the face.

"You great big bully! You great big fool!" she said.

Rubbing his face, he got up. She expected him to grab hold of her savagely and shake her till she cried out. She stood in front of him, breathing jerkily and waiting. He said awkwardly: "Haven't you got more sense than to do a thing like that?"

She began to cry and turned away and left the kitchen. In the front room she sat on the sofa, the dog still under her arm. Still crying, she stroked the fur on the dog's back, talking nonsense to it.

Then she pushed the dog away from her and yelled out suddenly: "I'm going to go away—I'm going to go up to the farm to my own people. I'm not going to hang around here with a loon like you."

From the kitchen he answered quietly: "Now don't be silly, Flora."

So she sat alone in the front room and made a plan for seeing a doctor. The dog went to sleep at her feet. Bill might be very sick from not eating, but if she went to see a doctor about him all the neighbors would talk. "I guess they're talking anyway," she thought. Some one in the town ought to be able to persuade him to take a long rest and eat hearty meals.

VI

The first week in September she saw Pete three times. The meetings were casual and unimportant, though they talked intimately and he suggested he should come and see her some night when Bill was away. To herself she admitted that she didn't love Bill now, but hesitated to be too generous with Pete; and always, after thinking of it, was angry at herself for being afraid of her own thoughts, because she knew she wanted Pete to make love to her. Talking to Pete so intimately made her feel embarrassed and afraid, and disgusted with herself for not encouraging him.

A boat was in the dry dock and many men in the town got work. Flora had to take money out of the bank for daily expenses. Mrs. Fulton was in good humor; her husband made so much money as a riveter. Flora had a rose-bush that bloomed late; two white roses were full-blown and there were three buds.

The night Pete was to come into the house she talked agreeably to Bill, anxious to find out where he was going and if he would be home early. Words came easily to her, though she felt that his face had become pinched and ugly. He didn't know where he was going, or when he would return, and thought it was unimportant anyway.

She drew down the window-shade as soon as he left the house. The window of the front room faced the open field across the road. When it got dark Pete would stand somewhere in the field, watching the front window, waiting till she lowered the shade. The light was not lit at the corner, but it was almost dark in the house; so she lit a lamp, placed it on a small table by the window, and sat down on the sofa.

Every small sound outside the house aroused her and her heart beat heavily. Her hands got very cold suddenly and she rubbed the palms together rapidly, then held them tightly between her legs. Twice she got up and peeked out the window, astonished that it was getting dark so slowly. The first time she lifted the shade she could see across the field to the tracks, but the second time a shadow obscured the farthest margin. Down the road a girl was trying to yodel and farther away another girl's voice yoohooed an answer.

She felt that he would not come and was at first glad and then indignant. Some one tapped lightly on the front door and she could hardly get her breath. Again he tapped and she decided to open the door two or three inches and tell him hurriedly to go away at once; and tiptoeing in the hall she opened the door, but he came in before she could think of anything to say. They stood in the hall and he kissed her quickly and she whispered: "Don't, Pete. You got to stop." He laughed too loudly and she said, "Sh, sh, sh, sh"; so he said: "Well, we can't stand here."

"Come on in the kitchen."

His heavy boots squeaked, walking along the hall. The third squeak terrified her.

"You better sit down quick, Pete."

He sat on the kitchen chair at the end of the table. "Are we just going to stay here?" he asked, disappointed.

"Maybe we ought to, Pete."

"Aw, come on. Come on a little closer. Say, what's the matter? I'm not going to bite you. Oh, well, suit yourself, but sit on my knee at least. Don't stand there leaning against the table."

"Maybe it would be better after all to go into the front room to the sofa," she said, pleased to have thought of

something to do immediately. "Only you'd better take off your boots."

He grinned, bending down. "That'll be real homelike." His fingers worked at knots in the laces. His fingers were thick and strong. Bill never had trouble with laces, because he tied bow-knots. He had one shoe off when she said suddenly: "Kiss me, Pete."

"Sure I will," he said, without straightening up. "But now I got the boots off, I'll tie the laces together so if I have to go quick I can just link them over my arm." He stood up to kiss her, and she noticed a small hole in the heel of his sock. He kissed roughly till she couldn't hold her breath any longer and felt weak. She had become helpless so easily that she tried to conceal it from him and led the way into the front room, walking slowly and evenly on her tiptoes, without looking back, as though concentrating on surprising some one in the front room.

They sat down awkwardly on the sofa and he took her face in his hands and kissed her. She held on to him and he kept kissing her till she no longer cared what happened. All the time he talked quietly and confidently. "You don't want to stick around here, Flora; let you and me get out of here."

"There's no place to go."

"Sure, there's all kinds of places. I'd like to go up the lakes fishin', sleepin' most of the time. It's great when you get used to it. It's great in the early morning when it's cool and only a little sun. That's when you feel good."

"I'll come, Pete."

"I knew you would, kiddo."

"I'll come; it'll be great in the early morning."

"There's nothin' at all for a lively kid like you around here."

"I know it, I know it. But don't let's

talk any more, Pete; not right now."

She closed her eyes, relaxing her whole body. Her eyes opened abruptly. She heard a脚步 on the veranda. Then she heard the front door moving on the hinges, and thought of jumping up, but could not move her arms or legs. Pete stood up, his head moving twice in a half-circle, and then Bill came into the room. He stood at the door, blinking his eyes, rubbing his bearded cheek with his left hand.

"Hello, Flora," he said.

"Hello, Bill."

Still leaning against the door-post he said mildly: "I don't like this guy, Flora. I never did."

His lips seemed to hurt when he smiled, and he moistened them. He had no collar on and had not shaved for five days. Short black hair on his face made his lips appear redder. The hair on his cheek bothered him and he kept rubbing it with his left hand. Then he saw Pete's boots on the carpet, the laces tied together. Pete, who had been staring at him, scratched his head clumsily and slowly bent down to pick them up. Grinning, Bill pointed at Pete's stockinged feet, then jerked his head back. His head jerked back three times, but he kept on looking at Flora. She was bewildered and could not speak. Bill spun round sharply and ran along the hall and out the front door. His feet only touched the steps once, and she heard him running down the path.

In her mind she could still hear him running when she said to Pete: "You better go home."

"Maybe I'd better," he said uneasily.

"Hurry, Pete, go on home."

"Well, I got to put my boots on."

"No, go on, hurry."

He hung the boots over his arm. At the front door he said lamely: "Listen,

Flora, listen; I meant it about the fishin' trip."

"Hurry, Pete; please hurry."

She put both hands on his shoulder, pushed him, and closed the front door. In the kitchen she sat down, leaning on the table, and had no thoughts, just a heavy, uneasy feeling making it hard for her to find a comfortable position. She heard a noise in the back yard and got up quickly to open the back door. Three cats ran along the fence. Sitting down again, she expected to have many thoughts and was ready to cry, but no thoughts came to her and she couldn't cry. Suddenly she became so frightened she hardly dared breathe; waiting for Bill, and moaning softly, she felt now that he wouldn't come back. "He's apt to do something the way he's feeling and running around," she thought. "He's apt to hurt himself, or do any old thing."

Quickly she got up and half stumbled into the front room and looked around vaguely. She blew out the light mechanically. Alone in the dark she felt better, hidden from uneasy thoughts, and in the chair she rocked back and forth, a board squeaking regularly. The noise gradually held all of her attention, the squeak seemed to grow louder every time. Rocking more slowly, she hoped to get over the board unexpectedly, but the creak abruptly startled her. "If I hear that squeak again, I'll go crazy," she thought, but wouldn't get up. It was time for her to become serious and think clearly. As soon as she attempted to organize her thoughts she jumped up muttering: "I'm not going to stay in here; that's one thing I'm not going to do."

Her legs felt stronger going into the kitchen. She blew out the kitchen lamp. In the hall she took her spring coat

from the rack, fumbling with a button on the sleeve with one hand while she opened the front door. She stood on the veranda. A light breeze had come up, blowing from the bay, and her forehead, sweating, got cold. The breeze carried the smell of fresh paint and she tried to remember which one of the neighbors was painting his house. She walked slowly to the gate and turned along the cinder path, heading for Bill's mother's place, because that was where he would go if intending to stay away all night. She began to walk rapidly with a short, quick stride, the coat hanging over her right arm. Once she looked back at the house and across the field at the station lights. Her heels crunched in the cinders. At the corner, near the light, she hesitated, then began to run, her coat hanging loosely over her arm and flapping against her leg. She wondered why she was carrying it.

Old Mrs. Lawson lived on the other side of the town. Flora turned south as far as the old rough-cast house with the broken windows and tall weeds all around it. A short cut was a path across a field behind the rough-cast house. The field was used for cow-pasturage, and wagon-wheels had marked a path. A clump of cedars at the edge of the field behind the house was a tall dark shadow, and nervously she decided to avoid the path and go the longer way around the corner.

No one was in sight on the street and she was glad. The moon was full—it was about eleven o'clock. She hurried past the rough-cast house, because no one had lived there for years and the windows were dark blotches in the moonlight. A negro family had once quarrelled in the house and everybody knew the story. The moon shone on the walls and the roof looked very black.

A cement sidewalk ran from the corner up the slope of the hill and her footfalls sounded so loud on it she started to run.

At the top of the slope she saw the frame cottage with no lights in it, close to the edge of the sidewalk, and no veranda. She rapped on the door and heard no sound and knew Bill had not been there. Again she rapped loudly and some one moved in the front bedroom with the window, open six inches, facing the street.

Old Mrs. Lawson's voice said: "Who's there?"

"It's me, Flora."

"It's a funny time of night. Is something the matter?"

"It's about Bill."

"Just a minute."

A match-flame wavered. Through the window she saw the old woman bending over the dresser, one hand holding the lamp-shade. The lamp-light was dim, but she turned up the wick and came to the door in her night-gown.

"I just wanted to know if Bill came here."

"Came here when?"

"About half an hour ago."

"Then he didn't stir me out of my bed if he did. Why in the name of mystery would he come here?"

The lamp smoked in the breeze. The shade got dark at the top, so the old woman said they had better sit in the front room. When they were sitting down old Mrs. Lawson, tapping her chest with the tips of her fingers, said bluntly: "Now, what's the matter?"

"I don't know. He ran out of the house a half an hour ago. He was acting funny. He was acting funny before, but this time something was botherin' him."

"I don't know what's got into him. Somethin's got into him and it's taking his heart and his head away."

"He's been worryin' me."

"And he's been worryin' me."

Flora imagined the old woman was peering at her and became uncomfortable. "You ought to put a shawl around you," she said.

"What happened to-night that bothered you so?"

"I'm just afeared of him."

"Afeared of Bill?"

"I just said I was afeared of him. But I thought he was here and I must be going."

She got up and went out, not hearing what the old woman said to her. On the sidewalk she looked up and down the street and began to walk rapidly, the coat on her arm swinging with her stride. Half-way down the slope she started to run, and took the short cut across the field behind the old rough-cast house.

VII

Half-way across the field, close to the cedars, she stumbled, her heel caught in a hole from a cow's hoof. She was on her knees in the grass and aware of shadows, trees, and the field. Calmly, without getting up, she looked around carefully. Night noises from the trees did not frighten her. She was looking for Bill, and he might have come across this path, or be lying down underneath a tree; so she got up and moved forward cautiously, peering underneath trees on the fringe of the bush. A twig cracked; she turned abruptly, listening. "Oh, Bill," she called softly, but there was no sound. Farther back in the bush another twig cracked, and timidly she walked away from the trees and stood uncertainly on the wagon-track. She

was accustomed to the darkness, made out a fence, cow-dung on the path, and a few yards away the back door hanging by one hinge on the old house. Trees and shadows did not worry her but she backed away from the house, moving slowly, certain at each step that Bill was in the old house. Suddenly she stood still and looked up at the clear stars, and, clinching her fists, walked determinedly toward the house. At the back steps, tipped away from the door, her legs would not move forward; her thoughts got mixed up. She called out softly, so her voice would carry into the house: "Oh, Bill; it's me, Flora." The sound of her voice made her lonely and she put one hand over her eyes so she wouldn't see the house; then began to run across the field toward the street. She found thoughts as her feet went down steadily on firm ground. "Even if he went in the old house I ought to look every place else first." On the street again she became calmer, slowing down to a walk. She decided to go to the station. He might be dozing in the waiting-room, or even waiting for a train. Far away she heard the hooting of an engine whistle and knew that if Bill were at the station, waiting for the train, it would be there in a few minutes. She ran, her mouth open, trying to suck in long breaths of air. She was almost opposite her own house; no lights in the windows, no lights in any house along the street; all the town was quiet; no leaves moved. On the path in the field by the water-tower she looked back and was glad no lights were in the houses, for the moonlight alone was better for her thoughts. Every object was distinct. The rushes near the small pond skirted by the path swayed, and crickets made the same noises she heard every night, sitting on the veranda. The

surface of the tracks shone in the moonlight. Carefully lifting her feet, she crossed the tracks to the platform. The telegrapher was ticking at his instruments, but no one was on the platform. Timidly she walked toward the waiting-room, tiptoeing on the platform, two trucks between her and the telegrapher's window. Her hand, on the knob of the waiting-room door, trembled as she pushed gently, holding her breath, peeking in gradually as more of the room was revealed. Just the shiny benches around the room, cigarette-butts near the end of the bench, the cold stove in the centre of the floor. She tossed her coat on the bench and bent down over the cigarette-butts. Bill often smoked cigarettes, and she thought she might remember the odor, and picked up a butt, sniffing cautiously, but could recognize only a tobacco odor. She picked up three butts but they all smelled alike. One had a cork tip, and she had never seen him smoking cork-tipped cigarettes. She sat down. Her legs began to feel tired. She held her lower lip with her teeth so it wouldn't tremble.

The engine whistle sounded much louder, coming around the bend. Eagerly she got up and stood at the waiting-room door, where she could see along the platform. No one on the platform. The headlight on the engine swung around the bend, the bell clanging, the light getting larger and more dazzling till it was directly upon her; then it was gone completely beyond her, the bell still clanging, the light on the last coach getting very small as the whistle sounded mournfully a last time. Puzzled she stepped out to the platform, sure there had been some mistake. Standing there she became very indignant and angry that the train hadn't stopped. She walk-

ed along to the telegraph office and peered at the man through the open windows. He was in his shirt-sleeves, a green shade over his eyes, the string on the shade making his hair at the front stand on end.

"The train didn't stop," she said abruptly.

He looked up quickly and said: "It never does."

"It should have stopped. I was sure it was going to stop."

"Where do you want to go?"

"I don't want to go any place, but I expected the train to stop."

"Sorry; that one never stops. Won't be one that stops for three hours." He looked at her curiously and bending over his instruments added sarcastically: "Come around in the morning; a lot of them stop then."

She put her hands on her hips, ready to answer him sharply, but became confused and walked back to the waiting-room and picked up her coat. She sat on the bench, her head hanging to one side, the knot of hair at the back of her neck becoming untidy. Idly she laid the coat across her knees, stroking the cloth with the palm of her hand. Unable to think of anything, she caressed the cloth. Her stockings and underwear felt damp from perspiration.

She muttered: "I been a bad, bad woman." The room was so quiet she could hear faintly the click of the telegraph-instruments. She had been thinking only of finding Bill, but knew of no place to look and found it easier at the moment to think of herself. He had needed attention, and she had let things get to a point where she had laughed at him, and had got so mean she couldn't stand him touching her. Now she knew if she could only find him she could make a simple explanation and

they both would be very happy. Listening eagerly, she got up, still believing everything would be all right once she found Bill, and that everything she might have done would be forgiven if she could talk to him. He had gone away and was hiding from her, but if she found him before he talked to any one else he would go home with her.

Slowly she walked away from the station toward the shipyard. The road from the station curves up to Pine Street and Pine runs down to the dock. The yard beams were dark across the sky. The steady wash of waves against the dock and along the beach she heard before she got to the pier. All along the shore for miles the waves broke and lapped the sand. The wash of waves was too monotonous a sound and she put her hands over her ears. A light was in the timekeeper's office; the night watchman, Mr. Gilchrist, would be there, but she was afraid to question him, because she knew him; and he would tell his wife she had been wandering around the docks at midnight looking for her husband. In the shadow of the fence she stopped, looking out along the pier past the tall elevator, all the way out to the end, and beyond to the stars in the sky. "I don't need to go out there," she thought. "I could see him from here, if he was out there." Sometimes he walked late at night out to the end of the pier and sat there listening to the lapping water, having his own fine thoughts. Leaning against the fence, she was certain he wasn't out there to-night; so she rested, finding words and making sentences to use when she found him, sentences that would never hold Pete's name, for Bill would understand, by the way she held him, he was the only man in the world who could ever interest her.

She heard some one moving in the yard on the other side of the fence and, frightened, moved away, taking short, rapid steps. No longer could she pretend she was talking to Bill, as she hurried aimlessly along the streets, stopping whenever she heard a footfall. She met no one. She was tired, but determined not to go back to the house.

As far west as the Catholic church she remembered she ought to be avoiding Bill, for she was afraid of him and had forgotten how he had been acting the last month. On her father's farm she would be much happier. Main Street was around the curve, and brighter lights. The road crossed Main Street and went north far beyond the town limits to the rural routes and her father's place, three hours' walk away.

After her tiresome rambling she was glad she had thought of some place to go. Beyond Main Street, walking more slowly, she was no longer tired.

Some good houses were in this section of the town, new brick houses with well-kept lawns. Farther on, where two streets crossed, was a new cement bridge over the gutter. She sat on the bridge to rest her feet. The street was dark and quiet, but the moon shone on the cement bridge. She rested peacefully a moment, then took off her shoes, rubbing the soles of her feet, looking back furtively along the road. Some one might be following her, and she would have to turn back and go home. The soles of her feet were stiff, but no longer ached, and she walked with an easier stride. Houses along the road were fewer now and smaller. The fields were bigger, and in patches of light in the shadow she saw the shapes of cows stretched out on the grass. Some cows stood motionless in the field. The last

house was at the beginning of the dirt road. She walked on the footpath close to a barbed-wire fence.

Away from the town it was much lighter; the sky seemed clearer, and the air warmer. The September moon was large and round, and she saw farm-houses back a way from the road. Stooping, she brushed her hand in the cool, moist grass. A dog howled near a farmhouse. She was not frightened. Walking steadily in the dark on the footpath, she began to sympathize with herself, for she hardly believed that Pete had been in the house or that Bill had gone running away. She sympathized with her life of the last few months, and knew she might have left him long ago, for only a good but foolish woman would have put up with him so long.

Her thoughts remained clear, though her legs got very tired after walking an hour and a half. For a few minutes she sat down on a flat rock near the path. Her hips ached when she moved, and her whole body was heavy. Her eyelids were heavy. Shaking her head to keep awake she got up and went on walking, concentrating on moving her legs, steadily, evenly. But she stumbled and knew her eyes had closed while walking.

The road dipped down across a small stream and her eyes, accustomed to darkness, made out shapes of low, rounded hills covered with spruce-trees. The next mile would be through low hills and the clumps of bushes. Huge, smooth rocks were close to the road. Where the bushes grew close to the path were many stumps, small rocks, and shadows. She looked directly ahead, feeling that she was watching one stump out of the corner of her eye. In the moonlight the shadow seemed to move



America's Taj Mahal

BY EDWARD W. BOK

[**AUTHOR'S NOTE:** I have ventured to write of the Mountain Lake (Florida) Sanctuary, universally conceded by every visitor to be the most beautiful spot of its area in America, and of the Singing Tower there erected, unanimously christened by every one who has travelled and sees its superlative beauty as the "Taj Mahal of America," because both are the work of other men's genius: the Sanctuary that of Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape-architect of Brookline, Massachusetts, the Tower that of Milton B. Medary, the Philadelphia architect. My own part was simply that of the conception of the idea: these men did the more important part of carrying the conception to realization. Hence I feel that I may praise their unquestionably marvellous work the same as is the privilege of any other person.]

On Friday, the 1st day of February, the President of the United States will journey, unless public business interferes, from Washington to Mountain Lake, Florida, to dedicate and present, for visitation, to the American people the most beautiful spot of verdure in the United States, which five years ago was a dreary sandhill devoid of growth and beauty.

There was little or nothing to encourage the landscape-architect in this sandhill when half a decade ago Frederick Law Olmsted was given the commission to change this dreary spot into a spot of beauty second to none in the country. There were but two natural advantages: the presence of a hundred virgin pine-trees and a natural elevation of 324 feet above the level of the sea. But Florida has no equal in the reward which it offers and gives to the planter of flower, shrub, and tree, and this Mr. Olmsted knew. He had laid out Mountain Lake Park, of which this spot was a fourteen-and-a-half-acre part. He knew that the

problem of Florida was water, and for a year he did naught but dig trenches and lay water-pipes, so that the entire acreage would be irrigated and water could be distributed from every point in the proposed Sanctuary. For a natural sanctuary it was to be, beautiful but reposeful and full of the spirit of a quiet, lovely place.

After a year of providing irrigation the landscape-gardener began to plant. This planting was to be, in character, Floridian and largely to consist of bushes with berries suitable for the transmigratory birds which flew over Florida twice a year in their flight from the frozen north to Cuba and the West Indies, where thousands of birds lost their lives from exhaustion on their long migration. The verdure to be planted grew in the swamps and lowlands of Florida, and the miracle to be performed was to transplant this verdure from its moist habitation to dry, high ground. But Mr. Olmsted knew this was a question of water, and this saver of the green

growth was in the Sanctuary, with its spigots every hundred feet. The planting was now begun, and it was decided that it should be of large specimens: blueberries and gall-berries shoulder-high, and magnolia, gordonia, suriname cherries, and live-oak trees from ten to forty feet high. This called for the most careful transplanting from distances of five to forty miles away. It was also decided to plant closely, so as to allow for a generous loss in changing the shrubs and trees from a damp to a dry location. For five successive years this transplanting went on, and so successfully was this accomplished that the loss throughout the Sanctuary was less than one per cent, the result being due to care in planting and a continuous watering. When success was demonstrated, the experiment of transplanting flowering trees and shrubs was entered on, and thousands of dogwood, wild-plum, acacia, and currant were transferred. A lower color effect was attempted by the planting of 8,000 azalea shrubs and groups of iris and lily. The result was here equally successful. It is not an unusual experience to transplant a tree barren as a telephone pole and have it blossom into leaf within three weeks, and have a fully leaved tree within six months. Of course such a result is achieved by the addition of a black soil to the sandy deposit, and thousands of loads of a rich black soil were drawn into the Sanctuary to help the transplanted green growth, with a thorough watering added each day.

To-day the Sanctuary is complete so far as its planting is concerned, and its visitors are amazed at a scene which looks more like a planting fifteen years old. Each year there is added four feet to some of the planting—a reward which no other State in the Union gives to its

planters. Two lakes were dug and added, and from their banks the impression is conveyed that they have always been there, whereas one is four years old and the other a little over a year. In these ponds teal-ducks, the colorful wood-ducks, and the only flamingoes in the United States live and add an interest to the water. A wonderful panorama of a forty-mile view which gives the visitor the impression that he is in hilly Vermont rather than in flat Florida was made accessible to the visitor by the change from a sharp sandy declivity to a filled-in plateau more than an acre in extent, covered with a grass base suggesting the perfect lawn of a private residence, with live-oaks picturesquely planted at different points. The mammoth pine-trees were used and transformed into flanking sentinels for beautiful vistas of long-distance views toward the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean; soft, shaded grass-covered walks abound and lead to every part of the Sanctuary; the colors of the azalea enliven every path; the unusual and superb song of the nightingale, imported from England, and nowhere else to be heard in the United States, is heard in the paths adjacent to the aviary; while the myriads of birds who have quickly found the haven where they could rest, bathe in the fifty or more shallow bird-baths provided, and eat the millions of berries offered as their food, fill the air with song. It is nothing unusual to hear the mocking-bird, the thrush, the robin, the Kentucky cardinal, the bob-white, the blue jay, the towhee, the warblers, all singing and whistling in concert, producing a combination of note and song entrancing in its effect.

In short, the miracle, which so many discouraged at the outset, of transform-

ing a hill of sand to the most beautiful spot of its area in America has been accomplished, and fills the visitor with amazement and admiration.

It was while this transformation was going on and its practicability being demonstrated that the decision was arrived at that the rest of the dream could also be realized: the erection of the most beautiful carillon tower in the world, with a carillon of bells second to none in the United States or Europe. Hence, the other half of the "mountain," as it is called,—for it is, according to the United States governmental survey the highest spot of land in Florida and also the highest between Washington and the Rio Grande within sixty miles of the Gulf or Ocean,—was purchased as the ideal location for a sylvan surrounding for such a tower. It was likewise unequalled in its proper height to give the necessary sweep for the sound of the bells, which under other conditions would require a height of 500 feet. But here nature had provided a height of 324 feet, so that a tower of 205 feet was all that was necessary, with a surrounding country noted for its quietful repose and an atmosphere known for its resonance. But, to further insure this quiet from the horn of the automobile, some 25 acres of surrounding land were added, so that the tower would stand in the middle of an area of 50 acres, with a protection of more than two city blocks from the nearest point of access of the automobile.

The commission for the Tower was given to Milton B. Medary, of Philadelphia, for a tower to be as beautiful as that at Malines, Belgium,—the inspiration for architects for over 400 years,—but adapted to the gentler and warmer climate of Florida. Mr. Medary worked for months at sketches until he

was himself satisfied with the final Gothic example he produced. How beautiful is his conception may best be proven by the fact that every travelled visitor who sees it now, in its completed state, is immediately reminded of the Taj Mahal, in India, and unhesitatingly ranks it with that world-renowned tomb, both in its whole and its detail of stone and its wealth of sculpture as designed and executed, in this instance, by the sculptor, Lee Lawrie.

In order that the enormous weight of the Tower—5,500 tons—might have a sufficiently stable basis on which to rest, there were sunk into the ground 160 reinforced concrete piles, varying in depth from 13 feet to 24 feet under ground, with a concrete covering mat 2 feet 6 inches thick. The Tower rises from its foundation base of 51 feet to a height of 205 feet, changing its form by graceful lines at the point of 150 feet until it becomes octagonal, measuring 37 feet at the top. Its 8 windows are of Gothic lace pattern worked in faience, each window of a height of 35 feet, behind which are suspended the bells. The first structure was of steel construction to the top, then a brick wall beginning at the base 4 feet 4 inches thick, and finally, as the outer covering, a layer of the most beautiful pink marble from the Georgia Marble Quarries, with the base up to 150 feet of native Florida coquina rock,—tan in its color,—the same as was used by the Spaniards in the old fort at St. Augustine. It is the perfect blend of these mixtures of stone that gives the Tower its soft and unbelievable tone of beauty, particularly at sunrise when the rising orb fairly bathes the pink marble and brings out its marvellous tone. The same is true in the ruby glow of the setting sun.

Just as the sculptural work of the European singing towers is reminiscent of the history of the country and its local legends, so is the sculptural work of the Mountain Lake Singing Tower suggestive of Florida and its neighboring life and legend. The first sculpture work is above the main door leading into the Tower, and represents the crane, the heron, and the flamingo of Florida. This band is sculptured around the entire Tower. The first windows, 130 feet high, have a grill of colored faience of under-sea life, such as the seahorse and jellyfish, which as it rises develops the creation of life in light, flower, and fauna in richly colored faience in the large windows of the bell-chamber, the whole culminating at the top with nests of birds in the tree-tops. Two-thirds of the way to the top, where in European singing towers would be found the gargoyle, it is embellished by the American eagle. The main door leading into the Tower is, in reality, a museum piece, hand-wrought in golden bronze, depicting the creation of all forms of life in 24 hand-wrought panels—the work of Samuel Yellin, the well-known iron-worker.

The question is asked by many visitors: "Why the name 'Singing Tower'?"

This definition comes from the Netherlands, and is the traditional name of a carillon tower. From early mediæval times, in the Netherlands, Belgium, and the north of France, watch-towers were erected from which sentinels could see the flooding of the dikes or the coming of invaders. In such a crisis the blowing of a horn by the watcher would summon the people to the threatened danger.

Gradually a bell replaced the horn. Then clocks were introduced into the

towers, and bells were struck to mark the passing of the hours. More bells were added; then chimes, on which simple tunes were played at the quarter-hours, and more fully before the big bell struck the hour. Slowly through the succeeding centuries still more bells were added, until in the seventeenth century that majestic instrument, the carillon, was evolved.

These towers were of great national importance in the community life, calling their people to war, to peace, to prayer, to work, and to feast. As each country saw its national history reflected in the architecture of the tower, as well as in the music of the bells, both became a single unit to its folk and known as a "singing tower." When you hear the carillon at the Sanctuary send out its glorious melodies from the Tower's heights you lose the idea of the Tower as just a building, or of the bells as bells. Instead you feel the whole unit alive, a wonderful singing force, the noblest expression of democratic music, a true Singing Tower.

Another question often asked is: "What is a carillon?"

The word "carillon" is really a misnomer, being the French equivalent for chimes, whereas what we know today as a carillon has absolutely no resemblance to a set of chimes.

An exact definition of the term demands too many details of the technic of tower music. Perhaps it is enough to say that a carillon is a set of bells tuned to the intervals of the chromatic scale (that is, proceeding entirely by half-tones, the compass being three octaves or more), the lowest bell being often many tons, so that in the highest octaves the weight of each bell is but a few pounds and all the bells hang "dead" or fixed—that is, so as not to swing.



The Great Singing Tower.

No conception of its beauty can be had from drawing or photograph, since the effect depends so wholly on the soft pink of the Georgia marble and the tan of the Florida coquina stone of which the tower is composed, apart from the colors of the tracery of the upper cathedral windows.



Two artificial lakes were made at the summit of the Sanctuary: one a reflection pool for the Singing Tower; the other (shown here) a pool for the flamingoes, six of which are portrayed. They are probably the only living flamingoes in the United States.

Many people confuse a carillon and a chime.

Whereas a chime, ring, or peal is a set of bells not more than 8, 10, or 12 in number tuned to the notes of the diatonic scale (that is, proceeding by a definite order of tones and half-tones), the carillon is played on a keyboard or clavier, similar to an organ or piano. In the Mountain Lake Singing Tower there is installed an additional automatic keyboard which plays automatically from rolls the same as the Duo-Art rolls on an organ. This is an emergency adjunct in case of the illness or absence of the bell-master.

Inside the Tower one enters into a private room created for the owner, superbly made, as is the outside of the Tower, entirely of pink marble and coquina rock, with two large windows beautifully carved above the glass, an elaborate carving over the open fireplace, and a superb treatment of the most delicately traced ironwork in the way of stairs leading up into the Tower for those who choose to walk. But there is also an electric elevator for those who prefer to ride the Tower's 205 feet—the equal of a 20-story skyscraper. Above the private room the utilitarian enters, by the introduction of two thirty-thousand-gallon water-tanks insuring the Sanctuary's private water-supply drawn by electric power from Mountain Lake, a few hundred yards distant. Above these tanks is the bell-master's room, where is the playing-consol, and above that the bell-chamber, which is thirty-five feet high.

The carillon of bells is the largest ever cast by the Taylor Foundry at Loughborough, England. It consists of 61 bells with 48 tones, or four octaves, the 13 upper tones being duplicated and ringing two at a time so as to avoid

the inevitable tinny sound of small bells. The largest bell, the tenor bell as it is called, weighs 11 tons, or 23,400 pounds; the smallest bells weigh each 17 pounds.

A 15-foot-wide moat, suggestive of Old World castles, surrounds the Tower, with pockets of earth in the inner side of the walls, so as to allow of rock plants being introduced.

A year ago over 300 live-oak trees from 20 to 40 feet high were lifted from a grove 30 miles away and planted around the Tower. These trees are already in their evergreen luxuriant leafage, and will in time form an overarching effect so that the Tower will rise out of a dense forest of everlasting green.

Between the Tower and the moat is a majestic series of palms, which were obtained from the grounds of an old residence where they were brought in seed from Honduras by an old sea-captain, and are now softening the corners of the Tower. These palms are already 40 feet in height, the constant wonder being the height and width of girth of the trees you can transplant in Florida, invariably with gratifying success.

In front of the Tower a reflection lake has been made, presenting a complete picture of the majestic piece of architecture at the feet of the visitor. This lake of reflection heightens the comparison of the Tower with the Taj Mahal, as does the coquina stonework, which is of the same color-note and texture as that of the Indian masterpiece, with its wealth of sculpture equally generous and of similarly glorious beauty.

The purpose of it all? Simply to preach the gospel and influence of beauty reaching out to visitors through tree, shrub, flowers, birds, superb archi-

tecture, the music of bells, and the sylvan setting. And a restful, quiet, beautiful spot where visitors may feel, as the sign at the entrance declares by an extract from John Burroughs:

"I come here to find myself. It is so easy to get lost in the world."

That is what thousands of visitors are doing each week now: tired and exhausted from the world, they are seeking and finding repose and quiet amid the stillness and beauty of a marvellously conceived and beautiful Sanctuary.

But why, it is often asked, was it placed in Florida, and not in the North? Because there is nowhere in the North a spot which is destined to be preserved for so many years in its present sylvan simplicity and beauty; because the gentle climate gives a reward in green growth impossible in the colder North; and because the character of the Sanctuary and the magnificence of the Tower will draw, in Florida, the same number of visitors as if it were in the North. The winter-tourist traffic in Florida is increasing year by year, and to such visitors the Mountain Lake Sanctuary will in increasing numbers become a Mecca for visitation; and where to thousands each week it has already be-

come an objective this is liable to grow into the tens of thousands. At each recital of the carillon there are already found hundreds of parked automobiles, with visitors listening to the soft musical quality of the bells. The question is not how will people be attracted to the spot, but rather how many automobiles and persons will it be possible to accommodate at each recital.

The bells are played at sunset each day, when on account of the quiet of the park the music is played to the greatest advantage, with an extra recital at the noon hour each Sunday and on each recurrent Washington's, Lincoln's, and General Lee's birthday, with a special programme suited to the day, as well as on Christmas Eve and at midnight of the old year on New Year's Eve. Anton Brees, the Belgian bell-master, is in residence at Mountain Lake from December 1 to May 1, and presides at all of these recitals.

Where is Mountain Lake? In the centre of inland Florida midway between the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean, 67 miles from each. The nearest town is Lake Wales, one-and-one-half miles distant, from which a driving boulevard directly leads to the entrance of the Sanctuary.



An Intimate Discussion of Our State Department

MY UNITED STATES

BY F. J. STIMSON

A former ambassador reveals the red tape and a few of the sacred cows of the State Department. Mr. Stimson was ambassador to the Argentine from 1914 to 1921.

THE first thing a diplomatic secretary is taught to do is never, in his despatches, "to put the Department in the wrong." But the difference between the under-secretary in the Department and the minister at his post is, as an assistant secretary of state once lucidly explained to me, that "The Department *thinks* the fellow on the job is a d—d fool, but the fellow on the job *knows* the Department is."

Imagine, therefore, with what joy a retired diplomat can turn his pen to a despatch on (or shall we say the despatch of?) the Department, with a big D—to itself.

In the first place, I incline to think the Department is, about half the time, right. This is a liberal concession, surely. But It has traditions—traditions, prejudices, hallowed and secular attitudes—which are unshakable. It pampers Peru, ignores Argentina, and meddles in Mexico. It is convinced that we should take trade, and give only loans in return. It was unalterably convinced that Argentina was pro-German during the war, puts Brazil in its pocket, and always alternately wheedles and bullies all the smaller "Latin-American" countries (they hate the word). Thus it varies between a "sign-on-the-dotted-

line" attitude, and the carting around of high commissions on battle-ships with silver ten-thousand-dollar tea-services to be given to some cabinet minister who for the moment holds the pen but is probably going out of office next month, and who anyhow doesn't drink tea.

Secondly, It is a singularly bad correspondent. Mr. Page in London was much vexed by this, though I think It is there in Its right. You are there to give It information, not It you.

Thirdly, It publishes your most confidential despatches in the newspapers. This is indefensible—even if it be done to make a score in home politics.

Finally, It has no manners.

This, which I consider the most serious charge of all, we will consider *passim*. But one or two other counts need further comment. It should not seem to give orders, still less bluff—yet I fancy many an American minister besides Mr. Page has had to edit the notes he is instructed to deliver lest their manner (I do not mean their matter) give offense. It should never send a threat first and a coax afterward. It should give foreign nations Its personal attention, and not write circular letters. And It should keep other nations' secrets—

except, perhaps, Its knowledge of them. There we erred in the publication of the Luxburg letters.

As to being a bad correspondent—why should It answer your letters? Your instructions embody their effect. You are there for Its information. (When in future I designate our Department of State by this insignificant pronoun, I shall always use a capital I). It is true that I wrote Uncle Sam some eighteen hundred letters—despatches averaging perhaps four quarto pages each—and had about five hundred replies only; and these were seldom even responsive, and never appreciative. The most the Department ever permits itself in this line is to say that It “has read with interest your No. So-and-so.” And even as to instructions—though in a time of world war, they consisted for the first year mainly of letters signed by Mr. Bryan introducing his political friends about to visit Argentina. I am bound to hope that the good man did this somewhat perfunctorily, for at least three of them got actually arrested for criminal fraud, and all wanted either favors from the Government or at least a personal interview—audience, we call it, in all countries less democratic than the U. S. A.—with the president.

But, great heavens! to think that all those despatches of mine—seven thousand quarto pages—are now bound up in the archives of government! And other than such letters of introduction, my instructions mainly related to the endless commissions in which we wanted all Latin (why not Canada?) American countries represented; It seemed far more concerned about them than about anything else, though I soon became aware that South American countries hated them. In 1915 it was a

“financial” one, and was to meet at Washington. Their governments hated the trouble and expense, and, I fear, disbelieved in the object; but were too polite to say so. I doubt if the most universal historian, having access to our archives of 1914–1916, would care to reprint twenty instructions of our State Department. Perhaps the most satisfactory one we diplomats ever got was when the Department cabled “use your own judgment.” Another very valuable one I remember getting from Mr. Lansing orally: it was, that a common cherry pipe bought at the corner drug-store for fifty cents was just as likely to prove sweet as a Dunhill brier costing eight dollars.

But it is hard for a green diplomat to get used to this irresponsiveness. Page in his letters wonders whether It would answer if he cabled that the King was murdered and the Houses of Parliament blown up. Probably not; but they would certainly give it to the newspapers.

It of course is not bound to give you Its reasons; though I sometimes think an ambassador could act more intelligently if he had them. In an old suit I had for Mr. Budge of Hamburg against the Union Pacific Railroad, then insolvent, I was instructed to get a nine-million-dollar judgment against the railroad, but I was not told why—and it seemed merely to establish a valueless verity. I did not know that there were many millions’ worth of coal-mines and other property not included in the U. P. mortgages which might be liable for our judgment. In theory, you ought to be equally zealous—as if you knew why you are told to act—but you aren’t.

But harder still is it that a diplomat never knows whether his suggestions—only *It* can give *instructions*—have

been carried out. For instance, my own cable—giving the names and addresses of the twenty-five members of the five committees in the five great seaports of the world outside Germany who were bringing about the great Bolshevik pro-German strike, in January to February, 1918, for the real purpose of tying up the port of Buenos Aires (whence the Allied armies were provisioned with wheat and meat) and four other great neutral or allied seaports, including New York, at the most critical stage of the World War. Or my other despatch in most secret cipher—referring to a shipment in our own pouch (I dared not telegraph) of a whole sheaf of telegrams in the German cipher from Callao and Valparaiso to Luxburg, my German colleague and chief of their secret service in South America. Did *It* get anything out of it? We were never told. Still, in such things, I think the Department was right and Page wrong.

It is harder, though, to forgive its inability to keep a secret. And harder still, for our vanity, to discover that the secretary of state—and of course not the President—never reads your despatches. The young college boy, acting assistant attaché to the secretary of the third assistant secretary of state opens the pouch, distributes the letters and documents (it is already late in the afternoon of a Saturday) and with a sigh settles himself to open your despatches. He scans the first and sees that it is all about a government “intervention” to suppress such a strike in the port of Rosario. He does not know what an Argentine “intervention” means, under their constitution, nor where Rosario is; so he hastily rolls it in a tube and shoots it down to the clerk who keeps the file on Argentine politics.

This is American “efficiency”; and it is a grand—filing system.

As to the first complaint—I have been told that if you add to your cable (you must *never* put confidential things in a letter-despatch) the word “*Confidential*, for the President (or ‘Secretary’ only,” your direction will be respected. I do not know. Unfortunately, my intimacy with the President was not so close as to justify me in writing to him directly, and I did not in those days know Colonel House.

Then your next despatch is about a German secret wireless station. Another young Ph.D. opens it; to do him justice, we will say he reads it through; “Oh, yes—Wireless Telegraphy, German”—scribbles a “File Q. 306” on it and shoots it down to its grave in the appropriate pigeonhole.

Of course, he may carry a despatch or two to the under-secretary of his department. But usually the test is what he, that first young clerk or fifth secretary, thinks is important, not what you think is.

Fletcher, then our ambassador to Chile, told me that for this reason he had given up writing despatches at all—“anything of importance I telegraph! Bryan does read the telegrams.” And I must admit that both with him and Lansing and even Hughes I have been tricky enough to lead the conversation to some subject covered in my past despatches and never found that he had read—or even seen—one of them. Of course it may be different with more important posts. But I followed Fletcher’s advice, and thereby I fear got one good secretary of mine into trouble. For *It* supposes that secretaries write the despatches—perhaps that is so with some political appointees, but I know that neither Morgan at Rio nor I ever

sent one word that was not our own.

But though *It* may not read despatches, *It* files them away most carefully, and they are all numbered; and the story runs of a certain minister to Nicaragua (let us say) who, believing that promotion depended on the number of despatches, spent the day before the mail day crossing the Isthmus in a railroad train, his Corona on his lap, typewriting madly a succession of despatches on any old subject that occurred to him, but dating them on different days. The boys in the Department like to have something to read—moreover it is their only chance of putting a minister in the wrong and so hastening their own promotion—and so my above-mentioned secretary established an undeserved but ineradicable reputation with *It* for laziness, because, that winter (our summer, of 1915) I sent few written despatches. The War was on.

But there were subjects of importance, or earnest recommendations or suggestions I made, which did require attention, sometimes immediate action, by our government. To get this, I devised a scheme which—though worthy of an exclusive patent—I hereby give over, free of charge, to my colleagues in the Career.

It is true, Mr. Knox did not read your despatches—for several days if ever—but he did read his *Washington Post* at the very next morning's breakfast table.

Establish friendly relations with the correspondent of the Associated Press in the country to which you are accredited. When he calls each day for news, give him the pressing matter of your despatch, just sent by cable. That way you will get results! And if, a day or two later, the secretary of state does read your telegram—or, if a letter, a

month later—you will get a good mark for your views anticipating or coinciding with those expressed in the omnipotent Press.

All the same, I think it is a pity that the Department should take *all* its views from the newspapers rather than from the ambassador they have sent—who, after all, has a better chance than even a newspaper man of knowing what is going on in the government he should be intimate with. But, things being as they are, with our democracy controlled by public opinion, I consider the agent of the Associated Press on the whole the most important diplomatic functionary we send down; he has more to do with creating a friendly or unfriendly feeling between the two countries than the ambassador himself; he can bring on a war, while the ambassador can only try to prevent it. And the public never sees the ambassador's telegrams, only those of the newspaper correspondents. And, in those early days, they did not send the safest men down as correspondents. My first A. P. man was a boy who had been a police-court reporter in Chicago, and whose one idea was to cable up a "story" which would get on the front page—otherwise I believe he was not paid for the "story" or even the cable expenses or so he told me (surely this is all wrong)! And one day the Argentine minister of foreign affairs sent for me, and the Brazilian Minister came to me, both in a great state of excitement, not to say perturbation—"Our young Associated Press man was in a fair way to cause a war between the two countries!"

For not too much love was at that time wasted between them; and there had just been an attempt to bring about a pro-German revolution in Southern Brazil; and to suppress this (which

they did to perfection, though incidentally the enraged populace burned all the German banks, clubs and "Turnvereins"—really armory drill-halls) the Brazilian Government had mobilized both the national army and the more efficient São Paolo province militia. And this cub reporter had gone to Brazil, and down to the scene of action, and was sending daily cables for the American people to read that that army, still mobilized on the frontier, was in reality directed against Uruguay—which, of course, meant Argentina. For, however much the great republic regrets the loss of its Banda Oriental (Uruguay, with Montevideo commanding the entrance to the great River Plate, the largest system of inland waterways in the world, not even excepting the Amazon or the Mississippi, is a sort of Nabor's Vineyard to both countries: it was originally erected as a buffer state between Brazil and Argentina after the war of 1826, which ended in the naval victory of Admiral Brown, a Baltimore boy, but now claimed by the English, who try all ways to atone for their seizure of Buenos Aires in 1805, just before they did the same thing to Washington; it was a way they had)—Argentina would never suffer Brazil to attack Uruguay; and its president later said so, in a state paper.

I promised both ministers to have young W—— called back—or down. Anyhow, he promised not to send up any cable I did not see—though bitterly deplored my blue-pencilling his "front page stuff." And pretty soon the Associated Press sent down the excellent H——, the man I have told of, as originally doubting the value of manners; and the intelligence and discretion of his work made it quite equal in value to that of any career diplomat, who is

too often solely concerned not to make mistakes, and "to pass the buck" on any real difficulty, always avoiding either initiative or responsibility. So, if for once I may presume to advise It—I would say, let the Department take a little more care who is sent by these great press agencies, and not so much about commercial agents and roving commissioners of sorts—of *all* sorts!

Thus we are brought back to the subject of this chapter—Its deficiencies. The German Government did not seem to share the Department's lack of interest in my doings. Important things were afoot—most of all that treaty of mutual protection and respect of boundaries between us and the leading South American countries in which House, I now know, took so much interest (I wish I had known it then)—and the A. B. C. treaty, which was signed, in my presence—and the Germans buying up all the wool, and cotton, and tungsten and manganese and other war materials, throughout all Argentina (which stretches, be it remembered, from Cape Horn to the tropics)—and the visit of Caillaux. On all of these Bryan said no word, nor answered my despatches. But when we gave a fair in our Embassy garden for the British and American poor in Argentina—the British and American Benevolent Society was almost the oldest charity in Buenos Aires, and for eighty-nine years the British and the American minister had alternately been president of it—I received the next morning the following cable:

"Imperial German Government complains that in the grounds of the Embassy you gave an unneutral entertainment for the benefit of British sufferers in the war. Please explain at once."

I replied that the charity fair was in

the garden of my private residence, not rented by the government, and that the Society (of which I was that year president) paid the expenses of no British subject going back to fight, and did help home more Americans than English; and finally that, as for being "non-neutral," half the Argentine cabinet were there, and the foreign minister's

wife—leaving indeed a strong implication of my opinion that the Imperial German Government might go to hell. And when, in 1916, it was my turn again to be president of the B. & A. B. S., I revenged myself by cabling for instructions, though I had accepted; and Lansing cabled back, "Your action approved."



Slim

BY CLIFF MAXWELL

A true tale of a hobo's dramatic revenge. Cliff Maxwell has been a world vagabond for twenty-five years. He wrote "Red," the adventure of a Shanghai beach-comber, in the January number.

UNDERNEATH the flying passenger-coach the heat was intense. The onrush of the train did nothing to lessen it. To be sure, the train's terrific speed caused a wind—yes, even a gale, or so it seemed to Slim, sitting on the truck-rod a brief ten or twelve inches from the kaleidoscopically passing roadbed—but it was a wind that held nothing but heat, dust, and alkali.

Slim peered out over the smoking wheel-flanges at the endless vista of Arizona sand and giant cactus which seemed to meet the horizon in any direction he looked. His head ached dully and the roar of the wheels a short two feet distant on either side of him caused a drowsy indifference to the gnawing in his stomach. The spinning wheels as they clicked over the connecting rail-joints half hypnotized him, so that he seemed to lose count of time or the fact that the train was whirling across the

heat-baked desert at a much faster rate than its schedule called for. Evidently the train was late and the engineer was trying to make up time. Well, if speed counted for anything, he surely was making it up.

A whistling-post flashed past Slim's peering eyes, then a switch-stand. They must be coming to a station. The brake-rod upon which Slim's feet rested dragged the brake-beam sharply against the wheels of the truck upon which he sat. With a protesting screech of tortured brake-shoes, from which the wheels ground a shower of sparks that flew in a golden spray upward against the dusty car-bottom, the train slid to a reluctant stop before a little, sun-scorched depot.

Hitching his lank body over the hot axle and between the supporting braces of the brake-beam, Slim crawled off the truck and out from underneath, oblivious of the hostile glare of a perspiring

brakeman who was watching the proceedings.

As Slim straightened up in a satisfying yawn and stretch before a cursory dusting of his clothes, half-curious glances were directed toward him by the travel-weary passengers, who welcomed anything in the way of diversion to relieve the monotony of sand, sagebrush, and cactus.

With the conductor's yell, "All aboard," the sneering brakeman hopped back upon the vestibule-steps, while the passengers directed their attention to the solitary occupant of the little depot, who looked rather wistfully into the faces as they moved faster and faster past him. Presently the long train was but a shimmering speck at the converging apex of the two burning steel ribbons upon which it rode.

"Any chance for a wash-up, Op?" Slim asked the sunburnt operator and station agent as he turned at the sound of Slim's approaching footsteps.

"Why, hello, Slim! Where the hell did you blow from? Where you been for the past two years? Haven't seen you since I had the night trick in the Denver Yard Office the time you and the Frisco Kid had an argument with the bulls down on Larimer Street," the operator replied in question and statement. "Sure you can get a wash-up here. Go 'round to the back of the joint and you'll find a keg of water there—also a wash-pan, soap, and towel. Better be careful of the water, though; it's been standing out there in the sun since I drew it from the cistern this morning, and it might scald you," he facetiously added, pumping Slim's grimy hand up and down, while Slim grinned his joy at this fortuitous renewal of a pleasant friendship. Besides, it meant coffee and all that goes with it—and it isn't al-

ways a hobo can get coffee on the desert, even if he has the money to pay for it.

"We'll have a good chat when I come back," Slim answered, releasing his hand from the operator's grasp, and starting around to the back of the depot.

"Hurry. The coffee-pot's already on," the operator sung out as Slim disappeared around the corner.

Slim filled the battered wash-pan, after taking off his dusty coat and easing a suspicious bulge under his left arm; then, soaping his face to a creamy lather, sloshed water against it and over his head of unruly hair until he felt wide awake and bright enough to meet the quips of his operator friend.

His toilet complete, Slim paused a moment for a last look into the cracked little triangle of mirror held in place against the weather-worn back wall by three shrewdly driven nails. He touched tentative fingers to several long, deep scars that ran diagonally across his cheek which the grime, gathered during his ride underneath, had concealed. With a parting grimace into the little apology for a mirror, he took his way around to the front and into the depot.

"Just in time, Slim. Coffee's ready and so is the rest of the swill. Beans, bacon, and eggs. Guess you can stand 'em O. K. Lord, it's good to see some one," the operator greeted him. "I get so lonesome at times I go out and make friends with the Gila monsters, sidewinders, and tarantulas. I've got 'em so they recognize their first names and come when I call 'em." He looked intently into Slim's shining face and grinned.

"Seems to me you've changed, Slim. Maybe it's those scars on your face.

What's the matter, did she scratch your face before she upset the matrimonial craft?" He poured Slim a cup of coffee and shoved a tin of milk toward him.

For a moment Slim did not reply. His eyes narrowed unpleasantly and a light shone in them that reminded the operator of the green fire he had once seen in the eyes of a trapped lynx.

"Got 'em falling off a train," he answered briefly, continuing to gaze through slitted eyes beyond the open window at the giant cacti which seemed to be tossing their great, prickly arms skyward as though beseeching heaven itself to send the rain that never came, and the heat devils flickered and danced in undulating waves of impalpable fire across the desert's pitiless face.

Inside, a blue-bottle fly droned somnolently near the ceiling, while the insistent voices of the telegraph instruments carried the news of life and death on their metal tongues, and the clicking purr of the relay lent a sleepy undertone to the song of the sounders which seemed barely able to penetrate the heavy, heat-laden silence.

"It happens, sometimes, to the best of us," Slim added, turning from his contemplation of the dreary, sun-drenched waste outside to gaze with wide, innocent eyes at the operator, who bent his head and industriously applied himself to the food before him.

"Reminds me of Isleta Red—the railroad bull at Isleta Junction," remarked the operator presently, looking up from his plate at Slim, who was as busily engaged with a heaped-up plate as any hungry hobo could be.

"How's that, did he have a scratched face, too?" asked Slim, with his mouth full and a twinkle in his steady eyes.

"If he didn't have before, he cer-

tainly has now," answered the operator with a giggle. "I guess he has been responsible for more skinned faces, broken arms, legs, and heads than any bull west of Chicago. Don't suppose you've ever met him, as you don't ride the Santa Fe often enough to have one of his visiting-cards. Anyway, he won't pass out his visiting-cards for several months just at present—he met the wrong hobo a few nights ago, who presented him with a visiting-card that was more elaborately engraved and embossed than any he has yet passed out to the hobos, with the result that Red is now resting quietly in the railroad hospital at Albuquerque—and will continue to rest there for some time to come."

"Tell me about it," Slim requested, shoving his chair back and lighting a cigarette, then tossing both cigarettes and matches to the operator. Following Slim's example, he had shoved back from the table and had tilted his chair against the wall. He too lighted a cigarette and then began his biography of Isleta Red.

Isleta Red used to be bouncer in the old Cactus Club down Nogales way until the dump got so tough the authorities had to close it—and that's saying a lot for a border-town club. After he'd lost his job at the club Red tried all around Nogales to find something to do. He found it useless. His reputation was too much, even for Nogales. People had not forgotten his propensities to bat customers, at the Cactus Club, over the head when they were not looking—also they were not overlooking the fact that he had proven himself the most ungrateful specimen they'd ever met, not barring the lowest cholo from across the Mexican border.

Red had carefully cultivated a bunch of border bullies who backed up all his stunts, and the people of Nogales had not forgotten it. They might have forgiven Red's cracking people over the head if he had ever given his victims any kind of a chance to come back at him, but Red had never done this one single time. Because of this and because of what Red was as an individual, Nogales citizens not only refused to give him any kind of employment but they invited him to take a vacation—away from Nogales.

He blew out of Nogales and into Tucson, where he tried to get a job in the gambling-joints or saloons there. He couldn't, because his reputation had preceded him. The manager of the Arizona Club in Tucson went so far as to tell Red, out and out, he'd rather give half a dozen Mexican lepers jobs than to give Red one.

After Red had tried a few other Arizona and Nevada towns and found he could get nothing in any of them, he took to the road and drifted hither and yon, finally winding up in Albuquerque, where he applied to the Santa Fe's chief of police for a job as a railroad dick.

He was hired and sent to Isleta Junction with explicit instructions to make life as unpleasant as possible for the hobos who tried to steal rides on the Santa Fe's trains.

"The Santa Fe operates trains for money," the chief of police told Red before he left for Isleta. "It does not want to carry a mess of deadhead hobos. We have got to discourage hoboing over the Santa Fe, and to do this hoboing must be made as hard and unpleasant as possible for those who try it. I don't care how you handle the situation; that's

your concern. Be just as hard on the hobos as you like—only be careful that you manage it in such a manner as to avoid newspaper antagonism. We don't care for that. I'll leave details to you—all I'm interested in is results. You'll begin work to-night. Good-by," and with that Red became a railroad bull for the Santa Fe.

Red took the chief's instructions literally. He began by building up such a reputation for being bad that even an East Side New York gunman might have envied him. He hadn't been in Isleta more than a day before he sapped up on a couple of inoffensive Mexicans who were in the railroad yard one night scouting up discarded tie-ends which they used for fuel.

The section gang they worked on had thrown them aside that same day, and the section foreman had told these two they might have the tie-ends if they wanted to take the trouble to pick them up. The Mexicans attempted to explain this to Red—but his black-jack cut short their speech.

The tallest of the two Mexicans was laid up for a week or more, and when he did return to his work on the section gang he made no bones about his intentions of evening up the score with Red at the first opportunity.

Red had not been on the job long before the hobos began to give Isleta Junction a wide berth. In fact they became so scarce that Red once more turned his attention to terrorizing the Mexican population. Upon the slightest provocation—or none at all, which was more often the case—he would use his black-jack on them.

Naturally, the Mexicans attempted reprisals. They tried several times to end Red's career. Each attempt was not

only unsuccessful but it earned the Mexicans unmerciful beatings. Whether the ones he sapped up on were the same who had made the attempts to get even, or whether they were not, made no difference to Red—he beat up the first Mexican he ran across, regardless.

Because of their failures, the Mexicans, who were too stupid and superstitious to apply a little mule-sense in making their attempts to wind up Red's career, became convinced that Red bore a charmed life. The Mexicans decided there was only one way to combat that—*a silver bullet!*

Yes, they decided a silver bullet with the holy cross scratched on it would just about take care of Red and, since the hobos were now making their fall migration to California, and were passing through Isleta Junction on their way there, this silver-bullet idea was not nearly so bad as might appear at first blush—particularly when you think of how the hobos whom Red had dealt with must have felt toward Red.

Red's latest stunt was to deck himself out as a hobo, and if a hobo was in town for the purpose of riding the night train out, Red would board the blind about the same time the hobo got aboard. He would wait until the train had gathered full speed and was several miles out of Isleta; then, turning suddenly, he would whip a gun out and, shoving it into the hobo's face, demand that he jump off the moving train.

Of course, the hobos would argue and plead with Red to be allowed to remain on the train until it arrived at the next station, but their arguments or pleas never got them anything with Red. "Jump off or be sapped off!" was Red's battle-cry, and if they waited to be

sapped off, Red was always ready to oblige. Holding his gun on a hobo with one hand he would use a sap on the hobo with the other to such good effect that the hobo invariably "got off" all right. If they broke their arms, legs, or necks when they "got off," and the first two casualties were by no means uncommon, that was no concern of Red's. They had no business to be stealing rides on the Santa Fe. He was hired by the Santa Fe to prevent hobbling—"an', by gosh, he was goin' to do it, er know th' reason why."

It was a month or so after the Mexicans had decided the silver bullet would be their next attempt to lay Red out that Red spotted a hobo who had been asking what time the limited left that night. That meant, of course, that the hobo intended making her out—it also meant more fun for Red. Hobos were again getting wary and he'd not had the pleasure of seeing one hit the grit off the limited for several nights. Well, he'd have that pleasure to-night.

Red followed his usual procedure, swinging aboard about the same time the hobo did and remaining aloof until the time and speed of the train was right for his stunt. This particular hobo didn't seem any more anxious to talk to Red than Red was to talk to him, so Red gloatingly anticipated the hobo's plea to be allowed to remain aboard after Red would pull his gun and order him to get off.

Red's two Mexican friends, the two whom he'd beaten up for taking tie-ends the first day Red hit Isleta, were familiar with Red's custom with the hobos. Too many times had they helped carry his broken victims back into Isleta, from where Red had either made them jump off or had black-jacked

them off, not to be familiar with Red and his customs.

After dusk the Mexicans stationed themselves behind a tie-pile a considerable distance up the track from the depot and far enough down to almost guarantee that the train's speed would be too great for Red to identify them from the blind. They knew, other things being equal, the limited would be going by them at a speed too great for any one to get off it in safety—and they did not anticipate Red being in a condition to get off at the slowest of speeds after they got through with him. Moreover, as the taller Mexican had spent most of his wages for ammunition which he used up in target practice, the Mexicans were not afraid the silver bullet, which would be the next one to flash through the tall one's revolver-barrel, would miss its target. If Red was hauled off the blind's platform with a bullet-hole in him at the limited's next stop, the authorities would only smile and remark that "Red sure met the wrong hobo this trip," and that's about where the matter would end. Nobody liked Red any better than the Mexicans did, and the populace in the stations on either side of Isleta rather looked forward to the time when Red would meet the "wrong hobo," and there was not a person in either place but would help the hobo who did the job to get away.

Just as the limited was passing them the tall Mexican drew a quick bead on Red and squeezed the trigger. Even in the fractional bit of time this required the Mexican knew his silver bullet with the cross on its base had found its target—but he could not be sure that it had finished Red. But wasn't it a *silver bullet*? And didn't it have the *cross* on it? Well!

The Mexicans hurried back to their 'dobe shack to celebrate the success of their scheme, and, inviting their Mexican neighbors, all held high revel in anticipation of the news that would seep into Isleta over the wire next morning that Isleta Red had been found on the platform of the California Limited's blind baggage with a bullet-hole in his gizzard. Yes, they were real pleased with themselves and what the tall Mexican had done—until Red, conspicuously wearing the silver bullet attached by a little silver chain to the lower point of his star, found them the next afternoon!

Instead of his heart, the silver bullet had struck the metal star over it. The star had deflected the course of the bullet and absorbed most of its energy, though it still had force enough to penetrate to Red's thick hide and leave an ugly bruise, besides knocking him up against the hobo, whom he intended chasing off the limited as soon as the train was going fast enough to "teach th' big bum a lesson."

The hobo immediately eased Red to a sitting position, and seeing Red pressing his hand to his breast where the bullet had bruised him, the hobo opened Red's shirt to see if he could tell by feeling Red's breast whether he was bleeding. The first thing his fingers encountered was the silver bullet, which he handed to Red. After further examination he shouted into Red's ear that there was no wound and that he was all right. "I felt your star. I didn't know you were a dick, but I guess, under the circumstances, it's all right with you letting me ride to the next stop without being pinched when we get there, isn't it?"—the hobo yelled the question into Red's ear. Evidently he was unaware of Red's practices and reputation as re-

gards the hobos, and was afraid only of being pinched by Red. He had several things to learn.

Red motioned to the hobo to help him to his feet, and as the hobo did this he again shouted into Red's ear. "If you feel bum, ole timer, I'll crawl up over the tender into the cab and tell the engineer to stop the train so you can get back to one of the coaches, where you'll have attention."

Red shook his head in the negative, and the hobo, releasing his hold on Red, stepped to the side of the blind and leaned out over the steps to look ahead. He was wondering if either of the engine crew had heard the report of the tall Mexican's revolver and were looking back to see what it might mean. As the engineer, from where the hobo stood, seemed to be unconcernedly looking ahead, the hobo rightly assumed that if either the engineer or fireman did hear the shot they supposed it to be the prank of a small boy placing a cartridge on the rail for the engine's drive-wheels to explode.

A violent blow on his fingers, which were gripped around the guard-rail of the blind to make his position over the steps possible, caused the hobo to lose his hold and catch his balance barely in time to light on the blind's lower step. He whirled and looked at Red.

In the now bright starlight the hobo saw Red holding in one hand the blackjack, which he had brought with such force across his fingers, and a gun in the other, which he trained against his breast, while on his face was a grin that made the hobo ache to kill Red.

"Come on! You either jump off or you get shot off!" Red yelled at the hobo.

The hobo thought Red had suddenly gone nuts. He looked from Red to the

ground flying below his dizzy, lurching position on the swaying platform.

"Hey! What th' hell's th' matter with you? Haven't gone bugs, have you?" the hobo yelled at the ghoulishly grinning Red.

Red's answer was to raise his foot and plant it in the middle of the surprised hobo's chest, and the hobo went off the flying train backward, to bring up finally, after he'd stopped bouncing and rolling along parallel with the rails, a broken, bruised wreck of a man whose face, as a face, seemed to be unrecognizable behind its deep cuts, where the gravel and cinders had ground their way into it. The section gang found him the next morning and took up a collection to send him to the hospital at Lamy, where he lay with a broken arm and leg for a couple of months, before he was discharged with only a few scars on his face to remind him of his experience with Red.

Red went to the hospital once, shortly after the hobo had been taken there. It was no goodness of heart that prompted Red's visit. When the nurse took him into the ward where the hobo was, Red looked down at him for a moment and then grinned. "You've had a pretty fair lesson. If you have any sense left in your thick skull, you'll know that you can't ride on the same blind-baggage platform with Isleta Red—and not pay for it!" he drawled. With a final grin, he turned and took his departure, much to the relief of the nurse, who told the hobo if she'd known who Red was, she'd never brought him in.

"That's all right, sister. I just needed that final jolt to convince me that there's only one cure for Isleta Red," the hobo answered her.

"And that's—" she began.

"Never mind, sister. I'm not dead

yet, neither is Isleta Red," he replied, and the light in his eyes boded ill for Red, so the nurse said afterward.

All this happened over a year ago. The tall Mexican who had fired the silver bullet at Red was crippled for life when Red caught him; his companion, if he hasn't drowned in polar seas, must be going yet. Red took the silver bullet to a Lamy jeweller and had him attach it by a small silver chain to the lower point of his star, and he became so inordinately proud of it he took to wearing his star and attachment on the outside of his coat instead of under the lapel, as he had done previously. He didn't care now whether the few hobos he encountered saw the star or not—he didn't need any excuse to work on them.

A few nights ago Dugan, the night operator at Isleta Junction now, called me up on the wire and told me in excited Morse that Isleta Red met up with the wrong hobo—the same one he'd gone to the hospital to jeer at. After he'd calmed down sufficiently for me to tell whether he was sending with his right hand or his left foot on the key, I asked him to tell me about it, and piecing it together from what he sent me I got the story.

Four days ago a hobo wearing green goggles and a four-days' growth of beard blew into Isleta. He hung around the "Desert Rose" saloon, where Red sometimes comes for a drink or when time hangs too heavy on his hands. Every one there hates him and will have nothing to say to him, but, aside from the depot, where the operators make it as unpleasant as possible for him, Red has no other hang-out.

The hobo asked the barkeep how it was to ride the California Limited out of Isleta. "She oughta be a good train; I

see her schedule is fast," the hobo wound up.

"She's fast, all right. In fact she's altogether too fast for any hobo to ride out of Isleta Junction as long as the louse who is the railroad dick here rides them out. Take my tip, young feller, an' walk out. If you try to ride a train outa here, this louse, Isleta Red, I spoke of, will only pull a gun on you and then sap you up before he makes you jump off."

"Oh, I don't think this guy will bother me. I've heard of him," the hobo was saying, just as Red walked through the door in time to hear it all.

"You see, he must be a coward anyway, to take advantage of a tin star and a spoonful of authority. But, even as great a coward as he must be, surely he's not yellow and rotten enough to kick a fellow with bum eyes off a passenger-train going at full speed," he said, peering up at the barkeep and then glancing swiftly at Red, who had edged up closer so he wouldn't lose a word.

"That's all you know about him," Red volunteered for himself without waiting for an introduction. In fact, he hoped the barkeep wouldn't introduce him by word or gesture to the hobo, although the barkeep was trying hard to do so without success because the hobo seemed either unusually thick or unusually indifferent.

"He's liable to do anything—and he hates hobos like hell!" Red continued, tossing off a whiskey neat, as the hobo, after another long look at him, started for the door with the remark that he guessed Red wouldn't bother him and that he was going to "make the limited, Red or no Red."

The barkeep must have suspected something, for he didn't wise the hobo up before he left the saloon.

That evening, just before it got too dark to see well, the hobo came to the depot to learn from Dugan if the limited was on time; and when Dugan told him it was but that he'd advise him not to try riding it out, the hobo just answered him with a grin. He went outside to the corner of the depot, where he took off his goggles and hitched a suspicious-looking bulge back under his left arm from where it had worked forward, and then took himself a short ways down the track where he could easily jump the blind before the limited gathered too great a speed to make this possible.

The hobo caught the blind from one side and, a little farther down the track, Red swung aboard from the other.

"Stick 'em up, you lousy rat!" was the hobo's greeting to Red the moment he pulled himself up onto the platform, the hobo whipping a gun from under his arm.

"I'm an officer of the law! This will go hard with you!" yelled Red at the hobo, thinking that might frighten him.

"Not nearly so hard with me as it's going to be for you, you unspeakable four-flusher and two-for-a-nickel bad man!" shouted back the hobo, jamming his gun so hard against Red's manly chest that the silver bullet he wore on his star stuck in the hobo's gun-muzzle.

The hobo reached under Red's coat, removed the gun from its holster under Red's arm and contemptuously tossed it onto the ground, which was flying by faster and faster with every turn of the limited's wheels.

"Now, you weak copy of Billy the Kid, do your stuff! I want to see you go off backward. The train's not moving

as fast as it was the time you knocked me off, but still fast enough for you to know how it feels after you've hit the grit. The longer you wait the faster we'll be going!" the hobo yelled at Red so as to be heard above the roar of the train.

"I'll be killed, jumping off the train going as fast as this. Let me stay on to the next stop and I'll promise everything'll be all right, an' I'll see that you're squared to ride all over the Santa Fe system and have money enough to eat on while you do it," Red promised wildly.

"Ha, ha," laughed the hobo. "Given a gun, a club, a tin star, and a nickel's worth of authority, and your kind of two-spot is real bad—take these things away from you and you're the personification of cowardice. Come on! Get going!" he shouted, taking a step toward Red, who backed down onto the lowest step.

"You'll pay dear for this," yelled Red, with the desperate courage of a cornered rat.

The hobo raised his gun and brought it down with a crash across Red's upturned face, and he toppled off backward with a thud that could be heard by the hobo above the roar of the train. He no sooner touched the ground than he seemed to leap fifteen feet through space, only to repeat the performance when he again came into contact with mother earth, each leap growing less and less until he finally brought up at the base of a giant cactus, where he lay in blissful unconsciousness with both arms and both legs broken and one eye hanging uselessly from its socket, where it had been knocked by the gun in the hands of the hobo.

He didn't croak, and the section

hands reluctantly brought him into Isleta the next day, after the foreman had threatened to fire the entire gang if they didn't. He was taken to the railroad hospital in Albuquerque and he'll stay there for some time to come. Anyway, he'll have but one eye to spot hobos with in the event he resumes his late occupation—and something seems to whisper to me that he won't.

The hobo who batted Red off the limited has not been caught and the only ones looking for him are those who want to give him money or help him—and that's the story of Isleta Red and what he got. Here comes Number Three and I've got to get busy. If you want to make her out, Slim, plant yourself alongside the water-tank and grab her when she goes by. No one bothers to see who may be grabbing her out of here. Always glad to see you and the pot's always on when you happen along.

"Yep, think I'd better grab her. I want to make the coast as soon as I can," Slim answered, getting up from his chair and touching speculative fingers to the long, pallid scars that marred his cheek.

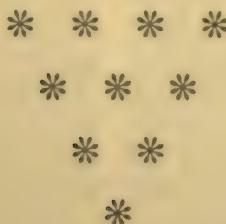
"These scratches on my cheek would remind one of this guy—Blackie, did you say his name was?—no, I remember now, Red—Isleta Red—particularly when one stops to consider how a hobo's face would be likely to plough up the cinders and gravel alongside the railroad-track.

"Your story was dam' good and so were your beans and eggs, and just to show you I appreciate it and that my gizzard still beats in the same old place—and because I have no further use for them, I'm going to leave you a couple of souvenirs to remember me by," said Slim, removing a holster and a sinister automatic from under his left arm and handing it to the operator, who had also arisen.

"Here's the other," he added, reaching into his pocket and drawing out a little silver pellet with a bit of silver chain attached to its cylindrical middle and a clear-cut cross scratched into its base.

"Good luck and so long," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes as the operator looked up from his scrutiny of the pellet; and with that he passed out of the depot and hurried to the water-tank just as Number Three whistled for the board.

"Vagabond Ladies," an article on women on the road, by Cliff Maxwell,
will appear in an early number.





The Wuthless Dog

BY FRANKLIN HOLT

UPN the wild mountain lands of Idaho, thirty miles from the nearest neighbor, a twelve-year-old boy and a collie had stolen away from work and were romping. They should have been down in the canyon pasture hunting for the three cows and driving them back to the barn to be milked and shut up for the night—safe from the attacks of the mountain-lions—but instead they had sneaked away up onto the level benches where the pines grew straight and tall and dropped a thick mat of smooth needles.

Ears and tail up, eyes roguish, bark sharp and eager, the big, tawny collie became a puppy. Almost delirious with joy, he was scampering over the pine-needles, scuttling around and around, belly close to the ground, inviting the boy Frank to chase him. Clouds of needles were flung up as the dog raced madly around the boles of the big pines, skidding at the corners, dodging the boy's clutching hands, panting with sheer delight. Thus they were when suddenly the tall, grim figure of Elias Stoorm, the boy's father, appeared through the trees.

The dog, King, saw him first and his ears dropped. Tail between his legs, head hung low, he slunk quickly away. But Frank was too stubborn and had too much pride to run away. Sullenly he stood his ground and waited till Stoorm's heavy hand seized his arm. Grimly his father held him with one hand while with the other he unfasten-

ed the broad, thick belt from about his middle.

"Be ye goin' to belt me?" Frank demanded fiercely.

"Shore I am!" Stoorm told him. "Ye've sneaked away up here to gally-wag with that dog. Ye'r naught help to us, yer mother and me. Ye won't even fetch the cows when ye should. Shore ye'r lazy!" he added bitterly, as if he could imagine nothing worse than that to say. "Ye'r like that sneakin', wuthless collie—nor can I seem to beat obe-jence into yer stupid body."

"Nor never can do, though ye hate me worse'n pizen."

Stoorm had lifted the heavy belt to bring it down on the boy, but he halted it now to stare at his son.

"Hate ye?" he repeated dazedly. Then his cheeks flushed. "Ye fool!" he cried angrily. "Ye dumb fool!" But his hand dropped from Frank's shoulder. "We don't hate ye. We'd make man of ye. Don't talk again of hatin'—or I'll belt ye. Shore I'll belt ye hard." Stoorm looked into the boy's pale, set face, and for a moment seemed undecided. Then he gave him a quick push. "Go fetch home them cows," he said roughly. "And don't ye talk of hatin' again."

Alone with his wife, Stoorm tried with slow and groping words to tell what had taken place. Trouble was in his eyes.

"Shore I never thought to hate *my* father fer beltin' me!" he cried in be-

wilderment. "I knowed well I deserved it."

"Frank is different," Mrs. Stoorm said with a puzzled shake of her head. "Ye don't think maybe ye oughtn't belt him so much?"

"Shore he's got to be belted ef he's lazy!" Stoorm answered her with simple sincerity. "Ye can't leave him grow up lazy."

Mrs. Stoorm nodded, yet a worried look was in her eyes. She shot a swift glance at her husband and hesitated—as if struggling between the need to speak and the unwillingness to do so.

"There's worse'n bein' lazy," she said at last breathlessly, her cheeks paling.

Stoorm raised piercing gray eyes and looked at her.

"Ye mean?" he demanded—and then Mrs. Stoorm began to falter.

"Maybe I'm wrong," she cried. "Shore I guess I'm wrong, but——"

"But what?" Stoorm insisted.

"I mean how he is about goin' out into the dark—how he'll do most anything sooner'n leave the cabin after nightfall. Have ye seen too? Or do I mistake?" she asked anxiously—eager to be contradicted. But Stoorm did not contradict her. He dropped his head with grim consent, his rough features grown tired.

"Ye do not mistake," he answered her bitterly. "Frank is a coward. I've known it this four years—sayin' nothin'. I hoped he'd grow out of it—but he gets worse." There was shame in his voice, but suddenly he clenched his big fists and his tone became harsh. "Shore I didn't think to have son that was a coward!" he cried. "He's lazy to boot. He goes shirkin' his work to sneak off with that wuthless collie, King. An' he talks of hatin'! Shore I'll larn him to

talk different, and to do his tasks like all of us has to. Ef he's lazy an' a coward, I reckon a belt will change him. Sometimes I think that dog is the fault of it. Ef he'd no dog to sneak off with, happen he might think more to his work. Shore I think I'll shoot that King!"

Frank had been approaching the cabin as his father spoke, and he stepped into the doorway in time to hear Stoorm's last words. His face was red with the heat of hunting the cows—one of which had hidden away and could not be found—but now the color suddenly drained away, leaving him pale under his tan. He stood stock-still, staring wide-eyed at Stoorm—horror in his features.

"Ye'd shoot King?" he gasped. "Ye'd shoot my dawg!" His voice quavered and he raised a stiff hand, pointing it at Stoorm. "Ef ye kill my dawg, I'll kill ye!" he cried with wild vehemence. His lower lip was white and trembling, but his eyes were fierce. "Damn ye! Damn ye!" he shouted. Then he flashed around and fled toward the woods, a strangled noise issuing from his throat. At his heels trotted the tawny, big-boned collie—the "wuthless" King. And Mrs. Stoorm turned tremulously to her husband.

"Ye'll not shoot his dog?" she pleaded. "Ye'll not. King is all he has fer playin'. Ye wouldn't do it."

But Stoorm's face was flushed red with anger. He stared with stern eyes after the retreating figures of Frank and King. Yet he spoke no word at once—waiting till he could do so calmly—for it was his creed never to answer in the heat of anger. Stoorm prided himself on his justice and his unshakable holding to a word once spoken.

"Shore he cannot speak to his fa-

ther of killin'!" he began grimly. "For thet he shall be punished—an' fer the blasphemy. As fer King—I've made up my mind. This will I do: The very first time him an'thet dog sneak off together from work, then will I shoot a charge of buckshot through King's head. I'll warn Frank thet—and shore I'll belt him when he comes back. I'll larn him to talk of killin' to his father."

And belt him he did when Frank returned an hour later, just as the dark shadows began to fall across the mountain valley. At the same time, with measured grimness, he warned the boy that he meant to shoot King at the very next sneaking away of the two from work.

Frank took the punishment as stoically as he could, but the heavy belt at last beat down his will and he began to bellow. It was then that an ugly snarl was heard outside the cabin, and King flashed through the doorway, fangs bared and a wolf-growl in his throat. Straight for Stoorm's jugular he went. Another man, less strong and less quick, would have gone down under the assault, and perhaps never come up again, but Stoorm was all muscle and had the quickness of the pioneer. In mid-air he caught the collie, his big hands circling the throat and beginning with his enormous strength to throttle the dog.

"Ye'd jump at me, would ye?" he addressed the dog. "Ye wuthless, treacherous dog. Ye'll never do it again." Already the collie was gasping. He was nearly gone—and from Frank there rang a desperate cry.

"Don't kill King, father! Father! He was defendin' me!" the boy sobbed. "Thet's no treachery."

"Elias!" came the pleading, frightened voice of Mrs. Stoorm. "Ye must be just." She knew how to reach his

pride. "The dog was defendin' Frank. He don't know better."

"Stoorm stood motionless for a few moments, his strong fingers relaxing a little their terrible throttling hold on King's throat. Then grimly he walked to the door of the cabin and flung King outside, standing there with heaving chest, watching while the gasping dog regained its feet.

"It's true," he said with slow justice. "The dog was defendin' Frank. I'm glad ye stopped me afore I killed him—but he must larn thet I'm not to be attacked. Ef ye can't larn him, he dies."

King was gasping and growling. He had been close to death, but his spirit was indomitable. As he faced Stoorm now, his hair was bristling, his lips curled back, and between closed fangs there issued a ferocious snarl. There was in his glowing eyes the fury of his wild wolf ancestors. He crouched and began to creep forward.

"Frank!" commanded Stoorm sharply. "Call King off! Ef he comes at me again, I'll kill him. Call him quick! He's goin' to jump!"

"King!" screamed the boy, his voice breaking shrilly. "Down! Down, King!" He stepped in front of his father with harsh, high-pitched commands, advancing on the collie as if to strike him.

King winced, cringing and closing his eyes, his head turned on one side as if to receive a humiliating blow. He didn't know what he had done that was wrong, but he knew Frank was angry. Belly to the ground, he crept toward the boy, begging forgiveness and trying to lick the latter's bare feet; and Frank turned a pale face pleadingly back to his father.

"He'll not do it again!" he cried.

A queer laugh came from Stoorm's throat.

"Wouldn't he?" he said. "Shore he just would, did I but raise the belt agin ye once more." He eyed King grimly. "Now mind ye, I've said I'll shoot him ef he leads ye away from work again. I've said it—and shore I'll do it. Tie him up now. The dog shall be punished fer jumpin' at me. He'll be fair sick to be separated from ye. As fer ye—ye'll go fetch home the other cow that hid out on ye. She's calved, I reckon—and hid herself—but she's got to be found. The mountain-lions are quick to smell a new-born calf."

Frank looked away into the rapidly gathering gloom and caught his breath.

"It's gettin' dark, father," he faltered.

His mother saw the fear in his eyes and looked pleadingly at Stoorm, but the latter pressed his lips together.

"The sooner ye go the sooner ye shall be back," he said. "The cow must be fetched home. Ef ye'd not shirked it earlier ye'd have found her. But ye sneaked off with that dog. Now I say ye shall go get her."

Frank gulped, looking at his mother—but she shook her head, for she knew there was no changing Stoorm now.

"Ye best go quickly, Frank," she told him.

"Kin I take King?" But Stoorm shook his head.

"The dog stays tied. I said it. Ye shall go alone. It is fer a punishment. And mind ye do not come back without the cow. Shore ye'll neither eat nor sleep till she is found. Now go!"

"King would help me find her, father," Frank persisted. "Let King go."

"I said no!" Stoorm answered. "The dog stays tied."

"I can't find her alone," Frank said sullenly.

"What?" Stoorm demanded sternly.

"Do ye say ye won't?" His clear gray eyes flashed anger. "Go!" he commanded. "Go now! Or shore I'll belt ye again."

From King there came a deep-throated growl, and Stoorm wheeled on him, pointing a threatening finger.

"Tie that dawg! And by God!"—it was rarely that Stoorm ever used a blasphemy—"By God! Ef ye don't go quick I'll shoot yer dawg now. Shore I'll shoot him anyhow ef ye dare come back without the cow. Mind I've said it. Go!"

"I'm afeered, father," Frank gasped. "Ye'll not make me go alone in the dark—not up the canyon. There's lions and bears out nights. Don't make me go."

"Ye may take a lantern and the small rifle," Stoorm told him grimly. "Ef ye'r afeered it's because ye'r a coward—an' I'll not have son that's a coward. I'll larn ye different. Ye'll go alone. I've said it—an' ye know I cannot alter my word. Ye'll find that cow though ye look all night."

There fell a silence then out in the darkness beside the log cabin. Mrs. Stoorm's hands were clenched tight one in the other, tense with fear lest Frank should disobey his father, for she understood keenly the boy's dread of the darkness. Stoorm, too, was tense. With a sick feeling he knew that if Frank did refuse or shirk it, he would have to make good his threat on King. He would have to belt the boy as he never had before.

"Frank!" he said harshly—and neither wife nor son suspected the anxiety back of that grim voice. "Frank! Shore ye better be startin' quick!" He strode into the cabin, took an old rifle from the wall, loaded it, and handed it with a handful of extra shells to Frank. His mother gave him a lighted lantern.

But still the boy did not move. His mother felt him shaking with fright.

"Up in the far end of the canyon, Frank," she said to him. "The cows always hide-out up there. There's naught to be afeered of. The lions won't touch ye—not 'less they're cornered or wounded—nor the bears. Go now," she coaxed with a brave voice. "I'll have a bite to eat fer ye when ye come back." She pushed him gently.

"Give King something to eat now," Frank mumbled. The dog was straining at the unaccustomed rope about his neck. "Good-by, old King!" Frank told him. "Be a good dog. Lie down." He was trying to hide his fear in speech, but Mrs. Stoorm heard the tremor in his voice.

"Mind, ye don't shirk it," she whispered, her voice suddenly breaking. "Ye should have done it earlier." She gave him a final, frantic push and hurried back into the cabin.

His father watching grimly, King pulling at his rope and whimpering, Frank went off into the darkness—lantern in one hand and heavy rifle in the other. The lantern cast his shadow against the pine trunks and made fear clutch his heart. Two hundred yards from the cabin, when its lights had been lost to view, Frank halted. Under his ribs his heart hammered. His throat was dry. He could hear King yelping frantically, miserable at being deserted.

"Old Kingie dog," Frank said softly, trembling—desiring the dog's company as never before—but the sound of his whispered voice was so ghastly to his ears that he shivered and held his breath out there in the blackness under the pine-trees. The forest silence made him swallow hard with quick dread—and clenching his jaws he pushed on.

Presently he came out from under

the tall pines into the mouth of the canyon bottom. Overhead he could see the sky and stars. The moon would be up in another hour. But even without it, in the clear sky of the mountain altitude, the stars gave him a dim light, enough to distinguish the dark clumps of cedar that were scattered through the pasture-land. Behind them the lost cow might be hidden. Night animals could crouch there too. The swinging lantern made their shadows sway back and forth and sent fear clutching at his throat. The impulse to turn back and run for home almost overcame him. A belting was nothing as compared with his dread of the dark. It was only his father's threat to shoot King that made him keep on.

Standing still, Frank listened to see if he could catch sound of the cow. Far away on the hilltop there came the lonely bark of a coyote, and Frank had suddenly to swallow the lump of fright that rose in his throat. He knew his father said a coyote was harmless, but it was a beast of the night, and he had heard that coyotes followed in the wake of the mountain-lions to eat up whatever the fierce cats might leave. He began then to call for the lost cow as he did in the daytime, but the call sounded weird and uncanny to his ears as it carried on the still night air up along the rocks of the canyon and across to the far mountainside—the coyotes taking up the echo and barking it from hilltop to hilltop.

Even the collie, King, half a mile away—back at the cabin—picked up the call as he lay tethered and began suddenly a frightful struggle to free himself, backing away from the cord and trying to slip it off over his head. Mrs. Stoorm heard him and went to the door.

Anxiously she watched him as he leaped against the rope, snarling, whining, almost strangling himself.

"Elias," she asked, "ye don't think the dog will do itself a hurt. He's most choking himself. Could ye not loose him now?"

Stoorm's reply was clear and decided.

"Have I not said he should stay tied? Would ye have me alter my word? This is fer a punishment."

Mrs. Stoorm nodded submissively. Then she looked off into the darkness toward the canyon and her hands clasped themselves. At her feet King had suddenly stopped his leaping and stood with nose in the air, back hairs bristling. A low growl started in his throat and once more he began plunging at his rope. It was as if he had all at once gone out of his head. Mrs. Stoorm saw and her hands gripped each other tighter.

"What is it, King?" she asked with husky whisper. She looked off into the night again and then went nervously back into the cabin. Stoorm was busy with a broken strap-buckle and she said no word, though her ears continued to listen to the struggling King.

And out in the canyon bottom Frank kept up the hunt. Clutching the heavy rifle tight, he pushed on, eyes roving fearfully to right and left, fighting the impulse to look behind, for a backward look always sent a thrill of fear up his spine.

It must be as his mother had said, that the cow was up in the far end of the canyon. When calving they had an instinct to secrete themselves, and up at that end the canyon walls were broken into long, narrow shelf-like benches up which the cows would go and hide-out in some nook where the shelf widened

and a clump of cedars had sprung up to screen them. Ideal hiding-places they were, for they frequently terminated abruptly—the shelf dropping away and leaving only the one approach up the narrow path in the mountain wall. Easy to guard—a sheer wall above and another below.

It was from one of these ledges that Frank heard the first response from the lost cow. It was an appealing moo-oo in answer to his call, and sounded some twenty or thirty feet above the canyon bottom. His heart leaped joyfully.

"She's calved shore," he told himself, for he recognized the plaintive note in her reply. He moved forward more quickly then, searching along the canyon wall for the beginning of the slanting shelf that would lead him up. It wasn't hard to find—a three-foot-wide path projecting from the solid wall of rock. The lantern showed it clearly—and Frank found fresh cow signs. He called again and started up. He had gone perhaps fifty yards when suddenly in the narrow path ahead of him there came an angry, frightened spit that brought him to a sudden stop, cold with fear, the hair on his head prickling. By the light of his lantern he saw a young, partly grown, mountain-lion kitten. Its eyes glowed green and it was crouching, short ears flat—badly scared—almost as badly as Frank.

With heart hammering, the boy began to back down the slanting ledge. He might have shot the kitten, but he was too frightened. He was really not in danger yet. The animal would let him get away. It was as eager as he—only dangerous when cornered. But then happened something unexpected. The cow with her calf suddenly got wind of the mountain-lion on the shelf to her hiding-place—a menace to her

calf—and in an instant she was no longer a gentle cow but a furious mother. She had never encountered a lion before, never killed one certainly, but she knew how it should be done. With a bellow she charged down the rock path upon the young lion.

The cub was trapped. He made a vain attempt to scramble up the steep canyon wall, but fell back. Sliding, scratching, spitting, and screaming he fell back almost under the cow's feet—and she with an age-old instinct plunged forward on him with bent knees, crushing the breath out of him, breaking his ribs, kneading him with relentless strokes—and the kitten sent forth an appeal for succor. It knew its mother was near.

Frank, shaking with fright, turned on the ledge and started running down. He wasn't sure that the enraged cow might not turn on him also.

From the canyon bottom came a scream like an hysterical woman. The female mountain-lion, mother of the kitten, had heard his death wail and was speeding toward him with long, frantic bounds. Up the canyon wall where it was only ten feet high she leaped at one bound. Ahead of her she smelled man, she smelled cow, she smelled new-born calf, and she smelled the blood of her kitten. Rage overcame fear and she galloped on. A turn in the ledge brought her and Frank face to face, not thirty feet apart.

Frank screamed, the lantern flew from his hand and went out as the chimney was shattered. He heard the sibilant spit of the mountain-lioness and flung his rifle to his shoulder. He was shaking like a leaf and could see scarcely anything. The rifle swayed and wove circles as he sought to steady it. It had no aim; but he fired anyway. The next

instant he was knocked down and nearly trampled on as the mother cow charged clumsily down the path after her next assailant—the lioness. Head lowered and tossing she plunged along the rocky path. If her horns or her knees struck the animal she might kill it as she had the kitten. But this was a full-grown lion, more agile, more terrible.

The cow swept on. Rage made her almost blind. She lunged for where the lioness should be—but the beast had bounded high up against the rock wall and down over the cow's back—avoiding the horns and hoofs. The cow tried to swerve and guard her rear but the path was too narrow for such a manœuvre and as a result she plunged off, crashing into a thick growth of cedars on the canyon bottom, not badly hurt but tangled and caught beyond her powers to extricate herself.

Between the lioness and her kitten there was now only Frank. He had got to his feet again and crammed another shell into the rifle. Breath coming in dry, painful gasps, blood athrill with fright, he stood pointing the rifle down the path—seeing nothing. He could clearly smell the strong, wild odor of the lioness, however. He could hear her spit and snarl, but he dared not fire, for there would be no time to load again and he must make it certain. Only to wound her would be worse than not hitting her at all. Scarcely knowing what he did, he began to back up the steep path toward the cedars where the cow had hidden-out—the lioness stalking him, the blood of her young growing stronger in her nostrils, making her snarl ferociously.

Back in the Stoorm cabin, to the ears of the father and mother had come the

echo of Frank's rifle, and they had stepped quickly to the door. Stoorm looked keenly at the furiously struggling dog.

"Frank's in trouble!" he cried. "The dog knows it." He stooped swiftly and unfastened the rope about King's neck—the dog flashing off into the darkness along Frank's trail. "Shore I done wrong to tie him," he said grimly. Then with quick stride he entered the cabin and snatched down his rifle from the wall—and both man and woman started running through the darkness toward the cattle-canyon. Fear gripped them, but had they known the truth they would have been in clear panic.

Frank was backing away up the rocky path, expecting a rush from the lioness at every step. He knew her kitten was behind him, though he was not sure that it was dead. The moon had just topped the mountain and by its light he made out the tawny-gray form of the lioness flattened to the rock and advancing with switching tail. Her eyes glowed green and he knew she was preparing to spring.

Bang! His gun went off involuntarily, hardly aimed at all, but a maddened scream from the lioness told him it had struck her somewhere. He saw her roll over twice on the ledge and then leap to her feet with a blood-curdling screech.

Wild panic mastered the boy then. With a shriek he turned and fled up the ledge toward the platform of level ground where the cedars made a group, almost tripping over the dead kitten and running fairly into the tottering, new-born calf that had come wandering out from its hiding-place in unhappy search for its mother. Behind him bounded the snarling lioness. One more jump would land her on the lad's shoulders. A swift rip of her terrible claws,

her great teeth buried in his neck—and that would be the end.

But the last jump was never made, for behind her on the narrow ledge there came racing a flashing, tawny form—the collie King! Up the incline he charged, a terrible, deep-throated snarl in his throat—the challenge of a fighting collie.

From the lioness there issued a savage battle-scream and she wheeled to meet the dog. In mid-air, with front paws spread wide as the fighting felines do, claws thrown out, the lioness met King's onslaught. The dog had sprung—collie fashion—for the great cat's throat. The two bodies met with furious impact, the lioness bearing King down, for she was huge in comparison to the dog.

There was a mad whirl of locked forms that carried them up-hill onto the broader shelf where Frank and the frightened calf stood flattened against the rock wall. A cloud of dust arose around them in the moonlight. Over and over they whirled in a confused brown and gray mass, the lioness screaming savagely and King horribly silent. He had his teeth locked at the cat's throat, biting ferociously for the jugular—but the lion's fur was thick and the fur filled his mouth.

It wasn't a fair fight. The dog had no chance. With all his courage, he was no match for the lion's four, fearful, ripping feet that were digging and tearing at his belly. And it was only a question of seconds before the lioness would find her chance to sink her jaws into the dog's shoulder. Then the fight would be over.

Frank saw this and knew that if he hoped to save his own life he must run quickly—yet he did not run. He had forgotten his personal fear in the dan-

ger that menaced King. He saw those terrible, clawing hind feet of the lioness gouging at King's vitals, and red rage filled him.

More swiftly than he had ever done it before in his life, Frank clapped another shell into the old rifle and took a step closer to the furious mêlée of dog and lion. Then he raised the rifle. It did not waver as he covered the lion's body and waited for a chance to shoot for the heart—a difficult thing to do with both animals tumbling over each other; but his chance came. He pulled the trigger. The gun roared—and the savage beast leaped high into the air, King still clinging heroically to her throat. Together they landed in a still heap—and lay there inert—neither dog nor lioness moving.

"Old Kingie dog!" sobbed Frank wildly. "Old Kingie dog!" He knelt down and with caressing hands pulled the brave, torn figure of the dog away from the lioness—and King lifted his head then to lick the boy's wrist. "Good old Kingie dog!" Frank cried tremulously. "He's clawed ye awful. But shore ye won't die, will ye, Kingie?"

King looked up with eyes from which even his agony could not drive his adoration, and he moved a tired paw in courageous effort to "shake hands." His plumpy tail rose bravely from the ground to tell his master how great was his love and how great his pride that he had fought for him—and then it fell back motionless.

The boy began to cry from a rent heart. Burying his face in King's shaggy fur, he gave way to the grief that was swelling inside and breaking his control. No belting had ever wrung such racking sobs from him.

Stoorm and his wife found them like that when they came hurrying breath-

lessly up along the ledge path. A strange, awesome group: The dead lioness, the mangled body of King, the curved back of the boy with its heaving shoulders—and the lonely, stiff-legged calf who stood close to Frank's back with its pathetic desire for companionship.

"Be ye hurt, Frank?" demanded the frightened mother. "Be ye hurt, boy?"

"No," he told her, "not me—but King's dying, mother." Tears were streaming down his cheeks and his hands gripped the dog's hair convulsively. "Look how awful he's clawed up!" he cried, choking over his sobs. "He's all blood." His boy's voice rose, then, fierce in its bitterness, and he looked at Stoorm. "And ye—that'll make ye glad to see him bleed, fer ye hated him. Ye'r rid of him—and most ye was ridded of me, too. Then ye'd have been satisfied. But King got away from ye and saved me." His words came with gasps and gulps, nearly strangled by his sobs. Then once more he buried his face in King's thick ruff. "Old Kingie boy!" he cried bitterly. "Don't ye die, old Kingie!"

Stoorm's rugged, pioneer face had lost its sternness. There was pain in it and a struggling emotion that made his features work with queer, spasmodic jerks, the mouth unsteady.

"Did King save ye, Frank?" he demanded thickly. "Shore I knew he was all grit, that dog." He began an awkward, timid movement with his hand toward Frank's shoulder—but the boy did not see it.

"Aye," he answered bitterly, "King didn't fear ye, anyway. Thet's why ye hated him—like ye hate me—an' ye tied him up, hopin' the lions would git me—but King got away from ye—damn ye!" he cried through his tears.

Stoorm drew back his hand, wincing and drawing a quick breath. Awkward, bewildered, hurt — he stood with twitching features, unaccustomed tears starting from his eyes.

Mrs. Stoorm watching him, reading him better than he read himself, felt her heart contract. With quick beating pulse and tremulous voice she put a hand on his arm.

"Elias," she said, "Elias, why do ye not tell the boy everything? How can he know it was *ye* that let King loose ef ye do not tell him? Son," she added with ringing earnestness, "ye'll talk no more of hatin'. Look at yer father and tell me do ye see hate in his eyes."

The boy raised his head, the face tear-stained and haggard, and into his eyes there came an expression of wondering eagerness. He stood up and faced Stoorm, the latter putting a timid hand on his shoulder. Frank swayed toward him—but from King there came a sudden, warning growl and he staggered to his feet. He had misunderstood Stoorm's gesture. He thought Frank was to be belted again.

With fangs bared and eyes ferocious—using every last atom of his waning strength—King sprang at Stoorm, burying his teeth in the man's trouser leg. Then his shaking legs gave way under him, his loyal jaws parted—and King sank to the ground, too weak to do more.

Stoorm stooped and touched the dog—King growling but unable to move. Tears rolled down Stoorm's stern cheeks. He caressed the brave, bloody body.

"Pore old Kingie!" he said thickly. "Shore I don't hate him, boy—nor you

—nor never did do. Shore I been a fool." His voice broke and he took Frank into his rough arms—the first time the boy could remember. "Frank!" he choked. "Shore ye'r wuth yer weight of gold—both of ye."

Frank stared with shining eyes.

"Ye mean, father," he asked tremulously, "ye mean that ye—ye *like* King and me?"

"Shore I mean a sight more'n I kin say, boy," Stoorm told him. "An' I'll never belt ye again. An' I take back about yer bein' a coward. Boy," he pleaded, "kin ye forgive me?" His big hands clutched clumsily at Frank's shoulders.

"Forgive ye, father?" the boy cried unsteadily. "Shore ye was right. I was plumb lazy—an' turrile skeert. I desarved what I got—and wuss—but I thought ye hated us, me and King. Thet's why—that's why we hated *ye*." Then he buried his face in Stoorm's breast and clung there while a new sort of joyful sobbing shook his boy's frame. "An,' father," he cried after a few moments, "father, shore ef ye hadn't loosed King, the lion would have got me." He dropped beside the dog once more, looking up with glowing confidence at Stoorm. "Ye'll not let King die, father, not now. Shore ye'll keep him from dyin'."

Stoorm stooped down beside the collie and with gentle hands gathered him up. Then holding him close against him he stood straight, the dog growling weakly.

"Tell him it's all right, Frank. Tell him we're goin' to save him. Shore a dog like King kin never die of just fightin' with a lion."



A Feather Duster

A WORKING GIRL LOOKS AT HER EMPLOYERS

BY GRACE R. HAZARD

FOR ten years I have worked in offices, sometimes as a stenographer, sometimes as a secretary, and sometimes as a bookkeeper. It didn't take me long to learn that turning out accurate letters quickly is the least requirement of a stenographer, and making correct entries neatly in books has just as little to do with being a bookkeeper. Office workers, especially secretaries, come in direct contact with executives, and executives want all kinds of things which they certainly never mention when interviewing the prospective secretary—things which they may not even know they want.

Mr. Maple, the president of a successful publishing house, hired me, he said, because he thought it would be impossible to get anybody better fitted for the position. He immediately began to assume that I wasn't going to do the work, or, if I had done it, that it was done wrong.

He gave me two books and explained: "I want this book sent to Mrs. Jones and this book to Miss Smith. Now, don't get them mixed. Send them first-class mail if it won't cost more than twenty-five cents apiece; otherwise, send them parcel-post."

I took them to the mailing-room and weighed them.

"Did you weigh them?" he asked.

"Yes. It would cost thirty cents apiece first-class."

"Then send them parcel-post. I told

you to send them by parcel-post if it would cost more than twenty-five cents. You will have to wrap them and put labels on them just the same. Be sure you don't get the labels mixed."

I took them to the post-office when I went out to lunch and sent them parcel-post. When I returned Mr. Maple said: "Did you mail those books?"

"Yes."

"Did you send them by parcel-post?"

"Yes."

"You are sure you didn't get the labels mixed?"

When I handed him a statement of circulation figures which I had made up he glanced at it and said: "This is wrong; this added to this doesn't equal that. That added to that doesn't equal this." There was nothing wrong with the statement, and when I pointed out that "this added to this" wasn't supposed to equal "that," he said: "Oh, all right."

He interrupted my typing of a long contract urgently needed to call me to his desk and say: "Here is an envelope that was in the file-basket last night." It was merely a blank envelope which took up practically no room in the file-basket and which wasn't needed.

Every morning Mr. Maple drank Fermillac, which I warmed for him. (He had stomach trouble.) At the end of the month, when I handed him the cashier's charge slip covering the cost of the Fermillac, he said: "Why! Don't

have this charged to me! Can't you pay for it? Then I can give you the money." His salary was around eight hundred dollars a week. Mine was thirty-five. Though he drank the Fermillac every morning, he never remembered to offer to pay me for it.

Every day I was told to do each detail of all the things which were a matter of routine and then asked two or three times if I had done them. At the end of six months, when I gave a week's notice, Mr. Maple said he thought I was very capable and he asked me three times to reconsider my decision. His saying I was capable didn't counteract six months of feeling I was very unsatisfactory, though I didn't know why.

If Mr. Maple had told me when he hired me that he had stomach trouble and that every time he had a pain, which was almost constantly, he would pick on me, but that it didn't mean that he wasn't satisfied with my work, I might have been able to discount all his fussing and gone on peacefully doing my work; or I could have decided not to take the position and we would both have been spared the unpleasantness of my telling him I didn't like working for him, over which he was considerably upset.

I started working for a Mr. Lyons, who owned a good-sized letter-shop. He wanted some one who, as soon as she was familiar with the work, could take charge of the office and the twenty-some girls who were doing the typing. He had spent four hours in interviewing me to make sure I was the right person. The first morning he handed me the checks to make the deposit and suddenly screamed: "Look at them, look at them, look at them!"

"I am looking at them," I said.

"Now, that won't do," he said. "I

may be snappy, but it doesn't mean you have done anything. I have a great deal on my mind."

I laughed and said: "Well, if you are snappy without cause, I'll certainly say something back."

"No. That won't do."

It was eleven o'clock when I left. I had worked two hours. If only Mr. Lyons had told me when he was interviewing me that he would snap at me without cause and that I must not say anything back to him, I would never have taken the position. When I am screamed at, something inside me happens and before I know it words come out. I can't seem to get experience in saying nothing when I am screamed at.

Another president wanted his secretary as an ally against the other officers of the company, though, of course, he didn't say anything about that when he was interviewing me, any more than the other employers had told me what they really wanted.

The corporation had been turned over to the four officers by the will of the previous owner, so that in a certain number of years the president, Mr. Schuman, would have a controlling interest. The vice-president, the secretary, and the treasurer made life miserable for him. They opposed every move he tried to make. At almost any time two of them, or maybe all three, could be seen with their heads together, buzzing. The buzzing stopped when Mr. Schuman approached or when I approached. Mr. Schuman was a very kindly man. He hated disagreement and arguments above all things; that is, if he had to participate in them. Nothing pleased him better than my recounting for him the scraps I had with the secretary and the treasurer. For me it was a wonderful position while it lasted

—three years—but, in spite of my willingness to fight, Mr. Schuman found the strain of bucking the opposition too wearing and he had a nervous breakdown. One day, when he was a little better, though far from well, he came to the office. I said: "But, Mr. Schuman, it's only a question of a few years until you will have a controlling interest. Just think of what you can do to them then." He smiled. It was a pleasant thought. But the struggle was too great for him. He resigned. Needless to say, I was fired. The vice-president wouldn't have hired me as his secretary anyway, because he wanted somebody who would giggle at the rather cheap, silly things he said.

I have never been employed to act in a giggling capacity, though I have applied by letter for such positions, not knowing what kind they were, and I have been asked to call for an interview, the executive being unable to see from my letter that my skirt covers my knees and that I don't titter. As soon as they saw me, though, they wanted somebody with a little more experience or a little less experience or a little different experience, though all my experience was clearly stated in my letter of application. Experience does duty for many things.

One employer did tell me what he wanted when he was interviewing me, but he was drunk and wanted a companion. He was arrested the next day and sent up for six months.

Some executives love to give orders. It makes them feel important, especially if they aren't very important. They issue instructions how to do everything, even though they don't know a thing about it. The president of one concern, where I was a bookkeeper, told me he never had seen any sense to bookkeep-

ing, and forthwith started interrupting my work all day to tell me how to do it, and he was extremely displeased when I refused to work at night to get the work caught up. I struggled along there ten months, when he fired me to cut down expenses. He kept an inefficient stenographer who knew no book-keeping because he could yap at her and interrupt her, and she'd sit there until two o'clock in the morning if he asked her to—rather, told her to; he never asked her anything.

Another executive, Mr. Block, wanted some one who would treat him and his business seriously and not show in any way that there was anything peculiar about them. Of course, he didn't tell me that. He dictated letters very seriously: "Beings as we ain't got none of that in stock," etc., etc. I took it down in shorthand and I was perfectly serious about it. I corrected them as I typed them. The finished letters I put on Mr. Block's desk so that he could read them for mistakes and sign them.

Mr. Block had a belt-preserved business, but he made most of his money getting partners for people. A man wanting to be taken into a partnership paid a man wanting a partner five hundred or a thousand dollars, whatever he had. The latter paid Mr. Block 10 per cent commission. For a friend Mr. Block secured two partners, but when the friend wanted him to secure a third (the first two had been unsatisfactory and had been dropped from the partnership, though, of course, their money had not been returned) Mr. Block said: "No. I ain't agoin' to take no chance on goin' up the river."

One day a man who had proved unsatisfactory called on Mr. Block and said: "You're a crook."

The unsatisfactory partner was a

little man. He stood near the door. Mr. Block was a huge man. He had been sitting at his desk near the window. I was between them, working on the books.

Mr. Block jumped to his feet and said: "You take that back, you God-damned ----- . Nobody ain't goin' to call me a crook." Mr. Block picked his revolver from his top desk-drawer and held it pointed at the little man. "Take it back, I tell you," he yelled at the little man. "Nobody ain't goin' to call me a crook."

"You're a dirty crook," the unsatisfactory partner repeated.

Mr. Block brandished the revolver. "You take that back, you lousy ----- . Take it back, I tell you, you ----, you ----- ."

I hoped he was a good shot and was aiming above my head, though I didn't look up but went on quietly working on the books.

Mr. Block called the little man all the things he could think of (some of them were brand new to me) and then he started all over again, and he kept on talking until the unsatisfactory partner left. Then Mr. Block told me, if a cop came I could show him the permit in the top drawer, so the cop would know it was all right for him to have the gun. Mr. Block went out and took the gun.

On the day that I was leaving (I had been there four months) Mr. Block said: "That's a damned shame; that's a damned shame. You done better work than anybody I ever had. Here, take this." He gave me ten dollars in addition to my salary. He had formed a partnership that morning.

I tried working for a firm of eight accountants. Four were Englishmen and four were Scotchmen. The office-manager who hired me liked the way I

talked. He chuckled and said he thought I would make out very well, though it was a difficult position. He didn't say in so many words that the men were hard to get along with, but that was the inference. I don't know why he thought the way I talked would be of any use to me.

A Scotchman called me for dictation and he dictated as fast as he could, and mumbled over all the proper names, never spelled one. I thought I'd get a chance to ask him when he finished the letter. But when he finished the first letter he started right off on the next one before I got my mouth open. He went right from one to the next. I thought I would have to wait until he finished all of them and then I would ask about the proper names. (One was Reid or Reed.) But when he finished the last letter he grabbed the telephone and was talking before I could say a word. And there wasn't a chance of getting a look at the letters he was answering, for he had put them all back in his desk. I was afraid to wait until he finished talking—he had just screamed at an office boy—so I transcribed the letters the best I could. I put them on his desk and it wasn't long before most of them were returned, the proper names all marked over with ink, which meant rewriting the entire page of every letter.

Mr. Towhead, the lawyer of the outfit, was as slow as the Scotchman was fast. He dictated one paragraph of a letter, then had me read it back to him. He considered it and maybe had me read it a second time. Then he had it scratched out, and redictated it. He dictated another paragraph, had both paragraphs read to him, considered, and scratched them out. It took him an hour to get one fair-sized letter dictated. Af-

ter I got it transcribed he read it very carefully and considered it for some time, then tore it up and started all over again.

The head of the outfit, an Englishman, spoke very pleasantly when I went in for dictation. He asked me if I had far to travel and he hoped I would like the position.

He dictated three letters, two of which were to be made in duplicate and the copy of each enclosed with the other letter. "Do you understand?" he asked.

I looked up and said: "Yes."

"Are you sure you understand?" he asked.

"Yes."

When he finished dictating he said: "Now, are you perfectly sure you understand about the copies of those letters?"

I said: "Yes." But I didn't know whether I was or not. If it was so difficult he had to ask me three times about it, I thought he must want something else.

I carried out his first instructions and I got it right in spite of him. He didn't have a thing to growl about.

I had been there a couple of days when he started: "Do you know that you turned out only sixteen letters yesterday? That's not a day's work; that's not half a day's work. Only sixteen letters. Just think of it! Why, when I started as a stenographer I turned out fifty letters a day."

He hadn't given me any opportunity to explain why I had turned out only sixteen letters before he started the attack.

I said: "So did I turn out fifty letters a day when I started, but if you had to sit in Mr. Towhead's office from nine until eleven to get one letter, you couldn't turn out fifty letters a day."

"Sixteen letters a day! That's no work at all."

It seemed funny the office-manager had hired me because of the way I talked, and the head of the firm didn't want to hear a thing I said. I think if I had cried he would have stopped picking at me; but I didn't, so he went on to say that he had received complaints about my work, but he wouldn't tell me what they were nor who made them, so I am inclined to think he was lying, though another Englishman might have complained because I forgot and wrote "Mr." at the beginning of a man's name instead of "Esq." at the end of it. I forgot twice and he was furious. I also left a right-hand margin, and he didn't want any margin on the right-hand side of the letter; it wasn't necessary; there was a margin on the left-hand side of the letter.

At the end of two weeks I quit, just before they were going to fire me.

Englishmen are terribly upset at seeing the salutation "Gentlemen" instead of "Dear Sirs." I was working for one, the owner of a successful manufacturing business, and, as I didn't know their feeling about this, I wrote "Gentlemen" though he had dictated "Dear Sirs." I thought probably he didn't know "Gentlemen" is the preferred form and I'd correct it for him without saying anything about it. No sooner had I placed the letter on Mr. Percy's desk than the buzzer buzzed furiously—three buzzes, my signal.

"What's this 'Gentlemen'? I didn't say 'Gentlemen.' I said 'Dear Sirs.'"

"Gentlemen is the preferred form, but I'll change it if you want me to," I said.

"'Gentlemen,'" he muttered. "I never heard of it. I never heard of it."

He took the letter to his brother,

who was the treasurer of the company, and said: "John, what's this 'Gentlemen'?"

The treasurer explained that it was used, that it was all right.

Mr. Percy looked puzzled. He held the letter in his hand and looked at it as he walked to my desk. To me he said: "It shouldn't be 'Gentlemen,' you know, because business men aren't gentlemen."

Substitute positions aren't half-bad. I have held a dozen of them. They pay five dollars a week more than permanent positions. They don't expect a substitute stenographer to know anything, and when she does they are agreeably surprised. One substitute position became a permanent position because they finally agreed to pay me thirty-five, the same amount I had received as a substitute, though they never stopped feeling they were paying me five dollars too much. Three other substitute positions would have been permanent, but they would not pay more than thirty, even though they had paid me thirty-five for substitute work.

In getting a position ability to do the work is considered as little as it is after one has a position. Only once in ten years have I been asked to take a test letter, and I have applied for many positions in those ten years.

One place refused to give me a test letter. They said they wanted somebody with good business experience. I had two years, but they said good business experience is four years. If they had given me a test, they would have had no legitimate excuse for not hiring me. I don't know just what it was about me, but somehow I didn't look right.

I got three positions by saying: "Why, yes, you can reach me by telephone, but not until after six to-night;

I expect to work to-day." I was hired immediately.

Another position I got in the following way: the woman who owned the business wanted to pay only thirty dollars and I wanted thirty-five. She said: "It's only for a month or two until I find that you are worth thirty-five; that's not much chance to take."

"Why don't you take the chance?" I asked.

Instead of making her mad, it pleased her, and she hired me. I got along with her very well, but there was so much work to be done I couldn't get it finished, even though I worked from eight-thirty until six or seven, and I couldn't stand working longer hours, even though she said she would "take care of" me when she made more money.

I was talking to a printer about applying for positions and being asked my religion and whether I live at home and where I have worked before, etc., etc., and he said: "Tell them to go to hell. You're a good stenographer, aren't you?"

I'm a good stenographer all right, and I'd like to follow the printer's advice, but unfortunately I am an office worker, not a printer.

At last I thought I had a regular position. The president didn't ask me any foolish questions when he interviewed me. He agreed to the salary I asked without trying to make me take less with the assurance that he would "take care of" me. The first day I started to work he told me briefly about the books and said: "If there is anything you don't understand, just ask me." Day after day I worked peacefully on the books. He didn't give any unnecessary instructions and he didn't ask any foolish questions. It was very amazing. I

could scarcely believe that he wanted a bookkeeper to do the bookkeeping and for no other reason. For six months things went on that way. I was sure it was a regular position, but I couldn't get accustomed to it. It seemed it was one of those things that just doesn't happen. Shortly after New Year's the president started cleaning out his desk, and he said: "We should have a feather duster."

"A cloth is much better," I said.

"What?" the president said. "We always did have a feather duster."

I knew there had been no feather duster in the office in the six months I had been with them, but I thought it best not to tell him so.

When the president left the room, I said to the secretary: "Does he really want a feather duster?"

"Sure. He always used to have a feather duster. He likes to slap it around in those file-boxes on top of the desks and make the dust fly over everything. When he gets started with a feather duster the dust rises up in clouds thick enough to choke you."

I thought if he wanted one as much as that I'd better get one for him, so the next noon I walked over to Third Avenue and spent a dollar on a feather duster. I threw away the paper that held the feathers in place and showed the duster to the secretary. He reached down into the waste-basket and carefully picked out the paper and put the duster back into it. He explained that the president always kept the duster in the paper, and when that paper wore out he would paste up another sheet of paper to fit.

Now the president walks around slapping the feather duster into all the little boxes, and the dust rises up and settles on everything. Then he carefully puts it back in its paper. I work peacefully on my books. It is once more a regular position.

But just suppose I hadn't taken seriously his wanting a feather duster? Suppose I hadn't bought it? I might well have been fired.

Success rests on no more than a feather duster.



Going South

BY BENJAMIN R. C. LOW

Beyond the Chesapeake, forsythia
Frothed yellow at the roadsides;
But March still aimed the wind.
Across the Potomac,
Just in Virginia,
When the train stopped in the fields,
There were peepers by the track,
And, right ahead, Orion
Hung like a gate the new moon
Might step through.
All night long we ran,
With sleepy whistles,
Down long corridors of spring.



Gösta Berling: Suburban Model

BY BYRON DEXTER

FOESMAN SMITH does look like Gösta Berling. He might have been like Gösta Berling, only he happened to be born in Montclair. Very shortly after he was born his chance of being like Gösta Berling died in a smothering of suburban respectability and so he grew up to be an American. He went to Hotchkiss and Princeton and became successively half-back on the school football-team, number seven in the Princeton crew, a marine-insurance broker, and a golfer.

As the good-looking chaps so often do, he married a rather plain girl. Her name was Jane Bradley. She came from New York, and happened to be a friend of Vannie's, whom she resembled in appearance and temperament as a field daisy does an iris. Foresman used to invite me out to Montclair for week-ends, and Jane and I became good friends. The week-ends were never exciting; we did the standard practices—golf, an automobile ride, bridge, a Saturday-night dance. Foresman was a big, cheerful lad, with whom it was pleasant to play golf; Jane was usually in the background, occupied with the household or with her two pretty children. She and Foresman never seemed to have any differences, and she evidently considered herself lucky to live in Montclair and have such a fine husband.

Two days before Vannie's party I met Foresman on 39th Street, and he told me that he was going as Gösta Berling. I was amused.

"What do you know about Gösta Berling?" I asked him.

"Lots. Vannie told me, and I read the book. Found that Jane had a copy. Splendid book. Swede by the name of Lagerlöf wrote it. You ought to read it, Warren," he told me. "Read it and understand my submerged personality."

"Who told you you had a personality?"

"God pity you," he said. "God pity you for being literary and clever and afraid of life."

"Don't read any more books, Foresman, old man. You're not used to that sort of thing. Vannie ought to have known better than to tell you about a book."

"Huh," Foresman said. He was always good at repartee.

"Just one a year, old bird. Promise me you'll hold yourself down to one a year. Go on a bat once a year and read a book."

Foresman worked it out carefully in his mind and smiled to show he understood me.

"What you want is a drink, isn't it? I wouldn't mind."

"Can't do it," I said. "Have a date."

"Too bad. Some other time, then."

"Almost any time you say."

We shook hands. "Think I'll run along and catch a train," Foresman said.

"So long, Gösta," I said.

My date was with Vannie. Vannie lives in one of the apartments on West 67th Street. The realtors call them studio apartments, although I never knew an artist who could afford one. The living-room is two stories high and a

stairway goes up to a balcony across the far end of the room. The other end of the room is all windows. There is also a large window underneath the balcony, looking out on the court around which the house is built. The window faces north and gives the realtors the chance to use the word studio and raise the rent. Vannie has plenty of money. She says she likes the place because spring comes earlier in West 67th Street than any other place in New York. Spring can be told by the fine fragrance that blows across the street from the riding-academy when the sun gets warm enough.

I found Vannie sitting on the window-seat in the far corner of the room. She was wearing a wine-colored dress that looked wonderfully well with her dark hair. The dress hung loosely from her shoulders and left her arms and throat bare. She had a string of jade around her throat. By rights she should have been swallowed up by that big room and the high ceiling. Strangely, though, the room seemed to centre about her. She has a way of making things centre about her.

"You ought not to have done it, Vannie," I told her.

She laughed at me. She frequently does.

"So they often say, dear one."

I took the teacup she handed me.

"You shouldn't have told Foresman Smith he looks like Gösta Berling. It's gone to his head. He's carrying the idea back and forth on the Lackawanna Railroad. God knows what will happen if he lets it loose in Montclair."

"It would do Montclair good. He won't, though. He'll let it loose at my party. The party will absorb it. Have a cake?"

"Thank you. Did you ever hear of

William James's 'Principles of Psychology'?"

"They're among the things you've told me which I've forgotten probably."

"You ought to remember the things I tell you. I'm older and wiser and I could teach you a lot if you'd pay attention."

"I love to hear you talk, Warren."

"The law of psychology I'm talking about is simple. I think you could understand it. *Every thought tends to produce itself in action.* Concentrate on it, Vannie. It's a profound idea."

"It explains your terrific energy very nicely."

"Don't be nasty. It explains why you ought not to put ideas in Foresman's head. He can't get rid of an idea like that in one night. Imagine what would happen if he tried to sell marine insurance, and catch the 4:31, and play bridge, and love his wife like Gösta Berling."

"Jane would be crazy about it," said Vannie, ignoring the important points like a woman.

I suggested to Vannie that she was excessively romantic. To my surprise she took me up with no gentleness whatever.

"You're very dumb, Warren," she said.

"That is not an original thought," I rebuked her. "Also uncalled for. Merely because you would enjoy being loved by a caveman does not prove that Jane Smith would or that I'm dumb."

"I didn't say anything about a caveman. Gösta Berling wasn't a caveman. He had imagination. If I ever met a man with imagination I'd marry him. You don't understand what I mean by that, do you?"

"No," I told her.

"That's because you're not a realist,"

she said. "Only a realist understands what imagination is. You're a hopeless romantic. You think you're a hard-boiled man-of-the-world and the absurdity of it gives you an appealing quality, which is why I like you. Jane Smith and I sometimes talk about you. Jane says you're almost as appealing as her husband."

I was devastated by the tribute, and could find no fitting acknowledgment. I am accustomed to Vannie's paradoxes, but to hear her invoke Jane Smith's support in her contumely was bewildering. Jane is the apotheosis of 1880.

Vannie was laughing. "Don't worry about it, my dear. It's not important," she said.

"You destroy all my boyish illusions," I said. "You'll be telling me next that Jane is the iconoclast of Montclair society."

"I might, but I won't," she replied.

"You are very profound, Vannie. I think I shall go home and read the philosophy of William James for relaxation."

"How romantic!" said Vannie.

II

I went to Vannie's apartment on the night of the dance dressed as a pirate. The idea behind the party, Vannie had said in her invitations, was that one was supposed to come in a costume which would represent the thwarted person one had always wanted to be. I had searched my unconscious and discovered that I had many engaging desires and insufficient originality to express them in a permissible costume. So I went to Eaves and rented a pirate costume, which was the first outfit the salesman showed me. Even so, I found myself wearing silk underwear with yellow

and green stripes, which was no small feat of self-expression.

Vannie had decided upon an Hawaiian atmosphere as best suited to withstand the impact of her guests' released inhibitions. She had apparently tapped some secret exotic reservoir in Manhattan, and had transformed the long room on 67th Street into an island in the mid-Pacific. In the corners of the room cocoa-palms enclosed small copses where weary souls could find refuge from the world on mats of woven reed and among thick Hawaiian grass. *Mile* vine waved from the ceiling and curved down over the walls. Covering the windows at the front of the apartment was a canvas painting in which a naked life-size diver was plunging into a blue sea. Gaudily painted tropical fishes swam about in the water. Half a dozen Hawaiian boys in white trousers, with bright *leis* about their necks, strummed dance-music from one of the corners and sang as they played. A profusion of flowers filled the place with the heavy perfume of white ginger.

A table at the left of the doorway bore a punch-bowl, a placard with the inscription *For Very Young Girls*, and an array of immaculate glasses. A table on the other side of the doorway supported a second punch-bowl. This table was largely hidden by a crowd of men and women who seemed at the moment to prefer not to dance. I recognized a tall, dark lad who was wearing long silk hose and a crimson velvet doublet. He seemed to be explaining something important to a lovely creature who for some inexplicable reason was clothed down to the waist as a nun, and thenceforth as a ballet-dancer.

"Hello, Tom," I said. "This is going to be a party."

"Don't call me Tom," he replied

with a large gesture. "Name's Benvenuto Cellini, and as far as I know this is the first drink I've ever had."

"Have another."

"Sure. Meet my model."

The lovely creature smiled at me. "Are you an artist, too?" she asked.

"The same sort of an artist," I told her gravely. "Shall we dance?"

"I don't want to dance," she said. "I'd like to sit down, though." She looked about vaguely for something to sit on.

"Have you been here long?" I asked.

"I've forgotten. An hour perhaps. Perhaps two hours. Perhaps I've lived here all my life."

"Who knows?" I agreed politely.

"Nobody knows. I don't know either. I want to go off by myself and think."

I led her gently out and turned her over to the maid in the women's room.

"This young lady wants to think," I explained. "Will you take care of her?"

"Yes, Warren," replied the maid.

I was startled. I believe in democracy and it's anybody's privilege to call me Warren because my name is Warren. Nevertheless one does not expect such amiability when checking unsteady young women in the ladies' dressing-room. I studied the person in the black dress and frilly cap. She was laughing.

"Hello," she said.

"Molly Winter!"

She courtesied. "Yes, sir."

"Is this your suppressed desire?"

"I'm having a grand time," she said. "Not a soul has recognized me. I've checked all the girls' coats and a lot of useful information."

"Keen idea. Does your husband know you're doing it?"

"Edgar's at Placid, being athletic. Chief reason I'm doing it is because it will scandalize him. Do Edgar lots of good to be thoroughly scandalized once."

I agreed with her. Edgar and Molly Winter live in Montclair. Edgar is a good sort, but he went to Oxford for a year, after graduating from Yale, and came back heavily laden with the "scholar-and-a-gentleman" complex. He enjoys talking about the value of Greek and Latin, and the necessity of doing the right thing, and the importance of *noblesse oblige*. Edgar has a good deal of money which he inherited from his father, the man who put "Toasted Tidbits" in every home.

I was glad to find Molly Winter at Vannie's party. And not displeased, either, by the thought of Edgar's fine healthful exercise at Lake Placid.

"Put the thoughtful young lady in a comfortable chair, Molly, and come out and dance," I told her.

We found the party moving well. It could hardly be described as a formal dance. Under the combined inspiration of the Hawaiian boys' guitars, Vannie's tropical atmosphere, and the table at the right of the doorway people were living up to and beyond their costumes. Most of the costumes showed splendid imagination and demanded little. Vannie herself looked like a lovely green-and-white bird, her black hair loose over her shoulders and caught back from her forehead by a wreath of gardenias. She was wearing a translucent wisp of green-and-white silk, wound tight about her body from below her shoulders half-way to her knees. Her skin was stained with a brown dye, and another wreath of gardenias gleamed white against her dark throat.

"Lovely person!" said Molly, as Van-

nie danced past. It seemed superfluous to agree.

I felt a hand on my shoulder. A massive figure stepped between Molly and me.

"Out of my way! I want to dance with this little girl."

It was Foresman Smith. He was dressed as a viking — high sandals, thongs about his legs, leather trunks, a wolf's skin which left his powerful shoulders and biceps bare, and a metal helmet on his head.

"My God, it's Gösta Berling," I said.

Foresman didn't recognize me. He didn't recognize Molly. He was three sheets in the wind and sailing fast.

"Do you know who you're dancing with, you crazy Swede?"

"Sure. Vannie's maid. Beautiful girl. Love beautiful girls."

Molly winked at me and was swept down the room. I cut in on a bacchante, clad in what looked to be flowing grapes.

"I don't know you, but it doesn't matter," she said.

"I'm the spirit of Calvin Coolidge," I told her.

"You're having a good time, aren't you?" she remarked.

I pulled up short to allow Foresman Smith, with Molly Winter in his arms, to careen past us. Foresman was never much of a dancer, but to-night he was hitting only the high spots. Molly danced well, and she seemed to be enjoying the pace, for her head was thrown back and swaying from side to side like a Roseland Palace hostess, as Foresman whirled her about.

"Who's the handsome viking?" said my bacchante, watching them.

"That's Gösta Berling, the scourge of Montclair. You're not from Montclair, are you?"

"No. Scarsdale. Trying to forget it, though."

"Fine idea. Let me help."

She indicated that she was willing, and we had an interesting time forgetting. Later I got to Vannie.

"About time you danced with me," Vannie said. "What have you been up to?"

"Taking care of your guests in one way and another," I told her.

"Old reliable Warren."

"Too bad I can't lose any of my inhibitions," I said sadly.

"Study Foresman. He's doing it wonderfully." Vannie seemed greatly amused.

"He really thinks he's Gösta Berling," I said. "You'll have a lot to answer for when this night is over."

"I'm used to it. One thing more won't matter. It's worth a lot to see Montclair in a state of nature."

We could see Foresman at the far end of the room. He had one of the Hawaiian boys' *leis* around his neck, and was mooing at the top of his lungs. He thought he was humming an Hawaiian melody. The boys in the orchestra were looking at him wonderingly and without admiration.

"He's making a fool of himself, Vannie."

"Sure, but he's having such a good time. He won't do any harm. Jane will take care of him."

I had supper with Jane. It was rather surprising to find that here in New York, at a party whose atmosphere was not exactly comparable to a well-run suburban household, Jane Smith seemed to have more definite a personality than any of the girls I had danced with, except, of course, Vannie. Almost any statement requires an "except Vannie" for accuracy. That is simply because

Vannie is more alive from head to foot than any one else you can meet. But it was difficult to understand why Jane Smith stood out so sharply. It wasn't her looks, or her costume, or her dancing, or the things she said. But I hadn't been beside her for ten minutes before I was aware of a sense of detachment, an impression of just having come into the room and of looking at the crowd for the first time. The people had divided into groups for supper. They were sitting on chairs, and some were cross-legged or sprawling on the floor. Some were interesting and attractive, and some were rowdy and foolish, but most of them, in spite of costumes, were essentially indistinguishable. Foresman couldn't be seen. But he was to be heard, in a room which opened off the balcony, singing powerfully in close harmony with two or three kindred spirits. He was going in for the Norse epic business all the way, and of course the wassail-bowl-song part of it was most important.

Jane was enjoying the spectacle. We didn't talk much, and didn't refer to Gösta Berling except once, when a splendid clatter of breaking dishes was heard from the room overhead, followed by happy laughter.

"The boys are having a good time," I observed.

"Very uninhibited," said Jane. "The punch-bowl plus the costumes."

"Foresman looks his part," I said. "Did you plan the outfit for him?"

"Not at all," Jane said. "Foresman is really very original. He had it copied from the subway advertisement for Scott's Emulsion."

The last half of the evening was even better than the first, and I didn't waste it. I was too busy having my own good time to pay particular attention to

Foresman. But one couldn't overlook him. He was, as Molly Winter remarked to me, the life of the party. He was not sober. Nor was he subtle. But he was having such a pleasant evening, and was so proud of his dashing behavior, that he was entertaining. He danced and drank and sang; he made indiscriminate love; he tried to play one of the Hawaiian boys' guitars; he did a hula in the middle of the floor; in short, he was wild and gay and a fine suburban adventurer. After about three in the morning, following the hula dance, I neither saw nor heard him again. The inevitable had happened, I surmised.

It was after four and the party had broken up, when Vannie came up to me as I was putting on my coat, and asked me if I had seen anything of Foresman.

"Not recently," I told her. "He's asleep somewhere."

Vannie said he wasn't anywhere in the apartment.

"Then he's gone home to sleep it off," I said. "Don't worry. These Scandinavian fellows can take care of themselves."

"I'm not worrying," said Vannie. "Only he hasn't gone home. His overcoat is here. He and Jane are staying at the Commodore and Jane's there now. She just telephoned and said that Foresman hasn't turned up."

"Then he's safe in the nearest police station," I said optimistically. "He probably wandered out seeking adventure and tried to count the buttons on some policeman's coat and found plenty of adventure. If it's an Irish cop he'll be sympathetic and take good care of him."

Vannie gave me to understand that she did not think much of my helpfulness.

"Is Jane excited?" I asked her.

"Jane doesn't get excited," said Vannie. "But she knows that her husband can't take care of himself."

"What do you want me to do?" I asked. "Shall I go look for him on some bench in Central Park? I'll catch cold with him and be arrested with him, and then I can share his cell and take care of him."

"You're so intelligent, Warren," Vannie said. "Do you think you can get home alone?"

"I think I might as well try," I said.

"So do I," said Vannie pleasantly. "If he telephones you, Warren, let me know. He'll probably telephone you if he gets in trouble."

"He probably will," I said gloomily.

III

I was in my room and had undressed and was getting into bed when the telephone-bell rang. I made the proper comments on the subject of marine-insurance brokers reading translations from the Scandinavian and took the receiver off the hook.

A rather tired-sounding woman's voice said: "Hello." I replied without enthusiasm.

"Is this you, Warren?" said the voice. "This is Molly Winter. I've been trying to get you for half an hour."

"What is it?" I said. I was relieved that it wasn't Gösta Berling and was anxious to get to bed.

"I'm sorry to bother you," she said, "but will you come up to 84 East 71st Street and get me? I'm on the fourth floor." She sounded upset.

I revived a little. Molly and I grew up together, and I am fond of her.

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"I'm up here with Foresman Smith. It's his mother's apartment. His mother is in Florida and there's nobody here. Will you come up and take me home?"

"I'll be damned," I said. "What's the matter with Foresman?"

"He's crazy," said Molly. "I've locked him in the library."

I couldn't help laughing. "It sounds like an Al Woods play."

"It isn't," she said, annoyed. "Don't be an idiot, Warren. If you don't want to come up I can go home by myself but I haven't any coat or hat and I don't like to wander around alone in this costume. And I don't know what to do with Foresman."

"I'll be right up," I said and hung up.

I wondered what the dickens it meant. Probably nothing. And yet Molly had sounded worried. When I was dressed I remembered that I'd promised to let Vannie know if I heard from the missing boy. So I called her and told her about it.

"Heroic stunt," observed Vannie. "I'll get Jane and go up."

"I'm not sure that's the thing to do," I said. "Why get Jane?"

"Because she has some sense," Vannie said.

"But we don't know what's happened. Perhaps . . ."

Vannie cut me short. "You're so romantic, Warren," she said, and clicked the receiver.

It took me some time to get a taxi, but I finally found one that took me across Central Park to 71st Street. The night-man at No. 84 was a sleepy negro who blinked at me suspiciously. I walked past him without giving an explanation and he didn't ask any questions. The elevator wasn't running, so I had to climb the stairs to the fourth floor,

which was good exercise after my sedentary evening.

Molly Winter opened the door at my knock. She seemed nervous and a little frightened. Her white-lace cap was disarranged and there were circles under her eyes.

"Thanks for coming, Warren," she said, as if she were glad to see me.

I told her that it was a pleasure, and asked her what it was all about.

"Foresman abducted me," she said tragically.

I tried not to laugh, but without complete success. Molly managed to smile a little.

"This is one on Vannie," I said. "Tell me the horrid details."

"It's not so funny," Molly said. "It's a rotten mess."

"Tell me," I begged. "It's the sort of adventure I've dreamed of since I was a boy."

"It sounds impossible," she said. "I was standing in the hall at Vannie's and Foresman came along. There wasn't anybody around and he saw me and shouted something about having found me at last and picked me up and dashed down-stairs with me. I tried to get away but I couldn't. He put me in a taxi and brought me up here. It's his mother's apartment and he has a key. He thought I was really Vannie's maid."

"The black scoundrel," I said. "Gösta Berling all over. It ought to be put to music. Didn't he recognize you when he got you up here?"

Molly looked tearful. "Yes, he did," she said. "That's the worst part of it."

"Don't tell me he got amorous?"

"Well, he did," said Molly.

"And so you locked him in the library?"

"He's there now," she said.

I couldn't absorb any more of the lurid evidence and sat down in a chair to get my strength back.

"Please don't be a fool, Warren." Molly was hurt by my laughter.

"Give me time, Molly. I'll rescue you from this fiend. You can count on me." I stood up and tried to look forceful. "Poor Gösta! And you locked him up to repent his sins? He would try to live up to a subway advertisement."

There was a knock at the door and in came Jane Smith and Vannie. Molly was taken aback, and didn't know what to say. She was evidently afraid of what Jane would think. But Jane only laughed, and gave Molly's hand a squeeze.

"My fault, Molly," she said. "I should have guarded him better."

Molly was greatly relieved. She laughed too. "He didn't do any harm," she said. "But I had to lock him in the library."

Jane made a rueful face. "It's very disappointing, isn't it? I knew he'd bungle it. But he might at least not have let himself be locked up. Please tell me that you had a hard time locking him up."

"I'm sorry," said Molly. "It was very easy."

The three of them looked at one another as if to say that they shared a common understanding. It made me feel uncomfortable. I left them standing there talking and went to find Foresman.

He was sitting in a big armchair in the library, completely sober and very unhappy. His shiny helmet was on the floor, and he had the wolfskin pulled tightly around him, for the room was cold. In the purple light of morning he was not an heroic spectacle. He looked up at me without surprise as I opened the door and walked in.

"Hello, Warren," he said heavily.

"Hello, Foresman. Jane is here. Come on out."

"Is she awfully upset?" he said. "I suppose she's very angry with me. I don't know what made me do it, Warren. It was a hell of a thing to do."

"You were drunk," I said.

"Yes, I was drunk. I wouldn't have done a thing like that if I'd been sober. I've ruined Molly Winter's reputation. I suppose Jane is disgusted with me."

He didn't realize how pathetic he was, or what Molly and Jane really thought, and I was glad of it. It was much better for him to think he was a hellish scoundrel.

"You pulled off a pretty raw stunt, old man," I said. "But cheer up. They'll forgive you. Women really admire a man who can do a thing like that."

He brightened up. "I suppose that's so," he said. "But just the same I feel rotten."

"Forget it," I told him. "Don't apologize too much. They'll think more of you if you don't. Swagger a bit. You know the sort of thing women like—Gösta Berling stuff. They all thought you were wonderful at the party."

"My God, Warren," he said, "I'm not Gösta Berling. I wish I'd never read the damn book. But I suppose I'll have to pretend for Jane's sake."

"That's the stuff," I said, feeling rather low myself.

Foresman put the tin helmet under his arm and we marched out. I went first, and as I entered the hall I saw Vannie and Molly Winter and Jane Smith with their heads together, very friendly. They separated when they heard us, and all became serious. Jane came forward, looking very stern.

"That was a nice thing you did," she said to Foresman severely.

Foresman could hardly be described as swaggering. "I'm sorry," he said meekly.

Molly Winter went up to him and held out her hand. "I forgive you, Foresman," she said dramatically. "After all, it was rather a compliment to be abducted that way."

He was very grateful, and they shook hands.

"I was dru——"

But Vannie interrupted before he could get it out.

"I'm the one who is really insulted," she said. "Next time you go native please don't overlook me. Wasn't I attractive enough for you to-night?" She said it with a straight face.

Foresman drank it down thirstily. "I'll do better next time, Vannie," he said with a sheepish swagger.

"Not much!" broke in Jane decisively. "You got away with it once, but don't think you can get away with it again. No more abductions, Foresman. I won't stand for it."

Foresman grinned foolishly. "All right, Jane," he said. "No more Gösta Berling." His relief at parting with his Scandinavian personality was tremendous.

"Come on home," said Jane. "I brought an overcoat for you." Foresman put on the overcoat.

"Where are you staying?" I asked Molly.

"East 50th Street," she said.

"That's out of your way, Warren," said Jane. "Molly can ride down with us."

We went down-stairs and I got a couple of taxis. Molly Winter and her abductor and her abductor's wife and her abductor's viking helmet climbed into a yellow cab and went off cosily together.



An Unwritten Liquor Law

BY R. READER HARRIS

A young barrister defines the attitude of the average Englishman toward the drinking of alcoholic beverages.

A GROUP of New York clubmen were asking me to define the average Englishman's attitude on the liquor question. I had told them that I was to all intents and purposes a teetotaller and that what went on in another man's mind was his own affair, and even if I knew it, it might not be a matter he would like divulged. "Yes," they said, "but you do know it. You have practised in the law courts over there, and done electioneering work for Parliamentary candidates. Tell us what the average Britisher thinks on the matter." They followed this up with more questions: "Why does one never see any one drunk in a club or restaurant? Why is it looked on as such an offense to take too much? Is it merely the idea of keeping the law?" "No," I said, "it is not that." "Well, what is it?" they said. I consented to do my best to tell them.

No one in England likes discussing his private convictions; it savors too much of a personal confession of faith. I was accordingly careful to say that I should have to speak cautiously, and begin by stating that the average man was not an authority on the statistics of the results of insobriety, and that his views were formed on roughly three grounds: his respect for tradition, the personal matter of his own health, and the purely private matter of his own conscience. His conduct in public was

the expression of these views and conformed to an unwritten law.

I passed very lightly over the first ground, that of tradition, for I believe it makes a greater appeal to youth than age. Away back in my school days in France I recalled the logical-minded French boys asking me why beer was drunk with chops for breakfast at Oxford, and why port wine was drunk with walnuts at dinner. I was a very little chap and felt rather out of my depth. I told them it was tradition. And I can still see the nonplussed look of wonder in their faces, as they accepted the explanation and nodded to one another, repeating the words: "C'est l'habitude."

Beer is allowed to the upper-form boys at most of the big public schools. They probably have little taste for it, but enjoy telling the smaller fry: "If beer was good enough for Richard the First it's good enough for me." An indefinable halo circles the heads of the romantic figures of the past. It is not possible (especially for a schoolboy who is always hungry) to dissociate ideas of Doctor Johnson from that corner seat at the "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street, with an enormous dish and his favorite bottle of wine in front of him.

On attaining "man's estate" much of the glorious tradition of hard drinking is shattered. A further and closer study of those romantic figures has dis-

closed the inconveniences they suffered from intemperance and the brevity of their lives; and I would be inclined to think that the average man treats those records rather as a warning than an example. His immediate concern is with present conditions and his own health. He is aware of a natural (possibly a universal) craving for stimulants, which from time to time in individual cases are taken to excess. Excessive indulgence in non-alcoholic stimulants such as tea and coffee merely impairs the health of the individual, and he notes the effect on his elderly female relatives. It is no menace to society. Drunkenness is an offense against the state. It brings in its train a mass of evils only too well known: crime, cruelty, poverty, lunacy. Prevention would accordingly seem better than cure, and prevention entails a restriction of his personal liberty.

Lord Grey of Fallodon has recently stated that there are two essential principles ingrained in an ordinary Englishman: first, that of personal liberty; second, that of maintaining law and order. At first sight they appear antagonistic to each other; in practice they support one another. How much liberty must he forego to prevent drunkenness? Does it necessitate the abolition of the use of all alcoholic stimulants? Remember that he is not precise and logical-minded like a Frenchman, nor could he carry the problem to unfathomable depths like a German. The only way he and his forefathers have arrived at conclusions is by trial; the very trial that has founded tradition. Confined to the question of health, his attitude toward liquor is largely determined by personal experience—that in small quantities it promotes both sociability and digestion, and in large quantities

the very reverse. But as the consumption of large quantities has so often wrecked homes and lives he has realized that even a limited indulgence needs the backing of moral authority.

It is not an easy matter to portray a national conscience. An ordinary Englishman would not intentionally and habitually do what he knew to be either wrong or harmful. The influence of the Sunday-school dictates, often unconsciously, his views. The authority which has been sought for the temperate use of alcohol is undoubtedly that of Holy Writ. Warning passages have been read: the story of Noah, the proverbs of Solomon, and the words of Our Lord: "Take heed to yourselves lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares" (Luke 21:34). But the practice of wine-drinking is not found to be forbidden; far from it. Other passages authorize its legitimate use; the first miracle at the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee of turning water into wine; the sacrament of the Last Supper; and Saint Paul's advice in his letter to Timothy to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake" are definite proofs that the moderate consumption of wine is within the Divine order of life.

One other objection to temperate drinking has presented itself and made a particularly powerful appeal, since the very proofs of the Christian religion are the lives of the saints. Without any doubt the average man is confronted with the problem of determining what justification there is for many of the greatest social workers, such as the late General Booth, deprecating the practice of taking any kind of alcoholic stimulants.

It may appear irrelevant, but in Eng-

land, where the Salvation Army has gained universal respect by the unselfish devotion of its members to the cause of the poor, the sick, and prisoners, the influence of their teaching has to some degree reached every one in the land. Again, it is not particularly easy to state concisely the popular attitude. But I believe that it is generally recognized that these social workers do a great work reclaiming the tragic figures who have given way to over-indulgence, and that were they to countenance even moderate drinking it would undo their work in the majority of cases. They hold alcohol an evil, and wish to abstain from every appearance of it. Nevertheless, I believe the moral attitude of the average man to the liquor question is summarized in the Pauline precept, "Be temperate in all things"; and so long as he maintains these convictions the law can never be changed.

But though these be his moral convictions, his actual behavior is dictated by a special code. It has nothing to do with keeping the law, for he made the law himself and has every inclination to keep it. In any case, he made the law for evil-doers—not for honest men. His behavior in public is the practice of a popular cult peculiar to England which I can only describe as class-worship. "Snobbery," you will say. No, it is not snobbery, for snobbery is assuming the airs and deportment of another person. No assumption can be charged against him. The social code to which he is conforming debars a man from doing anything conspicuous or doing anything offensive to the company present, under pain of losing class. It is quite as much if not more observed by the class of the average man than by what is known as the upper class; for at heart, though willing to respect others, he is jealous of

the respect which he considers due to himself.

In my travels I have met men who out of England were making a practice of drinking to excess, but who habitually observed the social code when at home. When I have asked them the reason they have told me there was little to occupy them abroad, but that life at home leaves no time on their hands unoccupied. This is not the real reason, for I have seen them leading busier lives abroad than in London. They conform because otherwise they would lose class—that is, they would lose the respect of their fellows, which in England is considered a great thing to retain.

The prevalence of this social code is easier to criticise on the grounds of hypocrisy. It is possible that the critics are right. But its general practice is a distinct deterrent to excessive drinking by the younger members of the community, and although there are many drunkards in England they are largely to be found among decidedly aged men.

The greatest intangible value of this unwritten law is that it has made drunkenness unfashionable and unpopular—and at the same time has standardized a public attitude toward temperate drinking; and it may well be asked how this has come about.

No popular surprise is expressed that the social law is unwritten. None of the civil or criminal laws enforceable by the law courts are set out in a code. Great Britain has no written constitution similar to that of the United States nor any collected category of laws comparable to the ancient Roman Institutes of the Emperor Justinian, or the present French "Code Napoléon." In spite of this, the laws are supposed to be known by every one, and it is no defense in an English Court to plead ignorance of the

law. Accordingly, it is well understood that ignorance of an unwritten social law is no defense to its breach.

A sidelight on the early importance that must have been given to social deportment is seen from the selection in 1387, by Bishop William of Wykeham, of the words "Manners maketh man" as his inscription on the escutcheons of the Colleges at Winchester and Oxford which he founded. The earliest civil law in England is still known by its original title—"the common law," which signified the common custom of the land. If the common custom was held to work an injustice, the matter went before a court of equity. Similarly, social regulations were matters of custom, and Courts of Honor were held to which the parties were considered honor-bound to uphold the awards of the court. To-day Courts of Honor, though convened in extreme cases by naval and military messes, are popularly looked on as relics of the past. But their influence still survives and makes it customary for a man to expect to pay a penalty if he should become intoxicated in places and on occasions which create a public offense. The penalties are more severe on youth than on age. The charge against young people of having been brought up badly is akin to not having been brought up at all, or as it is commonly described, having been "dragged up," and their behavior can reflect considerable discredit on their parents, whatever the social standing of the family.

Throughout the conversation I had referred entirely to the average Englishman. The working classes are to-day suffering severely from unemployment.

Recent figures show that drunkenness was far more prevalent during the past year in districts where unemployment was greatest. Efforts are now being made to move the unemployed communities to localities where employment can be found for them. And there is every reason to think that they will then become as sober as those now at work. Indeed, better social conditions bring with them a better social sense of order; and should prosperous times come to the working classes, and England be again to them "Merrie England," no class will more jealously guard the benefits of their bettered position or make a greater effort to teach their children to do them credit.

One of the group of friends with whom I was talking—a surgeon who was in charge of a war hospital at the Front—turned to me and said: "I can confirm what you say, as since retiring I have spent two years in London and have never seen any one the worse for liquor in any hotel or golf-club. But tell me if you don't think this is partly due to climatic conditions? Do you know that over there the atmosphere is considerably less rarefied than here?" I could only reply that I was no judge of atmospheric effects. I supposed it possible that temperate climates have a tendency to produce temperate habits. But I concluded by suggesting that one reason for the fact, that when the cork is pulled out of a bottle in England it is not considered fitting to necessarily finish the bottle at a sitting, is partly one of absence of rarity—though not of the atmosphere. I ventured this only as an opinion; for Terence wrote "Quot homines tot sententiae"—as many men, so many opinions.

Chinese Night

BY HARRIET WELLES

Author of "Anchors Aweigh," etc.

ON Tuesday morning—just before he left to go to the assistance of a junior representative of his company some miles farther up the Yangtsze River—Jim Carson took his revolver from a lower drawer and carried it into the living-room, where his wife was dusting the things too valuable to be intrusted to the house-boy. Carson's voice was quiet as he explained the mechanism of the loaded weapon, then laid it down upon the mantel-shelf.

"While I know it's the usual custom for a man, in one of these remote up-river places, to give his wife a revolver and explain to her just why she must use it to prevent herself from falling into the hands of an anti-foreign Chinese mob, I've always considered such talk melodramatic. I've never before felt that I faced the necessity for it until these Russo-Chinese ructions. But yesterday"—he hesitated a second—"I saw the bodies of two women hanging in the city gate. They were—horribly mutilated—"

Mary Carson, absorbed in the rearrangement of a group of tomb jades, commented: "I'm glad to have the revolver, although, of course, I shall not need it." Worriedly she questioned: "Would a mob steal or destroy my things? I'd hate that!"

He answered gravely: "If the great battle now being fought above here proves decisive the retreating force, to avoid crossing the Yangtsze, would come this way. None of the soldiers on either side has been paid in months;

they would have no compunction about wholesale looting and killing in every city and village through which they pass. And the soldiers will be only a small part of the danger; in the resulting chaos criminals and, worst of all, the unspeakably diseased human derelicts will seize upon such an opportunity to assert themselves."

"Are you trying to frighten me? I've lived in China eighteen years and haven't yet seen any of your derelicts!"

"You wouldn't. I've often told you that, having given your time to the study and collection of Chinese antiques, you know nothing of the people or the country." Very seriously he added: "If it wasn't for that tiny Jenson baby, I wouldn't leave you now."

She paused in her placing of the turquoise-incrusted bronzes on the mantel to smile at him. "When all this uproar is over how would we feel if anything had happened to that forlorn delicate mite? Besides, this house is well out of the city. I speak some Chinese, have the servants to depend upon, and, in case of *serious* trouble, an American gunboat from the Yangtsze patrol would rescue me."

"I'm not so sure of that when there are numbers of Americans from inland flocking to the river ports below us."

Mrs. Carson was dusting a small Chinese painting; she waited to finish before she asked: "When will you get back?"

"Probably by to-morrow noon; certainly by dinner-time. The launch is

fast, and the Jensons will step briskly when I've said the few words I'm planning to them."

"Shame on you, Jim!" laughed Mary Carson. She followed him out to the hall and waited there while he went into the kitchen to speak to the servants. But by the time he returned all thoughts of his going were swept from her mind. The outer doorway framed a ragged coolie carrying a carved jade bowl of such superlative color and workmanship that the sight of it made Mrs. Carson catch her breath. She was turning it in hands that trembled when her husband came back into the hall, put on the overcoat held by the house-boy, and indicated his suitcase: "Carry that down to the launch, Ong."

"Look, Jim!"

He came over to her, saw the bowl, examined the carving and the color. "Superb!" he said. "Any one who knows China would only need to glance once at that to see vermillion-lacquered temples vivid against bitter, blue-white snow; gnarled blossoming pear-trees bordering roads sunken deep by the traffic of centuries; massed hollyhocks against the lacelike carvings of marble benches and balustrades; camel-trains shuffling along through clouds of golden dust; gray bamboo thickets above silvery waterfalls; curving roof-poles with wind-bells, chiming; wild geese etched across the moon."

"He's asking only eight dollars!"

Jim Carson glanced at her flushed cheeks and eager eyes. "But, Mary, you must realize where that bowl came from! The Liangs! They've the only palace within miles where such a thing would be used."

She nodded.

"Did it occur to you what must have happened to the princess and her fam-

ily, when that bowl could be offered for sale at such a price by a coolie?"

"Looting——?"

"Murder first," he supplemented, and turned away. "I must hurry—so as to get back quickly!" commented Jim Carson worriedly. "Good-by, Mary! Don't buy the bowl. You'd never look at it without remembering that charming gentle Princess Liang."

. . . Afterward Mary Carson could not recall whether she answered his farewell. The launch had hardly left the dock when, concluding her bargaining with the coolie, she set the jade bowl down upon a cabinet in the living-room.

"I had nothing to do with the looting! And it's immensely interesting and valuable," she justified herself.

That was on Tuesday morning. Now, on Saturday afternoon, Jim had neither returned nor sent a message. At noon on Friday the trembling house-boy informed Mrs. Carson that General Sun-Chaun-fang's army, in full retreat, had entered the city and were looting the Liang's palace, the pawn-shops, stores, and houses.

Unfounded rumors, idle gossip, Mary Carson decided.

But there was about this strange dragging Saturday a growing unreality. All of her little world had gone silent. Trying to use the telephone to speak with Jim's compradore in the city, she came up against a blank wall. A coolie, despatched with a note to the same man, never returned; his wife, the sewing-woman, going fearfully in search of him, also vanished. And now, muffled by distance, a curious uproar was coming from the teeming streets, usurping the customary booming of temple-bells, the clatter of ceremonial gongs, the cries of

venders. Stranger still, all traffic had disappeared from the river; neither rafts, steamers, nor bat-winged cargo-junks had passed for hours.

Luncheon was a difficult meal. Mrs. Carson was increasingly aware of the house-boy's guarded scrutiny, and of the cook's black unwinking eyes regarding her every motion through the crack of the pantry door. Orientals were like that, she pondered uneasily; no matter how long they were with you you never understood them.

Well, the longest day comes to an end. Now, as tea-time was near, Mary Carson laid down her book and, relaxing, glanced for reassurance about the familiar living-room. On cabinets, tables, and mantel were the treasures which, during the years while Jim was going about the company's business in many far-flung places, she had painstakingly acquired. They were her insurance against misfortune. Offered for sale, there would be almost no limit to what they would bring from collectors—and the jade bowl, although modern, was a lovely finish. Which piece, she wondered idly, would be considered the most desirable? The small stone carving of a goddess dug up from an imperial grave-mound? She had once questioned Jim as to its probable value.

This side of the question did not interest him. "That same goddess is carved upon the walls of a temple the archæologists excavated in Cochin-China—just beyond where those fruit-company people were starting a banana-plantation. Ever see them do that? An army of natives goes through the jungle sticking little pieces of banana-stalk into the ground as nearly as possible in rows. Then they cut down all the trees and when, under the hot sun, these are dry they set fire to them. The resulting

wood-ash is a wonderful fertilizer for the new banana sprouts."

Jim paused to laugh. "I was going over your goddess's temple on the day when the fruit-company's men were burning off the underbrush—and you should have seen the archæologists and me get out of harm's way! Ahead of that fire a multitude of snakes were racing out of the jungle, and some of them were so enormous that they held their heads three or four feet off the ground and went at express-train speed!—I never look at your serene, aloof, pensive goddess without wondering if, during all the centuries of fantastic rites she has watched, she ever saw a stranger sight than that advance-guard to the march of progress."

Mary Carson smiled, remembering — But the pair of bronze incense-burners, studded with rough turquoise, were probably the most valuable—she had bought them from a young priest during a rice-riot in a village near the Thibetan border.

Complacently her glance went from the incense-burners to the little painting by Li Lung Mien, and came to rest on the carved jade bowl. "*Lovely!*" she decided; then wondered, with a strange new discomfort, if Jim had been right in his surmises about the Liangs.

Under ordinary circumstances the Carsons could never have known Princess Liang. But the exalted lady, desiring to instruct her children in English—and needing to refresh her knowledge of that language—inquired through Jim's Chinese compradore whether the United States Excellencies could tell her of some one who would come to the palace and read English with the princess. Mary Carson's cheeks flushed with excitement when Jim repeated the inquiry. "I'd *love* to go!" she exclaimed.

"I'll never again get a chance to see the inside of such a magnificent old palace, and their paintings and bronzes."

Jim agreed. "There's a family, living the ancient patriarchal life: the old prince, his sons and their chief and secondary wives, and the many children in those hundreds of rooms! People who, for centuries, have remained aloof in a position of unchallenged superiority."

Frowning, Mrs. Carson realized that she had never considered this viewpoint. Beyond an intense interest in the treasures in the palace, she had learned little during her months of contact with the family.

Suddenly rousing herself from her profitless musings she was conscious that the room was growing dark and cold. She rang the bell for the house-boy. With hot tea, with lights, with a bright fire in the grate, she could ward off the sense of foreboding which seemed hovering near.

The house-boy did not answer the bell and Mrs. Carson rang again; longer this time. Still the house-boy did not come. Irritated, Mary Carson went out through the main hall into the wing and opened the kitchen door. The room was so silent that, at first, she thought it empty, and turned away. A faint movement stopped her; her eyes becoming accustomed to the gloom she saw that her young maid crouched in the narrow space between the cook-stove and the wall.

"I rang—didn't you hear me? Where is the cook? Where is the house-boy?"

The amah whispered: "Gone."

In Chinese her mistress demanded: "Gone where? It's tea-time! And why are you hiding behind the stove?"

"Gone to the city—to secrete them-

selves in the houses of relatives." The amah's voice broke into a sob: "Man came and say that any Chinese found working for foreigner will be tortured and killed."

"Why didn't you go too, Ah-ne?"

"I started, Excellency—although I know how fares any woman the soldiers capture"—her voice dwindled to a thin whisper—"but swiftly I returned—"

"You didn't want to leave me alone?"

"I did not think of you, Excellency. Foreigners are rich and powerful; always they quickly avenge themselves. But we Chinese-of-the-poor are without redress. Of course if the master had been here—but the master is not here—"

"Why did you return?" commenced Mrs. Carson. Behind her came a sharp tap. Following the amah's terrified glance she turned. The narrow windows opened on the side of the house which continued the high garden wall, bordering on a narrow path to the river. As Mary Carson looked, the centre pane framed a man's face, hideously ulcerated, discolored, and disfigured. A leering face, hardly human.

Mrs. Carson fought back a feeling of engulfing faintness. "Who—what?" she whispered.

"The unspeakable unclean ones from the mat huts beyond the city."

"Lepers?" Mrs. Carson gasped. "How many?"

"Three I saw, before I fled back."

"Can they break through the gate?"

"Yes. But not until they are sure we are alone."

"Could we offer them money? Or some of my valuable Chinese things in the living-room?"

"To try to bribe them would be an admission of our helplessness." Ah-ne shivered. "They want neither money

nor loot. My mother has told me of them during other uprisings. And we are two women—alone—" She broke off sharply and stifled a scream. One of the lepers, pressing his leering face close to the glass, tapped more insistently.

Mary Carson mastered a feeling of nausea, and whispered: "It's just a ghastly dream! Nothing so hideous *can* be real!" The room was very still. Then, more boldly, the leper pounded with his fist. Mrs. Carson roused herself to action. "If we stay here they'll soon realize that we *are* alone. Fix some bread and butter and cut some cake while I fill the hot-water kettle." Lifting her voice as though speaking to some one in a farther room she called in Chinese: "Tea will be ready in a minute!" To the trembling Ah-ne she whispered: "Come into the living-room. From there we can see the river and watch for the master's launch."

Ah-ne obeyed mechanically. But in the living-room she made a comment: "To-day we heard of much fighting around the house of Mr. Jenson."

"Who told you that?"

"Chinese sailor, whose junk was near there."

"What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing, Excellency."

Mrs. Carson forced herself to drink some tea; then leaned back in her chair. The tumult in the city had dropped with nightfall to an occasional outburst of shooting, but in this house near the river the silence seemed closing down and growing until it was almost visible, louder than sound, sinister past any imagining. It got on Hugh Carson's nerves. "I'll put a record on bananaphonograph." She took up and inserted the nearest disk and started the machine. A sprinkling of notes preceded a clear voice:

"Goin' home, goin' home,
I'm goin' home!
Quiet like, some still day,
I'm goin' home.
It's not far, just near by
Through an open door——"

Ah-ne screamed shrilly: "*Excellency!*"

Mary Carson wheeled around. Skulking figures were in the passage. For a dreadful second it seemed to her that her knees would refuse to hold her, then her frenzied glance fell upon the revolver still lying on the mantel-shelf where Jim had placed it. Breathlessly she dashed across the room and grasped it. Behind her the phonograph went on, the appealing voice finished upon a lovely note. For a moment the only sound in the room was the rasping grind of the needle against the record. Then the lepers, gathering courage, stepped into the doorway, hideous figures in filthy tatters, their faces horribly revealed, their sore, inflamed eyes blinking.

Ah-ne retreated to the French window opening upon the porch and the river-bank; the lepers barred their only other exit. Realizing this, Mary Carson suddenly succumbed to unreasoning panic. "*Gol!*" she shrieked in Chinese. "*Go far!*" and fired the revolver.

They went. Above the mechanical grinding of the phonograph came back the sound of their fleeing feet and inarticulate cries of terror; a crash as the bars on the garden-gate were flung down and the gate slammed back.

Mrs. Carson, trembling, switched off the phonograph and sat down. Ah-ne, still standing, looked across the haze of smoke and plaster dust, then down at the revolver: "*Empty?*—and you killed no one?"

"I didn't want to kill any one!—

What would we have done with a dead leper?—I only wanted to frighten them!"

"One shot would have done that! What will you do if the lepers return or the soldiers come?—The master meant the revolver to be used upon your own need, Excellency."

Mrs. Carson could not answer.

Ah-ne went out to the kitchen. In a few moments she returned. "Excellency, I go now. My husband lies sick at the home of his mother. Best you should bar the garden-gate behind me."

"You're going to leave me *alone*, Ah-ne?"

"Yes, Excellency. You have said the master will arrive. My husband needs me. Except that I earn the only money we get, I should not have left him."

"Your husband's mother will care for him." Mrs. Carson tried to steady her voice. "I am alone."

The amah's eyes were bright with tears. "All, at the home of my husband's mother, are sick with plague. In the house is no food." There was no doubting the bleak hopelessness of her words.

Mrs. Carson roused herself. "Get a basket and take all the food you can carry. God grant that you reach home safely. I'll take the lantern and go as far as the gate with you."

. . . Back in the living-room, with Ah-ne gone, Mary Carson tried to put a barrage of action between herself and her thoughts, spending some moments on the selection of Carlyle's essays from among the books; putting away records, closing the phonograph, going to the window to peer riverward. The Chinese night had closed in, no tiniest star or point of light showed. Mrs. Carson turned back and sat down. In the grate the coal-fire was burning out; the room was so still that the falling together of

ashes made a perceptible sound. A floor-board creaked, a chair snapped. With nerves tense Mrs. Carson found herself on the verge of hysterical crying; picking up her book she commenced to read aloud, imposing her faltering voice as a barrier against the sinister silence or threatening sounds:

"In these days that are passing over us," quavered Mary Carson, "even fools are arrested to ask the meaning of them; few of the generations of men have seen more impressive days. Days of endless calamity, disruption, dislocation, confusion worse confounded—It is not a small hope that will suffice us, the ruin being clearly—universal. There must be a new world if there is to be a world at all. The human beings—can never return to their old sorry routine, and proceed with any steadfastness or continuance therein—this small hope is not now a tenable one. These days of universal death must be days of universal rebirth, if the ruin is not to be total or final. It is a time to make the dullest man consider whence he came and whither he is bound. A veritable New Era to the foolish as well as to the wise——"

She paused suddenly. From somewhere up-stairs came the sound of a door moving slowly upon protesting hinges, stopping, starting again, as though pushed by a cautious hand, then slamming shut. Mary Carson was trembling before the final crash almost startled her into screaming. But no sound or movement followed to betray a lurking presence and, after holding her breath, she relaxed once more. A window had been left open, she decided, noticing the increasing coldness. Finding herself growing chilly, and reassured by the continuing silence, she tiptoed into the hall, took down a coat, and put it on. Back

in her chair, she leaned forward rigidly. *It was so very quiet.* Almost it seemed that the house was holding its breath—until a shutter slammed; it sounded like a pistol-shot in the uncanny stillness; Mary Carson felt weak from the shock of the noise. Curiously, too, this room she so loved, into which she had gathered those treasures the acquiring of which had been her dominant interest for years, assumed an alien menacing look. Such value as they had, had been supplied by Jim—Jim, who cared less than nothing for what he described as *things*.

Outside a fitful wind was rising. It commenced stealthily; then swiftly increased. Somewhere—unnoticed in the daily noises—a tree-branch rasped against the house; to and fro, back and forth—with a muffled whispering, a monotonous nagging reiteration. Angrily Mrs. Carson decided: “I’ll have that tree cut back *to-morrow!*” Then caught herself. *To-morrow:* a meaningless combination of sounds, that word. She commenced to cry. If *only* Jim would come! It was cruel of him to leave her to face such conditions alone! He must realize how terrifying it was—

Somewhere nearer there arose a sudden confused uproar of shouting and shooting. Mrs. Carson sprang to her feet and reached for the empty revolver. Why—oh, why—had she wasted those unnecessary shots? Now she was defenseless, exposed to whatever might be meted out to her. Unless there were more bullets in the desk-drawer. But could she reload the revolver? And loaded, would she have the courage to use it? In an engulfing wave of desolation she wondered if God minded people arriving, uninvited, at his heaven. Did he, in pouring out your draught of

life, expect you to drink it down to the last bitter drop?—reserving to himself the punishment of those responsible for your anguish, your sudden going—but demanding of you neither evasion nor shrinking. A stern Father, requiring obedience—“And shall I be inquired of by you?—As I live, saith the Lord God, *I will not be inquired of by you*—” Austere words, favorites of Jim’s, read for the high quality of their message in the days when blossoming plants graced the celadon bowls and a fire glowed in the polished grate. Different sounding now, when courage was something more than a brave word; and Jim was gone—*Was he gone?*

Mrs. Carson slipped from the chair; kneeling, she buried her face in her hands. “Dear God,” she prayed, “don’t let Jim be so far ahead of me that I can’t catch up with him—*help me*—that no matter what happens—*before I get away*—Jim, looking back—won’t be ashamed of me—” Kneeling there, she noticed that the turmoil had ceased. Lulled by a new sense of comfort she dozed; wakened with a jump; dozed, and wakened again. When she arose she was stiff and numb. Dully she wondered if this Chinese night would never end; would go on and on forever.

The wind was blowing hard now. It whirled some chaff across the porch, rattled the windows, made a desolate moaning in the chimney. The room was very cold.

Again came the uproar of the mob. She was so tired. Almost she wished that the suspense might finish, that something definite would happen. But in a second she regretted that wish, grew rigid with fright again. Somewhere near some one was walking with cautious, muffled footsteps. *In the house?*

Desperately she strained her ears—no, outside—coming nearer—stealthily gaining the porch. A fumbling hand slid along the wall, to the long French window, felt for the handle—very slowly turned it. Mrs. Carson's fascinated eyes were fixed upon the window. Had she fastened it? Would it open? Were the lepers returning? Or an advance-guard of the howling mob?

The door did not open. Instead, after a moment, a tap sounded on the glass. If only she had thought to put out the light! Perhaps, if she kept very still, whoever it was would go away. Vain hope! Again came the knocking accompanied by a hoarse voice. Shivering, she cowered in her chair; then, as panic again threatened to overwhelm her, she reminded herself that the time for terror was past; with only the glass of the French window between her and the person outside, whatever was imminent could not be avoided. She walked to the window and put back the curtain.

The light struck across the faded uniform of a Chinese soldier and a face curiously gray, with dull eyes.

"What do you want?" asked Mary Carson.

He stared blankly at her.

"This is a foreign house! In it are no Chinese!"

He continued to stare.

"*Go away!*" she commanded.

He swayed; then slipped slowly to the floor.

Mrs. Carson unfastened the window, dragged him into the room, closed and locked the window—and looked down at the limp figure. His shoddy uniform was dripping wet, faded to colorlessness except where a bright, new blood-stain was spreading in a vivid patch. He was emaciated, poor, helpless. With an ef-

fort she lifted him onto the sofa, and covered him with her coat. He cried out as she moved him, muttered a few words in an unintelligible dialect; but even to inexperienced eyes the fact that his climb up from the river had been a last effort was apparent.

"I prayed for help—then kept him waiting!" Mary Carson whispered as she refilled the hot-water kettle, made tea, and carried it to him. He swallowed a little, but shook his head over her effort to remove his wet, blood-stained coat.

Who was he? Where had he come from? What could he tell her of conditions farther up the river? She never knew. But in her attempts to make his last hours easier the interminable night passed; the first gray of dawn was in the sky when, with a little sigh, the soldier stopped breathing—the need for her efforts was over. Settling down to await the daylight, she must have dozed, for when she opened her eyes again the early sunlight was brightening the room and, for a moment, she could not remember where she was. Then as her glance rested upon the still figure on the sofa, her weary mind shrank back from the new problems of this new day.

Stiffly she straightened her aching back and stood up. Resolutely she reminded herself of her prayer; bring what the day might it must be met; she would not shrink from events before they happened. I'll keep busy: first, coffee and toast; then a grave to dig—it would not be well for a mob to find a revolver and a dead Chinese soldier on the place. After that the rooms to straighten and a fresh fire to lay in the grate. Then the meaningless, worthless valuables to pack away—not for another hour should they emphasize the

futility of mere possession. If more of the day remained to her, other duties. But first she must look at that river on which Jim had gone away—and never returned. She turned toward where the curtain was still pulled back, stopped short, stared. For the first time her courage failed her. *This was the end.* She knew that she had gone mad. With a gesture of utter defeat she clasped her hands together and broke into frantic sobbing. At the window a face peered in—a boyish face surmounted by a small white cap set at an incredible angle. Fixedly the visitor was gazing at the revolver on the table, at the still figure on the sofa, at Mary Carson.

As the sound of her weeping reached him, the face was withdrawn; for an appalled moment the owner of it considered flight—but only for a moment. Settling his cap at a new angle he went to the brow of the river-bank and, with waving arms, commenced to signal. Then he returned to the porch. Silence followed, broken only by Mrs. Carson's uncontrolled sobbing.

Other white caps and blue uniforms appeared above the bank. The sailor on the porch lifted up his voice. Upon Mary Carson's ears there fell an unprejudiced description of how her tragic affairs looked to a casual observer:

"She's here! And I'd say the other fellow was the one to worry about!" Aggrievedly the sailor added: "Was she glad to be rescued? *She was not!* The minute she saw me she commenced to cry so loud that I was scared to tell her her husband was waitin' down aboard the gunboat! 'Fraid she might do like that dame in Brooklyn, who thought her husband's ship was lost—him with it—an' when a reporter went to cheer her with the news that her man was saved, she threw boilin' water out onto

him. She stated, later, that her joy unnerved her——"

Mrs. Carson arose and stumbled to the window. Outside, a score of American bluejackets and a petty officer were coming up the lawn. The sailor on the porch turned as he heard her struggling with the catch, and spoke comfortingly: "All right now?— Fine!— This must be a weepin' country for the womenfolks; that one down on the gunboat—Jenson's her name—sure cries aplenty! She cries a whole lot more'n the baby, an' he ain't supposed to have sense yet——"

Mrs. Carson interrupted: "My husband?— Why didn't he come with you?"

"He's got a broken ankle—and lucky to get off so easy!— Hi, ma'am! where you goin'?"

She was running down the path.

The petty officer intercepted her. "Mr. Carson said you'd never leave without some antique stuff you set great store by. This house won't escape being looted another day—the miracle is that it's been let alone this long!"

Mary Carson paused to explain about the dead soldier, and to ask that a grave should be dug for him. She added a few directions and went on.

At the top of the bank where the path dipped down to the river she turned to look back at her home. By another evening the blossoming flower-beds would be trodden into the earth, the house given over to pillage. But now it stood like an accusing monument to her past mistakes, her selfish absorptions. What might she not have done for Ah-ne, working on because of bitter need, until that hideous night engulfed her? And the servants, lurking in cellars, fearing for their lives? Even for the Liangs, done to death in their great palace; or

the soldier-representative of China's exploited, baffled millions? No one had turned to her. And yet—once her attention and interest were captured—she was kind.

More slowly Mrs. Carson went down the path. Tears were in her eyes. Fierce-

ly she whispered: "I've finished forever with *things!* From now on I'll build my life on the intangible: sympathy, kindness, understanding—these as a thank-offering that Jim was spared. With him alive nothing else will *ever* really matter!"



The Spirit of the Game

BY H. W. WHICKER

Author of "From Prize-Ring to Professor"

HUMAN nature has not changed in the last thirteen thousand years; there is a strong possibility that it will not change in the next twenty thousand. The surface calm is broken by an occasional squall: a king toppled from a throne, a revolution, a flurry of war, a theory, a dogma, a law; but the depths are undisturbed.

And life is a game from beginning to end, from dawn to dusk: a child sobbing over a sawdust doll, a mother protecting her offspring with her life; youth plunging the line, bounding down the cinder lane, or pulling an oar for the school; maturity marching into battle for an oil-well in Mesopotamia, a coal-field in the Ruhr, a shipping-lane in the North Sea, or a rubber-plantation in the Indies. It was so upon the first day, it will be so upon the last.

Victory is the lady for whose favor we enter the lists; she is the spirit of the game, the motive with which we endure the privation of the play. And one game is not different in principle from another; its effect upon the individual soul is the same. Youth has its captain, its referee, its book of rules; maturity its

generals, its judges on the bench, its laws; and there is no little dishonesty on the field in the meantime: a forbidden blow in a tangled pyramid of human flesh, sly holding in the line, a trip of the leg off tackle, and no end of *business is business* over the counter. If youth has sacrificed an occasional life or limb to the gridiron, maturity has but recently drenched the European playfield of business with the blood of nine million lives. But consideration of casualty is beside the point in any venture; Death is at every corner, at every turn of the road, in every bed at night, in the food we eat, the water we drink. Nor can the importance of material weigh in the discussion. A robust lad may play football all his life and carry as much to the tomb as the capitalist. The issue rests wholly in the playing of the game, whether it is heroic or unheroic; sportsmanlike or unsportsmanlike; dragged out half-heartedly, or pushed manfully through to a conclusion. And when the matter is reduced to this premise there is much to be said in favor of the sports and games of college youth.

On the campus maturity holds the academic reins, and youth the athletic. It should be so; they are in their rightful fields. But if college has degenerated, as one critic observes, into a great stadium with a few academic halls around it, the fault is not with youth. If he takes his showers in a beautiful athletic pavilion erected at the cost of half a million dollars—if he plunges the line in a magnificent concrete bowl with a seating capacity of seventy thousand spectators, and costing an additional three million, he is deserving of praise for the excellence with which he has built. If maturity, on the other hand, holds its English seminars and classes in a rickety old corral erected half a century back—if it herds healthy young men and women into stuffy, poorly ventilated rooms unsightly with furniture scarred by the hands and feet of ten college generations, this is not to its credit. It is lagging in the traces; its fire and enthusiasm are gone. It will stand prodding. Down in the stadium or the pavilion it may learn a lesson from youth.

And the various actors who take leading parts on the athletic stage under the direction of the graduate-manager must be men. They are paid men's salaries for men's work. The football-coach draws down thousands to the academic instructor's hundreds, but in most cases he is worth the difference. There is, at present, not a more overpaid profession on earth than the academic or educational. In nearly thirty years of an experience with the system, ranging from my first day of school to my last before a college class, I have met but seven men who united in their individualities those qualities of manhood and that natural love of the beautiful which make the true teacher. It was worth floundering through the whole dreary

mire for these contacts; I would gladly do it again. And yet, I cannot help feeling that, in this respect, I have been more fortunate than many educational adventurers, for the man is rare who may lay claim to three of such a company along the route of his pilgrimage.

The number of people who drift into college, year after year, without one quality of manhood or womanhood is amazing. In some mysterious fashion they drag through, finding the stuff suitable for their little wits not in history, not in the sciences, not in the arts, but in the *Department of Education*, where in association with their kind they are moulded like putty into herdsmen, not teachers. And after four years they know that life is no place for them; it is a swift and terrible stream which they view with abject terror. A trout may keep his nose to such a current, but never a carp. One frightened glance, and they flounder into the grade schools, the high schools, and the colleges and universities in the same spirit with which a carp "fins" his way back to a slough off the main current.

Such an array frowns down upon the healthy American schoolboy, or schoolgirl, from kindergarten to college commencement. And a sorry lot they are: men unsexed by lack of physical exercise and the moron-making processes of study through which they have been pushed for *Normal Certificates*.* women without the physical or intellectual charm to attract mates. The whole system, as a consequence, is but a lunch-counter and sleeping accommodation for incompetence. Indeed, one may find teachers here and there, a true man or woman, but they are under the handi-

*Fifteen hours of *Education* are now required in practically all States for the Normal Certificate. Without it no one may legally teach in the public schools.

cap of the association. They must work with instructors of English composition who never write, who could not write if they tried, and are not interested in writing—depending upon *educational method* instead of honest practice in their subject, and forcing a bright, creative mind into such a hopeless maze of theory that his natural liking gives way to disgust, or prodding him so unmercifully with authority not founded on fact that he instinctively revolts at the punishment by sleeping through class, cutting, bluffing, and resorting to any expedient which will enable him to slip by the requirement and have done with the wretched business.

But there is a different spirit in the gymnasium or stadium: no sleeping there, no bluffing, no cutting. My coaches, in this physical field, were without exception physical men, and in most cases far and away more intellectual than the general run of my academic instructors. They were men broad of shoulder, thick of neck, deep of chest, hot of blood, quick to wrath, and fair; no stooped shoulders here, no narrow-chested products of tepid milk and regulated temperature. They were also practical masters of their subjects: my football-coach first made his name on the gridiron, not by thesis, or *Doctor's* examination, but by a line plunge, an end run, or a man's job in the line, before he could demand consideration from youth's *graduate-manager*; my basketball-coach was competent, on the strength of past performances on the playing-court, to deliver the goods; my wrestling-coach was a battered, cauli-flowered veteran of five hundred mat battles; my baseball-coach was a pitcher in the big leagues until old age made him a free agent.

Under such circumstances there is

some excuse for the manly lad who shirks the academic hall for the playing-field. There is heroism in John Milton, Charles Lamb, and Edgar Allan Poe; in Schubert, Beethoven, and Handel; in Raphael, Turner, and Inness, but in nine cases out of ten the student's instructors unpractised in these arts, though frequently much-studied, are as dark shadows thrown across bright and beautiful scenes. On the gridiron, quite the reverse, he is directly in the company of sportsmen and heroes of a physical world, but sportsmen and heroes nevertheless.

On the surface, judged purely from the physical, his feats are but folly: a maddened bull will plough his way through the strongest line ever developed by the craftiest coach in America; he will accomplish this without the aid of *interference*; and he will do it more effectively than Thorpe, Coy, Grange, or any other football celebrity of either past or present; the world's champion sprinter runs the hundred-yard dash in nine and five-tenths seconds; a mongrel dog of any breed combination from Irish setter to Russian wolfhound will negotiate the same distance well under seven seconds. Then why make heroes of men for pigmy labors in fields in which untrained animals are easily their superiors?

And to see him pulling at an oar in a flashing cedar shell is to look upon more folly. Any good outboard motor will drive it four miles in half the time; it has no possibilities in the transportation of the world's material. After the first two miles his body revolts at every stroke; he is exhausted; ten years of his life are doubtless sacrificed to the last two miles. Why not drop the oar and ride in on the failing power of seven other men? Why not lie down on the

turf when the body is so bruised and battered that the least move is agony? Why not quit in the last two hundred yards of the half-mile race? An animal would, but never a man!

And in this thing which lifts man out of the realm of the animal, we find the sportsmanship and heroism of the game. An honest lad toils four long years on the end of an unwieldy oar. To drive a cedar shell over four miles of water? Never! He is preying upon his kind; he is winning his seat in that shell from a man; he will defend it as a man. Here in this conquest he receives a training in something far more of the spirit than of the body. Inferior at first, he watches another man stroke with his oar: he swallows his disappointment, disciplines away his envy, and respects himself. He co-operates with better physical men until he is their equal, or their superior, and then with good grace, with chin up and eye flashing fire, he takes his place among them. He is a man. He has lived as a man, fought as a man; he has eaten moderately, smoked moderately, composed himself, his whole being attuned to a decent self-discipline imposed upon him by his own man-spirit. In the meantime he has been allied with a cause, on a common ground with other men, fighting for victory, his soul aflame with a sense of duty to his fellow beings. Oh, it's a little thing, to be sure, this pulling an oar, this plunging a line, this dash down the cinder lanes, but in the greater sense it brings within its scope every worthy principle involved in any game. It is not material, or the physical, that counts here, but fidelity to that which the laws and traditions of the game have made duty, the thing which keeps a man pulling at his oar, or plunging the line; the thing which sends a man to the stake

for a dogma or a creed, or charging *over the top* for his country, or gives him honor even as a thief among thieves. It is his one excuse for being, his one title to the claim of nobility. And if these college games offer even a little training in this, they deserve all their pavilions and stadiums, and all that it costs to maintain them.

Education in the true sense, not the professional, is at best but a training in adjustment, an adjustment which will enable a man to meet his problems with life intelligently and honorably. The medium may be but an oar, or a pig-skin, but it is adjustment nevertheless. It is doubtful if he can get this practical exercise of his nature in English, in science, in history, and the arts, at least while the blight of professional pedagogy is upon them; it belongs to games. And in these, if he has it in him, he may rise above the herd, for the coach is a thresherman who has learned by long practice to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to recognize the one from the other—something as yet beyond the academic administrators.

These sports and games, in the final analysis, are the challenge of a vigorous and enthusiastic youth to a faltering, overcautious maturity. The student must dabble for credit in the academic: a bit of English, history, science, and art, and in the end do nothing well; but out on the field he must push what he does through to a conclusion under a practical master in a profession which places a premium upon excellence at the expense of mediocrity. There are many objections to this system—this is the nature of all human institutions—but there are also many compensations from which maturity may learn, if it will, much, and not the least of these is the spirit of the game.

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

“THE Early Life of Thomas Hardy” seems to me very close to what an ideal biography should be. The biographer keeps herself hidden, like the author of a play progressing on the stage; we watch the growth and development of Hardy’s mind and character, and wherever it is possible—and it very often is—we have his own words, in letters, journals, and memoranda. If ever a first volume whetted one’s curiosity for a second, this does; we are taken here from 1840 to 1891, to the publication of his most famous novel, “Tess of the D’Urbervilles.”

Hardy lived to be eighty-seven, in perfect command of his physical and mental faculties up to the very end; his sight and hearing were acute, his mind was not only powerful but nimble and alert; and he walked out on the countryside with the vigor and relish of youth. He attained fame comparatively early in life, and, unlike many old men who survive their reputation, his grew steadily in breadth and depth until on the day of his death he stood higher in general estimation than ever before. And not only did he enjoy universal homage, he was intensely beloved by a wide circle of friends. He had

“that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

What he did not have was *boyhood*. Exactly the opposite of Peter Pan, who never grew up, Hardy was born old; grave, thoughtful, silent, shy, studious,

his childish brow was sickled o’er with the pale cast of thought. He was full of sympathy and tenderness, but never jovial. He had the literary, not the rhetorical, temperament.

He never overcame his constitutional shyness. He was actually more at home with animals and with the forces of nature than with men and women. He was extremely grateful for friendship and understanding, but human society was not necessary to his well-being. What are the great scenes in his novels? They are not scenes of congenial companionship, like those in “The Three Musketeers,” or “Pickwick Papers.” They are Gabriel Oak in the vast silence of the winter night, telling time by the stars; Giles Winterborne, almost as impersonal as an autumn leaf; and Egdon Heath, which seemed at twilight to awake and listen.

Mr. Howells, in his published recollections of his friend Mark Twain, spoke with almost feminine appreciation of the fact that Mark “never put his hands on you.” There seemed to Mr. Howells something repulsive in the affectionate arm around the shoulder; or the friendly touch in greeting. Now Mr. Howells was one of the kindest, most generous, most appreciative of men; but there was in him a certain refinement that gave him an unconquerable shyness. Sir James Barrie, who knew Hardy better than any other man, says that to the best of his belief no man ever laid a hand on him. This shrinking

from contact seems entirely a matter of physical shyness; it has nothing to do with mentality or with intellectual austerity. Henry James certainly had an austere and fastidious mind. But the very first time I saw him he put his arm affectionately around my shoulder; and the last time I saw Joseph Conrad he embraced me at parting.

Hardy *conscientiously* looked on the dark side of life. He felt it was wrong to be merry in a world so full of suffering. No decent person would roar with laughter at a funeral; and Hardy evidently felt that at any other time laughter was equally incongruous. Here is an extract from his diary written before he was forty:

A man would never laugh were he not to forget his situation, or were he not one who never has learnt it. After risibility from comedy, how often does the thoughtful mind reproach itself for forgetting the truth? Laughter always means blindness—either from defect, choice, or accident.

That word *reproach* is significant; yet the man who wrote it produced scenes of humor in his novels that arouse irrepressible laughter.

As the true novelist is an impersonal and omnipresent spirit, not only sharing all the experiences of his characters but reading all their thoughts, so there was something ghostly about Hardy's participation in life, of which he was well aware.

For my part, if there is any way of getting a melancholy satisfaction out of life it lies in dying, so to speak, before one is out of the flesh; by which I mean putting on the manners of ghosts, wandering in their haunts, and taking their views of surrounding things. To think of life as passing away is a sadness; to think of it as past is at least tolerable. Hence even when I enter into a room to pay a simple morning call I have unconsciously the habit of regarding the scene as if I were a spectre not solid enough to influence my environ-

ment; only fit to behold and say, as another spectre said: "Peace be unto you!"

For my part, I believe that Hardy was a much happier man than professional humorists. He took a deep satisfaction in the communion of his own mind with nature; in the exercise of his creative powers; in the immense number of interesting ideas that flooded his mind; in the love and peace and serenity of his home. And, as human nature is made up of paradoxes, I believe the profound seriousness with which he regarded life was to him a source of happiness; remember that Mr. Aldrich said, in his story of a boy, that as he looked back on his childhood he is sure that the happiest time was during the period that he regarded himself as a blighted being. On the other hand, the professional fun-makers are often horribly unhappy. A caller on Josh Billings was told that he was preparing copy for the press and could not at that moment be seen. "Furthermore, he is crying." "What's he crying about?" "Oh, nothing; he cries most of the time." And at that moment a small boy brought out from Billings's room the copy for the printer; it had a side-splitting joke, and was wet with tears.

Apart from the revelation of Hardy's mind, the biography is full of good anecdotes about his famous contemporaries—Browning, Trollope, Stevenson, and many others. One reads also with intense interest of the long and serious illness of 1881, when he was composing "*A Laodicean*." In 1900 Hardy himself told me that novel contained more of the facts of his life than any other, and that its uniqueness of style was partly because he dictated it when he believed himself to be dying.

There are biographies and autobiographies which lessen one's opinion of

the hero. In this instance, while Mrs. Hardy has made not the slightest attempt to magnify his genius and character—the outstanding fault of the Tennyson memoir—one closes this book with the belief that Hardy was a truly great writer and that his works in verse and prose proceeded from a great mind.

As if to illustrate and emphasize this, synchronously with the publication of the "Life" comes the last volume of poems, "Winter Words." He had expected to issue this on his eighty-eighth birthday. The introductory note begins: "So far as I am aware, I happen to be the only English poet who has brought out a new volume of his verse on his . . . birthday." He goes on to protest against the verdict of many reviewers of his preceding volume, because they said it was gloomy and pessimistic; he thinks they could not have read it. "My sense of the oddity of this verdict may be imagined when, in selecting them, I had been, as I thought, rather too liberal in admitting flippant, not to say farcical, pieces into the collection." Well, all things are relative, and what would seem light and gay to Hardy might seem serious enough to another mind. Years ago, when Rostand and Maeterlinck published simultaneously, one critic remarked: "Death in Rostand is far more cheerful than life in Maeterlinck."

It has always seemed amazing to me that, in view of the fact that no English writer of modern times received more praise than Hardy, he should have been so sensitive to the comparatively small amount of adverse criticism. If one did not know the facts, one might easily believe from reading Hardy's prefaces that he was a much maligned and misunderstood man, struggling in vain for recognition.

I read "Winter Words" through at a sitting; not because it did not arouse constant material for reflection, but because it is so continuously interesting that I simply had to read on. There is not a single page that betrays the least sign of failing powers.

PROUD SONGSTERS

"The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales
In bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand new birds of twelve-months'
growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
Nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain."

One of the most affecting poems is in memory of his dog Wessex, who lies in a grave in the grounds at Max Gate with a tombstone designed by his master. There is also a short ironical comment on civilization, written for Christmas 1924.

"'Peace upon earth' was said. We sing it,
And pay a million priests to bring it.
After two thousand years of mass
We've got as far as poison-gas."

At a dinner given last summer in London by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan—Mr. Morgan is the dramatic critic of the London *Times* and his wife (Diana Vaughan) is a novelist—I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time Mr. and Mrs. Francis Brett Young, who are now in America. The first novel I read by Mr. Young was "The Crescent Moon," a story that showed great promise. This promise has been more than fulfilled. His latest novel, "My Brother Jonathan," is not only by

far the best thing he has written; it is one of the finest books of the present season. Mr. Young, like Chekhov and Schnitzler, was a physician before he was a novelist—excellent training, I should think. Physicians and novelists are alike in both being diagnosticians. "My Brother Jonathan" is the story of a general practitioner in a small industrial town in England. Incidentally, it seems to me somewhat remarkable that England, so small a country, should be so inexhaustible a field for the topographical novelist. Hardy spent twenty-five years writing about a small corner of it; and when one might believe that with centuries of novelists digging at it the "local color" would be exhausted, along comes Sheila Kaye-Smith and finds any amount of fresh material in Sussex. Mr. Young has found an apparently new environment for his story; the scene is intensely local, in its natural surroundings and in its inhabitants, but the interest is universal. One remembers in Tennyson's "Lancelot and Elaine" that the younger brother of Elaine was brilliant and forthputting, while the older one, Sir Torre, whose shield was blank, was either ignored or regarded as a clumsy boor. But there is a passage which has always moved me more deeply than anything else in the "Idylls of the King." The younger brother Lavaine is so dazzled by Lancelot that he can see nothing else; but when Elaine's heart is broken, it is the inarticulate and inefficient and awkward Torre who cries in hopeless rage.

"Then the rough Torre began to heave and move,
And bluster into stormy sobs and say,
'I never loved him; an I meet with him,
I care not howsoever great he be,
Then will I strike at him and strike him
down.'

Well, in their boyhood Jonathan is like Torre, content to let his brother have all the glory, and willing to fight for him to the death. It is a very remarkable analysis that Mr. Young has given us of this man's character. And the story of his career is so well done and of such sustained interest that I salute the author and shall henceforth read everything he writes.

Another English novelist, who is not obscure but who deserves much more recognition than she has received, is Beatrice Kean Seymour. "Youth Rides Out" is a good story well told.

H. G. Wells, for the first half of "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island," is at his very best; it is the splendid Wells of "The Wheels of Chance," "Kipps," "Mr. Polly," "Tono Bungay," and the descriptive parts of "Mr. Britling." The account of the sea voyage would have pleased Doctor Johnson. But I think the last part of the book a very sad decline.

. . . Warwick Deeping, like Mr. Young, has done his best work in his latest novel, "Old Pybus." Old Pybus, like Old Sorrell, is a hotel porter. Yesterday the papers said the average hotel porter in the London hotels makes twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Mr. Deeping's porters are content with less.

To those who, like me, revel in a good detective story, let me recommend a few that are absolute hair-raisers. I have never read a more wildly exciting tale than "The Black Circle," by Mansfield Scott. The first sentence grabs you by the throat, and there is not a single let-up till the last word. I wonder how many readers will guess, as I did, the identity of the—but I must not spoil the story. Even if you had an organic disease, you would forget it in reading this book. One almost as exciting and

decidedly better written is "Under-ground," by Farjeon. This is a perfect anæsthetic for a tedious railway journey. Furthermore, here are five gorgeous ones, which must be read in this order. They are all by "Sapper" (Cyril McNeile).

1. Bull-Dog Drummond.
2. The Black Gang.
3. The Third Round.
4. The Final Count.
5. The Female of the Species.

And I hope and believe there are more to follow. These are not only wildly exciting, filled with utterly impossible adventures; they are funny in the extreme, a combination of humor and horror, in the approved style of the modern mystery play.

There is such a thing as making a crime-story too complicated, too ingenious; such is the fault I find with "Death in the Dusk," a well-written yarn by Virgil Markham.

A book that has just been reprinted, and which I am surprised not to have heard of before, is "Round the Horn Before the Mast," by the Englishman Basil Lubbock—the diary of a trip he took from San Francisco to Liverpool in 1899. An English gentleman of fine family, a famous athlete, he went to the Klondyke, got to San Francisco, and "just for the fun of it" shipped as a foremast hand in a sailing-ship bound for England via Cape Stiff. It is a most engaging narrative. It is a wonder any one on board survived the hardships, perils, exposures, and, worst of all, the utterly abominable food. In comparison with the regular food served out daily for a hundred days, a city garbage-pail would be both wholesome and elegant. And this young gentleman, though he disliked the food, loved the whole experi-

ence—yea, gloried in it. He reached England just in time to enlist in the Boer War. Thus he had the perils of the Klondyke followed by the horrors of a lime-juicer, followed by the horrors of war at the other end of the world. Unlike Thomas Hardy, he is an optimist. Surely, surely, it is one's temperament and not one's experience that makes one hopeful or despairing.

A book that so far as I know has escaped the attention of any reviewer is "Pompilia," by David Graham. This is a verse tragedy, made out of Browning's "The Ring and the Book." I happened to see it lying on the table at the house of Mr. Granville-Barker, and when I got to London I bought a copy. The author seems not to have heard of Mr. Goodrich's "Caponsacchi," so magnificently produced and played by Walter Hampden. Mr. Graham's "Pompilia" is well written, but nothing like so well adapted for the stage as the American play.

The centenary of Schubert celebrated everywhere in the world on November 19 was marked also by the appearance of two excellent biographies, both copiously illustrated: "Schubert the Man," by Oscar Bie, the "official" biography, and "Franz Schubert, the Man and His Circle," by Newman Flower. When one considers the enormous heaps of cash made by the authors of "Blossom Time," who adapted the melodies of Schubert for an operetta, and the heart-breaking poverty in which Schubert lived and died, one is reminded of Browning's verse:

"Hobbs hints blue,—straight he turtle eats;
Nobbs prints blue,—claret crowns his cup;
Nokes outdares Stokes in azure feats,—
Both gorge. Who fished the murex up?
What porridge had John Keats?"

I am very glad that the distinguished surgeon Harvey Cushing has collected some of his essays and addresses in a volume called "Consecratio Medici." While these should be read and remembered by every medical student, they are full of interest for the general reader. The other day in Philadelphia I had the pleasure of meeting again at luncheon my old friend the dean of surgeons, Doctor W. W. Keen. He is nearly ninety-two, made a hearty lunch, and talked in the liveliest fashion. He has recently published a little book containing the interesting story of his operation on President Cleveland. I well remember the rumors at the time and how diligently the reporters struggled to find out exactly what was going on.

There are two short books on religion, the first of which will interest all people who take their religion seriously; and the second will interest every intelligent man, woman, and child. I refer to Bishop Gore's "Christ and Society," which bravely tackles fundamental problems of the church in its relation to the modern social order. The second, by the great scientist Robert A. Millikan, is called "The Evolution of Science and Religion." I really cannot recommend this too highly. It is simple, profound, eloquent. When I finished it, I stood up and cheered loudly. It is tremendously inspiring. If I had to define Professor Millikan's religion, I should express it in the formula, thus:

Galilee plus Galileo

Those who imagine that scientists are destroying religious faith should consider two of the foremost scientists now living—Millikan and Pupin. And they might also consider J. S. Haldane, *not* J. B. S. Haldane.

Ludwig Lewisohn's polemical novel, "The Island Within," is of course well-written, because Mr. Lewisohn is a scholar and a master of English style. My feelings on finishing the book were so exactly expressed by a letter I received from a New York physician that I will quote it.

It seems to me its realism, while not over-drawn, (I know, I am a Jew),—cannot serve any constructive purpose. Indeed I think it dangerous.

It's my humble belief that the religious question cannot be solved by tearing open old and partly healed wounds nor by magnifying existing discriminations, but rather by each individual Jew translating his ancestral devotion to religion and piety into straight living and fair dealing with his fellow men regardless of their religious views.

From the North Coast Limited Train John McClellan writes me, "What about the use of 'ired' as a verb? Are these gentlemen of the Fourth Estate remaking the English language?" and he encloses a newspaper headline:

"Ganna Walska Ired About Divorce Query"

The Halifax, N. S., *Chronicle* quotes with approval my attack on puffery on book-jackets. It also gives me the cheering news that "A well known firm of publishers announce their intention to discontinue the practice of clothing new publications with a colored paper cover or 'jacket.'" I don't mind the colored jacket so much as I do the puffery.

James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Mo., has a suggestion:

Permit me to nominate for a regular and official place in the English vocabulary the verb "ensmall." At present it does not appear in the best Thesaurus, and in the Webster International it is given only in the lower section of the page in fine type marked "rare." As an old newspaper publisher I have often

felt the need for this word. When I increased the size of my paper I enlarged it, of course. But what, in one word, did I do when I decreased its size? Naturally, I "ensmalled it!" Without that word I had to use a phrase to accurately describe my act. Apropos, Dean Walter Williams, of the School of Journalism, Missouri State University, himself no mean authority on good English, used it in an address to the Missouri Editorial Association on November 16th, but recognized its irregularity by putting it in quotation marks. We do not now seem to have an exact antonym for "enlarge."

Mark Barr writes from the Century Club:

But isn't the word ALEUROPHILE? At least I hope to coin it in the face of aleurophobia.

The F. Q. Club is enriched by three new members from Williams College: Selby Hanssen, Roy Armstrong, and Doctor John Roberts of the English Department. All three read the poem through in honors work and are glad they did.

The word *aromite* which I published in this column as occurring in a poem ascribed to Robert Browning has called out a large number of letters, all of which have suggested that it is a missprint for *aconite*. The word *aromite* does not occur either in Webster's International or in the vast interior of the N. E. D., so of course I supposed there was no such word, though Browning, like Habakkuk, was capable of anything. But now comes a letter from G. Gunby Jordan, of Columbus, Ga., reminding me that *aromite* is in the Funk & Wagnall's New Standard Dictionary. I opened my copy and sure enough there it is. Score one for Funk & Wagnalls! The word is accented on the second syllable, much to my surprise. It however makes no sense in the poem, and Mr. Jordan, like all my other cor-

respondents, suggests *aconite*. If you want to know what *aromite* means, I will not tell you, for the same reason and with as much reason as that given by Silas Wegg concerning the difference between the Roman and the Rosshian Empires.

The new Oxford Centenary Tolstoy edition, containing the complete works in English translation under the general editorship of Aylmer Maude, is a magnificent undertaking. Three volumes have already appeared, and I particularly recommend the introduction to the "Plays," which is contributed by Harley Granville-Barker. Every book will have a brief introduction by some prominent man of letters. Let me suggest that it is possible to buy these volumes as they appear, if one subscribes to the set; then the expense will not seem so heavy.

The first volume of the "Dictionary of American Biography" will delight the many thousands of readers who have been looking forward to it. It is a book of convenient size and weight, and the letterpress is excellent. The whole work will contain twenty volumes, and will be invaluable. I could not keep house without the "Dictionary of National Biography" (British), and of course I must now possess the American follower. Allen Johnson and the group of scholars in charge of the preparation of this mighty work know exactly how it ought to be done.

The death of Hermann Sudermann on November 21 took away one of the very few persons who have ever been able to write a first-class novel in German. See if you can name five novels in the German language that are universally known and admired; that are in the class with "Les Misérables,"

"Anna Karenina," "The Scarlet Letter," "David Copperfield," "Don Quixote." Well, one of the earliest works by Sudermann, which appeared in 1887, is "Frau Sorge" (Dame Care). It was instantly acclaimed, made its hitherto-unknown author famous, and has now assumed the dignity of a classic. It has been translated into many languages and on the day of the author's death had reached into a sale of 300,000 copies. To sell 300,000 copies in a year may mean nothing; but to sell 300,000 copies in forty-one years looks like permanence. In my judgment, this novel will outlive all the rest of its author's works and nearly everything written by his German contemporaries. It is a study of *bashfulness*, something in boys that is usually treated with brutal laughter even by those nearest and dearest to them; Sudermann treated it with sympathetic understanding. The author's fame took an enormous jump two years later, in 1889, on the appearance of his first play, "Die Ehre" (Honor). This fired a shot heard round the world. It is a brilliant social drama, and is still immensely popular in Germany. In the same year came his novel "Der Katzensteg" (Regina), which was hailed with extravagant praise by the German critics, but which they ought to have seen was quite inferior to "Frau Sorge." It was inferior in just those ways that were later to play havoc with Sudermann's reputation. It was theatrical instead of dramatic; and it was marred by what has always been the curse of German novels, an excess of sentimentality. The play "Die Ehre" was succeeded by "Sodoms Ende" (The Destruction of Sodom), which the critics, already beginning to show their teeth, said would be the destruction of Sudermann. "Sodoms Ende ist Sudermanns Ende." As

a matter of fact, "Sodoms Ende" is a tremendously powerful play, and the only reason it is not oftener produced is because it is so painful as to be almost unendurable. Sudermann's answer to the critics was his most famous play, "Heimat" (Magda), which was acted on every stage in the world, and at the same time in three different languages, by Sarah Bernhardt, Duse, and Madame Modjeska. It will hold the stage for many, many years to come. Never shall I forget the night I saw it in London, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell at her best. It made an indelible impression.

Now Sudermann's chief works, these I have mentioned, appeared from 1887 to 1893; and he has been steadily productive ever since. People have condemned him for this—that is, for doing his best work in his early years. But his great rival, Gerhart Hauptmann, who is idolized in Germany, had a similar fate. His first play, "Vor Sonnenaufgang" (Before Sunrise), appeared in the same year as Sudermann's first, 1889; it was soon followed by "Hannele," "The Sunken Bell," "The Weavers," and other remarkable works. Hauptmann too has been steadily productive ever since; but his towering reputation depends largely on those early works.

The German critics seemed to feel that they could not praise both Hauptmann and Sudermann; thus they exalted the former, and no abuse was too great for Sudermann, who must have looked upon Hauptmann as his evil genius. While Hauptmann undoubtedly is a great man, more in what his works suggest than in what they accomplish, it has always seemed to me that the German critics were unfair to Sudermann in pretending, after the early flush of his fame, not to take him

seriously. One of the most honest of them, in a fit of remorse, remarked: "Sudermann is usually most violently attacked by those who have tried to imitate him, and failed." Although written some time ago (before the war), Professor Otto Heller's book, "Studies in Modern German Literature," is still most readable, and its comparison of Hauptmann and Sudermann is instructive.

It is not exaggerating to say that the majority of German critics treat Hauptmann with adoration and Sudermann with contempt; I think they should have come a little nearer to a balance, while cheerfully admitting there is in Hauptmann's plays, even when they are least successful, a potential power, a suggestion of greatness, not reached by Sudermann's more downright and more efficient workmanship. Granting all this, in the field of the *novel*, Sudermann is

distinctly superior. Even "The Song of Songs" is better than any novel written by Hauptmann. Edith Wharton made a beautiful English translation of Sudermann's play "The Joy of Living." Only last summer she told me it still has a steady sale.

A few years ago Sudermann published his autobiography, narrating the almost incredible struggles of his boyhood and manhood. His parents were desperately, heart-breakingly poor. I wonder if his mother is still living. I do not believe any woman has ever worked harder than she. Sudermann says that all through his boyhood his mother kept right on at the interminable labor of the household, long after he was sent to bed; and that long before he got up his mother was hard at the most back-breaking toil. At the time he produced the "Autobiography" she was ninety-seven years old, and "going strong."



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The Art of Edwin Austin Abbey

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THERE lies before me a scrap-book that I filled in the 80's and 90's with the illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey then appearing in *Harper's Magazine*, illustrations reproduced by the leaders in our golden age of wood-engraving. Indeed it carries the record even further back, because in the old book-shops I used to hunt up everything of his that I could find, and some of these fugitive bits belong to the very outset of his career. Well, the interesting thing about that scrap-book is that it does not "date," it is without that subtle, deadening touch that time so often leaves upon a work of art. Last November Mrs. Abbey brought from England a collection of over 300 drawings and paintings by her husband and assisted at their organization into a memorial exhibition at the American Academy of Arts and Letters in New York City. This exhibition continues until the end of March. If in approaching it I pause upon the scrap-book aforesaid, it is because the two things, taken together, enforce the central fact of Abbey's art. That was his gift for poetic recreation, his imaginative grasp upon the past, and his possession of technical aptitudes requisite for the development of beauty in the process. His career was "all of a piece," that of an artist having from beginning to end an exquisitely romantic vision.



The illustrator is often a curiously potent figure, his intervention leaving an indelible mark upon the poetry or

prose he touches. Is "Alice," after all, quite thinkable without the stamp placed upon her personality and adventures by Tenniel? It does not always require great artistic power for the illustrator thus to achieve a kind of collateral immortality. Doré, in the impress he has made upon the memory of mankind, surpasses Daniel Vierge, the latchet of whose shoe, artistically speaking, he was unworthy to unloose. The play of some mysterious interpretative magic is everything in this matter, and, with it, some endearing tincture of style. Abbey had both resources. They must have been stirring in him even in his teens, when he was a night student at the Pennsylvania Academy, and they came rapidly to the surface when he began to work for the Harpers in 1871. He was still a very young man when his individual strain presently made itself felt. Turning back to the scrap-book, I savor again the quality of his early drawings for Herrick. It would be foolish to claim positive brilliance for them or anything like absolute mastery. But charm is there, an intensely sympathetic visualization of the poet's motive. There is a clew to this imponderable side of the man offered by his old comrade in the Harper establishment, Mr. W. A. Rogers. Contributing some memories to the biography published by Lucas in 1921, Mr. Rogers says that "so much of him was pure spirit." One other passage I must quote at greater length:

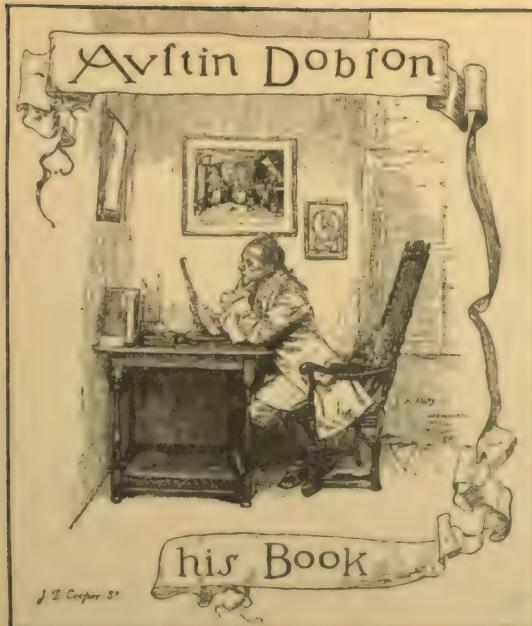
In appearance he was different in many

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The Golden Dish.

From the pastel by E. A. Abbey.



The Wandering Minstrels.

From the water-color by E. A. Abbey.



Falstaff and His Page.

From the painting by E. A. Abbey.



Iago.

From the painting by E. A. Abbey.



Faust and Marguerite.

From the painting by E. A. Abbey.



A Measure.

From the painting by E. A. Abbey.

subtle ways from any one I had ever met. His features, while strong, were cut like a cameo; by force of contrast his dark, deep-set eyes gave his face an effect of great pallor. And, while he treated me with the utmost cordiality and used every effort to put me completely at my ease and on a basis of comradeship, I can feel to this day the thrill of an experience away beyond the material. As I grew to know him better in after days, this feeling grew deeper rather than less. It was all well enough, it seemed to me, for his companions to call him "Ned," to laugh at his merry pranks and funny sayings, but always, to me, his visible presence and what he said and did seemed to be the least of what he was.

Just such an impression as this I received from him in our various meetings. I remember an evening's talk with him across a narrow table at a great banquet in his honor. He was the pivot of the occasion, yet in some strange way he seemed detached from it. I remember sitting with him in a New York studio when he was painting on his "*Ophelia*." Then, and on other occasions, he struck me as essentially aloof from ordinary issues. There was nothing of preciosity about him. Far from it. But he had, unmistakably, an inner life, and was a creature of fine grain. You felt instinctively that, as Mr. Rogers has said, "so much of him was pure spirit."

He was able to illumine an author, even a Shakespeare, because he had an imagination quickly responding to that author's illumination. And besides his intangible traits he had a habit of tremendous industry. They gave him a degree at Yale in 1897, and as Professor Fisher handed him the diploma he touched upon his imagination. But, he went on, "this original power would be inadequate were it not allied with cultivation of a high order and patient researches." I once asked him if he made many preliminary studies. He replied

in the negative, explaining that it seemed to him a tiring of one's energy, calculated to take away the spontaneous bloom that a picture should possess. But this did not mean that he did not take endless pains. One of my first impressions of him belongs to the period of his work on the Shakespearian comedies. He was passionately curious in all matters of costume and architectural background, and when he was worrying over the latter he used to come down to Stanford White's office and overhaul the photograph-books. In the exhibition at the Academy there is an unfinished picture, an ecclesiastical interior with figures, called "*A Great Lady in a Church at Rothenberg*." It is interesting as one of Abbey's mediæval evocations. But I mention it chiefly for the purpose of grouping with it a "*Study of a Column of the Church at Rothenberg*." Side by side, the two throw light on Abbey's method, his meticulous search after accuracy, his eagerness to document the world in which his imagination roved.



I have indicated it as the world of the poets and it had far horizons. For example, one of the best of his pictures at the Academy, one of the best though unfinished, is the "*Faust and Marguerite*," a page from Goethe. He was adventurous in his themes. When he was engaged in 1890 to make a series of decorations for the Boston Public Library he undertook to illustrate the legend of the Holy Grail. How earnestly he sought to get at the last nuances of the subject is shown, I may note in passing, by one act of his. To get what help musical atmosphere might give him in his meditations he listened to "*Parsifal*" at Bayreuth. Decidedly he was not the

archæologist alone. He was concerned with mood, with spirit, with the elusive essence of things, and, as I have said, his range was wide. I might cite many instances of his diversity. But analysis of Abbey would take a wrong direction if it did not reckon with the unique harmony between him and things English. It is proclaimed in his first dealings with the lyrists. It continues to manifest itself in his countless illustrations to Shakespeare and in picture after picture that he painted. The very heart-beats of the man were attuned to the rhythm of English life, the dramatic, multicolored, and somehow fragrant life that is mirrored in English letters. For him in a peculiarly enkindling sense the master wrote of

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England."

His long life abroad—from 1878 to the day of his death in 1911—broken by occasional visits to this country, has always seemed to me a matter of what might be called external fact. His success there, his charming popularity, the welcome he had into the Royal Academy, the commission to paint the coronation of Edward VII, the offer of a knighthood—all these things, though duly to be recorded in his biography, remain, in a sense, unimportant. What really counts is just the identification of his genius with English romance. He was as inevitably the commemorator of its glamour as La Farge was the initiated painter of Japan and the islands of the South Sea. In the interpretation of "this England" he was as much its predestined laureate, and as racy, as was Winslow Homer the born painter of the New

England coast. With what a sure gait does he move through the plays of Shakespeare, striking with equal ease the notes of comedy and tragedy, and winning pictorial beauty from both! And through all his designs, whether poetic or historical in their burden, there runs the perfume, the sentiment, the indescribable enchantment of time and long vistas, which you feel on English soil.

I find it hard to relinquish this clairvoyant and endearing phase in Abbey, and at the same time, while emphasizing its predominance, we must not allow it to obscure the extension of scope which was well within his powers when the call came. I have stressed his penetration into the spirit of things English. It remains to be also underlined that he was an artist decisively sprung from our own land. It was not for nothing that he refused the knighthood, holding fast to his American citizenship. His imagination, too, possessed its American tentacles, and when, some twenty-five years ago, he was commissioned to paint the elaborate decorative designs embellishing the Capitol at Harrisburg (which I described at length in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for December, 1908, and January, 1912), he flung himself upon the task as upon the creation of his *magnum opus*. He brought to it the same ardor and the same insight that he had used in making his drawings for the songs of Herrick. In place of the humor and high thoughts of Shakespeare, he turned to the problems that had absorbed our pioneers, took his cue from miners and men of the forge, embodied "The Spirit of Religious Liberty" in a great ship sailing off into the blue, portrayed the builders of the State, military and other leaders, painted an "Apotheosis of Pennsylvania," altogether satu-

rated himself in American history—and his power of sympathy, of understanding, never failed him. Fragmentary studies for this huge emprise of his appear here and there in the Academy exhibition. They mark a new, totally different, gesture from that elucidating English romance of which I have made so much, but the measure of the artist's pictorial invention and of his technical accomplishment remains the same.



What was that measure, considered in the broad perspective of modern art? There Abbey's Americanism suffers a sea change. He was a remarkable draughtsman from his young manhood on. The rather ordinary gait of his first essays in wash and line—ordinary, yet with a foreshadowing of better things to come—is soon outrun by his potent originality. In the Shakespearian pen drawings he is the consummate master of his medium. He has neither the simplicity nor the power of Charles Keene, for example, nor has he the vigorous sweep of Menzel, but, instead, he is a draughtsman of incomparable delicacy, with a gift for getting all the color that is to be got out of black-and-white, without the tricky employment of violent contrast. He stood alone in his exquisiteness. It is well to avoid a possible misunderstanding as regards his deviation into color. The superficial observer might be inclined to think of him as an illustrator turned painter. As a matter of fact, he was exhibiting in water-color as early as 1885. I recall brilliant achievements of his in this medium thereabouts and not long thereafter—including the lovely "Wandering Minstrels" now at the Academy, which dates from 1891. I saw handsome pastels of his in New York in the middle

90's, and the Academy brings back from an even earlier date, from 1890, his first work in oils, the charming "May Morning." No, it was not want of experience that accounts for Abbey's specific character as a painter. It is rather that he left America just at a time when, under the auspices of the Society of American Artists, French methods were spreading a fire of emulation through the studios. Abbey, already disclosing in his water-colors a mode influenced by the sober English tradition, went to live at the heart of that tradition and substituted the serene, equable pace of the Royal Academy for the bravura with which our painters were building up a nervous and exhilarating type of brushwork.

Whatever he may have known about the forthright stroke that came into vogue with Manet, it was evidently not to his taste. He was a fluent, even swift, craftsman, but his painting has a smooth, leisurely, pondered air. It is deliberate, *soigné*. He had nothing like the directness and flourish of his friend Sargent. The latter seems often to achieve his effects by a dazzling sleight of hand. Abbey's are carefully developed. To that extent they are opposed to the currents prevailing in his time, even in England, where there were colleagues like the late Charles W. Furse dedicated more or less to the virtuosity of the brush. Decidedly, for all his feats with the pen, Abbey was no virtuoso when he worked in color, unless, perhaps, in some of his moments with pastel. But it is important to remember that painting is not made up of "handling" alone.

As the draughtsman to whom I have already alluded, Abbey had that sure, flowing line which is a comfort and a joy to the connoisseur. I have glanced

at the refinement of his pen drawings for Shakespeare. That is forever cropping out in the scrap-book aforementioned, rich in drawings of his earlier and middle periods. As time went on and he tackled larger problems, either in easel pictures or in mural decorations, he got into a stronger, more sinewy stride, and some of his later drawings, like those made for the Harrisburg work, have in them a notable fulness and force. He sees form in a sturdier, ampler way as he envisages it in more monumental designs, and not only does he develop a firmer grasp upon it but he seems to proceed with a greater ease and a broader precision. But what I most admire about Abbey is his steady growth as a designer. He could compose adroitly when he had to face the narrow boundaries of a magazine page. All the time, as he enlarged his view, he adjusted his figures to a heightened scale with mounting power, and I do not know which is the more impressive about his work—the unity of a given composition or the ebullient variety with which he invests the whole gorgeous pageant. Occasionally he falters. I balk a little at what I may designate his processional figures, the serried ranks of pikemen in the background of "Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Anne," or the marching nuns in "The Education of Isabella the Catholic," or the figures ranged in such orderly fashion in "The Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester." This foible of his, if I may so call it, threatens occasionally to submerge his drama in nar-

rative. But look, on the other hand, at "Fiammetta's Song," or the "Faust and Marguerite," or that gracious picture which is called "A Measure." In each case the romantic composition is delightfully put together. That was Abbey's supreme gift, the gift of the imaginative picture-maker, sometimes seemingly casual, sometimes stately, but always the creator of poetic illusion. It is an inspiring rôle and he rose to it.

He filled it, as I cannot too often reiterate, and he filled his works, with the life of the spirit. I have told before, but I must repeat again, the story that I had from my friend the late James Wall Finn, a decorative painter who had spent some time in Abbey's studio. He described to me a winter's day on which Abbey and Sargent, storm-bound, both painted from a manikin posed in the snow just outside the studio window. When they were finished Sargent's study was of the lay figure regarded as a lay figure, though it had been draped with a long velvet cloak and provided with plumed hat and lute. Abbey's picture was of flesh and blood, of a gallant serenading his lady-love. How like him that episode was! We know that he was an adept at historical reconstruction, deeply learned in matters of ancient dress, furniture, and accessories generally. His studio was full of "properties." But as he contemplated them some alchemy in his brain gave them a newer and vider existence. He breathed upon them and they moved. The past became the present. The dream became reality.



In His Own Country

(Continued from page 154 of this number.)

slowly; she stopped suddenly, peering at the stump, thinking it was a man humped down, or a bear; then she began to run forward, her thoughts coming swiftly. Last spring Joe Boyle, driving his automobile down from his farm one night, had bumped into something, and it turned out that he had killed a bear. Bears hadn't been seen in this section of the country for years; though farther east, around the bay, and beyond Wiarton, a man had killed fourteen last winter. She stumbled on the path but kept on going, though hardly able to breathe. The country had flattened out, but ahead were fields on gentle slopes. There was more moonlight. She walked more slowly, breathing easier.

She could go no farther; she had to lie down. The farm land now sloped upward. Over the zigzag fence was a corn-field, and at the slope of a hill three jack-pines. The pines were too isolated on the curve of the hill, too gaunt against the sky-line, and she would have been uneasy, she knew, sleeping under them, so she climbed the wooden fence, her skirt catching on a nail and holding, though she attempted to lift it carefully. She tugged until it tore loose.

A few feet away from the fence, between two rows of corn, she spread her coat. There had been no rain all week and the ground was not damp. Lying down slowly, she stretched her legs, waited, expecting to be frightened. Leaves of corn stirred and rustled, and she listened to small sounds, but was not scared. The corn was clean and friendly. The corn grew in back yards of many houses on the streets in the town. Her fingers reached out and held loosely to a stalk. Drowsily she realized that the night air was good and the smell of the corn-field fresh and pleasant. Heavy-eyed, she tried to look up at the stars and wished vaguely some one was with her to make love to her. Pete had wanted to go fishing up the lakes and sleep out-of-doors. They would fish in the stream farther east. Sometimes they might go up streams at night, fishing for suckers, Pete walking a few paces ahead of her, the suckers in the streams banging against her legs. But it was too late in the year for good suckers, she remembered. In

the spring, when the water was colder, they were fresh and firm, but later on the water got warm and they got wormy and no good for eating. She would let Pete do the fishing for trout and follow him all day, cooking his meals, and they would lie down together in the evenings, and hear the night-birds. The nights would be warm; she could stretch out with few clothes on.

A night-bird in the jack-pines screeched, and she shivered a little and tried to find pleasant thoughts again before going to sleep. A last time she opened her eyes and saw corn-stalks, and moved her body slightly to one side, off a pebble, then went to sleep.

It was early when she woke up. The sun was low. Tips of white corn-cobs gleamed through green husks. Golden tassels brushed against her face as she got up on her knees and peered through the stalks at the road. She raised her head to look for the farmhouse, evidently on the other slope of the hill. Stiff and tired, she crawled toward the fence, not wanting to be seen. Standing up, to get over the fence, she discovered a bad pain in her hip. Strands of hair fell on her shoulder. She thought of going back to look for hairpins, but was anxious to get over the fence.

On the road she walked slowly, limping a little. The road reached the top of the slope and she looked far ahead at the hills, and farms on the slopes. To the left the hills farther away were very blue in the early morning, but hills ahead were tinted brown and green. Years ago her father, or the hired man, had driven her from high school in the buggy, and she had loved watching the blue hills losing their color as they got closer. The pain in her hip, as she walked, relaxed, her body lost its stiffness. A stream trickled under logs at the side of the road. She bent down to wash her face and hands, the water on her face refreshing her. When she knelt down first she had felt like crying; straightening up, she was prepared to go on walking, no longer sorry for herself. It was time to think of talking to her mother and father. Her father would be out in the fields. Her mother would talk very rapidly, worrying while asking questions.

The sun was half-way up when she reach-

ed the concession route leading to her father's farm. She swung open the long wooden gate and, though stiff, walked briskly all the way up to the house, since some one might be watching from the window.

She opened the kitchen door and her mother, preserving fruit, said: "Is that you, Flora; what made you come in the morning?" Her mother was a small woman with a wiry body and tired, lined face. The kitchen smelt of stewed raspberries. Flora sat down and told her mother how Bill had been acting queerly, and how last night he had run out of the house and she had been scared to stay there alone.

VIII

Two days after her return to the farm her father drove into town to see Bill. He told Flora that he had been unable to find him and no one knew where he had gone. Her father believed, before going into town, that she had been foolish to leave her husband. When he came back he said it was best she had left him; strange talk was in town about his behavior the last month.

In the early fall her father worked hard with the harvesting, and she helped her mother in the house. It was hard getting up so early in the morning. Her father and the hired man went out to the fields, when only light streaks of dawn were in the sky, and she fed the chickens. An hour later they had a heavy breakfast, too heavy for her, accustomed to a light meal at that hour. Later on, the early-morning air exhilarated her; with a bowl of chicken-feed in her arm she stood, watching the light striking the hilltops, the valleys in shadow. The hills sloped gently, rounded and cultivated, but farther back the hills were higher, more rugged and wooded and blue in the morning. There were blue hills, farther back, only in the early morning. Her mother suggested that Flora should drive into town and do some shopping. Always she refused, surprising herself once by shuddering. Alone afterward, she was slightly ashamed that she had shuddered, giving an impression that meeting Bill, or even walking in town, would be too terrifying. But in time she got to believe that shuddering expressed the proper attitude of a badly abused woman. She had long talks with her mother, working together in the kitchen, and explained how Bill had sometimes shaken her and done other unbelievable and horrible things, till she had cried like

a child. Her mother, a small, wiry woman, had always worked hard and had never had time to think of other women's husbands, so she encouraged Flora to talk, and they agreed that if she had remained with Bill another day life would have been unbearable.

For years she had known that her mother had peculiar faults, always secretive, evasive, telling white lies to her husband. After working with her for weeks Flora realized that her mother had always been afraid of her husband. He had forced her to become very guarded and careful in her way of living, and rarely gave her enough money for the house. He never gave her any spending-money. Eagerly she explained to Flora that she kept a few pigs herself, fattened them, sold them, and kept the money. She called it her "pig money" and had a hiding-place for it.

Very carefully Flora insisted that she could never live with Bill again, and when both her father and mother took it for granted, she felt she could afford to ask occasionally whether any one had heard of him since the night he went away.

Bill's mother came to the farm to have a talk with Flora. From the window Flora saw one of Jameson's livery cars coming up the lane, the old lady sitting alone in the back seat. She had on a black bonnet with a flash of red silk, and black ribbons knotted in a bow under her chin. The day was cloudy and cool and it looked like rain. The driver opened the door and helped her out. Flora stood on the side-porch steps, waiting.

Bill's mother said determinedly: "I'd like to have a talk, Flora. Not here, but in the house."

"Come on into the front room, Mrs. Lawson."

The man in the livery car took out his pipe and crossed his legs.

They sat down in two wide mahogany rocking-chairs on the thin, tan-colored carpet. "Where's Bill?" the old woman said quickly.

"I don't know; really, I don't; that is what I'd like to know."

"What was the matter between you, then?"

"Nothing; he ran away, and he was ill-treating me and acting funny, that's all."

"Bill never ill-treated anybody. There wasn't a bad bone in his body."

"I don't think you ought to contradict me."

"Hmmmmmm. It's an odd thing his going away didn't worry you more."

"It did. It worried and worried me till I couldn't stand up straight."

"It didn't."

"I say he was ill-treating me and acting like he had a wind in his head, and the Lord knows what he's up to now."

The old lady sucked her lips, having trouble with her teeth. Her head was swaying; the lids of her eyes got red and moist. She whispered: "If you go traipsing around telling people Bill was bad to you and beat you, I'll wring your neck, you vixen." She leaned forward, her jaws moving up and down; and Flora tilted back in the chair, eager to answer her sharply. The old lady's eyes were bloodshot, her whole body trembled, and Flora suddenly felt scared and yelled, "Mother, come here," and leaned farther back in the chair.

Her mother came into the room at once. Without asking a single question she said: "Now, now, Mrs. Lawson; that'll about do, won't it? That'll be about all from you." Bill's mother glared at her, raised her hands abruptly, and began to cry. She rocked back and forth, crying and muttering: "To think I'd ever live to see the day when anybody'd say my Bill had a wind in his head."

She never expected to see Bill again, she said. Flora's mother, talking quietly and gently, suggested many abuses Flora might have suffered, and hinted that if she remained with Bill she too might have been driven out of her mind. Mrs. Lawson, not interested in Flora, simply wanted to talk about Bill. Flora merely listened till it became embarrassing, sitting there saying nothing, and she left the room quietly. Bill's mother never called on them again.

The nights were long in October, and sometimes Flora wandered along the road long after it got dark. A declivity, a couchlike slope with dried grass, just back from the road, suggested to her a place where a girl might sit down with a lover. The hired man on her father's farm was leather-skinned and tired, much older than she, and not interested in women. She accompanied her father into town in the Ford, hoping to see Pete Hastings on the main street. The night before she had lain awake in bed, imagining herself sitting in the car on Main Street, her father in a store making some purchases. Pete would come walking lazily along the street, see her, saunter over. Before her father came

out of the store they could have two minutes together and she could tell him about the quiet road near the farm after dark and the hollow in the slope with the dried grass. But the day they went into town it rained hard. In the morning the sky was clear, but at two o'clock in the afternoon, half-way to town, dark clouds passed over the sun, and it rained. She didn't see Pete.

She found an interest in a new way of living. Neighboring farm people, hearing her mother's stories of Bill's strange behavior, were sympathetic, treating her as a good woman who had suffered with fortitude. The Maloneys, on the next farm, who had been poor until two years ago, invited her to come over in the evening very often. No one ever knew how they became prosperous so suddenly, and got the new barn, electric rods on all the buildings, and three fine horses. Mr. Maloney's wife had been dead for years and his housekeeper, a dark, thin woman with splendid legs, looked after him. Irene Maloney was Flora's age, and her sister Katie three years younger and much prettier. Irene talked eagerly to Flora about her father's hired man, who wanted her to go away and live in the city with him, but she was too lazy to leave the farm. She talked guardedly to Flora about Bill, hoping to surprise her into revealing something startling.

Flora believed now that she had really suffered, so every Sunday she drove in to the Anglican church with her father and mother. She wore black on Sundays and shook her head sadly when any one mentioned Bill's name. After church town people stood on the sidewalk under the trees and farmers got into their cars at once, to be home in time for dinner. Flora never gossiped, but she knew people were watching her sympathetically, a woe-beaten close to a great tragedy. After church man in black who was unhappy and had one Sunday she saw Dolly Knox on the street and her father stopped the car. Dolly talked very rapidly, and Flora, embarrassed, said she would go and see her some afternoon, but did not ask her to come up to the farm.

The days in November disturbed and saddened her, and she longed for good times and some one to make love to her. Bill was merely some one she had lived with a long time ago and had grown tired of. She sat in the house by herself, sewing, remodelling old dresses skilfully. Her father brought her a bouquet

of autumn leaves in wild, rich colors. She told him that some day she would go back to town and do dressmaking for a living. October had been a fine month, and she had liked the green becoming brown and the red leaves on the trees, but in November the red leaves were a crisp, dried-out tan that withered and were blown away. Leaves were blown across the fields and over the hills, and a wind carried them away in eddies. In the evenings, lying awake in bed, she heard dead leaves rustling on the ground and was unhappy. The trees were stark naked. In the evenings her mother and father read all the magazines subscription agents had sold them during the summer.

In the middle of the month she brought up the mail from the box at the gate on the rural route. The town paper interested her only casually and she did not read it until the evening. On the front page was a picture of Bill and a two-column story that Johnny Williams had written himself. Her father, reading over her shoulder, patted her on the back and moved the lamp closer to her. She became excited and the character in the story lost all reality for her. Two weeks ago a policeman, riding through a city on his bicycle, noticed a man sitting on a bench. The man's clothes were torn and dirty, and he had a beard. He had no hat. He leaned on the bench, his eyes closed. The officer got off his wheel and spoke to him, but the man, opening his eyes, muttered words the officer did not understand and tried to get up and go away. Obviously he was very sick or drunk, and the policeman, taking him by the arm, walked slowly to a street corner, where he phoned for an ambulance.

At the hospital they said he evidently hadn't eaten anything for a long time and was out of his mind, and ought to be taken to an asylum. For three days he remained in the hospital; then they removed him to the city asylum, and he became unconscious. Later on the doctors tried to feed him, but he seemed unable to move his jaws, or they were so rigid his mouth could not be opened. He was out of his mind, or was suffering from some emotional hysteria that practically paralyzed him, and when he opened his eyes he spoke to no one. The doctors fed him milk in a tube inserted through his teeth. He got weaker and they believed he was going to die.

In his pockets they found an envelope with

his name and address. They communicated with his mother and told her that her son had only two weeks at most to live and that he might just as well die at home as in the asylum. Old Mrs. Lawson, though recently infirm herself, went down to the city and had insisted that they send Bill home at once. She had him taken to his own home and moved there from her cottage to attend to him and feed him through the tube. She was very angry with people who came to see him for the last time on earth, and told Doctor Arnold, the local doctor, that he would not die, and for three days would let no one but him see him. The local doctor said it was unbelievable, but he wouldn't wonder if she kept him alive, though of course he was out of his mind all the time.

Flora cried when she read the paper and knew she ought to go and see him, and kept on crying and pretending to herself that she was reading advertisements in the paper, till her father said that under the circumstances it would be better if she didn't visit him at all; he was being cared for; he had left her and had gone out of his mind, and, anyway, had ill-treated her, and she had her own life to live. Her mother said that it was a fine sentimental notion, to see her husband, yet it was impracticable and the consequences couldn't be predicted, so it would be better not to see him.

She had no inclination to go and see Bill. Peeling potatoes in the kitchen at noon time, she closed her eyes and thought of him, his face covered with hair, his jaws locked. At night, stretched out on the bed, she felt unhappy and almost sick, hardly able to believe she had ever known such a man. Uneasily she suspected that her father and mother would declare that it was her duty to nurse him. Next morning they told her they understood some of her feeling and agreed that she should remain away from him. After that they were careful not to mention his name to her.

She would not go into town with her mother or father and stopped going to church on Sunday. She did not come to this very positive opinion suddenly; only after she had thought of the arid days in her life with Bill before he had gone away. Her first feeling of sympathy for him she guarded cautiously, determined it should not convince her to see him and afterward regret it; she was a young woman who

ought not to waste her life with an invalid who had ill-treated her and separated himself from her. Her mother and father both believed that he would die and it was foolish to prolong his life artificially. The talk of death shocked Flora, made her think of religion and a funeral, and vague thoughts of an after-life she couldn't encompass. She tried to imagine herself dead, but lived on over her thoughts, and it seemed then that Bill would live on in her thoughts, even though he ought to die. He would die and she would go to his funeral, but in that way she could not separate herself from thoughts of him.

Haying-time was over, it was getting dark early. Her mother, sitting in the parlor, was mending socks, her glasses tipped down on her nose. Flora was knitting a sweater she intended to give to her mother. Without lifting her eyes from the knitting Flora suggested that she might get a divorce and go away and live in another town. Her mother withdrew the palm of her hand from the sock and pinned the needle in the ball of yarn.

"Who with?" she asked sharply.

"No one. I don't want to live with any one."

"Well, you'd better not."

She looked steadily at Flora, went on darning, and never mentioned it again.

Snow fell lightly early in December. They had only one hired man for the winter. Her father was planning a new silo for next spring. Though Flora had grown up on the farm, the life now became so dreary that she grasped at any thought promising a break in the monotony. The landscape was dreary, especially at twilight. Bare trees and barns were outlined against an early winter sky at twilight. She took long walks by herself on the rural routes, sometimes thinking of meeting a young man and having a conversation with him, or of going into town at night and walking the side streets till she met a young man she didn't know very well. Her father and mother would be indignant if she ever walked with Pete Hastings now Bill was back in town. At Christmas-time the snow was thick on the fields. It was a bad Christmas, though they all went over to Maloneys and took small presents off a Christmas-tree. The next morning she threw out dish-water from the back-door step, and looked westward where the line of hills curved, wondering why the blue hills had so little color in the winter.

Her father sometimes mentioned Bill, but she imagined he was just eager to talk, passing the time in the evening, and paid no attention to him. He thought it remarkable that Bill should have lived. He had heard that he was sitting up in a chair, fed with a spoon by his mother, who had to undress him.

Katie Maloney, wearing a red toque and a green muffler, came along the road at four o'clock in the afternoon and waved to Flora. Talking rapidly and sincerely, she said that many people were going to see Bill because they were astonished that he had lived, and she asked if Flora had read the piece about him in the paper. Katie unfolded the paper and Flora read the story. Johnny Williams believed that Bill had been working too hard on some great human undertaking, and had worried himself out of his right mind and had nearly died. But he had lived because he had a great mother, and might some day recover.

Katie Maloney said: "Do you think he'd mind if next time I was in town I went around to see him?"

"Why should he mind if he's out of his head?"

"I hope he wouldn't mind. It'd be no use seeing him if he minded."

Flora was angry with her father for not having shown her the paper last evening. She was unable to understand why she was angry with him, because she knew that he always avoided talking to her about Bill. Alone, she sat in her bedroom wondering why Katie Maloney had been so anxious to see him, talking as if it were a distinction to see a sick man with a wind in the head.

All week she wondered whether the Maloney girl had seen Bill. On a Thursday afternoon Katie came over to see her, eager to talk. "It was odd, so awfully odd I couldn't say anything," she said. "He just sat there in a chair and he had a dark-brown beard."

"And didn't he speak at all?"

"No, he didn't speak at all; just sat there, staring out the window, paying no attention to me."

"Why didn't you speak to him?"

"Well, I wanted to, but mainly to reach out and touch him. I heard it said last Sunday that to reach out and touch him was good luck against getting sick."

"Who told you such a thing, Katie?"

"Oh, I heard it last week. They say he was

having such wonderful thoughts and he went out of his mind. Nearly everybody knows it now."

She walked down the lane with Katie, laughing out loud while Katie nodded her head vigorously. On the way back to the house she thought of people timidly touching Bill. Then she felt restless and unhappy. She noticed that the barn roof was sagging. The foundations of the house and barn were of stone. The house was of brick but the shingles on the roof were warped and loose. Next time she met Katie she would tell her about Bill's fine thoughts and how he had studied hard, and the story of Saint Thomas Aquinas, who had lived in the Middle Ages. Katie would shake her head two or three times and go home and tell it to her sister. Then Flora felt ashamed of herself for taking Katie's talk seriously, as if any one could tell her anything about Bill.

For days she was muddled, wondering why so many people should be interested in Bill now that he was sick and out of his mind. Three weeks later, in the morning, she took the buggy and drove into Gardner's grocery-store. Mr. Gardner was amiable, and, wrapping up tea and bananas for her, asked if she thought old Mrs. Lawson would mind if on Sunday afternoon he dropped in to see Bill. He admitted that he hadn't known Bill very well when he worked on the paper, but had heard, since, that he was a great thinker and scholar, and believed he might have many wonderful things to tell some day, if he ever got better. She assured Mr. Gardner that it was all right for him to go and see Bill. She spoke spitefully of Mrs. Lawson, who was practically an interloper.

"They say he just sits there in a chair," Mr. Gardner said.

"Yes, he just sits there, looking out the window."

"They say he's out of his mind, but I don't believe it. The Lord only knows the things he sees and hears sitting there like that. It's not the likes of us to say. And, besides, he was a very religious man."

"You go and see him, Mr. Gardner, and it's all right."

In the buggy again she was indignant that people would ask if old Mrs. Lawson would

mind if they saw Bill. "He's at least my husband," she thought.

Most of the way home she thought of Bill sitting in the chair and believed now that it was wonderful that people should be anxious to see him and touch him, though he never moved or opened his mouth. It was likely, as Mr. Gardner suggested, that he was not really out of his mind at all but having his own fine thoughts. She slapped the horse's haunches, the buggy swaying, the wheels grinding over small rocks on the road. Here the farms were back from the road, and sawed-off or charred stumps stuck out of the melting snow.

In the evening she discovered that her mother had heard all the strange talk about Bill. Flora talked angrily of Bill's mother, and then, talking idly, told the story of the grandmother who had got off the boat before it left the old country. Her mother was ironing and listening attentively. Flora said: "Oh, I'll bet a dollar most people's grandpeople were just as interesting when it comes down to brass tacks."

She coaxed her mother to talk of her people. Her mother remembered an aunt who had lived in the town, in the days when people thought it would become a railroad centre. The aunt ran a boarding-house for trainmen and travellers near to the station. She ran the house for ten years and made some money. "I can remember seeing her one day with her apron full of dollar bills," she said. And then the boarding-house was burned down. "She had few boarders, and I can remember plain as day seeing my aunt coming out of a hole in the fence, and I knew in my soul that she had set fire to the house to get the insurance."

Flora thought that it wasn't a story she could very well tell to other people. "Wasn't there anybody in our family who got to be well known up here years ago?" she asked.

"Of course there was; people to be proud of."

"Who? Have I heard about them?"

"For instance, there was my uncle on my mother's side that laid the first track in a section of the country up around here when most of it was bush. They gave him a gold watch and a beautiful broadcloth suit. I can remember that broadcloth suit as plain as day, seeing the way he'd hang it up or put it on."



ANTHONY WAYNE

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FROM A PAINTING BY
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©
THIS PANEL IS A
STUDY FOR THE FIG-
URE OF GENERAL
ANTHONY WAYNE
IN THE APOTHEOSIS
OF PENNSYLVANIA
WHICH IS PART OF
THE DECORATION IN
THE HOUSE OF REPRE-
SENTATIVES AT THE
HARRISBURG CAPITOL

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An African Savage's Own Story

KIDNAPPED AND CARRIED TO EUROPE

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

IN the practically unexplored "Bush Region" of western Africa, somewhat south of Timbuktu, is a race of "Black Jews," who call themselves "B'nai Ephraim," or "Children of Ephraim." From their neighbors, the wild, fetish-worshipping tribes that live around them, they have received the name "Emo-yo-Quaim," or "Strange People."

The traditions of the B'nai Ephraim say that about eighteen centuries ago, after the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem, certain Jews fled to Morocco. Thence, following persecution, their descendants went south over the Sahara Desert, in the course of many generations crossing from oasis to oasis and coming to the city of Timbuktu. Again suffering persecution the B'nai Ephraim went farther south into uninhabited jungles and there, in the Ondo Bush, built the villages where their people remain to-day, 2,000 of them, now entirely black, living in twenty villages. In the face of the fetish-worshippers and the Mohammedans who surround them they live under the patriarchal rule of seven hereditary rabbis; preserve in a Holy of Holies ancient sacred copies of the *Torah*; follow many Jewish customs, and celebrate the great Jewish holy days. Otherwise, like their neighbors, they are naked black savages.

The author of this most remarkable narrative, Bata Kindai Amgoza Ibn Lobagola, is one of the "Black Jews," a negro, a man born in savagery, led by fate to make his way forty-five days' journey south to the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. There, by accident, he was kidnapped and taken to Scotland. In his own words, in simple, unaffected style that has in it a kind of primitive strength, he tells the moving story of his adventures, and reveals the customs of his people. This is a human document of unusual type, an African savage's own story, Africa seen with the eyes of a native.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.



An African Savage's Own Story

I

I OFTEN wondered why white men never troubled to come to my country. They have penetrated almost every other part of the world. Perhaps if there were safe-conduct they might come; there is no other reason that I can find that keeps them out. David Living-stone penetrated parts of Africa where a white man had never been heard of except in story, just as is now the case in my home; and he went alone, without protection, save the power of Almighty God. He lived among the people that he visited, and endeared himself to them, regardless of their primitiveness. They never harmed him; they did a thing that few natives ever did; they carried his dead body, shoulder-high, through an almost impenetrable bush, to the seacoast; probably he was an exception; who knows?

When I was a child, as far back as I can remember, and that would be when I was about four years old, I heard talk of white people, but it was never clear whether white people actually lived, or whether they had been and had become extinct.

All I could hear my mother say was that if white men should come across us, they would eat us raw. She said they fed themselves only twice in the year, and that then they ate their young, if they could not get the young of other people. They liked children's flesh better than they did grown people's. My mother said that white people came as witches from no one knew where, but just appeared and disappeared. They were formed much different from our own men, because every white man had

only one of everything: one eye, in the middle of the forehead, one leg, with a great wide foot, fan-shape, so that when he lay down the foot acted as a sun-shade. A white man had no visible nose, and his mouth was large, and could be made much larger at will. He lived on raw human flesh, and could be seen in the bush just before and just after the rainy season.

Now what could you expect us children to see, when our parents told us such things? Especially when they were supported in their stories by men who had been accustomed to going away to different trading-markets? Some of these men had seen white men, but they knew nothing about them. That is reasonable, because I know, even in these western countries, where every one is supposed to be wise, that some provincial folk know that wild black people exist, and many have seen them, but they do not know much about them. I venture to say that they will talk to their children in no uncertain terms of "niggers," as the black men are called here. It is reasonable that I, as a child, never knew what a white man looked like; neither did my mother know, but she tried her best to picture one, and so did all the mothers, in my country, and none of them described the white man in flowery terms; they likened him to an outlandish monster. So that was my first impression of a white man.

Well, for my own part, I wanted badly to see one, and often expressed a desire to go with the men when they went out, to see for myself. I believe that was why my mother was so emphatic about

their swallowing me up the moment they caught me; she would say: "They really and truly love to eat little native boys!"

When I would ask, "Why do they like to eat native boys instead of their own boys?" she would say, a native boy made them wise and gave them brain-food, but their own boys were as stupid as themselves, so how could they get any benefit from them? I believed this yarn, and many more like it.

I often wondered about the white man's village, for I could not picture a city, with houses of brick or stone. It never dawned upon me that white men could live in houses so nice as ours. I wondered about white men, that's all.

In the night, when fires were lighted to keep out beasts, and everybody was happy, singing or dancing and telling stories, all we boys sat with the men, but were never allowed to speak; we listened and were thrilled. We talked about what they said to each other, but the chief thing that was uppermost in our minds was: "How we would like to see a white man!" This was our frame of mind constantly; so one night we wanted to have some fun with the smaller children; we had planned to go away from the village just a little distance, and then run in and shout: "Oh! Oh! We saw a white man! He's coming! He's coming!"

This was sport, because we thought we could make every one laugh. Remember, we were only little children: I was seven; the youngest was five, and the oldest eleven. The oldest boy was not a bold leader, because he was as much afraid as we were. The youngest was pluckiest, because he did not know any better.

It was I that made the suggestion to leave the village a little way, only a lit-

tle way; no one would know, and we did not intend to stay. The older boy argued against such a stupid thing; he reminded us what punishment to expect if we were caught going away at night. The youngest boy, whose name was Ojo-yola—and we called him Ojo, for short—made the big fellow give in to the plan.

Now it is not easy to leave a native village at night without some one's seeing you; and if you escape the eyes of any person, then there are animals and reptiles to reckon with. The animals prowl about villages at night, not always around the same village; some nights you may not see any outside of the fires, while on other nights you may see a host of them. Was it fortunate or unfortunate for us, that night, that there were no animals around the village? Problematical! However, I know this much, that if I had known that night a little of what I found out later, or a little of what I know to-day, I would say emphatically that we were *most* unfortunate.

So it took us quite a while to get out a little way, as we had first intended; and what with arguing, and talking, and passing remarks to one another, we had forgotten, for the moment, what we had started out to do.

Now I shall tell you the names of the boys: Akrim was the oldest; Ebunah was nine years; Suk-ram nine; Kef-tala ten; Abu-ghari seven; myself, Bata Kindai, seven; Oolou-oomi eight; Oye-jola nine; E-kush-e-ka, ten; Abu-nakir, I do not know how old he was; Fais-yunis was six; Redeem-ghosha six; Mishaam eight, and Ojo-yola five. How do I remember? Easily; under different circumstances I should have forgotten. But have you heard of any one's forgetting a train disaster, that he was in, or

a shipwreck, with himself on board? No; impossible to forget, if you keep in your right mind.

We were walking, and chatting loudly, and Abu-nakir was trying to end a dispute between E-kush-e-ka and Akrim, over Akrim's giving Ojo-yola a cuffing for being impudent to his elders; and we would have walked, who knows where? when Abu-nakir shouted, "*Oo-lou-wi! Regel abiada!*" meaning, "Danger! White man!"

I think that was the first time that we thought of a white man since we had started out to look for one. We screamed and jumped, but could not run. Akrim became angry and shouted: "Enough of this! Let's go inside."

I said, "Yes, yes, yes; come on inside!" for every limb in my body was shaking. The strangest thing is that not a word was said about the real danger where we were; we only thought of a white man.

We cried because Akrim could not lead us out of the bush into the village. Then we heard sounds; Akrim led us away from the sounds; you should have seen us, falling over each other in trying to get first. Oye-jola screamed for his mother, and so did we all, in one loud cry, "*Ema! Ema!*" meaning, "My mother! Mother!" But Akrim tried to quiet us by putting his hand over our mouths and reminding us of the danger; but our crying and his helplessness unnerved him, and he too began to cry; remember, he was only eleven years old, a small boy like ourselves.

Every now and then the youngest boy swore that he saw a white man coming. So we did not walk straight, but just drifted along from spot to spot. After a while everything became darker than ever, which meant that we were out of sight of the reflection of the vil-

lage fires. Why Akrim did not lead us to another village I have never found out, for poor Akrim never lived to explain anything; neither did any of the other boys.

We slept little that night; we put ourselves together as monkeys do when they scent danger. We made a ball of ourselves, by curling up together. The difficulty was that each of us wanted to be nearest the centre. But the more we pushed in, the tighter this human ball became. Imagine the danger from lizards and snakes! But we were too young to realize our danger. Just the same, we acted as the boys here do who, when they ride bicycles, try to beat taxicabs across the street. The boys here know the danger, but only in theory, until they are bumped; then it dawns upon them. It was the same with us; we knew all the dangers; why, had we not killed many a snake? Of course we knew there were dangers in the bush, but it never dawned upon us that anything could happen to us; we thought then of the danger of white men.

Even during the time when we tried to snatch a little sleep one or two of the boys would wake up suddenly and cry out: "White man!" If some civilized men had been in our position under the same circumstances, I am sure they would have gone mad, because they would have realized the great dangers of the bush animals and reptiles.

We ate breadfruit and bananas when we became hungry, and we did not have difficulty in getting water to drink, for in the bush, at short distances, are palms that give good water.

We drifted on and on, halting now and then to guess just where we were. We were lost in the bush! We never seemed to come to any open space!

One boy was stung by a hook lizard

one morning, and the noise he made was enough to arouse every beast in the bush. I bit out the flesh where he was stung, and Ebunah and E-kush-e-ka tied the leg. While Akrim prepared the medicine, little Ojo-yola made a fire by rubbing sticks together, which took him a long time, but he succeeded in starting a blaze. After the medicine was good and boiling, it was applied. We boys did not know how to attend to him the same as the men could; we were rougher, but we got the poison out of his body, and the healing was simple; but imagine the pain he had!

We came upon a nest of horned vipers one day; that is, the place where they had once been. We soon left that place behind.

We slept always in vines, much as monkeys do, and we were fairly safe. One day, when the excitement had passed a little, and we were all less afraid, Ojo-yola, the young one, went from us to find some kola nuts, but before he had been gone five minutes we heard him screaming; and he came back running, all excited, saying that he had seen a white man. We were all afraid at the word, and dug a hole as quick as we could and hid. Do you know that we remained in that hole three days before any of us had courage to venture out! Abu-nakir became violently sick while we were in that hole, but we dared not come out to get him something for his sickness. We fasted all the time, because we did not venture out of that hole. But Akrim was the first to go out, and he told us all to follow him, and we did so. Think of the condition of our little minds. It all seems to me like a bad dream; I should not like to go through such an experience again, but I would not have missed it for anything, because it was so *horribly fascinating*.

Well, we walked on and on; and then we came to where there was a habitation. We came out of the bush after having had horrible experiences for forty-five days! We could see people, but not our people, because they wore something around their loins. So we were afraid to approach; we just circled around far from them; and we finally came out on the coast without being questioned.

You must imagine us, fourteen naked little black boys gazing out at the sea. The sea was *taboo* in our country, and we did not know anything about it; and if we did, how could we avoid looking at it? The way the great surf rolled in, and foamed, and splashed, and roared, bewildered us. When we first heard the roar of that surf we were afraid to approach, and at that time we had not seen the sea; we only had heard its voice. But when we did see the great sea we were fascinated.

We saw native black men get into canoes and paddle over the surf; we saw them get through that treacherous surf and go away out to something standing still; what it was we did not know, nor could we imagine. I said that it looked like a fish. These same native men climbed up this thing, and then returned to the coast; and nothing had hurt them, because they were singing. The surf threw their canoes onto the coast, upsetting them into the water. They jumped up and got hold of ropes and pulled their canoes farther up on the beach. This happened all day, and then that thing that had been standing out there in the water disappeared, and the men on the shore gave something around to each other, and began to sing and dance wildly, until all of a sudden they started to fight.

We did not know what it was all

about, but we could see from a distance. So we went back to the edge of the bush and found food, and then we slept, because our eyes were tired. We had forgotten home, for that time at least; only now and then Ojo-yola started bawling, and then we all had a good cry.

But we were seeing some sights. For six days we watched these men, or different men; we did not know which, because we did not go close enough to see them clearly. We saw this thing that I had called a fish come again, and we were anxious to know just what it was. I suggested that we get a canoe and go out to it. Then the question arose as to where to get the canoe, and Akrim scolded me and said that we could not go near these strangers, because who knew but what they were related to monkeys? A serious remark, in my country. He added that we would not be away from our own mothers if it had not been for me and the devil that must be in me.

"And now you tell us to do something that will bring down another curse upon us!"

At this we began to cry, and even Akrim cried, for he was a kind, good boy and he loved me; so, when he saw me upset over his reproach, he said, "All right; let us get a canoe"; and he offered to take us to where we could find a canoe; and we all agreed.

Oh, how weak of him to give in! He should have pulled my hair out by the roots, instead of encouraging me in my folly. Anyway, it would have been better for him not to have listened, because he might have been living to-day.

We travelled nearly a day before we came across a canoe, and it was a very heavy one too; it was a market canoe. So all of us got under it and carried it to the coast, but it took us about ten

days to get it there, because the thing was heavy. So when we got it on the coast we discovered that we had no paddles; it took us another week to get paddles. Now the stage was set for this last but tragic drama.

We tried time and again to get the canoe over the surf by pushing it out, but before we could scramble in and start paddling, the great surf threw the old canoe back onto the beach. We tried it so much the first day that we were fatigued and gave up, and waited for another day. Then the thing disappeared and did not come back for about eight days, and then the beach was lively again with men that sang, danced, and then fought, after each had drunk something.

So we started to launch our canoe, and, strange to say, we got out over the surf. Now for the paddling! After we had left the beach the water was still, but we did not know how to paddle. We did not know that we had to do it all together, until we noticed the men doing it so. We did not sing; we were thinking of crying. We did not know what we were approaching.

So we reached the side of that thing, but could not make up our minds to touch it; and we went all around and looked at it. Finally we came close, and stood up simultaneously, and put our hands flat on the iron plates. We pulled our hands off so quickly that you would have thought that we had got a shock or had touched something hot. But that was only our fear. We put our hands on the side of that thing again and held them there, saying to each other: "See! I'm not afraid of it! Look! Look at me! See!"

Then we pulled ourselves up a long rope that hung down the side of the ship. Yes, it was a ship, a steamer! There was no special thrill in climbing the

rope, other than the thought of what we should see next; we had been used to climbing trees. But how can I describe the next sensation? When our bare feet hit the wooden deck there was but one thought. All the thrills came together; the deck, the machines on the deck, and last, but not least, the white men! We wanted to scream, but we were too astounded to open our mouths. We stood as if paralyzed, close together; the boy in front would get in the back, and so it continued until we recovered and got over our surprise. As for me, I was disappointed; even little Ojo-yola said, when he first saw the white men, that they weren't so wonderful. "There is nothing wrong with them; they are as good-looking as I am."

There were so many of them; they were all about the deck; and they did not hurt us. We had seen the white men! Was it worth the trouble that we had undergone?

The novelty of the white men wore off, but we eyed them with suspicion. The deck gave us plenty more to think about, but we never went near those funny people who wore trousers; we had never seen a man wear trousers before, so it caused us amusement.

We went over the deck; we ran, laughed, jumped, and skipped, because of the peculiar feeling when our bare feet touched the deck; remember, the deck was wooden, and our feet had never walked on wood before. But nothing held our attention long, because there was so much to see, and we tried to see it all. Oh, what a story we could tell when we returned home! But to return as we had come was impossible. We had been fortunate in reaching the coast alive.

But we talked about home, and how we should have old and young listening

to our wonderful adventure. Our parents had never seen one-half the things that we were seeing. But we had lost caste at home, and our punishment would be severe. Akrim was silent when we chatted about our village. These home thoughts never remained long in our minds because there was too much to see.

I walked to a door and pulled it open; and there was a stairway. I shouted to Akrim to follow me, but he was busy with Kef-tala, arguing whether we should take something back with us or not; and Akrim said that anything that we should take would be *tabooed* by the fetish; and Kef-tala argued that he had once seen one of our men bring in something strange, and that he had been permitted to keep it after putting it in the *ju-ju* house for several days to drive out of it all evil.

Little did I think when I called out to Akrim to follow me, that it was my last time to speak to him. It was my last time to look at the faces of my little companions; one of them did not belong to my sect, and that boy was Suk-ram, a fetish boy; but it was I who had sucked the poisoned blood from his foot when he was stung by a lizard, away back there in the Ondo Bush. Yes, they were my companions, in laughter and in mirth, in suffering and in hardship; they were my companions. I weep to-day when I think of the pitiful plight that we were in when we were lost in the Ondo Bush. I smile when I think of the tragic humor when we were lost in the bush. Never to see them again! And if the thought had ever come to me then, I am sure I should have gladly died with them. And to-day, although I have aged and become a little civilized, I often wish that I had died with them.

Oh, the white man, who has meant so much to me in my life, and has cost

me so much! He has given me clothes and money, things that I never knew before; but he has taken from me much that is worth while. I love my country. I love my people; but at the same time I am forced to hate my own customs, the customs of my father. I am neither white nor black, I am a misfit in a white man's country, and a stranger to my own land!

I was down in the hold of the ship, and I had forgotten all about the boys on deck; perhaps they were looking for me; I know that Akrim was anyway, but I was spellbound. It was the stoke-hold that I was in, and I sat down and watched the men working. I felt funny under there, but I did not fear anything. The men shouted and laughed and shouted again. Perhaps they were talking or shouting to me; who knows? who cared? I didn't, because I did not understand what they were saying.

But the thing—I mean the whole thing, the ship—appeared to be rising up and down; I attributed it all to the men and their shouting. I thought about the men who were in the canoes, and how, after each one drank something, they all began to sing and dance, shout and fight. Perhaps these men were doing the same thing. But this movement up and down began to annoy me, and like a flash I shouted for Akrim and started out of the place into which I had drifted. When I got no answer from Akrim, I cried, and for the first time since I was on the ship I became terrified and screamed, "*Ema! Ema!*" meaning, "My mother!"

I stumbled and bumped my head. I could not find the steps that I had come down. I had forgotten whether it was down or up that I had come. So I saw another opening, and I made for it, and while I was going down it became so dark that I cried all the more and loud-

er, calling all the time: "My mother! Please come to me! Please come to me!"

You cannot imagine the horror in my little breast. The boys! Yes, the boys! Where were they? Why didn't Akrim come? Why didn't any of them come?

I made my way back, up out of this second hold, and while I was crawling around, looking for a way out, because this movement of the ship made me fall off my feet and go down onto my hands and knees, I looked up and saw a door open, and the light flashed on me; there was an iron stairway, and I made my way up. There was a man at the top of this iron stairway, and the look on his face was ghastly; he was whiter than the white men were! He was excited, and when he saw me he turned his head away and called out to some one; but what he said I do not know. I was afraid, and if it had not been for getting back to Akrim and the others I should have remained below before I should have taken the chance of passing that terribly white man, for who knew what this man would do to me! Every warning of my mother came back to my mind. Oh, it was terrible! But I had to find the boys, and that was all there was to it. When I got to the top of the iron steps I jumped out onto the deck; that man did not touch me.

But the boys! The boys! Where were they? Where could they be? I shouted and screamed for each one. Then I looked out over the water, and I did not see any canoes or men, nor did I hear any voices, such as I had heard when I had left the deck to go below. Oh, what was wrong? I could not see the land as I had seen it before! Then I was seized with terror and I gave one yell and rushed to the side of the ship, and I should have been at the bottom, but some one held me.

When I had called to Akrim to follow me down to the stoke-hold, Akrim was talking to Kef-tala; that was the last I saw of him. The captain's story much later was that he saw the little fellows playing about the deck; and, as he and the crew never bothered natives who came aboard the steamer, no one noticed us particularly. In all wild tropical ports natives come out to meet the steamers and climb aboard. Of course the sailors are used to that kind of thing, but we boys had never seen a ship before. But no one knew this.

The captain said that the usual signal was given for every one to go ashore that belonged ashore. Other natives knew that signal. It was the siren of the ship, which gave three long blasts; and then a little flag was hoisted to the top of one of the masts. This little flag is called the Blue Peter, and when it goes up the siren blows three times, long and loud. This signal tells that the ship is about to pull anchor and leave. The boys knew nothing about all this, so when they heard the sudden blast of the siren it frightened them and they rushed to the side of the steamer and jumped into the water, into the dangerous Gulf of Guinea, which is infested with sharks. No man would have jumped into the Gulf of Guinea; no, not even a boy who lived on the coast, because it is as much a part of native education on the coast to avoid sea dangers as it is a part of our education in the bush to avoid wild beasts.

The captain said that when the boys jumped, every one on the deck was inclined to laugh, but that the laugh soon turned into horror. How could the sailors laugh when they looked at thirteen little boys struggling in a shark-infested sea? The captain and the crew threw out lines, trying to save the boys, but their efforts were in vain; because

the little chaps had got such a fright that no end of calling could attract any of them.

They frantically tried to get into a canoe, but not one succeeded. Ojo-yola, the youngest, was just throwing his leg over the side of a canoe when a shark bit down on the other leg that dangled in the water.

My companions, yes, my companions! The boys that I had feasted with! The boys that I had got hungry with! They all were gone! We had been in dangers together! We had risked lions, leopards, elephants, and reptiles, and we had escaped; and now my companions were lost in the sea.

When the white man held me I was more afraid than ever; so I kicked and scratched and bit, but he did not let me go; he put me into a cabin and locked the door and left me. I screamed and beat the door with my head and hands, but to no avail. That man was the captain. He said later that he had intended to put me off at the next stop of the steamer, but that he changed his mind. He thought, if he should put me off at the next stop, that I would be in a strange country, among hostile natives, and perhaps would never get back to my own home. So he decided to take me with him, and to bring me back on his next trip, and put me off at what he thought was my own country. That strange country was the Gold Coast of Africa, the home of the Fantees, a people hostile to my people.

If the captain had put me off at the Gold Coast, what would have been the sequel? Would I have been better off at the mercy of the Fantee people than at the mercy of the cold, aggressive white man's civilization? Again I say, problematical.

I was broken-hearted in that cabin. It was dark, but that did not annoy me.

I was lonesome without my playmates. Oh, why didn't they answer me? Where were they? And each time that I thought of them I shrieked, and I kicked and beat on the door.

Now and then some one came to that door, opened it a little, said something, and closed it with a bang. I suppose that they opened it to tell me, "Shut up," but closed it again because they feared me, for I flew at the door every time they opened it. I cried and screamed until I felt faint, and then I lay down on the mat and lulled myself to sleep, saying all kinds of incoherent baby things. How could you expect me to know, little animal as I was, what this was all about? They brought food; they did not stop to think whether or not I had eaten their food before. They opened the door and pushed in something on a plate, and left it on the mat; closed the door again with a bang, and left me to myself.

I tired myself trying to get out; and when they came with food I crowded into the farthest corner and covered my head with my arm, frightened. I was afraid to go near the plate for the longest while; and when I did pluck up courage enough to uncurl myself and approach the plate, to examine it, that door opened slightly and some one peeped in, and I jumped back into the corner and curled myself up into a tighter knot. Oh, if I had only known, I should not have suffered so! But I finally got to the plate filled with food; what it was I do not know, but it smelled good, so I ate it all and enjoyed it; in fact, I longed for more.

Then I forgot to cry! All of a sudden I forgot the boys, and home, and my fright wore off a little! Why? Because my body had been fed. And I began to hum a tune. I became used to the door

opening every now and then, so I learned not to run from it.

The captain of that ship was called "Captain Caley," and he, good man, died during the last war. The name of the ship, as far as I know, was the *Batanga*, a tramp steamer belonging to the African Steamship Navigation Company. Some of the crew knew a few words of the coast languages, but they did not know mine. So they just had to make signs to me; and in their effort to make me understand they frightened me, because they made such hideous faces.

I became used to all this, and saw humor in the way they acted. So every time they spoke or tried to make me understand something I roared with glee, for I thought that they did these funny things to amuse me.

So I was apparently happy, but my happiness was not for long, because these horrible men tried to put clothes on me! It got colder every day. The ship was getting into European waters, and the men saw me shivering. Of course I was afraid; I did not know that what they were doing was for my own comfort; how should I know? They threw into the cabin an old shirt and a pair of trousers; not stopping to think that I knew nothing about such things. What was I going to do with them—put the trousers on my head, and the shirt on my feet? However, that would have been just like me; in my raw state, it was natural for me to do everything contrary to the way it should be done. So I did not put the clothes on.

After a while some men came into the cabin and held me, while another man tried to dress me. I screamed, bit, scratched, and kicked; I bit one of the men on the arm; he yelped and gave me a cuffing; and when the sailors saw that

it was useless they gave it up as a bad job and let me alone. So I did not wear the clothes just then.

But it was so cold! Can you imagine the change it was, coming out from a temperature of 135 degrees in the African bush and being naked in a temperature that, I am sure, must have been quite low? I was too young and too ignorant to know what I was really suffering.

The ship sighted land, and things were all agog on the deck. That cabin door was not locked then, so I came out onto the deck at will; but it was so uncomfortably cold that I did not stay long on the deck at a time. But I was curious to know what was going on. The last time that I had seen the deck so busy was on that fatal day when I had left my companions to peep into that awful door, and had gone down those steps to the bottom. Men ran about here and there, on the deck, shouting back and forth to each other. Ropes and other tackle lay about the deck, and it all was so confusing, so odd, that I wondered. It appeared as if the ship had suddenly got hemmed in by everything, because around us was land, with many ships and buildings and everything. So different was it from anything that I had seen.

Then a man came to me and tried to talk with me. He put his arm around me; a savage instinct told me that all was not right, and that something was going to happen. The warmth of his clothes felt comfortable, so I let him cuddle me. If I could have made him understand, I surely would have told him that I was cold; as a matter of fact, I continually said that I was cold, but he could not understand what I said.

While he held me the siren blasted its signal, and it seemed as if all the whistles in the world broke loose. The

sound of the siren now struck terror through me, and the man that held me could see that I was frightened. I was too terror-stricken to cry out, but I broke away from that man and ran quickly into the cabin. That man followed me to the outside, and he locked the door.

How long I remained there, huddled in the corner, I cannot say; it seemed a long time. But the door eventually opened, and a man looked in; he may have been calling me; I don't know; but I crawled over to where he stood, and, remembering the warmth of the clothes of that other man, I cuddled close to the tail of his great coat. He was certainly kind, for he patted me on the head. Some one called him, and he left me hastily, and I began to cry. He did not close the door of the cabin, so I tried to follow him. I ran out onto the deck, and I kept running—for whom or for what I don't know, but I ran on.

My, but it was cold! It was the fourth day of March, in the year 1896, and the ship was tied up to the docks in Glasgow, Scotland! No one noticed me, half running and half walking, along the dock, naked. No one spoke to me, at least so I thought, until I was out in the streets. There were wagons, trucks, bicycles, and everything, rushing back and forth. I was dumbfounded, but the cold cobblestones on my bare feet made me lift my feet up all the faster and kept me on the run.

At last I had to stop because a crowd collected around me, and they all laughed at me, but I was too cold to mind them. I cried, but no one cared. All the white people in the world were there, and many things were said, but I never knew what and I never shall; not one of all this crowd would come near me. They stood back and laughed.

If a policeman had seen me, I should

surely have been picked up and delivered back to the ship that had brought me. If that had been the case, I should have then at once returned to my own native land; and I should have been a man of distinction amongst my people. My moral standard would have been 99 per cent higher than it is now, and I could have rightly called myself: "Prince Bata Kindai Amgoza Ibn Lo-Bagola."

But it so happened that, instead of a policeman's picking me up, some one else did; and, according to what that gentleman said before he died, that

good man merely did it out of pity. He said that he saw me in that rude crowd, and that he knew that I was cold, and he saw that none of those rough uncouth people showed any pity at all on a poor wee, naked black creature. He said that he had intended only to pick me up, take me out of the crowd, and put me down around the corner safely. But he added that he changed his mind, and instead of putting me down around the corner he decided to take me away home to his own house, and to take care of me, a savage black boy from the African Bush.

[LoBagola will tell of his four years' attempt to understand white civilization and his return to the jungle, with much of tribal organization and customs, in the next numbers.]



Educational Fables

BY EDWARD C. DURFEE

III



AFABULIST once determined to write his Autobiography. He found the task easy, and the book was a Sensation, most Critics calling it the best Autobiography of the Decade.

Moral: *Practice makes Perfect.*



Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, wrote to General Whipple, of New Hampshire, his old Revolutionary Col-

league in the Continental Congress: "Dear General, I am sending you for Christmas, by the Sloop *Betsy Ann*, the usual Barrel of Chewing Tobacco."

Moral 1: *The Revolutionary Fathers were only Superhuman after all.*

Moral 2: *The Senatorial Spittoon is of Honorable Lineage.*

Moral 3: *Anything that Detracts from the Dignity of History is a Precious Possession of the Race.*



A Naval Officer who believed in a Small Navy was chatting in his Club with an Army Officer opposed to Pre-

paredness. Shortly they were joined by a Physician who sympathized with Christian Science, a Lawyer who thought the Calendar was too crowded, and a Clergyman who advocated Sunday-morning Golf. When a Teacher who strolled up said that he hoped that some day the Faculties would be consulted in the management of School Affairs, they muttered "Bolshevik," and lodged a complaint with the Chairman of the House Committee, who was a Manufacturer opposed to a Protective Tariff.

Moral: Correct for yourself the errors the Proof-reader has overlooked in this Fable.



A Political Candidate spoke over a Radio Hookup which included all possible Combinations of the Alphabet and which reached Twenty Million Citizens. A Million, however, cut him off as soon as they could reach the Switch, and Eighteen Million more deserted him for the Jazz Orchestras. The Solitary Million that remained Faithful were of his own Party, and believed every Word he said.

Moral 1: The Radio has not changed Human Nature.

Moral 2: A Million is a Good Many.



There was once a man who believed in Talking Frankly, who thought that People ought to Know Things, and who spoke only for his Friends' Good. If he had waited till he was angry, it would

not have been so bad, but he didn't. He talked Kindly, but Firmly, and being deficient in Imagination, never knew how near to Sudden Death he often was. When God Called him, the World shed many Tears, but they were Tears of Pure Joy. They cremated him, so as to make perfectly Sure he would not rise from the Grave, and the Epitaph they put on the Safe-Deposit Box that held his Ashes was one long Sigh of Relief.

Moral: If Everybody knew what his Best Friends said of him behind his Back, the Whole World would die of Mortification in about Half an Hour.



A country in the Crisis of a War came to realize that its greatest danger lay in Overeating. It therefore amended its Constitution, and gave Congress power to pass appropriate legislation. (Appropriate legislation means Legislation with an Appropriation.) Enforcement officials began to arrest people found sleeping in the street after Dinner, and it was even dangerous to indulge in Forty Winks in the privacy of one's home.

But the Law was violated. Wheat trucks from Saskatchewan got past the bribed customs officials, and the Beef Runners of the Argentine infested the Coast. Delicatessens that sold more than $4\frac{3}{4}$ Calories to any one Person were Padlocked, but the Bootleggers of Hot Dogs continued to flourish. The Free Lunch of the Saloons had of course been abolished, but the Surreptitious Sandwich too often lurked in the hip-pocket of the Patron who drank his Beer. Collapsible Pretzels became the

vogue, and Caviar sandwiches got up to look like pocket Prayer-Books were smuggled in from Moscow. The Gorging Parties in Country Clubs grew notorious, and many worthy people were greatly Exercised in Mind.

But after all the Law did good. Workmen were on time on Monday mornings at the factories, instead of Sleeping Off their former Sunday-Dinner Debauch, the Movies were crowded with Happy Families, including Father no longer curled up sluggishly on the Parlor Sofa, and a clear-eyed, Paunchless Race began to cut in on the World's Markets.

The only people who really suffered were of two classes—the Thin People who hated to see others Fat, and the Stupid Ones who thought that, just because a Law was violated, it ought to be Repealed.

Moral: *There is none. It was not a Moral Question.*



There was a Country in which Golf and Tennis Professionals got four dollars an hour up, and in which the Rewards of Bridge Instructors were Princely. In the same country Primary-School Teachers averaged a few hundred dollars a year.

Moral: *People pay for what they want.*



When Washington, in almost the last year of his life, was appointed Commander-in-Chief for the second time—

by President John Adams when war threatened with France—he wrote to a Friend: "It is Important that a Commander have the best Map of his own Country. Unfortunately the only good Map of the United States is one printed in England. I mean to get one, but as it is expensive, costing several Dollars, I think that Congress ought to appropriate the money for the Purchase. If Congress, however, will not do so, I shall buy it myself."

Moral: *New Times, New Customs.*



A famous Preacher was delivering a Sermon at a Boys' Prep. School. His first Reference to Athletics (Some day a famous preacher is going to deliver a Sermon at a Boys' Prep. School without any reference to Athletics, but that hasn't happened yet) took the form of a Story. He told of a Visit to the Private Trophy-Room of Alonzo Deer, the Great Coach, and of its Walls adorned with Mementoes of the Undergraduate Prowess of that Matchless Athlete. From the Multitudinous Array the Owner singled out for Comment a baseball, modestly inscribed Y. 5, X. 1. "That," he said, "is the one I'm proudest of. X. had a great Team that year, and we—we didn't have a Thing. But I Knew, when I went into the Box, that We Had to Win that Game, and I Prayed, every Ball I pitched."

Interrogative Morals:

1. *What would have happened if every X. Batter had dropped on his Knees and offered a Brief Petition while Mr. D. was Winding Up?*

2. Could a Just Deity have done anything but foul every Ball into the Grand Stand?

3. Would that have been Fair to the Treasury of Y.'s Athletic Association?

4. How, under the Circumstances, could the Game have ever come to an End?

5. Did Mr. D.'s Prayers also include the Fielding Skill of his Teammates?

6. If his Short-stop had been Godless, what would the Lord have caused him to do to a Grounder?

7. Did Mr. D.'s Petitions increase the Prehensile Qualities of the Fingers of his Centre-Fielder?

8. Does all this apply to Amateur Baseball only, or could the Praying Professional look for similar Divine Assistance?

9. Would not the Professional's Prayers tend to become confused with 'Give us this Day our Daily Bread'?

10. Should a Gentleman care enough about the Outcome of a Game in which he is playing to Pray over it?

Vol. for the books, and they rejoiced that Good Literature flourished.

But the Candid Observer would have to admit one thing: there was a certain Family Likeness in the Subjects of the Biographies. Lord Byron, Brigham Young, and Henry Ward Beecher (to pick at random) differed in Spots, but they were alike in that they all had something more than an Eye for the Comely Sisters who worshipped at their Shrines. The first Railed at the Whole Sex, the second Considered Suicide when Jo Smith told him he would have to commit Polygamy, the third had Searchings of Heart over Philandering Promptings. But they all Got over their Difficulties, and an Eager Public absorbed the Details—as we said, at Five a Vol.

Moral: See the next Fable.



Two Cavemen met on the Banks of the Brook that separated the Lands of their Respective Tribes. By Immemorial Custom they should have Fought, but they got so Interested in talking of how a Neighbor of one of them had Usurped the Bed of his Chief during that Dignitary's temporary Absence that they forgot to Do So.

Moral: Civilization had Dawned, and Biography had Begun.



There was once a Great Revival of Interest in Biography. Memoirs rivalled Detectives in Popularity, and the Publishers wore the Skin off their hands rubbing them in Glee. They got Five a



Ginsberg and the Eighteenth-Century Manner

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE McNERNEY

GEORGE RUMSLEY had been careless of his waist-line, but he contrived to be the same old hand-some George of football days. It was thoughtful of him to be looking Ginsberg up. After five years in the Eastern publicity offices, Ginsberg was having his chance as a scenario-writer. Few stars ever trouble themselves to be kind to a writer, even to an old college friend.

"Remember," said old George, standing in the doorway of the author's kennel at Fairmount Studios, "when you were faking me through economics how the prof asked me who was the chief executive of the United States?"

Ginsberg was sorry old George had brought that up. It was wise to be on the good side of old George. A writer cannot be too careful around the stars. "You whispered *Brigham Young*," George said, "and like a damn fool I said so. God, how the bunch all laughed."

Ginsberg hoped that George had forgiven him. "What of it?" said Rumsley. "I didn't mind at the time. But you fellows were paying my way through college to play football. It was up to me to take some class work."

George straightened his striped tie in the mirror Ginsberg had placed on the wall to make the kennel look comfy. "By the way," he said, "who was chief executive of the United States?"

"What of it?" said Ginsberg, who did not wish to seem a highbrow. Most stars

dislike writers for being highbrow. Ginsberg could see that old George liked him for his answer.

"Come have dinner with us to-night," said George.

Ginsberg wanted to have dinner with George. It was lonely for a new writer in Hollywood. Ginsberg had seen pictures of the palace George had built by the sea. But the movie-writer was timid. The dinner-suit he had bought for the opening of the Roxy Theatre had worn shiny. "I'd be out of place in your palace," Ginsberg said.

"Oh," said George, "I gave that to the second wife. She caught me in *corpus frumenti* and I got out. I'm living up in Laurel Canyon in a shack. You got a car and a driver, ain't you?"

Ginsberg admitted that he had a reconditioned Rolls-Royce and a Jap driver in the manner of all movie-writers. "Well," said George, "he'll know the way to my shack. Just tell him it's the Hamlin murder bungalow on the left of that shack where Ida Crossby went loco and shot that Finnish actor. He can't miss it. You just drop around between seven or eight or nine."

Ginsberg was happy to come. "When you come, just put your fist in your book," said George, "and bring it to me?"

"Which book?" asked Ginsberg, his dark sad face swelling in pride.

"You wrote a book, didn't you?"



Laurence Stallings.
From a drawing by Gene Mc Nerney.

George seemed surprised. "I heard somewhere you wrote a book. You always were an egg with a nose in a book. I remember in college you said you'd read every book Robert W. Chambers ever wrote."

Ginsberg admitted to a book after that, thinking he would bring George a copy of his historical novel on Martha Washington. He always carried a copy or two in his trunk. It was a good book, but the publishers gave it a bad break.

"Well," said George again, "put your fist in it. You see, it's this way. Some of the boys out here write a book, and I get them to put their fist in it and I save 'em. It's the only sort of books I save. I got fourteen that way. It's a good gag, ain't it?"

Of course it was. Ginsberg added that a lot of writers did that themselves. "Well," said George, "if it's an old gag with writers, I'll stop. I never do old gags, not even in my pictures, like a lot of fellows around, eh?"

Ginsberg's driver found the place after an hour's wandering. The Jap went to several murder shacks by mistake, and was grumbling over the inaccuracy of the directions. Ginsberg was paying him seventy-five a week and told him he had no squawk coming because he had to swing a heavy town car around a canyon road an hour or so. The right shack was a little bungalow on stilts, screened from the road by vines. Ginsberg thought it just the sort of place a fellow ought to have. A place to get away from everybody once in a while and just go to with another fellow and a couple of girls.

Rumsley met him at the door. "You found it, eh?" he said happily. "Come on in." George was in a waistcoat and silken dressing-gown, with an immaculate dinner-shirt peeping through. Gins-

berg was glad he had donned the soup-and-fish. The room was perfect. A long narrow hall with a pebble-rock fireplace was strewn with Navajo rugs in bright colors, rustic furniture scattered about in a masculine, comfortable manner. There was a player-piano at one end of the room by a tiger-skin rug. On the skin lounged a lady not unlike a tiger herself.

"This is Nadja," said George, and Ginsberg bowed to a woman who had loosened a great mop of yellow hair that fell down as far as her pajama top. "The Baroness Konjan," George explained, "and a real honest-to-God baroness at that." She bowed languidly, making a pretty picture as she lay on the tiger-skin, and went on smoking a long black cigar. She had further enhanced the air about her by burning incense pellets in a saucer at her elbow. "How dee doo," she said.

"The little pal," said George. "I met her two weeks ago and I'm just nuts. Eh, baby?" He moved her affectionately with his foot, as if to prove her reality to Ginsberg. "Come out here with a dance specialty, and some dirty agent let her down." Old George saw the copy of "When Romance Was King" under Ginsberg's arm. "The book, eh?" He took it happily and read the inscription. Ginsberg had just written *To the greatest actor of them all*, and signed his name. George placed it on the mantel with his others, between book-ends fashioned in the likeness of the Statue of Liberty.

"We'll have to drink on that fist," he said. "I got a case of real rye. A gauger slips in from a warehouse a hot-water bottle at a time. I guess he's chief executive."

George went to a door and shouted "Oh! Toy!" and a China boy thrust his

head through the opening. He had the strange impassive face of an oriental. "Bring us a complete set-up," said George. "And that latest case of rye the gauger sent us. And fix dinner for three. We'll eat when you're ready."

The baroness engaged Ginsberg in conversation. "You haft been Budapest, yass?" she asked. Ginsberg had not, but he had met Molnar while publicity representative for Mr. Breefheimer at Fairmount. "You like de drama?" asked the baroness. Ginsberg and the baroness talked intelligently of "Liliom" and the "Guardsman," leaving old George out of it. "Id iss naice," she said, flicking ashes into the incense-saucer and wiping her nose on a Paisley shawl that hung from the piano, "to meet somebuddy hier who know someding." She was slurring old George.

"That's a good Paisley shawl," Ginsberg said loyally; "I know that."

Old George didn't get the irony. "You like it?" he said, delighted. "Hell, I'll give it to you."

The China boy came with a Sheffield tray, and decanters and bottles in crystal. The baroness drank with them, making a wry face at the best rye in California. After three rounds old George lay on the rug and placed his head in her lap. He was always a perfectly natural fellow. She stroked his locks with a hand stained amber. "Ain't she sweet?" said George. "I'm just nuts." The baroness looked at Ginsberg out of blackish-yellow eyes as if she might betray old George.

"Wonderfully so," said Ginsberg, turning the conversation by reaching for the decanter. "Great rye you got."

"Go on," George entreated from the lap of the baroness, "get as drunk as you like. I'm going to." He smiled his

marvellous little-boy smile at her. "You going to get drunk with us, baby?"

Ginsberg's ears were soon buzzing, dinner was so long coming. The baroness was playing hands with him, unknown to old George. Ginsberg was ashamed of impulses beyond his control. He wished to leave. "What'll I do about my car?" he said, attempting to rise from the rug and leave the baroness forever.

"Toy'll take him out a bottle of gin," said George. "He's got standing instructions to treat all drivers to a fresh quart." He pulled Ginsberg down, against the other side of the warm baroness.

Toy came presently with a telephone instrument, its connections dangling. "Fler you," he said to George.

Ginsberg was harrowed by the spectre of old George being called suddenly away. A sickness or a death. Ginsberg shuddered. Good old George. Well, Ginsberg would leave with him; leave the warm side of Nadja, Baroness Konjan; leave her blackish-yellow pools of hot-water-bottle eyes and the best rye in California.

"Who wants me?" George was asking Toy, grinning.

The China boy was calm, with the impassive calmness of orientals. He was a fit servitor for the Hamlin murder bungalow. His eyes had remained slanting half opened, doubtless, when Ida Crossby went loco last year, and the shot rang out across the way that finished the Finnish actor.

"I no tlell," said the Chinese.

"Hell, he will never learn to use the telephone," George explained apologetically. "Eight years I've had him, and the bastard can't understand the telephone. But he's the best cook in Hollywood."

Toy gave the instrument to old George, and stepped over the baroness. He inserted the outlet plug at the base of the piano into the green cord's connection.

"Hello!" said Rumsley. Against Ginsberg's side the baroness stiffened her muscles. George was listening. "An add . . .?" He seemed puzzled as the other voice talked a long while. "A thousand? Why, that's a shake-down and I won't stand for it." The baroness twitched and stiffened again. Toy's face was apathetic as he leaned above her. Ginsberg looked from one to the other. The other voice persisted, high-pitched and metallic. Listening as hard as Ginsberg could he caught the word "baroness" several times.

George was sweating. He began talking. "To-morrow night, eh?" . . . George was stiffening. "At the Chaldean opening, eh? . . . Hell, that's blackmail. No. Five hundred's all I'll stand. I'll stand five hundred." George was signalling to Toy. The China boy pulled the green connection out, calmly stepped over the baroness, and disappeared noiselessly through the door.

George said nothing. He had a long drink straight, coaxing the baroness to share it. Ginsberg drank with them. The baroness flung her cigar under the piano and fell back. In her lithe, tawny way she seemed to stretch once and fall instantly asleep. "She can't stand much," said George, unstopping a fresh decanter. He covered her with the Paisley shawl. He moved over to the fireplace and lit the gas-logs. Ginsberg followed him.

"I don't know yet whether she's on the level or not," George whispered. They were silent for two minutes. The baroness seemed asleep, her large red

mouth open and her sharp red tongue lolling. George began whispering:

"Ever hear of a little scandal sheet out here called *Above the Board in Hollywood*?"

Ginsberg had.

"Well," said George, "it ought to be called *Below the Belt* because it's so dirty. A gang of crooks down-town finance it, and there's a writer named Hank O'Dough writes a column of chatter. They shake down the whole town with stuff about who ain't married to who, and the fan magazines pick it up and spread it all over the country. Now this Hank bird hears I've got a real live baroness up here, and wants a thousand to say that I'm living like a hermit while getting ready for my next starring vehicle." George looked long at the baroness. She stirred. "Let's seem natural," he said, reaching for the decanter. The baroness was sleeping again.

Ginsberg drank with great relief. Good old George. "There's only one way to treat a blackmailer," said Ginsberg, "and that's in the eighteenth-century manner."

"How's that?" asked George. "Beat him up?" He shrugged. "The newspapers would go crazy. Me and the baroness would be in the limelight. I can't stand another run-in with the Women's Federation of Clubs. I'll pay five hundred."

Ginsberg was a man of the world again. He and old George sitting in waistcoats by a gas-fire, a baroness sleeping near by on a tiger rug, was a picture. "Have him beaten up," said Ginsberg. "Your eighteenth-century gallant couldn't afford to be in the papers any more than we can. He had his infamous detractors beaten up outside Drury Lane

Theatre while the *haut monde* looked on. It cured many a fellow of an itching palm."

"Damned effective," said George. "But pretty yellow."

"Not at all. The other man confesses to be a snake not worth our notice." Ginsberg was authoritative. "And in those days a great many gentlemen, as in Hollywood to-day, couldn't afford to take chances with publicity. They usually sat atop their hackney-chaises and directed the varlets who did the flogging. Even Voltaire insulted a ducal house and got a thumping that way. It was the eighteenth-century manner."

"So I'm to hire a horse and buggy," said George, "and have Hank horse-whipped outside Greenbaum's Chaldean Theatre to-morrow night at Moira O'Roon's screen première. I stand on the seat, of course, and watch a couple of jockeys put the stripes on Hank like a rasher of bacon. And I don't suppose that would get in the papers."

"You could get a prize-fighter," said Ginsberg, "to follow you into the theatre. When the blackmailer steps up to get the five hundred for his advertisement the pug can step on his toe and then give him plenty."

"That's no revenge," said George. "Hank must know it's coming from me."

"Naturally," said Ginsberg, thinking hard, with the air of one who had risen from press-agent to movie-writer in five years not for nothing. "The prize-fighter can be a bantam-weight made up pale and sickly." Ginsberg was inspired. "He can even seem effeminate when Hank protests about the old corns."

Old George laughed so loudly that the baroness sat up. "I see. And I know a swell bantam-weight for Hank." He

paused as Toy came in with the soup. "Let's take one more big one before we scoff the chow," he said, giving Ginsberg the office to drop the matter.

They sat on the tiger-skin for supper. "Ain't she sweet," George said, kissing her. The baroness leaned over to Ginsberg. She was tawny and irresistible. Ginsberg kissed her. The three had a loving-cup from the decanter. "He ain't going home to-night," George explained to the baroness. "We're going to have a party. I'll tell Toy to send his car away."

Ginsberg held a mute protest in an outstretched hand. "He's going to write my next picture," George explained, waving him down. Ginsberg was happy after that. They drank between courses.

"We'll stay right here," said George, "until time to go to the Chaldean to-morrow night."

"But where," said Ginsberg, his voice sounding gay and insouciant, "is a girl for me to take to the first night? How'll I get a girl if I stay here?"

"I'll get you one," said George.

"A baroness? A beau'fool baroness?" Ginsberg was gallant.

"Nope," said George. "I'll get you more'n that. By God, I'll get you a real countess. Come on, let's drink to a real live countess."

Ginsberg had a hard time shaking off the real rye, and slept until three o'clock in the afternoon. Old George came into the room as fresh and as rosy as ever. Ginsberg was alarmed. He wished to hurry to the studio.

"It's all right," George assured him. "I called the studio and told 'em we were working on my next story. . . . Here, take this." He offered a long white drink which he called a well-digger. "It's half gin and half cream," he



Flashes from "Ginsberg and the Eighteenth-Century Manner."

As seen by Gene McNerney.

explained. "It fixes your stomach. Soothes it."

Ginsberg drank it easily, his stomach accepting it gratefully.

"After it's sitting pretty," said George, "we'll go out in the patio and start on the rye again. Toy's making juleps. He makes 'em a little too strong as a rule, but they certainly touch the old spot."

"What about the blackmailer?" asked Ginsberg.

"I guess I'll have Hank beaten up," George said simply. "A big risk, but a great idea." He turned from the subject. "Toy's pressed your clothes, and the countess is on the way up here." He refused to discuss details of the eighteenth-century manner. "Look out for the baroness," he said.

"Hank will be dusted off some time during the performance. It'll be determined by other events. But I think the baroness is a rat. So forget it."

The countess was a pretty little thing with a stunning, combative air. But Ginsberg considered her a wet smack when it came to the juleps. "Just a little cocoa," she said. Try as Ginsberg might to induce her to become convivial, she refrained from strong drink. She was a good fellow; he gave her credit. She put her arm around Ginsberg from the start. It was a good arm, too.

They all dived into the swimming-pool, and Ginsberg playfully pushed some water in her face. The countess sprang upward like a seal and ducked him, holding him under until old George's red-striped pajamas dyed Ginsberg with their coloring. The countess was as strong as a chimpanzee. One could see her back muscles beneath the purple pajamas old George had given her, wet and full though they were upon her shoulders.

"I've ruined my hair," she said.

Old George let go his baroness and pulled the countess by the hair.

"We ought to let her give that to Hank," Ginsberg said, as the countess poked George in the eye with a straight left. George glared, and changed the subject. "I can drink whiskey under water," he boasted. "Toy, bring me that cocktail-shaker."

They drove to the Chaldean Theatre in style, old George taking the baroness in the front seat and Ginsberg sitting in the rumble with the countess. Ginsberg wore one of George's silk hats.

"I've got six," George said, without a trace of boasting.

Ginsberg was happy to have the hat. It set them off as they drove down the boulevard to the Chaldean in George's Mercedes roadster, the top folded back completely, Toy following in the little Lincoln with George's driver. George had a flask and they hit the rye at dark corners.

There was a lane of people stretching a half-mile down the boulevard from the theatre. Greenbaum had erected reviewing-stands all along the way to the Chaldean, closing the boulevard to traffic.

"There's George Rumsley," many girls screamed, and good old George doffed his silk topper in that famous debonair manner of his, the baroness clinging proudly to his arm.

The countess herself looked magnificent. She was in dark green spangles with golden braids over her slim little body. Ginsberg had a thrill out of having his arm around that taut little torso all the way to the theatre. He squeezed her hand and she returned the pressure until she almost crushed the bones in Ginsberg's palm.

At a traffic halt old George leaned backward and whispered to the countess. "He's loaded with dough," he said. Even if Ginsberg was a new movie-writer on a bare five hundred a week, he could not contradict George. The countess was in love with Ginsberg anyway.

They halted before the theatre in a blaze of mercury lights and sun-arcs. Ginsberg wondered which of the faces staring at them was Hank O'Dough's, which was the prize-fighter's. The loud speaker announced Mr. George Rumsley, famous Fairmount star, and party. As they stood to be photographed by the news cameras, some one thrust a microphone before Mr. Rumsley's face.

"I want to say hello to my old mother in Santa Barbara," good old George said as quick as a flash. "The best pal a man ever had." The crowd along the boulevard roared its approval of George's simple sentiment. He was natural.

A handsome woman, rouged heavily beneath the velvet band she wore around her forehead, fought her way to Rumsley as they elbowed their way toward the lobby.

"See him," said George easily, waving toward Ginsberg. "He's got it."

The woman tried to reach Ginsberg, but was swirled into another eddy of silk hats and satin bodices. She caught Ginsberg's arm, but was swept aside.

The countess, clinging tight, was curious. "Who was that?"

Ginsberg did not know.

"Don't let him fool you," George grinned at the countess. "That's the gal he's been nuts about. She's sore because he's with you."

The countess was stern. Ginsberg swore truthfully that he did not care for the woman.

"Then," said the countess, "tell her to keep away."

They found seats, George placing the baroness on his left and Ginsberg on his right. They all nestled, and pairs held hands. The baroness was cool to George, who persisted in paying attention to the countess, leaning across Ginsberg to tease her.

"Who was the woman?" Ginsberg whispered.

"Some newspaper idiot," said George. "Wants an interview about the trend of the talkies. But I'm stringing the countess for you. She'll be nuts about you pretty soon."

The countess leaned over to George. "She won't let him go?" she said, her voice hard.

George smiled and kicked his friend into submission. "She hates to see a good spender get out of her clutches. She can see he's nuts about you, countess." The countess turned red. "That diamond buckle on her head-band." George winked confidentially as Ginsberg blushed for shame. "He paid eight thou' for that."

The picture ran on. It was a good picture, Ginsberg told the countess. "But I could better those titles," he said. The first half of the picture ended. The mobs began their fight to fresh air and more cameras. The woman was waiting for Ginsberg, who was afraid the countess might make a scene. Ginsberg tried to avoid the woman, who stood fast and let the crowd force her victim into her arms. Ginsberg in his own plight forgot Hank O'Dough. The woman held fast to his left arm, the countess to his right. Thus they were elbowed and jostled into the lobby.

"You have something for me?" she said sweetly, the diamond band on her hair sparkling brightly at the countess.

"What does she want?" asked the countess, body taut and leaning across to glare at the woman.

"Just an interview," Ginsberg smiled. "I'll see her some other time."

The countess was firm. "Do you ever want to see her again?" She was pressing Ginsberg, who could not resist the glamour that old George had given him.

"Never again in my life," he said, with an air of great weariness.

People were jostling furiously, attempting to reach a corner where Mr. Greenbaum was presenting distinguished guests with souvenir Chaldean lanterns.

"Look here," cried the lady with the velvet band, "what are you trying to get away with?"

The little countess edged in as Ginsberg strove for an answer. George was on the other side of the lobby autographing lanterns for distinguished guests. Ginsberg suspected George of carrying a jest too far. "George," he called, unheard in the din.

But the countess was equal to the occasion. "Go away from him forever," she said to the newspaper woman.

"Look here," the woman replied angrily, "you keep out of this!"

The countess pressed Ginsberg to her side and searched him with her clear blue eyes. "Is she anything to you any more, big boy?" she asked. She was a pal.

"Nothing," said Ginsberg wearily. He succumbed to temptation. "That is, not any more."

"Bah," cried the countess, and brushed the woman across the face with a long white glove.

The woman slapped the countess.

The little countess stepped forward and upward with a straight-left lead,

and brought a right-cross hard to the woman's jaw. Then she threw three short-jabs to the face as the woman who meant nothing more to Ginsberg went down for a long count. The lobby was in an uproar. News cameras clicked.

Greenbaum began fixing the police, and apologizing to the guests, as good old George hastened to get through the crowds about the fallen woman. He hurried Ginsberg and the countess to Greenbaum's own blue Hispano. "Take her home," he said to his friend. "And beat it before they get your name. This is a terrible thing."

"You come too," said Ginsberg, thinking to the last of his old friend's professional reputation.

Old George smiled his gallant smile. "Oh, no," he said, "I'll have to go back and help Miss Adaor." George slammed the door and went back valiantly into the fierce play of lights upon the crowd in the lobby. As the motor got away, Ginsberg saw him supporting the woman, taking her from the crush of curious and distinguished guests.

The countess had tied her filthy handkerchief around her abraded knuckles. She collapsed upon Ginsberg's breast, her little torso going limp. Ginsberg held her and soothed her as a man does an angry child.

"Ain't you sweet to fight over me," he said, patting her comfortingly. "Why, baby, I'm just nuts." Soon the countess was as purry and as yielding as a kitten. She was chipper and smiling again.

"Let's put the top back and drive out the Santa Barbara road," she said. "And get the fresh air. Aren't you crazy about Hispano-Suizas?" She was a sweet little thing.

"I'm sorry you were so embarrassed," she said an hour later. "But when I

string for a man, I string a hundred per cent." Ginsberg was happy again, even if he had missed old George's promise to give Hank O'Dough a good one in the eighteenth-century manner. "I'm glad I wasn't drinking to-night," said the sweet thing on his breast. "Why, there's no telling what I'd have done."

Ginsberg returned from Santa Barbara on Monday and read the clips that old George had put on his desk. They were glowing newspaper accounts of Moira O'Roon's première at Greenbaum's Chaldean.

The countess, the newspapers concluded, had "created some little furor three years ago when she boxed the bantam-weight champion three rounds for charity in the Hollywood Music Bowl. The eccentric wife of a French nobleman, she is at present doing special assignments in picture work, after a season with the 101-Wild-West-Shows." Miss Adaor, the woman attacker in the lobby of the Chaldean at the intermission, was a magazine writer on the staff

of *Above the Board in Hollywood*. She was renowned for her wit, which she embellished in a column she conducted under the pen-name of *Hank O'Dough*. Mr. George Rumsley, beau ideal of the films, had been the first to rush to the defense of the Countess Theleme. Miss Adaor was escorted to her palatial home by Nadja, Baroness Konjan, in the limousine of Mr. Sig Greenbaum, Jr., at Mr. Rumsley's suggestion.

Ginsberg noted that Mr. Rumsley declined to comment on the motives of the attack, though it was apparent to all in the lobby that Miss Adaor had slapped the countess after they had passed some words in Mr. Rumsley's presence. But the film star, with his traditional modesty, declined to comment upon this, leaving the theatre immediately after the picture was over. The Chinese servant at the Rumsley home in Laurel Canyon, where the famous star lives the life of a hermit while preparing for his next starring vehicle, refused to convey Mr. Rumsley any newspaper inquiries by telephone.



In Tune

BY DAVID HAMILTON

SHE put a red hat on her head
And gave her pearls a skilful twist.
"I am in tune with God," she said,
And hung a bangle on her wrist.

"Without a few frivolities
He found His world was incomplete.
So He put song-birds on the trees
And scattered poppies through the wheat."



Mad Anthony Wayne

BY THOMAS BOYD

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPICE) FROM A PAINTING BY E. A. ABBEY

Here begins the story of one of the most colorful men who ever led American troops, done by the author of "Through the Wheat," one of the first and best of the realistic books about the World War. Mr. Boyd writes Wayne's story after much research and examination of original documents.

THE still youthful chairman of the committee which, a few months past, had pronounced Chester County's boycott of British merchants sat at table with his family. It was a fine, bright morning of early summer, warm enough to disperse the chill from the thick stone walls without the aid of a fire. The young committee chairman, who was also a member of the Colonial Assembly, smiled with complacency, his bold, habitually intent gray eyes occasionally watching the white door through which one of the negro house-servants would presently come with a hearty, steaming breakfast. Early that morning he had parted the curtains drawn darkly round his high bed and had begun to dress with unusual care. He had smoothly shaved his rounded cheeks and well-developed chin, had freshly powdered his brown hair which he wore combed back from temples and forehead, the pigtail tied with a small dark bow behind his neck. Wearing a ruffled shirt, silk stockings, coat and waistcoat of wine-shade hue, he was conscious of giving forth an air of elegance which would mark him distinctively when he arrived in Philadelphia. For he had been called from his country home to the city that was becoming

the continental capital. High time too, he thought in a rush of restless energy.

Of the five persons at the breakfast-table that morning he alone was unaffectedly cheerful. His mother sat severely erect, her gaze from beneath the round lace cap preoccupied, disturbed. For nearly six months a chair of peaceful memory had stood unused against the wall. Now, with Anthony going to Philadelphia, there would be another empty one. Her husband, the squire, had died in November of the year before. Seventy-five he had been, but always active about the plantation and in the welfare of Saint David's Church at Radnor until the last few weeks. She looked at Anthony and wondered who, while he was gone, would oversee the work in the Waynesborough fields and tannery and give the household a feeling of protection in these anxious times. Nobody, unless her son hired a man.

If only his mother knew how soon Anthony would come back she would have been less concerned. But she didn't know. Doctor Franklin had called him to Philadelphia to take a place on the Colonial Committee of Safety. That of itself was nothing to fret about. Doctor Franklin was a prudent man. John Dickinson was level-headed too. He was

a member and so was Robert Morris. But Anthony would never stop at a place on that Safety Committee. Not with General Washington on his way up to Massachusetts to fight the soldiers at Boston. Anthony, his mother knew, was too headlong and full of war to be content with telling others what to do. He'd want to have a scabbard clanking against his own legs. Lately, as when he was a boy at his uncle Gabriel's academy where he turned the students into little ruffians pretending they were fighting Indians, he had taken to drilling the young men of Chester County, telling them and their fathers to hoard their powder too. No, she could have no reasonable hope that Anthony would behave sensibly, not since blood had been shed in Boston. It was probably born in the Waynes to carry swords when there was a chance to use them. Old Anthony, her husband's father, had been a captain for King William at the battle of the Boyne; her husband himself had gone off to fight the French and Indians after Braddock's defeat. She looked at Anthony, heartily eating his morning meal, then glanced about the table. Recollecting the two years Isaac Wayne was stationed with his company of *Provincials* up at Nazareth in Northampton County, she knew that if Anthony went to war it would be hard for Polly and the children.

Polly's slender figure leaned toward her three-year-old son Isaac, erratically waving a silver spoon above his breakfast-bowl. She was unhappy, but tried to hide any betrayal of that feeling, for Anthony of late had taken to rereading his dog-eared *Cæsar's "Commentaries"* which he had studied in the academy at Philadelphia, had bought a copy of the campaigns of Marshal Saxe, and meanwhile had begun lecturing her on the

Spartan duties of a wife and mother whose country was being invaded by a set of British caitiffs. The times demanded sacrifices, he had said; honor and liberty, he made her feel, were more important to him than was Waynesborough, or herself, or Margaretta and Isaac, or all those possessions lumped as one. And now he was going down to Philadelphia, and goodness only knew when he would be back. Like his mother, she doubted that he would be satisfied working on the Committee of Safety. But, unlike Mrs. Wayne, she would have few people to turn to when he was gone. For Anthony's mother had been born and had lived all of her sixty-five years in Chester County, the Iddings, her own family, were still there, she had her friends and her daughters; but Polly had come to Waynesborough shorn of everything but her twenty-two-year-old husband. Up to the time she stood beside him at the altar of Philadelphia Christ Church she had lived with her mother and brother in the provincial capital, her father, Bartholomew Penrose, having died while she was still in childhood. Then she had gone quickly from adolescence to be a bride at seventeen and a mother at twenty. Now Margaretta was six and little Isaac three. With two children to bring up and a large house to help look after, Polly had seen little of Philadelphia or of outside gaiety since the day Anthony had brought her to Waynesborough in an enclosed but springless carriage.

Anthony, she could think, looking back from the maturity of her twenty-six years, had an impetuous and venturesome way that made her uneasy to contemplate in connection with his journey to Philadelphia. Instead of studying at the academy until he had been graduated, he had packed up his books at

eighteen and was off to be a surveyor in the wilds of Westmoreland and Cumberland Counties. And at twenty what did he do but take a boatload of settlers up to Nova Scotia and stay there for more than a year before he returned to Philadelphia. Doctor Franklin had sent him—this same Doctor Franklin who was calling for him now to be a member of that Committee of Safety. And then when at last he had come back, after tramping all over Nova Scotia to find the best land for the company to buy, Doctor Franklin had turned him straight around, sending him off to be the settlers' resident manager, and he would be there still or in some other wild place if she hadn't married him the next time he returned to Philadelphia. And now he was going to be gone again, goodness only knew for how long. Well, she would try to be a good and dutiful wife!

Anthony, with no fault to find in Waynesborough, was none the less glad to be going. The summons to sit on the Colonial Committee of Safety was mildly flattering. It was also useful, for by that means he would gain a footing in the central current of the country's movements instead of remaining in the backwash of Chester County. Not that he had ambitions toward political office. He hadn't. But, like his father and many other of the landowning Whigs, he felt responsibility for the laws and acts of his province and was conscious of its relation to himself. And now the province and the country at large were in need of their men as they never had been before. As the proprietor of the estate of Waynesborough, as a leader of the Chester County Whigs, and as a man desirous of liberty, he would go to Philadelphia and there help put forward the work of defiance toward the

British Tories, their infernal taxes, and their still more infernal soldiers, which they had landed at Boston.

Philadelphia, moreover, was an agreeable town. Its society was elegant. And many of the people were his friends, particularly the Whig families among whom his father had taken him during the old gentleman's six years in the Provincial Assembly. Thomas Mifflin and Joe Reed had already gone from Philadelphia as high officers in the Continental service and were with General Washington in front of Boston. Time he too was going; and in his absence the Waynesborough fields and the tannery would continue to support the family in comfort, as they had contrived to do ever since he could remember. At present the land was stocked with twenty-six head of cattle, the largest drove of sheep in Easttown township, and half a dozen horses. The crops were growing, the meadows green; with five servants working for him, there were frequently bundles of hides to be shipped abroad from the tannery. And though that phase of his business had been interrupted by the embargo on English trade and by British ships capturing the cargoes sent to Jamaica, Waynesborough had always been so comfortably productive that the Spanish-milled dollars paid him by Harper and Dicks, the leather merchants, were not essential to a pleasant life on the farm.

But now the eight-day clock in the hallway was striking a warning hour and Wayne's horse was standing saddled near the door. He said good-by to Polly, to his mother, to little Isaac, affectionately counselled Margaretta not to slouch, then began his twenty-mile ride to Philadelphia.

Leaving his house by the white gate that morning, Anthony Wayne rode

southeastward through a country that had only peaceful memories. On either side of the dusty road the snugly fenced-in fields were planted with wheat and oats and Indian corn; in the meadows slow-ambling cattle stretched their necks down for the green pasturage and small droves of sheep wandered close by the occasional stone houses, nibbling over the grass. And if he thought of the Paoli Tavern, which was two miles from his farm, it was because of the innkeeper's casks of rum and porter; if he thought of Valley Forge, four miles north of Waynesborough, it was to visualize the place as a wide hollow in a rugged hill beside the curving Schuylkill, where Isaac Potts had a grist-mill whose wheels were turned by Valley Creek. If he thought of the Brandywine, it was because that stream ran close to Naaman's Creek, where his pretty and engaging cousin Sally Robinson lived. All of that country north, south, and east of him seemed so solidly and serenely peopled that nothing short of a satanic miracle could give it injury.

It was late when Wayne crossed over the Schuylkill at the Middle Ferry, and later still before the hoofs of his horse clattered tiredly on the High Street pavement where it began at 8th. The town at night seemed almost stealthily quiet, all of its sober dwellers either beneath their own generously sloping roofs or at the taverns, but in the morning it was astir by daybreak, and at six o'clock, when Anthony took his chair in the Committee of Safety meeting, the streets were already lively with unusual movement. For the Second Continental Congress was still in session at the Statehouse, on Chestnut between 5th and 6th, and committees and subcommittees, associations and societies, formed mainly from the same set of men, were

being so rapidly multiplied that there was scarcely time for members to attend them all.

Next to Congress the Committee of Safety was perhaps the most important body in Philadelphia. It had been organized to decide the moment when Pennsylvanians should be called into active service, and when Wayne arrived he found John Dickinson, Doctor Franklin, the Biddles, Robert Morris, Samuel Morris, Jr., Thomas Wharton, Jr., Benjamin Bartholomew, John Cadwalader, and fifteen others all ready to discuss the fortification of the Delaware. For they had no intention of being shut up like beleaguered Boston, whose port King George's troops had closed until the tea tax should be paid. If British ships sailed up the river with their guns, they would find American ships with guns waiting to meet them. That answer of defiance to the king was furthered not only by Doctor Franklin, who dared to think of independence from the crown, but also by grave, moderate John Dickinson, who was willing for rebellion but not for revolution. And in an access of fervor the members of the Committee of Safety clamorously voted to rig a number of ships for fighting, to mark positions for forts on the Delaware, and to encourage the manufacture of saltpetre in the province by offering twenty pounds for every hundredweight that should be made. Also the counties of Pennsylvania were called upon to furnish four thousand five hundred good new firelocks with bayonets, and Doctor Franklin, his old eyes gleaming in his wrinkled face, went bustling out to procure the proper model for a pike.

The meetings were ended early each day. But out in the streets Anthony discovered a warlike trend as great as in

the committee. Down High Street to Front, across 2d, up Chestnut and Walnut, there were the quick rattle of drums and the shrill whirling of fifes as sons of Whigs and sons of liberal-minded Tories marched in military company. There were even Quaker youths parading soldierwise, and Wayne stopped now and again to watch them critically, almost professionally, his energies stirring for war. That pike, he thought, for which Doctor Franklin was to get a model; there was a good description of one in Marshal Saxe, who suggested that the weapon be of hollowed pine fourteen feet long with an eighteen-inch blade, and that the men who were to carry them should also have cutting-swords and pistols.

Going down from the State-house toward 2d Street, where Wayne's friend Sharp Delany lived, the martial display continued. At his shop on 4th and Chestnut, Plunkett Fleeson was supplying drums and colors. On 3d Street, opposite the Harp and Crown, Wollere Ming had his window full of polished swords with leather scabbards, pistols, holsters, belts, and cartouche boxes. Turning south from Chestnut on 2d Street, Wayne passed Pike's school for dancing in Lodge Alley, where the proprietor was now advertising that he would undertake to teach young Philadelphia gentlemen the art of fencing. Half a square farther Peter Stretch, the clothier, was showing rolls of buff and scarlet broadcloth. And Sharp Delany himself, Wayne found, had been made a member of the Committee for the City and Liberties of Philadelphia.

This heady brilliance of sound and color would soon result in war, that was certain; but where it would end nobody knew. The petition of the Second Continental Congress to King George had

been ignored. The battle of Charles-town had been fought, and Nicholas Brooks was selling colored prints of the engagement at his shop in Black Horse Alley. Soon the crown would pronounce the American colonies to be in a state of rebellion. But meanwhile Anthony Wayne was satisfied to vote and organize and fight to regain the province's equitable independency as a part of the British Empire. There would be, he thought likely, a short skirmish at most; then the English Tory government would be forced to abandon this latest taxation scheme of theirs.

In the interim it was agreeable to ride the dangerous crest of rebellion. With Sharp Delany, who was a lawyer, he discussed army discipline, having been named one of the subcommittee to write the rules and regulations of the Pennsylvania militia. With his friend Richard Peters, who was secretary of the Military Association for the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, he talked of the business of providing crews for the boats which were being completed down below Dock Street; for that too was a job with which the Committee of Safety had intrusted him. With Doctor Benjamin Rush, surgeon of the fleet, he drank bottles of claret while they meditated mellowly on the campaigns of Marshal Saxe. In the company of Doctor Franklin, Robert Morris, and others he went down the Delaware to mark sites for forts and to sink chevaux-de-frise in the river to protect the harbor. And in the evenings it was pleasant to stop in at the house of Doctor Bond, where he was certain of finding acquaintances who were interested to hear the latest word from the Committee of Safety.

Upon the sofa in front of Doctor Bond's fireplace he often found Miss

Hetty Griffiths. Hetty was bright, she could accompany him with amusing talk, she cultivated a few literary allusions, and spoke of her heart as an impudent little throbber. Together they lightly weighed the merits of the latest work of Laurence Sterne, which James Humphreys had issued by subscription from his shop at Front Street and Black Horse Alley. Sometimes his country cousin, Miss Sally Robinson, was also at Doctor Bond's; and Dick Peters too was there, a bland young man of thirty with a high forehead and sharp clear eyes, which often glowed with adoration for Miss Sally. After the death of Dick's father, the Reverend Richard Peters, who had saved a fortune, they would probably be married, Anthony thought likely.

Those summer and autumn days in Philadelphia must have made war appear as a providential boon to man. The guns were far away, the casualties small around Boston, yet near enough and large enough to remind the Committee of Safety that there was danger in defiance if it failed. Even many of the Tories and Quakers were aligned with the Whigs in protesting infringement of what they felt to be their rights, while everybody, for the time, seemed to be marching in the long pageantry of a unified purpose. And by October 2 the wharf at the foot of Dock Street was clustered with the *Hancock*, the *Bull Dog*, the *Washington*, the *Franklin*, the *Ranger*, the *Dickinson*, the *Warren*, the *Burke*, the *Camden*, and the *Experiment*—ships which Anthony Wayne had manned and for which he and Captain Tench Francis had provided guns.

Wayne's conduct, his friends had begun to observe, was spirited. It was. He not only kept average attendance at the six o'clock Committee of Safety meet-

ings, raised crews and equipment for the ships and worked as executive in the council, but also was raising a regiment in Chester County to be ready for Continental service. With Francis Johnston and Persifor Fraser, young squires like himself, he rode about the countryside and appointed meetings for drills. Sometimes he addressed gatherings of uncertain farmers, telling them indignantly that the British were making a footstool of their sister colony, Massachusetts; that while the tea-party had not been carried out by the better sort of Bostonians, nevertheless no self-respecting Pennsylvanian could permit the New England port to be closed by King George. The whole difficulty, he said, was caused by England, who was trying her last and hardest to tax Americans. And his advice to the country at large was the same as that offered in each issue of the *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser*: By uniting the colonies would stand, by dividing they would fall.

But it was not his words, it was his actions that marked the path he was soon to follow. He had a figure that men admired, a severe impatience in snapping out commands on a drill-field, a reckless light in his brazen eyes, all of which had begun to attract ardent young Irishmen, Germans, Welshmen, and Englishmen, who, from any one of a variety of causes, were eager to carry a musket for Pennsylvania—or perhaps for the United Colonies.

For by early December the Second Continental Congress had requested the Committee of Safety to raise and equip four battalions to join the Continental line under General Washington. Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, it was known in Philadelphia, were marching a small army through the

Canadian snows toward Quebec. King George had long since proclaimed the Americans to be in a state of rebellion. Boston was still withstanding the siege, and Congress was growing impatient for the town to be attacked and the British driven from the port.

Meanwhile Anthony Wayne rode in and out of Philadelphia, from committee meetings to battalion drills. On New Year's day, 1776, he was back at Waynesborough again, but waiting for Francis Johnston, Persie Fraser, Thomas Hartley, Joseph Wood, and the rest of the officers of the volunteer battalion to come on military business. And two days later he had returned to Philadelphia, where the Committee of Safety had been empowered that morning by Congress to appoint the colonels who were to lead the Pennsylvania troops northward—either to General Washington at Boston or to General Montgomery in Canada.

With Doctor Franklin in the chair and all the members present, the nominations were begun. For the first of the four battalions the names of Anthony Wayne and Robert Magaw were offered; on the ballot Wayne was given twenty-three votes to Magaw's twenty. For the next John Shee received the appointment. Then Arthur Saint Clair, who had served the king as a soldier and who had come from western Pennsylvania, where he had once commanded a fort, was named for the third and Robert Magaw was shifted to take charge of the fourth.

And now war at last was on its roundabout route to Waynesborough and the pleasant, rolling fields of Chester County. Yet so ardent was Anthony Wayne's desire and so glorious did his fighting colonelcy appear that he was scarcely awake to a single consequence.

That he might be hanged as a rebel, that his family might go in want, that he might lose the best of his blood on half a dozen battle-fields were conjectures for a later day. And when his wife gave him a hasty note from Squire Bartholomew, who suggested that as Anthony was going away, perhaps never to return, would he please settle at once for the bull he had bought, Wayne wondered why Polly looked so tragic.

Toward midday of June 8, 1776, the open land west of Three Rivers village in the province of Quebec lay under a shifting mass of red-streaked smoke. Dark as a rain-cloud, it came from the powder of slow-rattling muskets and small brass cannon of some thousands of British regulars, their close ranks shielded by an earthwork thrown up before a low cluster of colorless houses. Flanking the long ridge of fresh dirt, half a dozen English transports rode at anchor on the surface of the pale Saint Lawrence and dumped the shells of their booming howitzers into the dark confusion. The men on deck and those behind the earthwork were now firing at a common object which moved erratically near the edge of the green forest in which the clearing ended. Compared to themselves their target was ridiculously small—a mere platoon of American soldiers. But the leader of the few—Colonel Anthony Wayne, of Waynesborough—despite the negligible size of his command, continued to deploy them challengingly against the bulk of the British army in Canada.

By all that was sensible and normal Colonel Wayne and his three ragged squads should have stood in mortal fear and consternation. Not only were they facing an enemy of hopelessly superior force, the wood behind them was filled

with their own retreating men; they were soaked to the waist in mud and water; they were a thousand miles from home and soon they too would have to run for their lives. Moreover, it was the first time Colonel Wayne or his Pennsylvanians had been under any kind of fire. He should have winced as he fought there, should have been white around the lips and speechless.

And perhaps he was. But somewhere inside him, beneath the superficial twitching of his muscles and his well-controlled fear, he was bubbling with delight. For he had a mine of energy which his indignation had set to blazing, and at last he had confronted the enemy in the field.

Already the day had ended miserably for the attacking party to which Colonel Wayne belonged. But this failure, which finished the long and futile Canadian expedition, had been a certainty for months. During the winter and spring while Wayne attended Committee of Safety meetings in Philadelphia Benedict Arnold, with dead Montgomery's men, had kept Quebec besieged. But that had been possible only because the Saint Lawrence was frozen. When the ice thawed tall-masted ships with many British troops aboard would come sailing into the bay and control the river from its mouth to Montreal. Yet Congress had continued to direct men to Canada. In April General Wooster had been sent to supersede Arnold before Quebec. After Wooster came General John Thomas. And by May two more generals, William Thompson and John Sullivan, with Wayne's and Saint Clair's regiments among the Continental volunteers under them, were on their way northward from Albany to join the army on the Saint Lawrence.

Thompson had come first, bringing Arthur Saint Clair with him. He found the Americans at the village of Sorel, where General Thomas had taken them after retreating from Quebec. For early in May several British ships had landed soldiers at the river citadel, forcing Thomas to retire. There were other enemy transports on the Saint Lawrence, but nobody at Sorel knew their whereabouts or number. Thomas himself and many of his men were sick and feverish with smallpox. Though Arnold was laying febrile siege to Montreal, slight hope appeared of a successful movement anywhere in Canada.

Thompson had brought reinforcements. General Sullivan, his superior, would soon be there with six battalions more. But with British transports sailing the Saint Lawrence the river had the potential menace of a flood. Yet when word was brought to Thompson that less than eight hundred British regulars had encamped several miles downstream at the village of Three Rivers, it was Arthur Saint Clair's suggestion that Thompson give him about six hundred men with which to make a surprise attack and capture them.

That was on the morning of June 2, six days before Anthony Wayne stood under the lead and iron deluge at Three Rivers. Without verifying the report General Thompson allowed Saint Clair to set out with the number of men he had asked for. But a few hours after Saint Clair had gone General Sullivan, the ranking officer, arrived. Approving Thompson's enterprise, he felt that six hundred men was not a safe number for the attack on Three Rivers. There should be twice that number and Thompson should command them, overtake Saint Clair, and assume charge of the expedition. But he was not, Sulli-

van ordered Thompson, to attack Three Rivers unless he was certain he could carry it, for if he failed, it would mean the break-up of the whole Canadian undertaking.

While Sullivan sat down to wait in his most hopeful mood, Thompson hurried the tired battalions into bateaux bound down the broad river. They were for the most part Pennsylvania volunteers under the immediate command of Colonel Anthony Wayne and Colonel William Irvine. On their heads were round felt hats, from their shoulders hung long, loose hunting-jackets, and in their hands were muskets which had been issued to them less than a month before. Colonel Wayne, in one of the wide-bottomed boats, sat with his cutting-sword between his knees and wished his own men looked more like soldiers. Their eyes were clear and many were of admirable brawn; he had taught them to shave each morning, also to grease and powder their hair—but those ungainly hunting-shirts and insufficient hats! The contrast between their dress and his own was too marked to be comfortable: he wore a three-cornered hat with a bright cockade which one of the daughters of General Schuyler had made him, a tailored coat of blue broad-cloth with white facings, smooth white breeches, and polished leather boots. But at that his men were smarter than those of Colonel Maxwell's Jersey battalion, and some day perhaps Congress would clothe them in really decent uniforms.

The boatmen poled on down the river. Though the distance to Three Rivers was less than fifty miles and the bateaux were moving with the current, it was not until June 6 that Thompson overtook Arthur Saint Clair. They joined at Nicolet, where that night and the next

day passed while the officers talked and the soldiers looked to the priming of their muskets. Before another sun went down General Thompson had determined to cross to the north bank, land his boats, and after a quick march halt at the edge of Three Rivers village and attack at dawn. His Canadian guides had assured him that his men could march into position for the surprise before the lifting night disclosed them.

They crossed the Saint Lawrence in the dark and landed nine miles above Three Rivers. Led by natives in whom their faith was all too fatuous, they began their march in four columns, which strung out farther and farther as the men pushed along the narrow paths in the midst of great trees and thick underbrush. The trails twisted senselessly and interminably. After two hours they were still on the march through the forest. The officers grew anxious. The men started muttering. Overhead, obscured by the densely gathered leaves, the dead black sky was fading gray.

When the head of the leading column broke out from among the trees daylight was broad enough to show them the face of the Saint Lawrence. It was still close to their right flank, but instead of the hoped-for sight of Three Rivers village they saw a clutter of armed British transports lying near the bank. Colonel Saint Clair, who was then in the lead, shouted Halt! A runner ran down the column and General Thompson came hurrying up.

It was a confusing moment for General Thompson. He had been ordered not to attack without good prospect of success, which now, he must have seen, was impossible. Yet if he turned back without a blow, turned back on sight of the enemy after having marched five hundred miles to Canada—it was too

objectionable to contemplate. He had one thousand four hundred and fifty Americans with him, and most of them were eager to fire a musket. That, then, was the answer.

North of where General Thompson stood a strip of forest stretched parallel with the river. If he could march his troops into it before the transports discovered him, he could swing through the trees toward the right and come in upon Three Rivers from the rear. The forest looked so safe and friendly.

General Thompson passed the order and the columns headed for the cover of the wood. Whichever battalion entered first, it was Colonel Wayne's that soon was in the lead. For now that the time and place had been agreed on, he was eager for the actual engagement. His head up, his shoulders squared under his blue broadcloth, he stalked energetically at the head of the two hundred and two Pennsylvanians who had been recruited from Chester County. On his left came Maxwell's battalion of four hundred and eighty-three men from New Jersey, while at his right came Colonels Saint Clair and Irvine with the rest of the Pennsylvanians, each at the head of a column and all moving briskly.

But that swift pace which would have brought all four columns quickly to the open fields in front of Three Rivers was unexpectedly changed. The men began to drag their legs and flounder. For the earth beneath the green moss and coarse grass made a black, watery swamp. The first squads went into it and marched more slowly. The others followed, irritable at the delay. A little farther and the columns were sinking to their knees. And whether they plunged to right or left, it was swamp-land they encountered.

Four wretched hours later the head of Wayne's column floundered out, the men soaked to the waists and cursing. Three Rivers lay in sight at last, but the sun was high, and in front of the village, protected by earthworks, stood a large British force under General Fraser, while down the bluff to the right were seen more enemy ships. And as Wayne's men jostled out of the wood and began to form ranks, a British column set out on a steady advance upon them. Simultaneously the howitzers boomed from shipboard and a whistling went through the air like flying chains.

Like most of his men, Colonel Wayne was for the first time in battle. But from the earliest breath of twisting smoke he must have known it was his native air. And in his bold, light-gray eyes there was an almost good-natured scorn for the whirring, screeching shells from the howitzers and for the scarlet-coated column marching evenly toward him. He turned quickly and shouted an order. One of his little companies sheared off from the main body and went forward at a lusty run, their bayonets slanting down. As they hurried ahead, the rest formed rapidly into a battalion front, which moved to their support.

When Wayne's men halted, the scarlet column was within close range. Both had held their fire, but now Wayne, Francis Johnston, Hartley, and the under-officers went drubbing the volunteers into a battalion arc that enveloped the head of the British force. Then the firelocks made a pale ragged flash and crackled loudly. The British detachment paused, wheeled about in its tracks, and trotted back toward the main body. But the feeling of hot lead on their unprotected backs was overpowering; in a panic they broke ranks and ran.

Wayne pushed his men into column formation again. But as they gathered they were struck by a heavy fire from the right where the enemy, with cannon, muskets, and howitzers, were massed behind the earthwork. Wayne disregarded that, for his instinct was always to attack, and he could stare defeat directly in the face without ever knowing what he was looking at. Furthermore, Colonel Maxwell and his New Jersey battalion were straggling out of the swampy forest on his left, while from the right appeared the columns of Saint Clair and Irvine under the command of General Thompson. Surveying the British earthwork for a moment Wayne bawled: "Have at them!" His strapping figure led the way, and his men, who had been trained by him and had his enthusiasm, trailed after him with loaded muskets.

Unfortunately, Wayne and his column went alone. For on his left Colonel Maxwell (by whose side he was to fight again and again) had been stopped by a volley of musketry from the earthworks, and along the river-bluff to his right the men of General Thompson's division were dodging confusedly under the lead and iron that rained from the village and the starboard side of the transports. And the centre, with both its flanks thus dragging, was brought to a standstill within rifle range of Three Rivers.

Nobody spoke the word retreat, no voice could have commanded then. With Thompson's and Maxwell's columns mixed up in backward skirmishing, the centre simply rolled away from the fire. They were weary, bedraggled, and three times outnumbered. And down at the bluff more British troops had landed to cut off General Thompson and part of his withdrawing troops,

and Lieutenant-Colonel Billy Allen, whose father was a noted Tory, was trying to lead Saint Clair's column away from capture.

With the British landing in rear of them, it became at once the object of the Americans to get clear of the post which they had come to attack. Already the enemy were rising from behind their breastworks, and it was apparent that there would be a race for the boats from which the Americans had disembarked nine miles up the river in the dark.

Colonel Wayne's battalion drifted back toward the swampy wood. Moving in fair order, they became the point on which loose elements from Maxwell's left and Thompson's right converged. On this account Wayne found his own force more than doubled. Even more were added to it as they neared the fringe of the forest, for the one battalion which Thompson had left in reserve now appeared, ready to take their share of the battle. Wayne halted and joined them all together for a rally.

And here the one necessary movement of the muddled and repulsed attack was made. The whole of Thompson's expedition had gone down, and many of them were being beaten. General Thompson himself had been surrounded and captured by British troops who had landed behind him; everywhere his men were being driven. Their highest hope was now to leave Three Rivers as free men, not as prisoners. But even that was doubtful until Wayne turned.

Fearless as a sensitive mortal in an uncertain world might be, Wayne swung the reserves, the drifters, and his own battalion around until they again faced Three Rivers and the scarlet-spotted field. His men in their round hats and belted hunting-shirts commenced

firing with their slow-working muskets, their bullets attracting British interest to themselves, relieving some of the stress from the harried flanks so that they might be enabled to withdraw.

The enemy came on, stopped, came doggedly on again. Wayne watched them impatiently. But on his left Maxwell's men were safely sinking back into the wood, and on his right the bulk of General Thompson's division, led by Billy Allen, had pushed through the cordon of British from the ships and were racing up the river. And as for the men who were fighting the delaying action, Colonel Wayne was detaching squad after squad of them, sending them through the security of the swampy wood while he stood in the way of their pursuit.

If Wayne thought of himself as he stood there before the oncoming British, it was not in terms of danger and defeat but of ambition well fulfilled. Completely the man of action, the spirit of war had captured him in early youth. With a vigor and endurance that fitted him for combat, he had a fine, healthy scorn for the British soldiers. He was transparently vain and as clearly honest; and though General Fraser had not been driven to defeat, Wayne felt it was good work to have at them with the bayonet and the cutting-sword, and to be last to leave the field when their jackets were too many and too bright beneath the drifting film of smoke. It was not until his force was down to twenty privates and six officers, to whom the enemy were close enough to fire their muskets effectively, it was not till then that he ran for the safety of the wood in which the others had disappeared.

Ahead of him Americans were

strung out for more than a mile through the marshy forest. There was a rusty stain on his white breeches, for he had been struck in the right leg by a musket-ball, but he stalked swiftly as the ground would permit, hurrying the bedraggled troops along. For the British had followed into the wood, and though they were not to continue far by land, the fact that they were coming behind him sharpened the anxiety with which the men pushed toward their distant boats. The Saint Lawrence was yet to be crossed before they would be free of danger.

Through the swamp, over fields and into forests again, the straggling expedition hurried over the nine miles which lay between Three Rivers and the landing where their bateaux had been left under heavy guard. But the boats were not there. When Wayne arrived, the disordered men were gathering where their craft had been, peering up and down the river or looking dull-eyed at one another as they faced a night on a cheerless bank and muttered over the surprise into which they had walked that morning. General Thompson, it soon was known, had been surrounded and was a British prisoner. So was Colonel William Irvine. About two hundred men were missing from the columns that had advanced on the right. And nearly fifty men of New Jersey and Pennsylvania had been left dead between the swamp and the village. And Arthur Saint Clair, the old soldier who had fought for the king, was missing. A snag in his foot, somebody said. The men stirred moodily and wished they were back home.

But Colonel Wayne came up with challenging briskness. And the men began to form into ranks. With the boats

gone the only way of rejoining General Sullivan at Sorel was by marching the forty-odd-mile distance and then shouting across the water until bateaux from the Continental camp were sent after them. Meanwhile some of the British transports would probably be sailing up toward Montreal. Weary, confused, some of the men wounded, they marched westward through the late afternoon.

Three days later Wayne brought his eleven hundred men to the ground of the north bank opposite Sorel. A signal was hallooed across the water, was caught by the camp-guard patrolling the low, gray village. The bateaux were there, having been taken from the neighborhood of Three Rivers to save them from being captured by a British transport. Now they were sent across the river, and the weary, famished men embarked.

When Wayne's first boatload was ferried over to Sorel, General Sullivan sat in his tent. He had a letter half written on the table before him and was waiting for some definite word from Three Rivers before finishing it. Addressed to General Washington and begun at one o'clock on June 8, Sullivan had intended it to bear happy news to the distant commander-in-chief. The lines were before him that General Thompson had "made his attack at daylight, for at that time a very heavy cannonading began, which lasted with some intervals to twelve o'clock. It is now near one P. M.; the firing has ceased, except some irregular firing with cannon, at a considerable distance of time one from the other. At eight o'clock a very heavy firing of small-arms was heard even here, at a distance of forty-five miles. I am almost certain that victory has declared in our favor,

as the irregular firing of the cannon for such a length of time after the small-arms ceased, shows that our men are in possession of the ground."

Though almost certain of his deductions, General Sullivan had held the letter open until he could send a verified message. With Thompson successful at Three Rivers, he thought, he himself would move with the whole army, clearing the British ships from the Saint Lawrence and marching on to the capture of Quebec. He had hoped to be given command of the American forces in Canada and to carry on a long campaign in which he would make up for the half-failures of the expedition which had been in that country under Benedict Arnold since December.

But Wayne's first hungry boatload to be taken across the river to Sorel brought the mortifying reverse of all that General Sullivan had hoped for and expected. Not only had the attack been a failure, not only were General Thompson and Colonel Irvine under British guard, but worst of all was the intelligence that he would have to count the enemy along the Saint Lawrence in thousands where he had counted them in hundreds. To go on with the letter was painfully humiliating, but at last he bowed his head and lifted his quill pen. That "little tincture of vanity" which General Washington had espied in him had turned to gall.

Now it was clear that Canada would have to be evacuated, that the long journey of the Pennsylvanians to New York, then to Albany, and then up shallow rivers to the Saint Lawrence had been of no account. Of the two thousand five hundred and thirty-three men, sick and well, officers, non-coms., and privates under Sullivan, nearly all were disheart-

ened. On their way northward they had been hilarious, had gambled at nights in their billets, had got good-naturedly drunk, and had often fought among themselves. But since then they had seen something of war and they were not eager to face it again.

Wayne had returned with the men to Sorel on June 11. For three days they lay resting. And during each of those days one or more British transports sailed up the Saint Lawrence on the way to Montreal. On board or marching along the north bank beside the boats was the majority of the thirteen thousand British regulars which England had sent to Canada. Commanded by Sir Guy Carleton, Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne, and a host of lesser general officers, it was a dispiriting sight to the crippled Americans. Arnold, they knew, would have to hurry from Montreal and General Sullivan would have to order the retreat at once.

Sullivan broke camp and headed his leading columns southward toward Lake Champlain. Already Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne had landed and was following him. With a torch in rear to fire the stores and bridges, Sullivan moved down to Chamblee, where John Thomas had been taken to die of the smallpox. His soldiers straggled out into an each-man-for-himself mob. At every house or cabin along the way men slumped away from the slowly moving column and went inside, where they sat in a coma of bewildered rest. When Sullivan made ready to move from Chamblee to Saint Johns, his disorganized lines extended behind him for several miles.

A slow, dripping rain began the day Sullivan marched from Chamblee. Before he left he had news of Arnold, whose aide rode hurriedly into the town,

explaining that his chief's retreat was being cut off by a British detachment and that he wanted a few hundred additional men with which to fight his way clear. The aide was Captain James Wilkinson, a youth who spoke with giddy, rhetorical warmth. Sullivan gave him an order on the rear-guard for five hundred men to be supplied by Baron de Woedtke.

Wilkinson turned northward along the beaten road. He passed shambling groups of men who walked with no officer to direct them, knots of officers who had no men under them. Baron de Woedtke, who was probably drunk in some cabin, was not to be found. But with his order from General Sullivan, Wilkinson went on.

Some distance through the forest north of Chamblee, Wilkinson met an officer who seemed more alert than most of those he had passed. It was Lieutenant-Colonel Billy Allen, second in command of Saint Clair's regiment. They stopped, and Wilkinson told him of Arnold's predicament and of the need for five hundred men.

Billy Allen shook his head. There was not half that number to be seen on the road. He didn't believe, he answered, that a detachment could be made. But even if that many could be formed out of the broken ranks, they would be of little help, for the army, he explained, had become conquered by its fears. And yet— Allen was silent a moment. Then he said: "Colonel Wayne is in the rear, and if any one can do it, he is the man."

Wilkinson rode on, asking for Colonel Wayne, whom he found a mile or so nearer the end of the straggling American column. In a uniform of blue and white, with a ruffled stock and a cocked felt hat, the colonel was stalking along

the muddy road as if he owned it and dared any one to deny the fact.

A flighty youth of not yet twenty, but old enough to be recklessly ambitious, Wilkinson, if he spoke as usual, made Colonel Wayne a high-pitched, almost hysterical address and then smugly waited for the answer. General Arnold was at Longueil and would soon be surrounded. It was terrible. Men must be sent. The fate of the country, the honor of America, Captain Wilkinson's personal honor, all depended on it.

Wayne took the order. He talked with Wilkinson. So Arnold was in a scrape and needed five hundred men? And General Sullivan had sent Wilkinson to De Woedtke after them? Arnold, it seemed certain from what he had heard of him, would fight and make good use of the detachment against the British redcoats. Therefore he should have them. That Burgoyne was moving up from the rear, that the American army was leaving Canada perhaps never to return, and that the troops were de-

moralized was true; but that was of secondary interest to Colonel Wayne. The British had not yet put down the rebellion; he doubted that they would be able ever so to do. Meanwhile Arnold needed help, and so long as there were five hundred stragglers on the road Wayne would see that he got it.

Walking with Wilkinson until they came to a wooden bridge across a stream, Wayne stopped. From there Wilkinson watched him halt the disheartened soldiers. It was a simple matter, and in less than an hour the detachment was completely formed and sloshing over the muddy road westward toward Longueil.

But Wayne's next encounter with the British was not to be so near as the village of Longueil, for Arnold had marched out of danger and was on his way to join General Sullivan. And Wayne, following down toward Lake Champlain, had glimpsed the army of Sir Guy Carleton and Burgoyne for the last time.

[Other articles about Mad Anthony Wayne will follow.]



A Fragment

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

THERE came a dawn to white Abydos' towers
When Hero, tearless, all her tears being shed,
Knew suddenly the end of those hushed hours
When her strong laughing boy, with wave-drenched head,
Would shake the sea from him, and make the cliff their bed.
Her heart stood still, clutched by the empty years;
But then this thought came flooding like a tide,
Though love is over, yet love was! The spears
Of grief were broken on her remembering pride.



Lady Vagabonds

BY CLIFF MAXWELL

The women of the road as seen by the author whose stories of hoboing, "Red" and "Slim," in the two preceding numbers have lent a new flavor to the literature of the world's gypsies.

DURING the twenty-five or more years I have been gypsying over and around the world, I have heard, time after time, from other hoboes, tales of this or that "lady hobo." Ladies who followed the same life and routine that any hobo follows—riding rods, tops, blinds, empties, or the steps of the vestibules.

Many and many are the times I have been regaled by tales of the exploits of these lady hoboes who, according to the numerous narrators of the tales, had no aim or objective in life other than being a hobo.

There was the tale of "Boston Betty." She, according to my raconteurs, found it exceedingly difficult to ride over one certain stretch of road. The poor girl simply could not get aboard the train in any of the various little crannies known to hoboes that a shack (brakeman) didn't come along and tell Betty in coarse, raucous voice to "hit th' grit."

In despair, Betty sauntered up toward the head-end of the train and a short distance up the track ahead of the locomotive. She thought she might be able to swing underneath on the long rods that strengthen passenger and freight cars, which in hobo parlance are known as "gunnels." This is a favorite trick of the old-time tramp royal. Once underneath on the rods, a hobo could feel reasonably sure of at least making the next station without being ditched.

When the train started up, she saw it was too closely guarded by the train-crew for her to ride any of the places usually ridden by the fraternity; then her eye rested upon the wooden cross-piece under the locomotive's pilot, or, as it is more familiarly known, "cowcatcher."

"She beat it down th' track as fast as she could," said my jungle raconteur, "so that by th' time th' pilot was abreast of her th' train would be going too fast for th' shack to bother stopping th' train to put her off.

"As the cow-catcher came even with her, she swung onto it and crawled right down onto that wooden crosspiece that rides about six inches above the rails.

"She made it to th' next station O. K., but th' dam' engine hit a cow before it got there, an' you should have seen Betty when she crawled off!" concluded my story-telling host, with a what-do-you-think-of-that expression on his unshaven mug.

"Tough on the cow," was my usual comment. I can't see why it was a bit more necessary for Betty to forsake the comparative security of the cow-catcher's top and go under it, than it was for that darned locomotive to wait all those years, until Betty climbed underneath its pilot, to sneak up on a cow and strew it all over the landscape and Betty.

That's one exploit you hear. There

are others just as dreary and impossible, like the one of another lady hobo who was hard pressed to board the Black Diamond Express. This lady's moniker slips my memory for the moment, but it seems she, after numerous repulses and blackguardly language from the railroad's hired hands, decided she would make the next station in spite of them, or die in the attempt.

This lady hobo climbed into the water-tank and "made it right through—but she crawled out looking like a drowned rat," says my story-teller, overlooking the fact that his heroine would not only have "looked like a drowned rat" but would have felt exactly the same as a rat *thoroughly* drowned if she really had ridden in that water-tank—even if it had been but half full. The swaying of the tender would have caused the water to wash over its passenger so often and so deeply that she would have been a "drowned rat" before the train had gone five miles.

These, and other tales like them, have been foisted off onto me for a good many hobo moons.

But, despite all these yarns that have grown into tradition and legend on the road, I have yet to meet one of these lady hoboies.

This does not mean, however, that I have never met up with women beating their ways on trains. I have. But they were *not* hoboies. They were girls who wished to visit a certain city and, not having the money to make it possible for them to ride the cushions, did the next best thing.

None of them were on the road for the same reason I was on it: adventure, travel, or incurable wanderlust.

There may be lady hoboies, but I have never known or met or even seen one. But there *are* lady vagabonds—legions!

The difference, as I have been taught to define the two terms, is this: a hobo is an individual who *will* work—despite all you may hear to the contrary—but he will not take steady employment. His wanderlust will not permit of it.

He is an individual who, rather than remain in one place and take steady employment to earn the money that may or may not make it possible for him to travel in comfort, will deliberately become a social and municipal outcast and legitimate prey for the police to beat, pinch, and frame for any crime they are too stupid to solve.

He deliberately chooses a life of hardship, privation, poverty, and ostracism; because, without the money to pay his way, he must beat it, and beating his way on the railroads he becomes in the eyes of the law a minor criminal and is treated as such by municipal authorities and citizens alike. In short, his life as a hobo is everything that a life shouldn't be. This, in itself, is argument enough against any woman ever becoming a chronic hobo.

A vagabond is an individual who takes life even less seriously than a hobo; one who, if he (and *always* she) can possibly avoid it, will never perform manual labor, living by his (or her) wits rather than by work. Some may have certain principles, morals, and scruples, some may not—none of them will work hard. That is a vagabond as I define the term—and these ladies I write of were vagabonds.

Creole Helen supplied no small part to the colorful night life in New Orleans cabarets some years ago. [Her name is fiction, her story is fact.] She was at heart a gypsy, a vagabond.

She was vivacious, alluring. She reeked with that intangible something

which unimaginable and unoriginal people style "it"—and she knew it. She capitalized it.

She could have married into almost any well-to-do family in the Crescent City, had she cared to do so. But she was a gypsy.

Helen tired of the exaggerated gestures which pass current for chivalry in New Orleans. She sickened of the same faces, the same things, and the same nightly garishness of familiar cafés and cabarets.

Now, New Orleans cafés and cabarets nightly house skippers who sail ships over the seven seas. Blue-water skippers are noted for their appreciativeness of feminine pulchritude; therefore, Helen's method of leaving the bright lights of New Orleans was simple. San Francisco was her next port of call.

Frisco's old Barbary Coast could—and did—supply excitement enough for even Helen, and she queened it over sailors, soldiers, civilians, bartenders, and pimps with equal impartiality for some months—then the call of the wanderlust again.

Maybe it was the shrill, piercing scream of a locomotive's whistle that wailed and echoed over the drowsing city, or, more likely, the deep, throaty blast of a steamer's bull-voiced siren bellowing a reluctant farewell to the city of romance. In any event, and in the same manner as before, Helen departed.

Helen, like any true vagabond, remained aboard this second ship until she arrived at a port which struck her fancy—in this instance Calcutta. By the simple expedient of walking down the gangway, without even a good-by to her erstwhile lover, Helen became a resident of this city of the Orient.

In one of the cafés which Helen fre-

quented, there came nightly a Eurasian. Like many half-castes, he had the vices of both races and the virtues of neither—but he appealed strangely to Helen.

It was comparatively easy for him to convince Helen there was money to be made smuggling dope from India into Burmah. Like a great many Occidentals, Helen had always supposed dope was so commonly used in the East that the smuggling of it was unnecessary. Such, however, is not the case. It is a contraband.

Anyway, the half-caste persuaded Helen of the money to be made and the adventures to be had in such an occupation—and it was he who suggested that her hair, which was so long and lustrous, would be just the place to secrete dope going over to Rangoon, and cut and uncut rubies when she returned from Rangoon to Calcutta.

Helen and her partner did well at this for quite a period, and Bombay and Ceylon gem merchants were making as good a thing out of it as were Helen and the half-caste, until he, desiring to double the income, introduced another man and another woman into the firm.

Then came the "eternal triangle," and the new lady partner—to get even—turned informer to a worried customs official, with the result that Helen and the two men were "knocked off."

The two men were each given a two-year "jolt," which they served. Helen, as I understand it, because she was an American citizen, was given a suspended sentence, or its equivalent in the East, and so avoided prison. I have previously mentioned that Helen was distractingly lovely. She also knew men. This may have had something to do with her suspended sentence.

In 1921 I dropped off a tramp steam-

er in Kobe and, in due time, arrived in Shanghai. Almost the first person I met, walking down Jinkee Road, was Helen.

She was older and a light of hardness fitfully glowed in her eyes as she talked. It made me think of a firefly on a summer night in the Mississippi Valley. She was still lovely, but there were little crows'-feet beginning to make their tell-tale tracks about the corners of her eyes, and she did not have that same irresistible verve of youth she once had.

We were glad to see each other. It was when she spoke that I caught the subtle difference between the woman who stood before me in the pitiless blaze of a China sun and the alert, vivacious, don't-care-a-damn girl I knew in the long ago.

There was a note of comfortable tiredness in her voice; a sort of what-I-did-yesterday-I'm-not-doing-to-day tone.

"How's things?" I asked. "Still playing the cafés?"

"Yes," she replied. "But I'm a legitimate entertainer now. I'm married and expect to stay off the gypsy trail for keeps as soon as Bob and I can make a big enough stake for us to open a little joint of our own." Then she continued: "Would you believe it, I expect to have a child before the year has passed?"

After a few moments' further conversation I went on my way to the newspaper offices, where I eventually succeeded in hooking a reportorial job, and she moved on, either to their little apartment out Jessfield Road way, or to Maxim's café, where she and Bob worked nights.

A year later she and Bob had made their stake and had opened their café. They made it through a gun-running deal in which they took no part and which was made possible only because

of the greed of the fellow who supplied, under protest, their stake. [That story, which I have called "Red," I told in the January SCRIBNER'S.]

This, on a thumb-nail, is the story of one lady vagabond—but she, emphatically, was *not* a hobo.

There are plenty of other lady vagabonds I could write about, but what's the use? Except for minor variations, they would read about the same.

For instance, I could tell of a certain lady vagabond I once met in Chicago, and later, years later, saw again in a little hovel on Malay Street in Singapore. She had not the stamina—or, maybe, the incentive—Helen had had. This girl gravitated, too. She gravitated far below the point to which Helen descended, eventually to ascend again.

This girl, like Helen, trafficked in drugs—but she became her own best patron. Such a good patron, in fact, that she finally was the only one. When I saw her last she had degenerated into a vacant-eyed, gross, pallid-faced derelict whose mind was even more unsteady than her underpinning, which was very unsteady. What eventually happened to her, I don't know. No doubt she was dumped, by the natives with whom she lived, into some unmarked, shallow grave and forgotten—which, after all, was as she would have had it.

I could tell other stories of lady vagabonds who, instead of doing as these two did—going into the soft climate of the tropics—took the opposite direction and sallied into the wastes of the frozen North—Juneau, Cordova, Ketchikan, Seldovia, Nome, and other Alaskan cities—before they were the cities they are to-day; before modern houses had replaced the barnlike structures of logs where crowds foregathered

nightly to hold high bacchanalian revel.

Some of these feminine vagabonds, like Helen, won back to a more satisfactory mode of existence; others, like the girl I last saw in Singapore, seeped down into the lowest depths of humanity's cesspool, eventually to slip through a little hole in the "strainer" into that

black oblivion which we all will know some day. None of them were hoboes —all of them *were* vagabonds.

Any woman can be a vagabond; few, if any, will willingly become a hobo. Show me a "lady hobo" and I'll show you an angular-bodied, flint-eyed, masculine-minded travesty upon her sex.



Presenting the Coati

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

The habits and affections of a little-known animal whose acquaintance was made on an island in the Canal Zone by the zoological explorer and curator of ornithology of the American Museum of Natural History.

I PRESENT the coati or coati-mundi, *Nasua narica* of science, "pisote," "gato solo," "anda solo," and doubtless many other names, of the tropical American countries in which he lives. His nearest relative is the raccoon, which he resembles in size, appearance, general habits, and disposition. The coati has a longer tail and a longer nose than the raccoon, and both these members function in ways well designed to express the character of their owner. The tail is usually carried jauntily erect or pointed slightly forward, with a reverse curve near the tip which makes it suggestive of an elongated interrogation-mark, indicative, perhaps, of the coati's inquiring nature. When in doubt as to your next move coati swings his tail sinuously from side to side, with, if one can imagine it, a

kind of quizzical motion matched by the twinkle in his eyes, for coati is not only a most responsive creature but beyond question has a keen sense of humor.

Coati's long, almost prehensile nose houses a highly developed olfactory apparatus which evidently brings him more information than do his eyes. Indeed, I have seen him with closed eyes and curling nose sniffing this side and that in an effort to locate the source of a scent.

With these few words by way of preparation, I invite you to meet coati on Barro Colorado Island, in the Canal Zone, a part of his haunts admirably adapted to the wholly different needs of both man and beast. Here, when the Gatun dam was closed and the rising waters spread through the valleys and

made islands of the higher ground, coati found refuge. And when the United States Government reserved the largest of these islands as a laboratory for the study of tropical life under the charge of the Institute for Research in Tropical America, coati was assured of a home in perpetuity.

When walking along the trails on Barro Colorado, if I hear a diffused rustling, with now and then a ripping, tearing sound, I know that a band of coatis is foraging through the undergrowth. If these noises decrease, I follow them cautiously; if they increase, I remain motionless. If the foragers do not get my scent, I am likely to see them whether I go to them or they come to me. They are not extremely shy animals and seem to rely largely on their sense of smell to warn them of the presence of danger. Both eyes and ears function keenly, but the hunters are so intent on the chase that, unless I am betrayed by the wind, I may approach them closely.

The noises made by their varied activities now become louder and more definite. If the leaves be dry there is sound of many footsteps, of scratching here and there, of the pulling of bark from old stumps, or the tearing apart of decayed logs in a search for grubs. There is a sniffling, snuffling, and grunting with occasionally a sharp note of protest, when ownership of a bit of food is in dispute. No attempt is made to move quietly; a troop of hogs might be rooting through the forest.

These bands are composed of females and their young, and may contain from fifteen to forty individuals, or approximately three to eight families. The young are born from April to August and remain with their mother

at least until the following spring. The adult males are usually found alone.

On one such occasion six half-grown young—doubtless a family—passed within twenty feet of me. They were nosing along, “trying the air,” first one side then the other, prying here and there, or stopping to dig, insert their long noses, and sniff. Suddenly there was a wild scurry followed by absolute silence. Two of the six young failed to get away. Probably they were too frightened to know where to go, so they “froze” in their tracks. For nearly a minute they remained motionless, crouching low and obviously unaware of my presence. Then they crawled slowly and cautiously after the others. Evidently some one of the band of twenty-five or thirty animals had caught my scent and given the alarm. It was unheard by me, but loud enough for the youngsters near me, and the promptness with which they responded gave evidence of the strictness of their training. There was no stopping to ask questions, no “whys” or “just one mores”—they obeyed. Within ten minutes, doubtless having passed more to windward, the band was on its devastating way again.

Not infrequently our meeting is mutually surprising. The probability of encountering a puma, or even jaguar, on Barro Colorado makes one rather sensitive to suggestive sounds, and at a sudden *woof-woof* and quick rush of feet one “freezes,” much as do the young coatis. Meanwhile, the coatis, being more active, have sprung up trees and you see them here and there, clinging to the bark six to ten feet from the ground, looking at you intently, and uttering low, grunting notes.

At once you are impressed with their personality. These are not unresponsive squirrels, cats, or opossums, but intel-

lignant, perceptive creatures thoroughly aware of your presence. As a matter of course, I always address, under these circumstances, the coati nearest to me and, reacting to its expression, I adopt a sort of hail-fellow-well-met attitude, saying something like: "Now see here, old chap, I'm not in the least dangerous and there's no reason in the world why you and I shouldn't be good friends." I have no doubt that if I could convey this sentiment in a way which was understood the coati would take me at my word. But both as species and individual I am a stranger who has still to win his confidence. He is very much at a disadvantage as regards size and there appears to be no real reason why he should run any risks. Nevertheless, he shows an evident desire for closer acquaintance. I like to think that my attitude and voice disarm suspicion, but it is doubtless curiosity that prompts him to descend a step or two. His long tail curves and undulates with silent eloquence, and he tosses his head with a graceful, coquettish, coltlike movement as he seems to reply: "What you say *sounds* most interesting, but this whole situation seems pretty queer to me. It *may* be all right, but I don't *see* anything in it for me, and if you don't mind I think I'll play safe." So down he jumps and scampers off through the forest.

This habit of bounding up a tree when surprised is an interesting one. Primarily the coati is terrestrial, and in escaping an enemy it keeps to the ground, but its first impulse when frightened is to take to a tree. Man also is terrestrial, but there are times when he too evinces a desire to revert to an arboreal habit. I recall a morning on Barro Colorado when, finding myself in close contact with a band of eighteen

peccaries, my one desire was for a low-limbed tree.

One can readily understand, therefore, why a coati, unaware whence he is threatened, but having learned by experience that he will probably be attacked from the ground, springs up a tree as instinctively as, in the day of long skirts, a woman leaped chairward at the cry of "mouse!"

Here, for the moment, he has acquired a safe point of vantage from which he may survey his surroundings. Then, having located the source of alarm, his next move is governed intelligently. If forced to, he may ascend his tree of refuge, but usually he leaps to the ground and makes off through the undergrowth.

"Safety first," however, is not always the motto of the female coati, and when encountered with young not old enough to look out for themselves she may take the aggressive. In August, 1926, Frank Drayton, then resident custodian on Barro Colorado, met six or seven female coatis hunting with their young families. He stood motionless and one mother with her young came to within four or five feet before discovering him. The young at once took to the nearest trees, where they whined with fear, but the mother sprang boldly at Drayton and would have landed at his waist if he had not parried her attack with his cane. He then backed off and coati called her young to her and hurried away with them through the forest.

Although coatis prefer the ground, they can climb with almost the agility of a monkey. Omnivorous feeders, they seem as fond of fruits as of grubs, and when some favorite fare is ripe (notably the large, thinly coated seed of the "almendro") they haunt the tree bearing it. Fallen fruit may be left

for peccaries and agoutis, but coatis want the best there is and are willing to go for it. Apparently nothing is beyond their reach, and they go to the tree-tops and ends of lateral branches that bend beneath their weight. Surprisingly enough, the long tail, unlike that of American monkeys, is not prehensile. When climbing it serves merely as a balancing-pole, and is swung from side to side without ever grasping a limb. Place this restriction on a monkey, whose tail at times takes the place of all four feet, and the coati, thanks to the length and strength of his claws, would doubtless prove to be the better climber. When discovered in a tree, even if they be a hundred feet or more above the ground, coatis at once start downward, and, if in numbers, their rapid descent creates the impression of a cascade of animals. They pour down the branches and trunks so intent on reaching the ground that often they pass within a few yards of the innocent cause of the commotion. On one occasion of this kind, a single observer standing beneath a fruit-tree growing eighty yards from our laboratory counted thirty-five coatis pass him. An unknown number escaped by other routes and this band probably contained not less than fifty individuals. This was in February. All were full grown, and one has only to imagine half a hundred raccoons going at top speed through the trees to realize that here was a scene of considerable animation!

The adult male coati evidently leads a lonely life. Banished by his family, he seems to have a standing engagement to fight with others of his sex whenever his paths or purposes cross theirs. The papayas, plantains, and bananas growing about our laboratory attract numbers of these solitary animals. Their contin-

ued presence gives us an opportunity to promote an acquaintance denied us by the animals we chance to meet in the forest. Furthermore, our plea for more intimate relations is accompanied by the offer of food.

Their response differs with the disposition of the animal, and ranges from complete lack of confidence in our motives to absolute conquest. There was, for example, one individual whom we never knew even well enough to name, who accepted our bounty but refused us his friendship. Finding a bunch of growing bananas approaching maturity, he took possession of the plant bearing them, mounted to a comfortable lookout above the fruit, and declared his ownership. If another coati approached, he warned him off with sharp, birdlike notes, and so effectively did he proclaim his nine points that they were accepted as law. When hunger prompted he descended to his storehouse and leisurely supplied his wants. Then he returned to his perch to doze. But never was he too sound asleep to be aware of the appearance of a possible rival to his claim, and he always took the initiative by asserting his rights before they were challenged. This state of affairs lasted for nearly three days, when, the bananas having been consumed, he descended to earth and the level of the average coati.

Of a very different temperament was an individual whom in due time we named Peter. To Drayton belongs the credit of winning Peter's friendship. In him are strongly developed that patience, gentleness, and sympathy with animal life which are required to induce a wild creature to overcome its innate suspicions, abandon the wariness of its kind, and actually place its life in your hands.

Day by day the distances at which bits of banana were retrieved were shortened and with the gradually closer approach there seemed to be an intelligent appreciation of our changing relations. The quaintly tossed head and nervously twisting tail of the animal of the forest gave way to a look which seemed to say: "Now just what does all this mean? Your bananas are good, I'll admit, but why do you give them to me?" It was doubtless the first time in his life that Peter had been given anything but his mother's milk.

The answer to these questions, if they were questions, was more bananas and shorter distances. At length a bit of banana was offered at the end of a long stick; but even when this was held just above other pieces they were deftly extracted with a catlike sweep of the long-clawed fore foot and the impaled piece above them ignored.

But a lessened sense of danger, combined perhaps with a growing love of bananas, finally induced Peter to risk his all and take a banana from Drayton's hand. It was done, however, with a grab and a panic-stricken retreat, but it was done and no harm followed. Then the banana was held more firmly so that only bites could be taken at one time. These were eaten only after backing off several yards. Still no evil resulted and, in the end, Pete, as we now called him, put his hands on the one that held the banana while he quietly enjoyed his meal.

Morning and afternoon he now waited patiently outside the door, and if food was not forthcoming mounted the steps high enough to look over the baseboard, through the screen, to see what that banana-man was doing. We actually found his footprints on the door-knob, though we did not accept this as

evidence that he had become sufficiently versed in the ways of mankind to understand the mechanism of a latch.

So one by one the little citadels of fear in which, all his life, Peter had sought refuge, capitulated to a siege of kindness and bananas. He even permitted his nose to be rubbed and back to be gently stroked, and seemed to like these caresses—doubtless the first he had ever received. How far his conquest might have been carried we do not know. With the return of the mating season impulses stronger than a love of bananas carried him to the forest and a brief period of family life.

We had hoped that in time he might fill the place of the lamented Tudy, a coati captured when she was only a few weeks old. Reared carefully by Drayton, there developed between the two a rare comradeship and affection. They played, they fought, they hunted together. They even slept side by side—Tudy, placing her head on the pillow and stretching out her legs to occupy her half of the bed like a well-behaved child, seemed in a fair way to reverse the history of the lady who became a fox.

Then came the call of her kind. Stronger than any human attachment, it was not to be denied. Always at liberty she made increasingly frequent visits to the forest, returning somewhat dishevelled, and always, apparently, glad to be home again. Sometimes Drayton would follow her to the forest. He could recognize her at a glance and, in response to his call, she would leave her newer friends and come to him. Then, repeating the fate of her vulpine prototype, she finally disappeared.

News of Peter's surrender and its reward soon spread through the forest and within a month the laboratory be-



Finding a bunch of growing bananas approaching maturity he took possession of the plant bearing them, mounted to a comfortable lookout above the fruit, and declared his ownership.—See page 295.



Self-made flash-light.

A coati fires the flash by taking a banana attached to the wire connected with the battery.



Pete . . . put his hands on the one that held the banana, while he quietly enjoyed his meal.

came a focal point for unattached male coatis. With the quick adaptability of an intelligent animal they soon discovered that it was far easier to ask for food than to hunt for it, and the demands soon became so insistent that at times, when the supply of bananas became low, we had actually to avoid them. It was a striking instance of a change from wholly feral to almost domestic habits. There was, however, no change in their interrelations. These had been too long established to be readily altered. They were, indeed, on far better terms with us than they were with each other—a fine illustration of how two animals of different habits may live peaceably in close contact.

When his mastery was accepted a male permitted one or two other, and doubtless younger, males to come near him, but, as a rule, each one had his own territory, on which he promptly resented trespass.

It is when coati meets coati that the higher uses of their nasal appendage are demonstrated. The phrase to "turn up one's nose" then receives new and eloquent meaning. Never is contempt more plainly written on an animal's countenance than when a coati curls his nose at a foe and with low, piglike grunts and whinnying squeals advances to the conflict.

Usually the trespasser retreats before these facial and vocal manifestations, but if battle be given it is fought without gloves, and the long canines and longer claws are dangerous, even deadly, weapons. Most of the individuals who had established themselves at the laboratory bore the marks of conflict. One had lost an eye and had an open wound in his side. "Old Battle-axe" we called him. He became our special charge. Food we could give him, but

not protection, for he had been too long free to accept confinement or to understand that it meant safety.

How long, we asked, could he hold his own among his merciless kin? No animal, it has been said, lives to reach the physical threescore and ten of its species. So keen is the struggle for existence, so evenly balanced the chances of life and death, that when one is past its prime, or through mishap has its vital forces diminished, its days are numbered.

So we kept our eye on old Battle-axe, and he kept his hold on us so closely that in his final extremity this wild, stricken creature, who had known human association only a few days but had known the ferocity of his kind all his life, pushed open the swinging door of our basement and sought sanctuary with man. There, before morning, he died.

When, therefore, I am asked—what are the principal enemies of coatis?—I reply "coatis." In their search for food they compete more closely with their own species than with any other. In their search for a mate they compete only with their own species. Choice of food may vary and there is a wide and rich field to select from. Choice of mate is restricted and there is abundant reason to believe that the demand is always far in excess of the supply. Thus it follows that one of the most frequent causes of combat—and hence of death—among coatis is sex rivalry. It might be thought that since only the males fight they alone would suffer, but, as the following incident shows, the female may also be the victim.

Drayton, inconsolable and ever seeking to fill the place in his affections made vacant by Tudy's desertion, had caught, about six months before, a

young female coati. Although only a few weeks old at the time of her capture, she never ceased to resent it. In vain she was wooed with kind words, gentle treatment, and a variety of food. Every advance was repelled; she would have none of us. It was coati, not human, association she craved. An ailing male of about her own age that Drayton found near the laboratory and brought in to care for was greeted with evidences of joy. The afflicted little stranger died during the night, and in the morning she was found nestling against its dead body.

Admitting defeat, Drayton determined that "Billie," as he called her, should no longer be deprived of congenial companionship. So he released her and with snickers of delight she at once went to one of our male visitors.

He was not very cordial at first, but eventually they became friends.

One evening, as we were at supper, she was playing near him when we saw another male leave the forest and come up the hill through the narrow clearing toward them. As soon as he saw Billie he rushed at her. The home male defended; there was a confusion of bodies and cries and, within thirty seconds, the invader left, bearing Billie in his mouth. Drayton ran to the rescue, the overburdened captor dropped his victim, and Drayton brought her home in his doubled hands. Her back was broken, she was bleeding profusely, and died before we could give her chloroform.

Silently we returned to our meal, in the shadow of an almost human tragedy.



The University of Virginia

(I. M. THOMAS JEFFERSON)

BY LAWRENCE LEE

HE who conceived you lived upon a hill
And read the skies, the earth, good books, and men.
Of all this wisdom gathered to his will
He built that he might walk the world again.
They who have loved the earth have served it best;
He breathed its air, rode through Virginia mud,
Beheld the mornings, and her starry west,
A stallion's zest for being in his blood.

Now autumns blow red leaves across his grave,
The crocus finds his mountain perch in spring;
Yet, though he feels no changing season near,
He stirs among these captured dreams that save:
Endless shall be for him awakening
In the unsaddled young who pasture here.



In His Own Country

BY MORLEY CALLAGHAN

Author of "Strange Fugitive," etc.

FLORA was happy living with her husband in The Georgian Bay town until he told her that he had read about St. Thomas Aquinas being the superman of the Middle Ages, and that he believed some one to-day might become just as important, only instead of working with philosophy and theology, as St. Thomas did, he would have to concern himself with religion and science and organize all learning to discover a plan and a system. Flora was interested at first and Bill worked very hard, reading a good deal, groping his way. One day he went down to St. Michael's College, where they taught scholastic philosophy, to explain his plan to some philosopher, but he got nervous and merely walked around the college, and then took the next train home. After that Flora had a poor opinion of his notions, and thought he was a fool to go on working so hard, even neglecting his meals and certainly not paying much attention to her. She was a young woman, expecting some attention, so she became friendly with Pete, a big fellow around town who never worked hard. For a long time she was simply friendly with him, then she began to regard a walk with him as an adventure.

She felt that she was entirely separated from Bill. He worked up-stairs till his eyes ached. He grew very thin. He never shaved. He muttered to himself, went out alone, and forgot to come home for meals. Pete came to see Flora one evening after Bill had gone out. He had hardly begun to make love to her when Bill came home, stared at them, shook his head awkwardly, and walked right out again. She heard his footsteps on the veranda. She thought it likely that he had gone to his mother's house and followed him, but he wasn't there, and she hurried over to the railroad station. She became confused and nervous when she could not find him and kept on walking out of the town, all the way up her father's farm. Her parents sympathized with her, agreeing that she should not be expected to go on living with such a man. She was getting accustomed to living with her parents on the farm when she read in the town paper that Bill had been found in a park in the city, very sick and out of his mind. The doctors thought he would die but his mother insisted she would nurse him in his own home.

Flora heard many interesting stories from farm girls who went into town to see Bill. He never spoke or opened his mouth, and sat all day in a chair, and children and men and women went to look at him. His mother had to feed him. This new life of his made him so important in the town that Flora envied his mother, who nursed him.

IX

EARLY in March she thought of going into town some night and peeping in the window at Bill. Slowly, she must go slowly, she would look in the back window and see him sitting in his chair; no one else would be there; she would not have to talk to him or the old lady. Other people, not even her mother, would know that she had seen him, for he no longer was her hus-

band, but a strange man, who sat all day in a chair without opening his mouth.

At the end of March there was a thaw. The first weeks in April were warm, with a little rain that took the last snow from the fields. The roads were muddy, though they could use the Ford; the sound of running water came from streams in the hills. She drove into town with her father at the end of the second week in April. Her father

got out at the flour-and-feed store and left her sitting in the car. Her father had his hand on the door-knob when she called to him that she would go and see some neighbors and meet him later, at four o'clock, opposite the town hall. Surprised, he opened his mouth, shrugged his shoulders, and went into the store. She walked south as far as the station and began to cross the tracks to the path on the field by the water-tower. Halfway across the field she stood still, nervous and hesitant. The strong sun and the clear day and the green tints underneath the dun-colored grass gave her assurance. She looked toward the house. The shade on the front window was raised. The veranda was clean. The lawn, drab and dirty after winter snow, held a strip of ice the sun could not reach, close to the base of the veranda.

Slowly she walked on the path, and at the iron gate her fingers fumbled with the catch; the gate, released, swung away from her, her eyes following it anxiously, waiting for the swing toward her, as though the movement away from her held some personal rebuff. Smiling to herself, she walked as far as the front veranda, then hesitated, feeling that she ought to rap on the door, and angry with herself for being embarrassed. It made her uncomfortable to think of entering her own house. She compromised and went around the side entrance to the back door, because she knew that if she went up the front steps she would rap on the front door. She walked quietly along the alleyway.

Standing on the second step of the back porch, leaning to the left, she could see into the kitchen. New white lace curtains were on the kitchen window. Almost off balance she peered through the window and saw Bill sitting in an

armchair at the end of the kitchen table. She knew that it was Bill, though he resembled no one she had ever known, with his beard long and black, cut squarely and awkwardly, and the old pair of pants, and white shirt open at the throat. Trembling, she sat down slowly on the step. Thoughts of Bill were confusing because she saw only a strange man in the chair. "Now I've seen him, I'll go away," she murmured, and got up, but couldn't move away from the steps. Tentatively, she reached out to touch the door-knob. Her mouth opened a little; she was hardly breathing. She twisted the knob, opening the door two inches. Quickly she closed it again, rubbing the tips of her fingers together.

Again she turned to leave the back yard and go home, but her right hand reaching out, turned the knob and opened the door wide. Believing that she was leaning back, treading cautiously, she tiptoed on the kitchen floor toward Bill. His head, turned away from the door, did not move. She stood three paces away from him, regarding him intently, and when he did not move, she glanced quickly around the room. The kitchen oilcloth on the floor was clean and freshly washed. She moved closer to him, craning her neck to see his face, putting out her right foot gradually, taking the long step deliberately, prepared to lower her eyes when he turned. He didn't hear her. Uneasily she put the palm of her hand over her mouth, ready to run out of the room suddenly. Instead, she bent down, extended her arm, and with the tips of her fingers touched his knee. His head moved slowly, she withdrew her hand, imagining that she was smiling nicely. She stepped back a pace, watching his head moving. Steadily he regarded her, without knowing her, and

she knew that she had become simply another object in the room, one with the stove, the sink, the table. She felt helpless and unimportant.

"How are you feeling, Bill?" she asked, hoping no one had heard.

Softly she said, "Bill, Bill, Bill," but he paid no attention. More confidently she moved closer to him and touched his shoulder, then she touched his knee. Listening carefully, she put the palm of her left hand flat on the table and bent toward him, her mouth opening as her right hand touched his beard, crisp and dark. Her fingers passed through the hair, her arm trembling as she watched him.

At first she had been timid, like a little girl, now she breathed easily, ready to talk to him as though he were a child. "He knows I'm here, that's one thing he can't fool me about," she thought. She remembered that Gardner, the grocer, had insisted that Bill had many thoughts about people though he sat in the chair like a paralytic. Such a notion made her feel uncomfortable, and she moved away, afraid that he might be thinking of the night she had sat on the sofa in the front room with Pete Hastings. "Well, now, Bill," she said quietly and firmly, liking the sound of it, "well, now, Bill." That was the way she would have talked to him before he got sick and he would have listened good-naturedly. Now he remained aloof and solemn, his face white and thin, absolutely uninterested in her. She was impressed and knew she could not talk authoritatively. He was far beyond her, she could not touch him.

She sat down on a chair in front of the kitchen stove. A fire was in the stove, though it was early spring, and red coals were in the open grate—a bright charcoal fire to warm the house

and keep the kettle boiling. She avoided looking at him. She stared at the red coals in the grate, determined to get used to the feeling that he was in the room, watching her. Her head kept turning toward him, but her eyes were averted. Realizing that it was like a game gave her more assurance.

She even pretended that he wasn't in the room and got up to look at herself in the mirror beside the window. Her cheeks were flushed, her brooch too high on her throat. Deliberately she unfastened the brooch to show more of her throat and breasts than she had ever shown walking in the street, or even when dressed in the house. The two-year-old spring coat she had on was faded and a little tight, so she took it off, tossing it over a chair. Paying no attention to Bill, she bent over the chair, taking her purse from the coat-pocket, then her powder-puff and lipstick from the purse. Her hand was trembling and she applied the lipstick unevenly, her face close to the mirror, her little finger wiping the lower lip, straightening the line. In the mirror she could see him, just the side of his head, and imagined he was watching her, and hoped he would not see that she was excited.

She was satisfied with her image, smiled, and turned, walking toward him. "Poor Bill," she said. More at home now, she repeated: "Poor Bill, isn't this the limit," and leaned over him, knowing that her shoulder and breast were very white and hoping that his eyes would drop to the hollow under the brooch. She didn't expect him to speak to her, but it was essential he should notice that she was bending over him. Any recognition of her, as a woman, would have satisfied her. His chin remained at the same angle, his head did not move. Straightening up abrupt-

ly, she sneered, then suddenly slapped him on the knee. Terrified at having struck him, she took two steps backward, her hand over her mouth.

"Poor Bill," she said sympathetically. Moving back to the table, she began to talk eagerly. "I went away, Bill, because I couldn't stand it; not because I had anything really against you, and you weren't interested in me, and I was left alone. That was the way it was with me, Bill."

She bent her head back, observing him closely. He was looking at her, the same indifferent expression in his eyes. She had talked to him and he had moved his head. Encouraged, she talked more excitedly, her hand at first just touching his beard, then stroking through it as she talked.

"It's terrible to have to go in and out all day by yourself, Bill. We were living together and I had only my own thoughts. A woman that's my age and only married 'bout two years shouldn't never be left like that. She gets thinking and things get all mixed up and it never does her any good. But wasn't I silly to be afraid of you?"

Some movement of objection ought to have come from him, and she watched his eyes. She had found it so easy to say she had been afraid of him that she believed it. Then she saw that he was really looking beyond her at the window. Discouraged, she went on talking, sure, now, that nothing she could say would ever interest him, though convinced he could hear her. Words or sounds would never interest him. Slowly and awkwardly she talked and the sound of her own voice saddened her. She turned away.

She sat on the chair by the stove. Some one was moving in the parlor, the sofa creaking. Slippers dragged and

flopped along the floor; Bill's mother came into the kitchen, the hem at the back of her dress dragging on the floor.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she said, pulling up her dress.

"Yes, it's me."

"I thought I heard some one out here, but I was half asleep, though I thought I'd better come out." She was tidying her hair. She had on a black dress with large gray dots.

"I wanted to see Bill," Flora said apologetically.

"When was that?"

"To-day; I wanted to get a look at him."

"I don't suppose there's any harm in it."

"There's no harm in it, and I shouldn't have to explain that I wanted to see Bill."

"Neither you should."

Flora glanced at the clock; twenty minutes to four. "I got to go now," she said. "I got to meet pa in front of the town hall at four o'clock."

"Well, good-by, Flora."

"Of course I'll come back to-morrow. Maybe I ought to nurse Bill."

"Bill's got along all right so far."

"Now you're not sayin' it wouldn't be best for his own wife to nurse him."

"It's not nursin' he wants. He's just that way. He may get better, he may not. Some one has to look after him, though. If you fancied it, why didn't you do it long ago?"

"Now don't you go on talking like that; you know well I was scared of him."

"Maybe you were and maybe you weren't, but there's not many who'd be scared of the likes of Bill now."

"I got to go now, but I'll be back to-morrow."

"It won't do Bill any good; you best keep away."

"It won't harm him, and I guess I can come into my own house, anyway."

"Maybe you can; you didn't knock to-day, anyway."

"I can't fight about it now, I got to go."

X

On the way home she told her father she had decided to live with Bill because it was her duty to be with him and nurse him. Crops had not been good last fall, so her father did not object to her going away. After tea she walked by herself, looking forward eagerly to leaving the farm and the stables and the family odor of the house. Her shoes got muddy. She sat down, scraping the soles with a twig, talking to herself and having much the better of an imaginary argument with old Mrs. Lawson; she gave Bill's mother a bad setting-out, supplying her remarks and her own caustic answers. Darkness came early. The sky was clouded and no birds were singing. She got up and walked home rapidly. Uninteresting details of her life in the town in the old days now seemed important and she looked forward to having long conversations with Dolly Knox and Mrs. Fulton. Neighbors, stopping her on the street, would ask about Bill. After teaching her how to feed Bill, the old lady would go and live in her cottage.

At breakfast next morning she talked quietly to her father and mother, assuming a new dignity and a detached importance as she explained she could earn a good living dressmaking. Last night she had washed a pair of silk stockings and a pink silk waist that she had never worn on the farm. Her hips were a little wider, her face fuller, than a year ago. She wore a new girdle and garters to hold her stockings up tightly and keep her legs neat and smooth. Hum-

ming, she put on her hat, as though expecting to be very happy on a long journey.

Her father drove her into town and to the house. Before getting out of the car, she coaxed him to go as far as the door with her, fearing, at the last moment, that the old lady would be nasty when she opened the door. Her father shook his head and would not get out of the car. She opened the gate. The lawn looked fresher this morning, there was more sunlight. The cinder path was firm underfoot. Two women she could not recognize without staring were on the other side of the street. Mrs. Fulton's front door opened two or three inches. Flora, carrying her suitcase, climbed the veranda steps, determined that nothing the old lady might say would induce her to go away until after dark.

Bill's mother, opening the door, said: "I'd an idea you'd come, but I didn't think you'd be along so early." She added, as Flora lowered the suitcase to the floor: "Doin' a lot of shoppin' in town?"

"No, my clothes are in that bag."

"Movin'? Goin' away some place?"

"You know very well I'm not. I'm comin' to stay here."

Disregarding her entirely, Flora went through to the kitchen, taking off her gloves and coat. Bill was in the arm-chair beside the window. A basin of water, a cake of soap, and a towel were on the table, and his hair was damp. His forehead was clean and shiny and his hair uncombed. Shyly Flora half turned, looking toward his mother, then took a comb from her purse and began to part his hair, her hand trembling at first because he was so helpless she wanted to cry. She parted his hair carefully, neatly, liking the white line of the part.

"Don't you know me, Bill?" she asked.

"Don't do that," his mother said behind her.

"Don't do what?"

"Comb his hair like that."

"Why shouldn't I do it?" Flora said angrily.

"Don't do it, do you hear me? No one else has done it but me since he got sick. You're a wicked, silly woman and ought to go away at once and leave my son alone."

"I'm not wicked."

"Well, you're silly, anyway."

"And I'm not silly. I guess I can comb my own husband's hair, can't I?"

"He might have died for all you cared."

"Please, Mrs. Lawson, please don't talk to me like that; I just want to be with Bill."

"You don't, you don't, you know you don't, you just want to have him here."

"Get away out of here, you evil old woman. Or shut up, do you hear? Shut up, or I'll shake you."

Bill's mother, moaning softly, went into the parlor. Flora heard the moaning and the springs sagging in the sofa. "Stop it, do you hear, or you'll drive me frantic," she yelled. The old woman kept on moaning. Flora went on combing Bill's hair, her whole body trembling, and certain he had not noticed that she had been quarrelling with his mother. "There you are now, Bill. You look as nice as you ever did," she said. She put the comb back in her purse, glanced aimlessly around the kitchen, then opened the back door to go out and sit down in the fresh air, for her legs were weak. Her lips were dry. She got a cup of water from the pump.

The grass on the back lawn was dry and long, green in spots. A clothes-basket, upside down, lay on the grass.

Alongside the base of the fence stalks of last year's flowers were pressed against the earth. Next month would be lilac-time, and already the bush was tipped with yellow-green buds. This year she would have a big vegetable-garden as well as flowers, since Bill would not be working. A great many people would come to the house to see Bill, or bring material for dressmaking, and she would show them the garden and the flowers—tall pink-and-white holly-hocks at the back of the yard, splendid in the evening at sunset. Bill had never cared much for flowers, mainly because of his steady serious thoughts. She heard Mrs. Fulton opening her back door and got up quickly to go into the house, not ready to talk to her yet.

The old lady, who was feeding Bill, did not glance at Flora when she came in. In one hand she had a big spoon and in the other hand a bowl of some kind of soup. Bill's head was tilted far back, the neck resting on the back of the chair. His mother, putting the spoon firmly against his teeth, barely parted his jaws and poured the soup down his throat. Flora, leaning forward, her lower lip hanging, held her breath, her eyes following the spoon to the bowl and then to his teeth.

"Let me do it?" she whispered.

"Please move away, or sit down some place."

Flora sat down at the other end of the table. The old woman fed Bill. Suddenly she said: "I used to have to feed him with a tube through his nose; how would you have liked that?"

"It's awful, and maybe I couldn't have done it."

"They didn't think anybody would do it."

"Everybody says it was wonderful the things you done."

"Hmmmmmm."

Then old Mrs. Lawson put dishes on the table and set a place for Flora. They had lunch together. They weren't friendly, but Flora, very hungry, ate rapidly. Afterward she put all the dishes in a basin and washed and dried them herself. She cleaned the table while Bill's mother was out in the yard.

It rained early in the afternoon: the falling rain saddened her and she went up-stairs and lay down on the bed and started to cry. She powdered her eyelids and came down-stairs and said she would appreciate it if they could be friendly because she only wanted to stay in the house with Bill. His mother, shrugging her shoulders, said: "Where were you counting upon sleeping? With your husband?" Flora dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief, and Bill's mother said: "Oh, well, I suppose it's your house."

"Can't we both stay in the house? What's the matter with that?"

"That's what we'll have to do, I suppose," she said gruffly. Flora knew that she was pleased.

Feeling much better, Flora went out and sat on the front veranda, prepared to talk with any one who might pass along the street. Though the rain had stopped, the sky was slate-colored, and no one came along the cinder path. Soon many people would know that she had come back, and anxiously she thought of talking with Dolly and Curly Knox, wondering if Dolly would be friendly. She felt restless and got up, walking slowly down the front path to the iron gate, resting her elbows on the cold metal. Then she opened the gate and walked along the cinder path toward Dolly's place. Dolly must have seen her coming, for she came out on the veranda and waved excitedly, then

ran down the steps and along the path to fling her arms around Flora's neck and kiss her.

"I'm just taking a little walk; I got to get right back," Flora said.

"We were over to see Bill last night, Curly and me; ain't he wonderful?"

Dolly asked many questions very rapidly and was impressed when Flora told her she had come home to nurse Bill. Dolly said very simply and honestly that Bill was in many ways the most interesting man that had ever lived in the town. That was what Curly said, and later on everybody in the whole country would agree with him. Flora said modestly that both Dolly and Curly would be always welcome in her house, and then she told her about the plan to do dressmaking for a living, and Dolly was enthusiastic. So they walked back to Flora's together, arm in arm. Dolly, giggling eagerly, told her that now nearly everybody knew that Mr. Starr was carrying on with the Gibson woman that lived in the cottage down near the water-works by the bay. Dolly looked a bit sloppy, and ought to have been wearing a good pair of corsets, but her face was fresh and her hair had just been washed. They stood at the gate, Flora glancing around slyly to see if any one passing on the street noticed her, and Dolly told how Curly had followed Mr. Starr one night to Mrs. Gibson's place and had waited around for three hours before Mr. Starr came out, and all the time there didn't seem to be a light in the house. Mr. Starr had lots of money and Gibsons were very poor, but it was a shame that Mr. Gibson pretended to know nothing about it. No one had much sympathy for Mrs. Starr, because she was a very difficult woman. Flora said that sooner or later some one would complain to the con-

stable, and added that she had to go in at once and feed Bill. She promised Dolly to visit her the following night and have a game of five-hundred.

Just before supper-time she did learn how to feed Bill and give him water to drink. Afterward she felt happy. The sun came out to shine brilliantly just before setting. Some kids from down the road came to the back door, asking could they see Bill. Flora sat down on a chair, hooking her heels on a rung, watching a kid with a dirty face and a pair of suspenders over a sleeveless sweater walk over to Bill and touch his leg. The three kids touched him, made faces at him, and laughed. Flora was indignant and got up to tell the kids to go home, but the old lady, who was putting some charcoal on the fire, then poking at the grate, said that Bill didn't mind it and the children liked it. Flora took the kettle off the stove to pour hot water over the supper-dishes in the sink. Out of the corner of her eye she watched one of the kids climbing onto Bill's knee till he could reach his face and rub his small hand through Bill's beard, tickling his chin. Suddenly Flora heard a laugh, a slow chuckle from Bill. The kettle dropped from her hand into the sink. The old lady sat up straight, lurched forward, recovered her balance, then hobbled across the floor. Two of the kids began to cry and they all ran out the back door.

"He laughed," Flora said.

"Oh, my God, glory be to God, he laughed."

Flora stroked Bill's beard eagerly, muttering in his ear, and even shook his head, but he was not interested. His mother was kneeling on the floor, praying sincerely, her lips moving rapidly. She noticed Flora and said, "Go tell Doctor Arnold," then went on praying.

Flora hurried out the front door. On the other side of the street she saw Mrs. English, from the west side of the town, whom she hardly knew, walking slowly. "Bill laughed out loud," Flora called to her. Mrs. English spun round sharply, then watched Flora hurrying along the path, her hand over her mouth. Pools of water were on the cinder path where cinders had worn away. Flora zigzagged along the path, avoiding the puddles. At the corner she was glad to see Mrs. Starr on her veranda. A wide stretch of lawn was between Flora and Mrs. Starr, but Flora, cupping her hands, yelled: "Oh, Mrs. Starr."

Mrs. Starr bowed, but Flora couldn't hear what she said. Flora yelled again: "Bill laughed out loud. He really did." This time she heard Mrs. Starr yell, as she stood up suddenly: "You don't say." Mrs. Starr came down the steps, but Flora was too far along the street.

Doctor Arnold, a stout man with a boyish face and a bald head, was playing catch with his two boys on the sidewalk in front of his house. Flora grabbed him by the arm and told him that Bill had laughed out loud. He examined the stitches on the baseball in his hand, tossed the ball in the air, caught it, then dropped it on the sidewalk. He said: "Isn't that odd. It's odd, very odd, isn't it odd. I'll come right along with you now, Mrs. Lawson."

Walking with Flora he explained that if Bill had laughed, he might just as well talk some day. It might be a long time before he spoke to any one, but it was possible. Anything was possible. He had never been able to understand Bill's condition, though he supposed he was simply out of his mind. People in town suffering from nervous diseases had gone down to the asylum at Whitby and in a few years, or in a

month or two, had become normal again. So there was always something to look forward to.

In the kitchen old Mrs. Lawson sat beside Bill, her hand on his shoulder, but he remained motionless and indifferent. The old lady got up quickly when the doctor came in. The doctor looked at Bill's eyes, shrugged his shoulders, looked at the eyes again, and said that he was looking well, though apparently he hadn't changed much. Still, if he had laughed, he had laughed.

Bill's mother wanted to argue with the doctor, who remained good-humored, talked genially till he got to the front door, then he shook hands with her. The old woman came back to the kitchen, and Flora, standing in the hall, heard the doctor talking to Mrs. Fulton, next door.

Then Mrs. Fulton came in and shook hands warmly with Flora and asked if she could see Bill for a minute or two; she had just heard that he had laughed out loud. She had thought, at first, that she could only stay a minute, but she sat down for a long talk.

Later in the evening Mrs. McGuin, Dolly Knox, and Mrs. Starr came in and they all sat down, very friendly and curious. Dolly Knox got up and touched Bill's forehead with the palm of her hand, then the other women touched him, but he did not laugh again. Flora put a linen table-cloth on the kitchen table and got out the good spoons and made some tea while the old lady answered many questions. Flora was considerate of her mother-in-law, who brought in a cake from the sideboard. Some of the questions Flora answered importantly.

At ten o'clock Mrs. Starr got up to go home and met Johnny Williams coming in the front door, so she decided to

stay a minute longer. Johnny was limping a little and had a bad cold. He kept blowing his nose. In every pocket he had a clean handkerchief. He said that *The Standard* wouldn't be out, fortunately, for two days, and he'd have something worth while to say about Bill. Flora talked happily and Mr. Williams said that he would have come to see her, anyway. Very seriously Johnny talked to Bill, bending over him, touching his chin, twisting his ear, and everybody watched eagerly, but Bill was not interested. "He's a wonder," Johnny said, straightening up.

They talked casually now, and old Mrs. Lawson who was very tired yawned twice. Everybody assured her she was tired, and they all went out together. Still yawning, the old woman said she might as well show Flora how to undress Bill. "It's not hard to undress him, and when he's sleepy, he goes to bed easily," she said. "He's not really paralyzed. People around here seem to think his legs and body is made of stone from his grandfather's quarry. It's his mind that's wrong."

They undressed him together and put him to bed in the front room. Flora said she would sleep on the sofa, in the same room.

The old woman went up-stairs, a lamp in her hand, and Flora, undressing slowly in the front room, wondered if Bill, lying awake on the bed, could see her. His eyes were open: he was looking up at the ceiling. Before putting on her nightgown, she bent over him to kiss his forehead. His eyes followed her, but he didn't move his head. She turned out the light and lay down on the sofa, shifting her body close to the wall, so she would not fall off in the night. Her eyes remained wide open and she couldn't go to sleep. It was quiet outside. Listen-

ing carefully she heard wind in the leaves on the trees. A screen was in the window, the shade raised a foot. She heard footfalls crunching on the cinder path, a steady long stride and a firm crunch opposite the house, now farther down the street till she could no longer follow it. It was nearly eleven o'clock and the footfalls were Henry Longman's, who worked in Eggleston's butcher-store, that kept open till a quarter to eleven. Every night his footfalls passed the window at this time and she knew the slow, easy, swinging stride. She lay there listening, wondering if he had passed the house every night at the same hour while she was away. In a half-hour Mr. McGuin would come along the cinder path, walking with his quick, jerky stride, as though determined to get home ahead of time, the soles of his feet scraping on the cinders. She was wide awake, waiting for Mr. McGuin to pass. Later on, if any one else passed the house, she would not be able to recognize the stride and would wonder who it was. Many pictures and thoughts were in her head, and she even imagined she could hear Bill chuckling again. Many women had come to the house to see her and Bill and had talked to her respectfully—one of the most interesting women in town. She breathed lightly, closing her eyes peacefully, and heard Bill breathing steadily. She turned over on her side to make out the shape of his head on the pillow. The sofa was not very comfortable. His head, alone on the pillow, suggested an exciting idea that made her feel weak. She ought to get into bed beside Bill, put her arm around him, the warmth of her body arousing him so he would put his arm around her. She resisted the thought, her whole body sweating till she tossed

off the covers. She shivered, and knew she was too restless to go to sleep. She got up and lit the lamp.

First she went into the kitchen and opened all the cupboard drawers, casually counting plates and cups. Then she thought of going up-stairs to the sewing-room and reading parts from the books that had interested Bill. Holding the lamp over her head, she climbed upstairs and turned into the sewing-room. The machine was there, but no chair, no pile of books. The room had been cleaned and there wasn't a piece of paper in the machine drawers. The window was open a few inches and a light breeze made the lamp smoke, darkening the glass at the top. She picked up the lamp and went into her mother-in-law's room.

The old woman sat up in bed. "Who's there? Is that you, Flora?"

"I was going to look at Bill's papers and books. Where are they?"

"Where are they? I cursed them and burned the last one of them. It was them that took away his mind."

Flora could find no words. The lamp tilted, the flame burned at an angle. The old woman's lips were twitching, and one hand touched the nightgown buttoned high on her throat.

Flora turned away and went downstairs to the front room. She blew out the light and lay down on the sofa again. Now she had so many things to think of, she assured herself she would remain wide awake until Mr. McGuin passed on the cinder path; but suddenly she felt very tired and fell asleep.

XI

So she lived contentedly in the May and June months, and many neighbors brought material for dresses to her, and

Hedge-Hoppers

AVIATOR'S HOLIDAY BY AN AMERICAN FLIER

BY JOHN J. NILES

Author of "Singing Soldiers"

NOWADAYS veteran aviators look back very fondly to the flying they did in the war. Somehow those days were the halcyon days—the days of irresponsible aviation—the days of many planes and many mechanics and a bountiful Uncle Sam to pay the reckoning. We were younger then, the average age of Air Service men in 1917 being from twenty to twenty-five, with a much greater percentage of twenties.

We did our work in spurts. We flew as often as the weather was good and that was about two days out of three. The non-flying days were spent in gaming, visiting, "grousing" at the bad weather, and relaxing from the strain of flying.

From the very beginning we had been fascinated by dangerous flying-feats. There was a standing purse among some of our boys for the first man to fly through the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. None of our outfit tried it, but a Frenchman did it one day, and the news got around in spite of the censorship of the Paris press. It seemed that the French authorities were trying to discourage daredevilry within the corporate limits of the city of Paris. But one fine day a Frenchman landed a Caudron on the roof of the Galeries Lafayette. The Galeries Lafayette is a department store right in the very middle of Paris. The pilot was arrested, but he didn't mind, as he had won a very handsome wager.

Up to this time about the only thing our particular outfit had achieved was some rather spectacular hedge-hopping. Hedge-hopping was a term given to a kind of flying where the planes skim the tops of trees and hedges, zooming buildings, telephone lines, bridges, and smoke-stacks, at an average speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. The casualty list among the hedge-hoppers was high—too high, when there was a war to fight. But, in spite of the orders from Aviation Headquarters, hedge-hopping continued.

In September, 1918, not far from one of our air-fields, an American pilot discovered a line of wires transmitting high-tension electricity. The wires were not more than seventy-five feet from the ground in one place, where the fortunate existence of some small shrubs and bushes made a very interesting natural hazard.

Bets were made and the boys began to dive for the opening formed by the high-tension line on top and the trees on the sides and bottom. One man got through O. K. But the second had motor trouble just before he reached the trees. He couldn't stop. He was too near the ground to risk a turn with a dead motor, and if he had made the opening between the wires and the trees he would have gone head on into a mess of lower telephone lines just beyond. So he bravely crashed into the trees. The

plane was a complete washout, but the pilot lived—he limps a little to this day. You see, we were young in 1918 and didn't expect to come back anyhow. But our commanding officer got wind of the "wire-jumpers" (as they were later called) and promised the "jail-house" for any more such performances.

We lay low all through September and part of October, making the war the best way we could, burying a man now and then and marking off the others we couldn't find after they fell. Some of our personnel were sent over to England to fly Camels. And any of you folks who have ever flown a Sopwith Camel airplane will know what I mean when I say that the Camel is a tricky flying-machine. Among other unique accessories it had a wind-operated gasoline-pump that went out of action every so often and then the pilot had to fly with one hand and pump gasoline with the other. Pretty soon the pilot would forget which hand was pumping and do some rare flying until he corrected himself.

It was one of our Camel pilots named Hawkins—a wild flying Southerner from Alabama—who afforded us the neatest attempt at daredevil flying we ever witnessed. Hawkins had an almost perfect flying-record. He hadn't crashed a single ship as a student, and since that time his percentage of success had been very high. But he was a daredevil—a daredevil with luck—the kind of fellow who seemed to have an intuitive sense of speed. He knew when to get a plane down on the ground. He knew his ground, too! For, out of many months of cross-country flying, he had never been lost.

There is a bridge across the Seine at the little city of Choisy-le-Roi. (Next

time you're in France look it up—you'll see that I'm telling you the truth.) We discovered by actual measurement that between the under edge of the main arch of the Choisy bridge and the average surface of the river there was enough room to fly a Camel airplane, with two and one-half feet of clearance vertically and fifteen feet horizontally. Two and one-half feet doesn't sound like much, but it's enough and, if it's properly placed, might come in very handy.

After that we spent a considerable part of our nights planning the bridge-diving stunt. We got on with the war in the daytime whenever there was weather, and that wasn't very often in the fall of 1918. But we couldn't be blamed for clouds and fog and rain, although many a dough-boy wonders to this day why there weren't more airplanes on the job during the three phases of the battle of the Argonne.

One evening (it was about the middle of October then) a committee of us measured the bridge-span at Choisy-le-Roi for the last time. The dive was to be tried next morning. A lad named Miller had agreed to go first and Hawkins was billed as the second entrant. It had rained for three days, but the visibility on the ground was good enough to serve our purpose.

Next morning Miller and Hawkins were ready. Their Camels had been all gone over. They were in perfect condition, as far as the mechanics could tell. The preparations had been made very quietly, as we remembered the trouble we so nearly got into over the high-tension line-diving. Only four mechanics and six pilots knew anything about the plan.

We shook hands with Miller. He jumped into his plane. A mechanic

gave the prop a twist. Two others pulled away the blocks, and the Camel was in the air. Miller's motor was humming along beautifully. The low visibility kept him rather close to the ground. But he flew around until we had time to get over the bridge. Finally, we saw him heading for the river. He flew over once to look at the lay of the land, and then gave us a wiggle of his wings as a signal that he was ready to dive.

Down the river he came—his motor wide-open! Suddenly there was a sputter in his exhaust. Something had happened to his engine! There was a moment of indecision. Then he zoomed up off the surface of the river and limped into a near-by field, with his engine coughing and missing like a one-lunger. He made a good landing, though, and a few minutes later we reached his plane. He had gotten out and was smoking a cigarette. His wind-operated gas-pump had cut out. He didn't think it "safe" to try diving the bridge-arch while pumping gasoline. Flying a Camel with one hand and pumping gasoline with the other produced a kind of galloping goose motion not considered to be the best thing for stunt flying. One had to have one's mind on flying—not pumping! He said we could count him out now! He'd had enough bridge-arches for one war.

Presently we heard the hum of another motor. We knew at once it was Hawkins, and all of us, including Miller, hurried back to the river. We were considerably more excited over Hawkins than we had been about Miller. Perhaps it took one failure to warm us up to the situation. Instead of standing on the bank, we went up onto the bridge, where we could get a close-up of what was happening—see the thing from a ringside seat, as 'twere.

Hawkins circled the bridge twice and, being assured that it was still there and the witnesses were too, he wiggled his wings and went down-stream for the final trial. There was practically no wind that morning, so the chances of a side-slip (that is, a horizontal movement that would crash him into the sides of the arch) were small. As soon as he got his direction he put his plane as near the water as he could. As a matter of fact, the wheels of his landing-gear were in the water. We could see a suggestion of faint ripples following in the wake of his plane.

It was a beautiful picture—that Camel skimming along the water like some great allegorical bird cruising for its breakfast. The gallery took a tighter grip on the hand-rail before them and scarcely breathed. It would be a matter of only a few seconds now. It would be either make the arch or crash! Visions of what might happen if he misjudged the slightest bit passed before us. A "spruce and canvas express-train" crashed into the stone arches of a French bridge! Later the demolished plane floating down the river! Hawkins's body being fished out by some French boatmen! The local authorities in Choisy-le-Roi would get into it. There would be an investigation. Flying-commissions would be revoked. What a bunch of fools we were to try it, anyhow!

At the last possible moment everything went wrong! We could almost see the whites in Hawkins's eyes as he pulled his controls back into his stomach and zoomed his plane off of the river in a furious attempt to clear the bridge. His motor was going like a million. There was no reason for what had happened, as far as we could tell, except pure last-minute loss of nerve.

As the plane shot up into the air, we had a fleeting glance at its oil-bespattered underneath. The circles of red, white, and blue stood out before us like huge bull's-eyes. We had never had a chance to see the bottom of a Camel airplane up so closely—and most of us didn't care to see another under exactly the same conditions. All of us later agreed that the next few seconds were weeks long. With the zoom Hawkins had pulled, considering his forward speed, the plane was thrown into an almost vertical climb. When he reached the top of the climb he began to settle a bit. Realizing this, he flattened out for an instant and tried to zoom again.

He had cleared the bridge! But the settling movement which followed his first zoom landed him directly in front of a latticed metal telephone-pole and a cross-arm strung with wires. Could he possibly raise his plane over this unforeseen obstruction or would it tip him over and land him in the river just beyond! There was a ripping sound. The metal telephone-pole rocked. Jangling wires fell about us. We dared not look up any longer. We had seen enough.

To our great surprise Hawkins's motor continued running. We knew he couldn't hang up there on the telephone-pole forever. When we looked again he had turned off the river and was heading for our field. He had withstood the shock! We wondered as he flew away if his undergear had been weakened so as eventually to crash in landing. We listened to his motor humming away until it was lost in the distance.

Not one of us had moved. Finally, Miller let out a long expiration of pent-up breath and the man standing beside him said: "Me too, soldier. Come on,

let's clear out!" And we cleared as fast as we could without attracting any unnecessary attention.

Back at camp we found that Hawkins had used rare judgment in landing in a seldom-used part of the field. He had brought back a unique souvenir—a dozen strands of wire, varying in length from ten to fifty feet, all tangled around his landing-gear. We rolled the wire up as quickly as possible and disposed of it where we hoped no one would find it. Hawkins had very little to say at first. But after mess he told us what had happened.

As he approached the bridge he could see that there was not enough space for him to get through. We denied this—we had measured the distance the evening before. But later in the day we found our mistake. The past three days of rain had raised the stage of the river considerably. In fact, the Seine was two feet higher than it had been the night before, and some rivermen told us that since morning the water had receded a bit. The Seine, you know, is famous for sudden floods. We knew it at the time, but we didn't take it into consideration. An overnight rise in the river had taken up the two and one-half feet of clearance through which Hawkins had expected to fly his Camel.

At mess that evening we were told that an aviator doing some careless flying over the Choisy-le-Roi bridge had swept away the main lines of telephonic communications between Paris and the General Headquarters of the United States Army at Chaumont! Imagine our feelings! The guard-house! Court-martial! A dishonorable discharge from the United States Army! All these things stared us in the face.

We "pulled in our ears," as the ex-

pression goes. We swore one another to secrecy. The next two weeks were uneasy ones. A rather elaborate investigation was carried on by some folks from Chaumont. We lay very low. We did what we were told to do and liked it! The investigators apparently discovered nothing. We believed our commanding

officer had some suspicions, but to the very last day of our time in the A. E. F. nothing more was said of it. The fortunate existence of a secondary line of communications had prevented a very serious situation.

It might be added that bridge-diving at Choisy-le-Roi was not tried again!



The House of Her Fathers

BY MARY M. COLUM

IN the bright American sunshine in which she was born and brought up, Grace Barrett had never conceived of a gloom like the gloom of this landscape—a gloom not depressive because of the bewildering beauty of the scenery and the bewildering shades of color upon everything—purples and blues, and browns and greens, and a thousand colors she could not name and had never seen before. Her father had described this country to her, had described every house and tree and stone wall, every peak of every mountain, every cloud of the sky, every wave of the sea; he had described the country so minutely that she could not recognize it, for what he had said to her had conveyed something to her imagination so different from the scene before her that she was more unprepared for it than she would have been if she had heard nothing about it at all. For her father had believed, had remembered, that the sun that shone here was the brightest of suns, that the mountain peaks were the highest that ever were, that the house he was born in was the grandest of

houses, that the stock he sprang from was of a lineage so proud that few families could beat it—that he was of the highest of that high Milesian race that had produced the greatest epics, the noblest heroes, the most marvellous gods since the Greek.

After hours in the train that had brought her from Dublin she stepped out at the railway-station her father had told her of. The owner of a jaunting-car had offered her his services to take her where she wanted to go. But her father had so often told her of the pleasant short walk that led from the train to the house he was born in, that when he came from school or college he used to swing his bag on an ass-cart and walk gleefully home, getting in for tea or dinner without warning the household. She would do the same. She left her bag at the station, the station-master first addressing her in Irish, thinking she was some sort of inspector sent down by the new government, and then in English asking her if she were an American. On her answering that she was, he displayed a lively curiosity.

"Have you any one belonging to you in these parts?" he asked

"My father was born here."

"And what was his name?"

"James Barrett."

"Ah, Miss Barrett, Miss Barrett of Tirawley!"

He wrung her hand warmly and excitedly, until she felt that all else in life except that she was a Barrett of Tirawley faded into insignificance.

"I have come to see the house my father was born in," she said. "I hear it is for sale."

"For sale this many a year."

It was a little after two in the afternoon, yet the light was dim as it was only dim in America upon a dark day, but her eagerness to see the house of her fathers, now that she had got to this place, was very great. She walked out by the road the station-master pointed to her, and through the village—an old village built on a river that had the high, leaping falls her father had so often described, with oak-trees bending on each bank, the banks from which her father had fished in his boyhood. She passed the ruined abbey—an abbey that had been in ruins so many centuries that it dazzled her mind. For a moment she felt tempted to turn aside and look for the graves of her forefathers in the abbey graveyard, because her father had drawn their tombstones for her many times, with their names as they were carved on the stone, and their coat of arms with that animal, an enfield, never seen on land or sea, that had so delighted her childhood. The abbey was small in comparison with the great European cathedrals she had seen, but it was, perhaps, in proportion to the size of this island-country. Its arched windows thrilled her, and its isolation high up above the river, looking down on

the river-falls where the salmon, she knew, leaped up on little ladders.

She walked on and on, and the road became longer and longer, and the little thatched cottages fewer and fewer, and yet no house that looked like the Barretts' came in view—no high gate, no long avenue of trees, tall trees with rooks cawing in their tops. She met a man walking with a dog and a cow and asked for the house.

"It's a good long mile yet, but there will be no welcome for you there, young lady. There's only a caretaker there—a cross woman."

She continued walking until a weariness and a sort of fear of the strange landscape entered her bones. Then suddenly, at a turn in the road, she saw the sea dashing against high rocks, and she knew that a few hundred yards beyond lay the avenue to the house. She paused hesitatingly and looked down at the sea beating the rocks. For generations and generations the family she came from had lived around this wild sea and fought here and struggled here, and their name was in history and in poems, for they had done strange deeds. The deed that was almost their undoing came to her mind in the verses that told of it:

"Scorney Bwee, the Barretts' baliff, lewd and lame,

To lift the Lynotts' taxes when he came,

Rudely drew a young maid to him—

Then the Lynotts rose and slew him,

And in Tubber-na-Scalta threw him—

Small your blame,

Sons of Wattin!

Sing the vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley!

Then the Barretts to the Lynotts gave this choice:

'Hear, ye murdering brood, both men and boys:

For this deed this day ye lose

Sight or manhood—say and choose
And rejoice
That our mercy leaves you living in Tiraw-
ley!"

This deed of vengeance and the long, long fight that had ensued had almost ended the Barretts. She mused until she came to the tall iron gates with their pillars in stone, and the two little gates on each side. Tremblingly she pushed open one of the little gates and entered the avenue. To the left was a lodge, dirty-looking and badly kept. A bare-footed child and a woman drying her hands in her apron appeared.

"Is this the way to the Barretts' house?"

"Yes, but ne'er a Barrett is there. If you want to see Mr. Jack Barrett, he lives up the road in two laborer's cottages."

"The house is for sale?"

"Oh, if it's buying you are, the caretaker will show you the house."

The avenue that her father had told her was so long and wide and beautiful lay before her, narrow and muddy and neglected for so long that it looked like the laneway leading to some peasant's cottage. The trees were there, tall trees with the rooks cawing in their tops, but as she walked on she noticed that their roots were being smothered with brushwood and parasitic plants. Her feet sank in the mud of the avenue so deeply that she had difficulty in pulling her thin American shoes free from the slime that clung to them. She became so weary after a few minutes that she sank down on the dank grass at the side of the avenue and cried a little. Then she rose and trudged on once more. Very soon, because the avenue was really not long, she came face to face with the house, and her heart almost stopped beating. It was smaller than her father

had told her, but so lovely, so incredibly lovely, that she shed tears once more. It seemed old—enormously old—to her American eyes. It was early eighteenth century, three stories high, with the windows of the third story not really windows, but closed up because of the window-tax—a window-tax, she thought, which perhaps had existed a hundred years ago, but nobody had ever since thought of opening them. The windows in the ground floor were enormous, some of them broken and badly patched. She knew the situation of the rooms—the large hall, the drawing-room, the dining-room, the coat-room, the library, and the room at the back where the men used to drink and play cards and keep their guns. Her father, she knew, as a boy had owned the room on the second floor at the back facing the mountains, whereas his elder brother, John, his sporting brother who had won the Grand National, had had a long room with windows facing both the sea and the mountains. He had loved the mountains but hated the sea, so when he became a man he had bought a sort of stained-glass paper and papered up the windows facing the sea.

She walked tremblingly to the door and rang a bell, diligently scraping her feet on the iron scraper as she waited for an answer, but none came. Then she raised the large knocker and executed three slow knocks, the echo of which seemed to be thrown terrifically back from the mountains behind. The door opened and a woman with tousled hair and dirty clothes appeared.

"The house is for sale," began Grace. "I want to see it."

The old woman motioned her in to a large square hallway which had a fireplace and two tables. On one of the tables was a pile of straw and a wooden

box where eggs were either being packed or unpacked. Grace looked over the fireplace expectantly for the picture of the Barrett that Gilbert Stuart had painted during his sojourn in Ireland. It was not there, but all around the walls were marks of places where pictures had hung.

"What has become of the pictures?" she asked the old woman.

"I don't know. Ask Mr. Jack."

Unerringly she turned to the right, to the room she knew was the drawing-room. It was a very long room with windows on two sides. On the mantelpiece she noticed a couple of china figures before her mind took in any of the other details. Then she saw that there were numerous gold chairs solemnly arranged facing each other down the centre of the room, and a gold sofa with one leg gone. These and two little tables completed the furniture of the room.

She stood for a long time, her mind sunk in memories, until the old woman rather harshly invited her to look at the rest of the house. They entered the dining-room. There was nothing at all there except a couple of large boxes which she noticed contained potatoes; then her eye caught an animal's head nailed over the mantelpiece—a skeleton head. Ah, the elk's head that had been found in a bog and which her grandfather put there, so that his English guests, over for the hunting, would ask who had shot the animal. She wandered through the other rooms on the ground floor—they were all empty. Preceded by the old woman, she walked up the broad stairs and came into a corridor. She entered a long room which held but one object—a bed with testers and withered red curtains. Then, once more, a wrench came to her heart.

Here were the windows looking toward the sea covered with bits of torn stained-glass paper—for over forty years covered with stained-glass paper, since long before she was born. The room she entered across the corridor she guessed to have been her father's, but the walls were dark, and the light outside was beginning to dim so that at first she thought that the room contained nothing at all. Then she saw the high desk her father used to stand at doing his lessons and writing his letters and where he kept his fishing-tackle—the only piece of furniture in the room. Gropingly, tearfully, she tried the lid and it opened. Inside were a few scraps of paper and a torn half of a sort of manuscript book with its leather cover still hanging on to it. The old woman brought in a lamp, and, taking the book over to it, she tried to read what was written in its pages. Disappointingly enough, it seemed to be only a ship's log-book, and was apparently the log of a ship that had been engaged in taking troops from Kingstown to the Crimea in the Crimean War. She put back the book and felt for the initials cut on the inside of the desk.

The old woman moved her out of the room, and she silently went through the other rooms, but declined to go up to the eerie third story where the false windows were. It was in a dreadful state of decay, this beautiful, lonely house of the Barretts, but in wandering through it, she seemed to recover some part of herself that had been missing, something profound and elemental that seeped into her from its walls and the remains of its furniture. She pulled herself together sufficiently to ask the old woman the price for which the house was for sale.

"You will have to ask Mr. Jack Barrett."

"Who is Mr. Jack Barrett?"

"He is the owner."

Grace had never heard of him. The old woman gave the information that he lived in the laborer's cottages up the road, just beyond the avenue gates.

Grace passed down the stairs and out of the house. It was now too dark to see much, the short October afternoon having passed into the misty Irish twilight. Going down the avenue was even more melancholy than coming up, and a faint fear pervaded her until she got outside the gates and turned up in search of the cottages. A few yards away she saw two stone cottages, both brightly lighted. As she came up to them she saw that the half-door of one was opened wide. Inside a man was seated at a table covered with a red cloth, drinking tea and reading at the same time. She watched him hesitatingly for a moment, and then walked toward the door. He did not look up until she knocked, and then he peered out at her for some moments before making a movement. He rose to his feet and came toward her.

"You are Mr. Barrett?"

He inclined his head a little.

"I wanted to ask about your house which is for sale."

"Come in," he said politely.

He made no remarks about the house but offered her some tea. There was no tea in the teapot, and he rose and walked out, explaining that his housekeeper and his kitchen were in the cottage next door. In his absence she examined the room curiously. An open fire of turf burned on the hearth, the bare floor was of cement, but had a couple of little rugs scattered around; there were mahogany bookcases, and a

mahogany wash-stand which did duty as a sideboard. The walls were crowded with pictures and photographs, with guns and riding-crops intermingled—a man's room, but cheerful and comfortable. She looked at the book he had left turned down on the table: it was in French—"La Fille d'une Ferme."

He returned followed by a stout elderly woman, who silently laid a place for her at the table and then left. Grace noticed as he came in with the house-keeper that he was dressed in riding-breeches and a sort of many-pocketed corduroy coat. He was very tall, and nobody she had ever seen before had looked in the least like him. He had a long, distinguished face, a close-clipped mustache, and an expression of extreme melancholy. She guessed him to be somewhere around thirty-five. She had never before seen a man pour out tea, and she watched him interestedly. After a few minutes' silence he began to speak.

"I don't want to deceive you about that house; it is not much of a purchase, but I will sell it cheap. I have no money to do anything with it, but I can't bear to see it fall into decay. I want to let you know it's not much of a purchase; it is in a bad situation, and there's no company around here. Everybody one could talk to has left since the war—both wars, the Great War and our own war. You are an American, I judge?"

"Yes."

"Well, Americans really know about houses. This one is one of the best small eighteenth-century houses in Ireland. It's not so small at that, but the other eighteenth-century houses are so large. It is a beautiful house—or would be if it was kept up. It was built in 1701 or 2, and the way things are in this crazy

country, with wars and burnings all the time, it is an old house."

"Yes," she said, "I know its history. I know all about the house. I am a Barrett myself."

He looked at her in astonishment.

"Now, who might you be?" he asked.

For the first time she noticed the brogue in his voice.

"My name is Grace Barrett. I am James Barrett's daughter."

He pursed up his lips as if he were going to whistle.

"Yes," he said musingly. "I know—I know now. Yes, yes. James went to America. He got mixed up in some political trouble and went to America. So that is why you want to buy the house? Did James make money?"

"But who are you?" she asked hesitatingly.

He watched her closely for a minute, then looked away before he answered.

"I am the son of John Barrett, your father's brother. We are first cousins."

This puzzled her, for she had always heard that her uncle John had only daughters. Her puzzlement showed in her face. He laughed slightly.

"Do you think I am no genuine Barrett?" Then he walked over and stood beside her. "But I must see if you are a genuine Barrett. Have you the hair? Show me your hair."

She took off her hat, and, half irritated, half amused, she pulled out the hairpins and let down her long red-brown hair.

"Ah," he said, "not cut—what do you call it—not shingled! You must be one of the few women left with long hair. Right," he said; "you've got the hair."

She whirled up her hair. As she did so he caught her hand and placed his

own beside it. His was the masculine version of her long, slim hand. They both laughed, and a real gaiety came into his melancholy face as he walked around the room picking up photos here and there, which, with a sort of mock solemnity, he placed before her.

"Who is that?" he demanded, handing her the photos of two little boys in Eton suits.

"That's my father and Uncle John," she said; "both our fathers."

"Right," he said, and he placed before her several others, some of whom she identified and some of whom she didn't. They became greatly amused as she guessed rightly or wrongly. Then he put the photos back and handed her a miniature without a word. She examined it intently. It was the picture of a very pretty woman dressed in lavender with rows of pearls on her neck and wound through her dark hair; her eyes were dark, too, and they looked out of the picture with a sort of high melancholy courage. After a few minutes a startling resemblance to the man beside her began to leap out of the picture.

"Yes," he said, guessing her thought, "that is my mother."

"Your mother! But we have a picture of Uncle John's wife at home with her daughters, and she was not at all like this."

"No," he said slowly, "she was not at all like that. I see you know nothing about me." He lit a cigarette, and after a few minutes' silence said:

"My mother was not my father's legitimate wife."

All sorts of notions began to pass through her brain as she watched him with puzzled eyes. Could he be the son of some farmer's daughter? Was her uncle John very wild? Could he—might he be the son of the woman who

brought in the tea? But as she looked back at the miniature with its subtle, courageous face—it seemed a daring, grand face—she dropped that idea.

"You do not know my father's story at all—you have never heard it? Was my uncle James too proper to tell you? Perhaps you will be shocked. I have heard Americans are very sanctimonious. My father left his wife and ran away with my mother—ran away to France with her. She was French. She died in two years—just after I was born—they had only two years together."

"I never heard a word of that," said Grace.

"Well, after my mother's death my father left me with an aunt of my mother's, and after a year's roaming around he came back here. He wanted to see his children and the house, and I think he wanted to see his wife—men are strange."

"What happened then?"

"Well, what happened his wife told me. He left his things at the station and walked from the station to the avenue. Nobody recognized him on the way; he was not grown gray nor anything like a man in a book—he was just completely changed—younger if anything. Well, he walked up the avenue, not knowing what was in store for him, or what was going to happen. When he came to the house it was about six o'clock of a September evening; the blinds were not pulled down in the dining-room windows, and he went up and looked in. The children—three little girls—were seated at the table at supper with their mother. They were drinking milk out of their glasses, and their mother was talking to them. He stepped in the window, and the children were frightened. But his wife, Mary—she was a very good woman—she just

rose from the table, and walked over and kissed him, and said, 'You are welcome back, John'; and she never asked him a question about where he had been, or what he had done. She rang for a place to be put for him at the table, and he sat down, and ate the nursery supper with the children. When the children heard he was their father, they climbed up on him, and sang songs to him."

"Did he stay?" asked Grace.

"Oh, yes, he stayed, but he did not live very long. He loved his wife all right, but his life was with my mother, and he died in about eight months afterward. His wife never asked him a question—never uttered a word of reproach. She was a grand woman, and she herself told me that those months were the happiest of her life. Then he fell ill, and he never recovered. And here was the point where Mary failed. She was a grand woman, but perhaps this was too much for her. My father fell into a delirium, and he thought his wife, Mary, was my mother, and he kept calling her Hélène, and talking words of love to her that he had never used to Mary. She might have endured that, but when he came out of the delirium just before his death, he began to talk to her about me. He had never mentioned me before, and she did not know of my existence until then, and somehow this living proof of the relations between him and the woman he had gone off with was too much for her. She was good to me afterward, but when he told her this she walked out of the room, and left my father to die alone. In his will he left me the house, but his income to his wife and children. The little income I have comes from my mother."

They were silent for several minutes;

the telling of the story had affected him obviously very much, and he bent down and began hastily to pile turf on the blazing fire.

"How did you come here to Ireland?" Grace asked.

"Well, I stayed with my grandaunt in Brittany until she died. She died when I was six. And then my father's wife—Aunt Mary, I called her—came over to Brittany and took me back, and brought me up with her own little girls. I was supposed to be their cousin. My aunt Mary was a great woman; I was very fond of her. She wanted to give me some of my father's money, but I would not take it. She tried to force it on me. I hate to call her a great lady, for that seems to mean so many pious genteelities. But she was a great gentlewoman—an aristocrat."

"How strange it all is—what a strange story!"

"My aunt Mary died twelve years ago. She and I had been living alone in the house, for her daughters were married—at least two of them were married, both in India—and one is a nun. And when she died I was chief mourner at her funeral. I left the house then. We had done nothing with it for years, for we could not afford to. I got these little cottages built and moved into them."

"You have lived like this for twelve years!" Her American mind was puzzled over him. "What do you do? Do you live here without doing anything? Did you never want to do something?"

"To do something?" He looked at her in surprise. "What can one do here? I thought of going up to Dublin and starting to write—a play or a book. I have tried to write a book and to write poetry. I sometimes think I will do it yet."

"Do you mean you stay here always?"

"Always, except for a few weeks a year. I was at Trinity College in Dublin, and I was at a school in France. But I have been mostly here. How could I leave? I have very little money. Before the war it was more, of course. But it is from France, and the franc has gone down."

"Are you happy?" she asked.

"Is anybody happy? Is any adult happy? But I could be happier nowhere else. My forefathers all lived here. After all, in a way, I do what they did—I ride, I read, I hunt a little, I breed horses a little. Sometimes I drink—drink until I am drunk. They did just the same, except that they had money and the house. I would be happy if the house could be preserved. After all, the Barretts were a great stock."

Her American mind was again puzzled. "They were an old stock," she said, "but would you call them great? They were not belonging to the nobility, and they were not very rich. They were not an aristocracy, were they?"

A quick, fiery anger leaped into his face. "No," he said, "they did not belong to the nobility. They were trampled down by the nobility of Cromwell and William." A fierce, satiric eloquence came into his voice. "They were a semi-barbaric, peasant aristocracy, belonging to a beggarly island-nationality." With a sudden, almost violent, transition he changed the subject.

"You are thinking of buying the house?" he asked.

"Yes," she said nervously, "I was thinking of it, but I do not know if I have enough money. I might not have enough money to buy it and keep it up." There was a few minutes' silence, and then with a fire, stirred up, per-

haps, by his own outbreak, she burst forth. "But even if I had, how could I live here? I'm an American—I've spent my life in America—in cities. What could I do with myself here? I'm used to a different life."

"I will tell you what I will do," he said, ignoring her words. "I'll give you the house if you restore it and keep it up. How much money have you?" he demanded.

"I have about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars—I have the income on that."

"The income on that," he repeated.

"Yes, I have an income of between seven and eight thousand dollars a year."

He did not speak for a long time, and seemed to be engaged in making some mental calculations. Then he turned to her suddenly. "But are you staying anywhere? You cannot get away from here to-night."

This had also been passing through her mind. On her walk from the station she had noticed the little village hotel and assumed she could stop there.

"Yes," he said, "you can. There is never anybody there except a commercial traveller or two."

He stopped talking about the house and returned to his aunt Mary and half-sisters, and told her many stories about them. It was fairly late when he harnessed a horse to a trap and drove her to the station to get her bag, and then to the little hotel.

"We will talk about the house to-morrow," she said, and she bade him good night.

"Yes. We will talk about the house to-morrow," he repeated. "Meantime, I will try and find out how much it would take to run it."

She awoke early from a deep, tired

sleep, and had a couple of hours trying to bridge the troublesome gap between the unconsciousness of sleep and the problem that waking brought before her. She ate fried bacon and drank strong tea in the room of the little public house-hotel called the commercial room, and looked out on a dark day of rain.

He came for her late in the morning, this time carefully dressed in a navy blue suit and carefully shaved, and looking almost the most distinguished human being she had ever seen. He wrapped a waterproof cape around her when she got into the trap, and they drove to the house.

In the slowly falling soft, fine Irish rain the house and avenue looked more romantic, if more desolate, than on the evening before. He showed her first the stables, which she had not seen—stables for eleven horses—and the coach-house and the gardens. The gardens, in a way, were the most pathetic thing of all; there remained many hardy apple and pear trees, many decayed flower-beds beside the tangled paths, and, strangely enough, artichokes were growing sturdily in a bewildered corner. There were a few pitiful little broken statues, and moss-covered remnants of little fountains. They went into the house once more, and he tried to tell her what had become of the pictures.

"What became of the picture of Ti-rawley Barrett that Gilbert Stuart painted?" she asked.

He stood for a moment a little shame-facedly, and then he said calmly: "I sold it to a dealer for an American who wanted an ancestor. The American wanted it—I wanted the money."

A feeling of extreme irritation overcame her. She was American, and she

wanted that picture; it was her ancestor. Then she remembered that money, of which he had so little, was more vital to him than pictures of his ancestors. They went through the house slowly together; he pointed out to her that the eighteenth-century mantelpieces had been sold and iron ones put in their places, and, as he frankly admitted that his father's wife and himself had sold whatever they could after she had used most of her income in portioning her daughters, and that since her death he had also sold whatever he could get money for, a slow resentment began to rise in her mind against him. He did not seem to notice it, but went on explaining and calculating how much the house could be repaired and run for. Did he think she was going to spend all her life and her money on the restoration of this house that he had helped to dismantle? What did he think?

She had lunch and tea with him in his little cottage. His mind was now completely on the restoration of the house, and he spent a lot of time in calculations, but the glamour of the evening before, when she had seen everything for the first time, and he had told her his father's story, still held her in its grip, and she was almost delighted when he said suddenly: "You and I together could run the house and set it up again. I could put what I have in it and run a stud-farm."

The charm of the man and the charm of the house had seized on her almost equally, but something that she thought was self-preservation, and was only, perhaps, cowardice or weakness, made her assume an attitude of remoteness. The country around her was the most beautiful she had ever seen, but it was also the most lonely and melancholy; people, doubtless, could be very

happy there—her ancestors, she knew, had sometimes lived gay and rollicking lives, and perhaps she would fit into it all with the ease of a person who had returned to something real and native and ancestral. The man before her was the most interesting and striking-looking she had ever met. To be made love to by such a man, an end toward which his remarks seemed to be leading, would be romantic and exciting—it would be wonderful indeed. She had heard that it was possible to completely wipe out one's past life and take up a new one, and perhaps she could do that. She could restore this man to the house and name of his fathers, which, at the moment, he had but a dubious right to. But—then she checked herself—he had the best right of all to them—a better right, perhaps, than any Barrett who had ever lived in that house, for his father and mother had so romantically, so profoundly, loved each other. For some minutes all her strength flowed into a passionate desire to stay with him, to throw away all her life in America, the sunshine and gaiety of her life in America, and stay here forever and ever. As if sensing her thoughts, he came over and stood beside her, looking down at her, his arm on the back of her chair. She gazed directly back at him. What did he want from her at all? Not love, for which his father had sold his life, for which she, perhaps, would sell hers, but her money to restore his house, her money and her thrown in.

"No, no," she said, "I cannot do it. This is not my life. It was only a romantic notion of mine to see this house. I don't want it."

"You don't want it?" he exclaimed. "Then why did you come here?"

"I don't want it. It was just a romantic notion of mine to come and see the

house. My father was always talking about it." She rose and walked up and down the room a few steps. "Only a romantic notion, and perhaps worse—just snobbery. In America I like to think that I sprang from a sort of aristocratic stock, but I could not live here."

A fleeting expression of she knew not what crossed his face. It seemed grief, it seemed despair, it seemed anger, it seemed loneliness, but it passed so quickly she could not tell.

She felt after she had uttered her next sentence that it came out of a training that was alien to everything in his bringing-up—it was her American training, her American way of smoothing things over, of making them seem less definite than they really were, so different from his aristocratic directness.

"But I will think it all over to-night when I get back to the hotel, and we will talk it over to-morrow. I am tired to-night and everything seems wrong. But I will feel differently to-morrow."

Again he drove her to the hotel and inquired after her comforts from the hotel people, and bade her good night as on the evening before. Grace fell asleep, to wake up half an hour afterward trembling and torn between the conflicts that assailed her. For ten minutes she thought she would go to that man early to-morrow and say: "I stay—I stay here, forever." But then the thought of the unknown life in this unknown country, with this unknown man, filled her with a fear that began at the pit of her spine and made her helpless and shaken with misery. Perhaps he would run away from her, as his father had done, with a strange woman from another country. Then she remembered that she to him was a strange woman from another country, despite

their blood-kinship—a strange woman to him as he was a strange man to her—that each had for the other the fascination of strangeness. The conflict that went on in her lasted till morning; then, because she had stayed awake all night, there was no struggle at all to adjust herself to the new day. The conflict was over, she would not stay—she could not stay; she would take the first train she could get away from the place. A weight fell from her as she took this resolution, and she dressed hastily and put her belongings into a bag. She drank her tea, paid her bill, and walked quickly to the railway-station. No train was going for nearly an hour, and her impatience grew to such a point that she thought of walking to the next station. A little before the train arrived, and as her anxiety was beginning to die down, she became panic-stricken as she heard the sound of a galloping horse. In a few minutes he came into the station, dressed as she first saw him, in his riding-suit.

"Ah, you are going away," he said very gently, and she felt once more, as she had felt the evening before, that this secretive sort of flight of hers was incomprehensible to his aristocratic directness. "I am glad to be in time to bid you good-by," he said.

"Yes," she said haltingly, "I am taking the Dublin train."

"Well, I am sorry I cannot stay to put you on the train. I have not place to put my horse; I must just say good-by and leave you."

She walked out with him slowly where his horse, tied to a post, was prancing around wildly, and destroying everything in sight—a beautiful lean brown horse, with nervous, fiery eyes. He apologized again for leaving her. His horse was a nervous thorough-

bred and he could not leave him. As he mounted, she thought she saw a strong resemblance between man and horse; he bowed low to her in his saddle and rode away.

The train came in, and when it started she felt a desire to dance from the sheer sense of freedom that flowed in on her. It was wonderful to be clear of this adventure, to be off again, her own mistress, free to do anything she wanted. For a moment as the train skirted

the road she saw horse and rider once more, galloping away quickly toward the mountains and the sea. That memory forever remained with her. To the man, as the years went by, her visit became like a dream—an eccentric American cousin had come and spent a couple of days on the pretense of buying the house; but to her it remained forever, to the day of her death, the one, the great, the intense reality of her life.



Twelve Good Men and True

By HELENE MULLINS

LORD, God in Heaven, attend;
We are here to judge a man.
Be Thou in this tragic hour his friend,
None on a jury can.

Thou in the light, we in the dark,
When the scales of justice tilt,
How shall we find the outward mark
Of innocence or guilt?

Lord, God, we are gathered here
To analyze a crime.
What if we blunder through rage or fear,
Or lack of sufficient time?

How can we tell what label's best
To put to a prisoner's name?
How may we know in the selfsame test
We wouldn't have done the same?

Thou who art merciful and just,
We who are passion-swayed,
How shall we judge a man (since we must)
Like to our image made?



The Ghost Writers

BY FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

Up from anonymity comes this writer to tell of the joys and sorrows of literary ventriloquism, or the secret of why so many prominent people have been bursting into print.

I HAVE been a beauty specialist. I have been a social secretary. I have been a dowager with twelve generations of Manhattan aristocrats behind me, and a secretary of state, and a surgeon-general of the United States and many others.

I never have been president yet, but I have been several United States senators and I was, also, early in my career, a tong-leader of Chinatown for a few memorably uncomfortable hours.

The tong-leader was my first literary impersonation. His name was Cheng Wong. He had a jack-o'-lantern face, the loudest voice that ever commented during an aria, and a celestial streak of stubbornness. I overcame this last by the persuasions of a detective acquaintance, plus five dollars of a cub reporter's meagre salary. I was young and just barely holding a job, under a city editor whose greatest delight seemed to be to think up assignments impregnated with misery for the assignee.

"L'Oracolo" was having its premier at the Metropolitan. Why not, the city editor asked me, take a tong-leader to see this opera of San Francisco's Chinatown and have him write his impressions afterward? His question was purely rhetorical. I did not try to tell him any of a hundred good reasons why not. I needed my job. So I took Cheng Wong to the opera.

I had explained to Cheng that he

was to dictate his opinion of the production. He elected to do so while the performance was going on. He liked Scotti and said so. Every one within ear-shot, which included practically every one in the building, said: "Sh-h-h."

He didn't think much of the Chinese procession, and the supposed ideographs on the banners and signs didn't mean anything. He told me this in the voice of a fearless critic, and a purple-faced gentleman behind us rose and went up the aisle, muttering and glaring threats over his shoulder. I followed, leaving Cheng to whatever fate awaits a fat tong-leader who talks out loud during a Metropolitan performance.

I do not know whether he returned intact to his smoky, bare office in Pell Street. I hope not. His estimate of "L'Oracolo" appeared in the paper next morning, written in a cub reporter's approximation of a Chinaman criticising an Italian opera in New York. It must have been a ghastly piece of work, but it saved me my job. I got a five-dollar raise, which made twenty in all, and I had taken my first false step toward the career of a ghost writer.

So, I understand, they call him now. He has become so prevalent during the last decade that he had to be named. The ghost writer is a problem over which The Authors' League of Amer-

ica debates, and the numbers of his cult grow like a tabloid's circulation. He writes articles, essays, autobiographies, even books on technical subjects—I have done a solemn work on psycho-analysis, though a doctor's name is on the title-page—and some celebrity, when the work is finished, claims it as his own. The ghost writer brings authorship within reach of all.

There are two main reasons, I believe, for his increase, over and above a hack writer's primal desire to make money. One, and the less important, is an editor's wish to see his magazine's issues studded with big names—big names of any variety, just as long as they are big. He yearns for articles by famous authorities, commenting upon conditions, crises, advances in their chosen fields. Left to themselves, such persons would produce work typical of authorities, technical, clumsy, impossible from the popular periodical viewpoint, or else decline to write at all.

But an editor approaches the admiral of the navy, the discoverer of a new serum, the motor magnate, the social leader, the play-producer, the inventor, and, making peace signs and propitiatory gestures the while, wheedles:

"If you'll let us have an article" (or a series or the reminiscences of a busy life), "we'll send a good man to help you get the stuff into shape."

And the great man accepts the "help," which any ghost writer knows is an inadequate word. "Help" in cases like these consists in doing nineteen-twentieths of the work.

The gentle art of counterfeiting authorship is a bar-sinister outgrowth of the old-fashioned newspaper interview, which usually followed something like: "Mr. Blank, when seen at his home, 11,111 Park Avenue, last night, said:"

Following that colon, the reporter presented something purporting to be the subject's own words, cleansed of imperfect grammar, cleared of incoherence, toned up, and made dignified. He did not head his story "By Adolphus Blank," but the magazine ghost writer does. So does the modern reporter, for that matter, whenever possible. Home-run hitters, pugilists, hockey stars write for the press, but the number thereof who actually put pen or pound typewriter-key to paper can be counted on the fingers of one hand with three or four digits left over.

Reporters are ghost writers now and then. Syndicate men are ghost writers often. "Public-relations counsels"—some people still call them "press-agents"—are ghost writers most of the time. These and the magazine men are the crutches on which celebrity limps to authorship. More accurately, they are the wheel-chairs in which the famous are carried, flaccid, inert, into print.

I have written as, possibly, a score of persons. I believe that at least five out of eight articles, supposedly penned by the unliterary great, actually have been composed by silent partners who did the work. Of all the folk whose stuff I have written, only one, a senator from the far West, actually did anything toward authorship beyond talking to me and approving the completed product. He set down in outline what he wished to say. I expanded it into five thousand words.

Some of the more scrupulous magazines protect themselves from a faint flavor of forgery by affixing, after the bold "By John Doe," a meek and small-type anticlimax: "As told to Richard Roe." Here the actual author emerges faintly from obscurity. Generally the

ghost writer is invisible as the spirits of the departed.

There is a second reason, quite as important as editorial lusting after big names, behind the rapid growth of the trade of ghost writing. This is humanity's persistent thirst for gossip.

Inventions that shrink the size of the world also minimize the individual. No one is lonelier than the average urbanite in the midst of newspapers carrying despatches from all nations of the earth; the radio, bringing echoes from Vancouver and London; the telephone, the telegraph, the airplane, and the motion-picture. Science in its campaign for human improvement has not supplied a substitute for the vanishing general-store cracker-barrel conference or the back-fence slander session.

Men and women have shivered for the warmth of intimate contact with their fellows. They have thirsted for the draughts of that aromatic wine of scandal which complex mass civilization has been de-alcoholizing. Man cannot live by the bread of sober journalism and censored radio programmes alone. He wants gossip—elemental, full-flavored gossip.

He is getting it now, thanks to the tabloid newspapers and the magazines, particularly the "confession" magazines. In these latter the ghost writer flourishes like the first personal pronoun in an actor's conversation.

It may be that sin-scorched souls actually find surcease and a check by writing their experiences for one or the other of the many periodicals specializing in anonymous confidences. I know several men and one woman who work steadily and profitably, turning out confession after confession. One man, in particular, does nothing else, and prospers. In a single week he has pre-

pared for appreciative editors and a gossip-hungry world the following:

The confidences of a cabaret singer and why she lost her job; of a former waitress in a sinful Park Avenue apartment and how she got there; of a country girl who came to New York and ended in the care of the Salvation Army, with particular attention to the intervening steps; of a wife and the great wrong her husband's stenographer did her.

My friend is, I suppose, the most prolific author in America. He does not get ten cents a word and his name is not famous, but he makes money. Any one, having industry, a reasonable acquaintance with the English language, and the proper—or improper—fictional slant, can. It is not the highest form of ghost writing, but it pays.

Editors of some better-class magazines sneer at the scandal publications and copy their strategy in part. They welcome confessions, though they may demand a certain foundation of fact. I have done mythical confidences, on order; not the crass, hurried stuff the cheaper publications print, but semi-fictional revelation that still was semi-authentic.

I talked to a woman with social experience for a total of not more than four hours and expanded her conversation into five articles wherein an imaginary social secretary revealed the bawdy extravagance of society. My only contact with the élite theretofore had been brief professional association with a dowager whose pungent reminiscences eventually were embodied in a volume of which she wrote no single line until she autographed a copy for me. Yet, despite my second-hand information, the magazine that published the confessions of my social secretary

was afflicted with letters from folk of standing in society. These complained that they or their kin were being lampooned and made utterly false guesses concerning the anonymous author's identity.

Also, I once did the life story of a beauty specialist. It was not my idea. An editor afflicted me with it. "Affliction" is not hyperbole. I had a hideous time finding material until I ran upon a perennially young newspaper friend, who confided that she had just had her face lifted. Would she help me with the articles? She would—for a consideration. I have never been closer to a beauty-shop than the outer plane of the plate-glass window, yet my reminiscences must have been true to life. Two firms of which I never had heard wrote threatening libel suits.

Nor was that all. For months I received letters, addressed in care of the magazine, "To the Author of 'Skin Deep,'" from women who confided their blemishes and wished my advice. A ghost writer is an elemental form of literary life who can change his authorship's sex at will. I had written as a woman. When the letters poured in I was aghast at the unreticent breadth of femininity's freemasonry.

These semifictional, anonymous revelations are the pleasantest and most profitable form of ghost writing; pleasant, because whatever story-telling facility you possess has free rein; profitable, because your informant has no name to sell. Generally he is content with a small portion of the profit. Names count. Names also cost. Celebrities whose articles you write often demand a fifty-fifty split. Additionally, they are harder to handle.

The dowager whose name is blazon-

ed on the back of a book I wrote was my most difficult venture. Others had sought to tap her really monumental knowledge of New York society and she had quarrelled with them all. She was irascible, immensely proud, amazingly sensitive, with the most impressive assortment of scandalous reminiscence I have ever encountered. She was a grand old lady. I grew to love her with the apprehensive affection a trainer might feel for his lion.

She endured me at first because we both had Dutch names, and then she liked the first article I wrote for her.

"I've only written down what you've said," I pointed out, which but for the exception of recasting, reorganization, and a most liberal deletion was approximately true. She was pleased.

"Really?" she smiled. "Well, I have always believed I could write."

I wrote, I think, ten articles in all. She penned no single line, but she came to regard them all of her own exclusive authorship. From "our articles" she soon relapsed into "my articles," and later into "my book." I believe she was sincerely convinced she had done them all by herself. It did not irk me. A ghost writer cannot afford pride of that sort.

I heard a former pugilist speak at a luncheon. His reminiscences had been running in a magazine—clumsy, rather vivid articles, such as an intelligent prize-fighter might put together. He prefaced his address by saying modestly:

"I'm sorry I don't speak as well as I write."

I knew the editor who had bought the articles. I knew the man who had done them. He had lifted ghost writing almost into the province of art by ac-

tually writing the way the ex-prize-fighter talked.

He had accomplished his job so well that the subject believed he had done it himself. This, I have found, is a prevalent psychosis among pseudoauthors. To them the ghost writer seems something mechanical, a device whereby their own thoughts are transformed into print. If they haven't any opinions, they accept those supplied as their own.

A moving-picture comedian thought he was simply a good comic until the man who writes most of Hollywood's literary efforts did an article for him. Since then he has regarded himself as an exponent of bitter satire, portraying the aimless futility of life. It is not his own idea. He found it in an essay he never saw until it was completed and brought to him to sign.

This literary ventriloquism, this uttering of words in the voice of a celebrity, requires skill, tact, and a trace of that quality that makes for success in portrait-painting. It is the most specialized field of ghost writing. Many magazines have on their staffs an expert or so in this line.

And they must be expert. They must be able to estimate in an hour or so of conversation with a celebrity what the subject would say if he could, how he would say it, and how much additional he will stand for. Furthermore, they must be able to evolve a coherent and interesting magazine article out of talk that is almost always vague and sometimes utterly dull.

One member of the craft, not so long ago, was trying to write the autobiography of a heavyweight pugilist. It was tough going, for the fighter's mind was in harmony with the rest of him. He was pure heavyweight. He talked slow-

ly, reluctantly, and entirely platitudinously. It was like trying to weave romance out of the facts in a time-table.

"Look," the ghost writer said desperately. "Tell me something about your childhood. Remember anything interesting about that?"

For an instant the heavyweight pondered.

"Yeh," he conceded. "I had a dog. His name was Prince."

"Ah-haa!" the other burbled. "Now we got something! What kind of dog? What did he do? What became of him?"

"I dunno," the fighter answered. "I had him; that's all. He was a dog. His name was Prince."

And that was all there was to that story.

Once I tried to wring material from a senator. For some reason, to me still incomprehensible, a magazine wanted an article from him on his trip to China. I sat in his office and pumped desperately, and the harder I worked the more air I brought up. Eventually he too grew aware we were getting nowhere and began to fret. I told him I had enough for his article, and left. I had his itinerary and little more. Yet, by grace of an encyclopædia and a newspaper morgue, I prepared an interesting, if entirely specious, story of his journey and brought it back for his approval.

"I don't think," he told me when he had read it, "that I could have done it better if I'd had time to write it myself. Only here's one thing: you make me say, 'China is collapsing into the pit from which she was digged.' I think 'dug' would be better, and it should be 'in' instead of 'from'—'the pit in which she was dug,' eh?"

"'From' makes better sense, and it's a quotation, anyway," I demurred.

"'In' is what I meant to say. If you quoted me correctly, it was a slip of the tongue, that's all," he insisted.

"Sure," I said, and cut the sentence out entirely after I had carried the approved article away.

The qualities demanded for successful practice of the older, more reputable professions all are required of the good ghost writer—presence, training, ability. Its ethics are still foggy and, I imagine, faintly reprehensible from the view-point of abstract morality.

The literary ventriloquist commits technical fraud, but a fraud that leaves every one satisfied. It is a game in which nobody loses. The ghost writer gets paid, which is pleasant. The celebrity who can't write also gets paid and sees himself in print, which is doubly pleasant. The public is gratified to read what the great person thinks or is not unwilling to pose as thinking.

And ethics are beginning to seep in—witness the explanatory "as told to Richard Roe" attached to ghost writings by some of the more reputable magazines. There is, however, it seems to some of us, room for further improvement. Ghost writers, now and then, commit something more than technical fraud by receiving pay from an editor for writing an article by a pen-bound celebrity and getting further

cash from the celebrity himself for landing him in print.

Sometimes this situation evolves quite spontaneously. I once wrote the autobiography of a woman who had attained a considerably important political office. The work was filled with edifying aphorisms concerning honesty and the salutary consequences of introducing into legislative chambers the atmosphere of the American home. It was not a bad piece of work. The so-called author liked it.

"I hope," she said when she had finished reading it, "that your editor will print this. It will mean a great deal to me next November. Get it across if you can, won't you? Do this for me and I'll send you whatever he pays me and a little present besides."

I look back at that moment with a smug satisfaction not usually accompanying recollection of my past impolitenesses.

I have written under numerous names belonging properly to the famous. I have attributed to them turns of phrase, nifties, even opinions, they were unable to think up for themselves. I have done my share in the great American industry of deluding the public, but, all in all, I think I have been a pretty good literary ventriloquist.

Maybe, after all, not so very good. It's a poor ghost writer who reveals the literary supernatural.





A Good Husband Remembers

BY WILLIAM C. WEBER

WELL, well, so that's what was in the package. How many years was it? Five . . . ten . . . Hardly faded a bit. Not a moth-hole in them, either. Shake out the creases and the crumbs of cedar-shavings and they could be worn to-day . . .

He had always wanted a blue shirt. One day when he was a boy on his way down-town to high school a man had swung on the trolley-car and stood on the platform kidding the conductor. The man wore a blue shirt with the collar turned up and a black tie. He was good-looking, and when he looked into the car the schoolgirls giggled. His black cloth hat had a hard visor and a flaring peak. It stood up like a knight's helmet. But it was the blue shirt that made him. He talked about it at home that night and his father and mother laughed at him. Only those grimy fellows that worked in Baldwin's and wop laborers and ditch-diggers wore blue shirts. Don't be silly.

Ever since he went out of blouses he had worn madras. Eighty-five cents when the stores had a big sale—sometimes a dollar or a dollar and a quarter. That was high, though. White with blue or green or lavender stripes or dots, and soft cuffs that his mother turned for him when they were frayed. He wore the madras shirts for a long time. It was after he was married that he stopped—one Tuesday night when his wife laid them all out freshly ironed on the bed. All the stripes and dots, spick and span, some cuffs smooth, some just beginning to fray, some rag-

ged and ready to be turned. There were too many of them and he had worn them long enough and he was sick of them. The next day he went out of the office at lunch and bought a white shirt at a sale, and the next day he wore it. The sleeves were too short . . . he hadn't got on then to the way some of those gyp sales were worked . . . but it was a change.

He had been married about two years then and he was just beginning to be almost satisfactory to his wife in the way he dressed.

She didn't object to the striped shirts. Her father wore madras and they were cheap, so that was all right. But his colored socks and his striped ties and his brown suit and checker-board cap didn't go at all. They had quite a time over the ties and the cap. But he didn't like to fight, so he wore the loud ties on Saturday afternoons when he pushed Junior's go-cart around the square, and he hung the checker-board cap in the cellar to use when he put out the ashes. He wore a dark-gray felt hat and plain-colored ties and a gray Oxford suit to the office and his wife was satisfied. So when he bought the white shirt he was just a little worried about what she might say . . . Some of the stories he cooked up and the way she bored through them . . . But she really said very little except to complain about the cost of it, even though it was from a sale, and about the short sleeves, and to warn him that it would soil quicker than the striped ones, and he couldn't have a shirt a day in the wash, and he

had better take that old light coat to wear in the office so he wouldn't get any ink-stains on the shirt-front. He looked pretty good in it, anyhow, and when you were only married two years . . .

After that he switched little by little from striped to white, until by the time Junior was going to school and the first girl was born he never saw the striped ones unless they turned up as dust-rags. He wore white shirts for a long time, week-day and Sunday, with a silk one, that had been a present from somebody, on special occasions. He wore them so long that he began to get sick of them just like the striped ones years before.

Then the blue shirts came in style. The Prince of Wales or somebody brought them in. He went so far as to price them. They were pretty steep.

A month or so later some of the boys in the office got up a pool on the Preakness, and he forgot himself for the first time in his life and let them put him down for two dollars of it. One of the car-agents who travelled over the Southern roads and met bookies and jockeys placed the bet, and the lucky stiff played it across the board on the horse that won.

Everybody in the pool got ten dollars. He had ten dollars to spare, ten dollars that he couldn't account for at home. He felt like blowing some of it for something for her and the kids, but he knew she would say he was extravagant, and the evening would be spoiled. Telling her that he won the money on a horse-race was out. One time one of the guys from the office dropped in at the house and began kidding him about the money he won that day shooting craps in the wash-room at lunch. After he went there was a terrible time.

But the ten dollars was burning a hole in his pocket. So at noon he walked over to Wanamaker's and looked around and listened to the organ, and finally bought two blue shirts—one fairly dark, the other sort of light and flashy, and both with fine pearl buttons and collars attached. Gosh! he must have walked around that shirt-counter fifty times before he got up his nerve. Anyhow, it was his money.

He figured that he would take them home, hide them in his bureau-drawer, and put one on the next morning while she was getting the breakfast. There would be such a fuss over getting Junior ready for school and feeding the baby her breakfast that she wouldn't have time to say much. If she was in any reasonable sort of humor, it would be all right by the night. He could fix it then.

But Junior upset the apple-cart. It was a nice evening and the kids were playing on the porch. When he bent down to kiss the little girl his hand loosened on the package, and Junior grabbed it. Then the little devil ran into the house with it, yelling about what Daddy had brought. Before he could grab him the paper was open on the kitchen-table and she had seen them. The kids were there, so she didn't say a thing, but her eyes got big and hard and her lips drew thin and tight. The kids did most of the talking at supper. Then she did the dishes and put the youngsters to bed while he pottered around waiting.

It wasn't long coming. The kids yelled down good night and he heard their door close. Pretty soon she called very quietly in a voice that was as flat as pancake to come up, she wanted to speak to him. She was sitting on the bed and motioned to him to sit down beside her. Then she raved. What did

he mean squandering money like that while she was working her fingers to the bone and the children had to be raised and there were so many bills to be paid? She went on that way for some time until she got out of breath and wound up in a kind of angry sniffle. So he chipped in that they were all the style and all the fellows were wearing them. That started her on a new tack. He couldn't wear blue, anyhow, not with that face. Whatever she married him for it wasn't his looks, and goodness knows the way he dressed until she got hold of him made him look even worse. With the kind of face he had he must stick to the plainest kind of clothes or he'd look like a fool. If he was young and good-looking he might be able to wear such clothes, if they weren't so expensive and didn't wear out so fast with those attached collars that got dirty in a day and washed ragged in no time, but with that nose and jaw he had to wear things that would make people forget his face rather than call attention to it.

No one else would tell him. They would say to his face that he looked fine and all that, but they would kill themselves laughing at him behind his back. And if Mr. Blake saw the way one of his clerks, especially one with a family, was wasting his money and making a fool of himself, it would be a long while before he got another raise. There was a lot more, some of it pretty mean and nasty, but he took it all without answering back and starting an argument.

When she seemed to have it all out of her system he asked her what he was to do with them. He could take them right back the next day and exchange them for some underwear. There was something he really needed if he had

so much money to spend on clothes. And he actually had sense enough not to throw away the exchange slip.

The next morning she had them wrapped neatly for him with the same paper and string and everything, all the wrinkles smoothed out where the kids had mussed them, and the slip tucked back as if they had never been opened.

He took them to the office with him and put them in the lower drawer of his desk with the old rubbers he kept for stormy days and his can of tobacco. But he didn't take them back that noon. There were too many other things he wanted to do, and he didn't feel like hurrying his lunch. She asked about them that night, and he told her he had been too busy to get over to the store. He only had five days to return them in, she warned him. After that the store would refuse to exchange them, so he had better hurry. The third and fourth day went by and he didn't take them back. On the last day she asked him about them again and he told her that he had taken them back but forgot to bring the other things home. So that day with what was left of the horse-race money he went out and bought the underwear. Once it was home everything was smoothed over.

The blue shirts stayed in his desk. He couldn't take them home and he couldn't exchange them, so there they stayed. After they had been there for maybe a year he cleaned out his desk one day and opened the package and found they were all covered with tobacco-dust and dirt, so he took them to the Chinaman around the corner, and after they were all freshly laundered he wrapped them up tightly and put them back again.

It was maybe a year and a half later

that he got his raise to assistant chief clerk, and the boss sent him out on a trip to meet the freight-agents and know the division at first-hand. He would be away from home overnight for the first time in years, and with another baby coming she didn't like the idea very much, but the promotion meant considerable and there would be a lot of expense coming. She packed his suitcase the night before he left, and the next morning he took it down to the office to work an hour or so before the express left for up-State. He was almost ready to go when the phone-bell rang and she called up from the drug-store to tell him that he had forgotten his rubbers and to be sure to take the pair he had there in the office. He rummaged around in his desk for them, and there were the shirts. Now would be a good time to wear them. So long as he was assistant chief clerk, he might as well throw on a little stuff in the small towns.

He put them in the top of his bag. That night he stayed in Shamokin. He had been going on all six all day, and he felt like relaxing and having a good time. There was a nice waitress at his table in the hotel, a plump little Polish girl, who looked as if she'd listen to reason. He had never been much for hell-ing around, but he hadn't been near his wife in weeks, and a man was a man. He dated her up at supper-time, and afterward he went up to his room to spruce up a bit. If he was going to be a sport, he might as well look like one. Beneath the shirts in his suitcase were all the rest of his things just as his wife had packed them, all neatly folded and tucked in—handkerchiefs, socks, shirts, clean as a new pin. Just like his wife. He began thinking about her and the kids and the new one on the way. There

she was, working away alone at home, putting the kids to bed, and cleaning up and fixing the heater herself, and here he was. He was a hell of a husband. So he wrapped up the shirts again, and when he met the waitress outside the hotel he told her he just got a phone-call from a man he had to see on business and it was all off. She cursed him out considerable, but what was a Polock, anyhow? He walked around the town for a half-hour or so and then went back to the hotel to bed.

The next few days he was so busy that he had no time to think about shirts or tarts, and he was worn out when he got on the express for home. He was so tired that he forgot all about the shirts until he was nearly there. If she found out he still had them, there would be extra hell to pay. He had to think quick. There was one thing his wife wouldn't do and that was snoop around into what she considered other folks' personal and private affairs. She often talked about it. She never did before she was married, she said, and she couldn't see why marriage made any difference. She never opened any of his letters, even if she knew who they were from, and after one time when he opened one of hers from a girl friend whose writing he knew and got a terrible bawling out, he did likewise. In his suitcase he had a lot of company letter-heads with notes and figures scribbled on them. They were rough copies of stuff that he had worked into a regular report the night before he left for home, but had kept to check up with later on. He folded the shirts in two, put sheets of letter-paper around and on top of them, snapped a couple of rubber bands around them, and on the top sheet wrote in big letters "Notes of Trip through Coal Regions. For Future Ref-

erence." He had his nerve with him when he put the package on top of everything else in the suitcase, but he knew her.

They were all glad to see him when he got home, and she paid no attention to the "Notes." They were his affairs, and business was business. He was glad she hadn't discovered what was in the bundle, for it would have spoiled about as pleasant a time as he remembered in years. It was nice to have your wife and kids make a fuss over you, and with what she had to go through, it wasn't fair to worry her too much. He could wear them some time later.

That night, just before they went to bed, she asked him to take a bunch of the kids' toys up to the attic. She was cleaning out one of the closets to make ready for the new baby's things. With the toys he sneaked the shirts. Up in the attic he had a big wooden box with old books and letters and school-pennants and things in it. He stuck the shirts in it and put a handful of cedar-shavings from the bag she kept there in with them. She would never touch them in there.

Well, after that so much happened that he forgot all about the damn things. The baby came and his wife was sick for a long time, and the doctor said she couldn't have any more. Junior went through high school like a house afire. He was a bright kid—took after his father—and they were all set for sending him to State when the boy got pneumonia. Once he had thought of sticking the shirts in the boy's trunk when he went away to college. Boys liked to wear those snappy things. But that was all over. They had the two girls, but it was pretty tough. She never really got over it. Then old Blake died, and the super made him chief clerk. It

was a nice job, good for life. They were pretty contented, and the girls were lively and brought lots of nice young folks to the house that helped her to forget. He took on a lot of weight, and none of the old clothes he kept around the house would fit him. They kidded him about it, and one night when the oldest girl had the boy she was engaged to out for dinner his wife told them all about the night their father brought home a couple of loud blue shirts, and the time she had with him before he would take them back. They all laughed a lot.

It wasn't long after the oldest girl was married that he was taken sick. The doctor said he had been sticking to his desk too close. He was a mighty sick man for a long time, and for weeks he couldn't help himself at all. His wife wouldn't allow a trained nurse in the house—she didn't believe in them—and she tended him night and day. He got well all right, but with everything else it was too much for her.

He and the youngest girl had kept the house since then, but now she was going to marry a young chap out in Cleveland, and there wasn't much for him to do but put the place up for sale and go with the other girl out in their big house in the suburbs.

You found a lot of old things when you were cleaning up an attic. What would he do with these old shirts? They had kept almost as good as new all these years. Now that there was nobody to complain, he might wear them around the house in the evenings. He might as well go down to his room and try one on. He could wear it now. Never had gotten fat again after that long siege. Once he had shaken out the wrinkles it looked fine. The black tie he was wearing would go nicely with

it. His daughter would be surprised when she saw her sporty father. That was her coming in now. He had better hurry up and get the tie straight and go down-stairs.

If only his wife could see him! How she had lit into him and what an ugly specimen she made him out to be! With that kind of nose and jaw he must stick to plain things or he'd look like a fool. His nose and jaw weren't so bad even now. One look in the glass and

he'd go down-stairs. How was that?

Maybe he couldn't wear blue, after all. It didn't look quite right for a man his age with a married daughter and a grandchild to make up like a kid. He never knew before how much he and Junior had looked alike. The colored girl could have them or he'd put them out with the trash. Gosh! it was almost dinner-time. He'd better hurry downstairs or he'd be late, and that always made his daughter sore.



Apologia of an Expatriate

BY HAROLD STEARNS

This letter from one who a few years ago was prominent among American intellectuals was a personal communication to F. Scott Fitzgerald. It puts the case for the voluntary exile so well that we secured the permission of Mr. Stearns and Mr. Fitzgerald to publish it.

To F. SCOTT FITZGERALD.

Dear Scott: You ask me why I prefer to stay in Europe—obviously “up against it” and poorly, miserably paid—when I can, according to your optimistic statements, go back to my native United States and make money, lots of it. What keeps you here? you ask. You have few friends, no family or amorous life, you are bored, often hungry, seldom well clothed, and never happy—such you affirm. And I don’t deny any of these things. Though not always, they are too often true. Nevertheless, I continue to stay.

The answer is a complex one, and a fair statement is not easy. Had any one without my temperament, which somewhere has an Oriental fatalistic streak, gone through what I have gone through

in the last three years—physical discomfort, the humiliation of friends avoiding you because your condition distresses them, the silent pity of those whom ordinarily you would like to ignore, the necessity of associating with second-rate people and bores until you could scream with impatience, the chilling of vitality which comes from cheap food and sometimes none at all, the weariness of spirit that results from working hard and well and being paid hardly enough to cover your hotel bill, the sense of isolation and at the same time knowing that all sorts of fantastic yarns are being composed about you—had you, or almost anybody else, gone through all this, you would have got back to America, if you had had to swim. Yet I have remained, though no

one knows better than I the bitterness of being an expatriate or hates it more than I do.

But though I was born in America, and my people before me, and though I am an American through and through, and always will be, I was born with certain sensitivenesses, certain antennæ that reach out spontaneously to old civilized things and the traditional culture that men have made after centuries of struggle with each other and ignorance. What happened in the United States following the mysteriously called "Great" war was the emergence into power of organized bodies of intolerance who were out to make a civilized life impossible. These people had tasted blood in the hysteria days of the war itself, they had got themselves into strategic positions and they did not want to let go. They have not let go even yet. I do not mean merely the prohibitionists, for dramatic as was their appearance on the scene, they are significant only of a tendency they represent, nor do I mean the more obviously so-called "reform" associations and purity and uplifting experts. Every nation has its big-hearted Rover boys who are always trying to do somebody else good—and doing them, good and plenty; though I question if any nation has so large and articulate a proportion of them as we. Nor, once more, do I mean the dominance of Protestant clericalism in the United States, as particularly identified with the Methodist, Baptist, and Lutheran churches, for all countries suffer from clericalism, too, if again not so severely and unintelligently as we. What I rather mean was the emergence of articulate mediocrity, armed with self-assurance, a full stomach, and a tenacious determination to destroy anything better than itself. What I saw was the growth of the

fear of excellence. Democracy began really coming into its own, and it made me deeply uncomfortable. The standardization processes were at work with a speed and mercilessness unknown before in the history of mankind. Education was being made "popular," that is, easy, or no education at all; Greek and Latin began disappearing; everywhere there were short cuts to culture, whereby it was possible to know all about an author or a subject and never to have read through one of his books or a single book on the subject; fantastic as it may seem, schools for personality began to arise, just as to-day there are schools for journalism and selling and, I dare say, of manners for retired bootleggers who are trying to crash the gate into society; the arts became the "lively" arts, as if they must jazz it up too with the spirit of the age; and everywhere was this appalling spread of literacy so that the charlatans had a bigger and wider field to work on. Aristocratic ways of thought and life became "high hat" and taboo. Do you mean seriously to tell me that they are not so still? Do you, frankly, write as well as you can and only what you would like to? It is hard for me to believe it.

You would probably admit all this, and yet I can well imagine your saying, as George Santayana has said to me emphatically, that whatever we mean by "modernism" is represented by the forces in the United States. Why not return and be part of this vitality that is shaping a new world? Why live in an old and disillusioned Continent, where everything that is progress is but imitation of things American and where all the changes that look to the future are changes nearer our image? Why not be back in the centre of things and be part of them? There is an exuberance of

spirit in this sense of having a share in the force that is more and more dominating the world.

For my part I admit the fascination of living fully with your time and being part of the vital forces of the day. I should like to be in the centre of things that are moving fast—if I knew in what direction they were moving. I should like the vicarious vitality that comes from being in the successful and vital currents—if those currents did not control me. I want to live my own life first, and the social life next. I do not care to live a thoroughly doctrinated herd life first, and keep for my own life only the fragments that are left over. If America left you free—free to work, to create, to make a fool of yourself or a success—where would a rational man rather live?

But the point is, in the United States you are not free. You are in prison, even if you don't happen to have spirit enough to be in jail. It is seldom you that gets a creative joy out of being part of a vital current; it is usually you who are cracked on the head and hounded and badgered at every turn by currents that are often much too vital for comfort. The practical difference is enormous.

Take the simple matter of drinking, for I can speak to you frankly about that. The United States would make a drunkard out of me, and my drunken days are over. During the year following prohibition, like any respectable person I got drunk as frequently as I could. And when I came to Europe, out of sheer habit, I kept the merry game up for perhaps two years. Then something happened. It was not dramatic; it was slow, but it was inevitable. As time went on and I began to realize that I should probably spend the balance of my days

here, I ceased to worry about liquor. I began to discover—and it was not due to any breakdown of health either—that I didn't care for hard stuff. I stopped drinking whiskey because I don't like the taste of it. I stopped drinking cocktails because I don't care for them. I found I liked a mild apéritif before meals, perhaps one sweet liquor after a good dinner, and in the evening champagne or beer. There was no longer any point in getting drunk—when you could do it any time you wanted. There was no longer any point in being uncivilized about drinking—when all the fine wines of France were at your disposal all of the time. Not compelled to be sober by edict, I did not have to become a drunkard to prove my independence. Sad as it may sound to you, I found that I was at heart a moderate drinker and that I did not regard intoxication, either in myself or other people, as very amusing. To see life "*à la rose*" occasionally, as on fête-days and celebrations, is quite another thing. I am accustomed, as men have been for generations, to wine with my meals. How could I go back to the United States now and enjoy a single repast? How, incidentally, could I stand the cooking, the quick lunch, and the tasteless oysters? Have you thought of that?

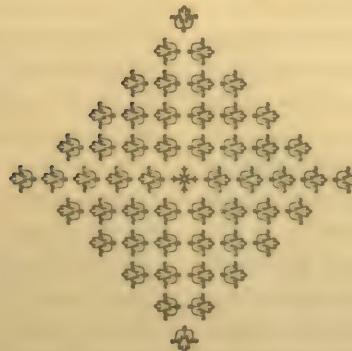
In more intimate ways, too, France has set me free. In New York, frankly, I was worried about sex—it was in the air always. People talked a lot about it. Here that is not the case. You know my life, which is regular and takes me every day to the different French race-tracks around Paris. It keeps me in the open half the day, rain or shine; it gives me a routine and stabilizes my life; it tires me in a healthy way; and it gives a genuine external objective interest, for it is no secret to you that I am very fond of

horses. My mornings are free for reading or work or, if I stay up too late, for sleep. Sex does not bother me; I seldom think much one way or the other about it. The friends I have talk politics, amusing personal gossip, books, races, the arts—but seldom sex. It is not that the subject is taboo; French people—and those who live here a long time—are not eternally preoccupied with it as a topic of conversation. They assume that everybody attends to that side of his personal life to suit himself. And if he happens, like myself, not to have much to do with sex, they assume that that suits him, too, and anyway is none of their business. In other words, it is fairly easy to lead an amorously abstemious life in Paris, if you want to. It is far from easy in New York. Once again the regulators have obtained the shadow only to lose the substance.

The real difficulty in living in Europe, if you are not independently well off, is that it is hard to make a real wage. I work hard, and I know. Every one is paid miserably. But when every one is,

it is not so bad, for then every one is in the same boat—provided one keeps away from tourists and people like yourself, who make too much money for a poor Parisian to feel comfortable. Besides, I have not now, and never did have very much, the American itch for possessions. Possessions are a burden just as surely as obligations. One wants enough to eat well, sleep comfortably, buy a book or two, and be able to move about. More than that is of little value to a person like myself. I confess, it is hard enough to obtain even that much in Paris, but it is not impossible. And that is all one has the right to ask. The other advantages are too great to be put in the balance plates. Overtopping them all, of course, is the joy of being let alone. When shall we learn that first secret of tolerant and civilized living in the United States? You write me a letter when that day has arrived, and I shall take the next boat back.

Yours as ever,
HAROLD STEARNS.
Paris, October 1st, 1928.





The College Nobody Knows

BY REBECCA N. PORTER

I CAME upon it quite by chance. Any one who finds the little village at all must stumble upon it. For Solvang is not a place to which one sets out with single-minded intentness, abetted by road-signs promising "every room with bath." It lacks, for the hurrying motorist, all the allurements of a definite goal. There is not even an offer of "free air" to turn him from his course. And that course is toward Mattei's, a famous tavern long ago popularized by aristocratic Santa Barbara and its environs. Mattei's is one of those rural eating-places which, having established a reputation for fried chicken and elderberry pie, persists serenely in the face of altered road courses and defunct railways.

It was after I had been introduced to the succulent delights of Mattei's and we were driving homeward along a road bordered by prosperous bean and grain ranches that I spied a little cluster of houses surrounding a large white frame building set upon a hill.

"That's Solvang," my companion explained in response to my question. "It's a Danish colony. Nothing there but a college."

Nothing there but a college! Having lived for some years in a town whose every interest is subordinated to a college, I found this view-point intensely refreshing. But I could not quite consent to such summary dismissal of academic status. What a curious place for a college! Why was it there? And where did the students come from? To satisfy

these queries my escort turned off on a road that led into the heart of the village. And thus I "discovered" Solvang and an educational institution almost unique among colleges.

It was a midsummer Sunday afternoon and we found the white frame building on the hill wrapped in Sabbath quiet. But the wife of the head of the college answered the door-bell and gave us hospitable greeting. She and my host were already acquainted, and with a few words of introduction he left me in her charge while he went to call on a neighboring friend.

I followed her along the plain wide hallway and up-stairs to the dormitory quarters where a little group were having afternoon coffee. I was at once made one of them and, with courteous acknowledgment of my linguistic ignorance, they dropped their Danish conversation and chatted in English. It was there, sitting at a table laden with fragrant coffee and the incomparable Danish pastries, that I learned something of the history of a remarkable institution, and made the acquaintance of one of the few great teachers that I have ever known.

He was an instructor in Danish gymnastics, a man in the early thirties, with the physique of an athlete and the eyes of a mystic. Solvang, he explained, had been founded in 1911 by a company of Danes from the large colony in Des Moines, Iowa. They came out to southern California to seek a location where they could carry out an educational

ideal. Their first requirement was a country that would lend itself to the kind of agriculture which the Danes knew. They had become accustomed to the rich corn-lands of Iowa. The hilly topography of the California location didn't look like Iowa, so some of them turned back. The rest, a mere handful, stayed and began the big adventure.

It was an adventure fraught from the start with difficulties. Their nearest neighbor, only three miles away, was the Spanish village of Santa Ynez. Its traditions and interests clustered around one of those old missions that have made the history of southern California rich with beauty and romance. The idea of a Protestant colony so near was distinctly distasteful to them. And when they discovered that the new settlement was to be given the outlandish Danish name of Solvang (which means "sunny fields") their disgust deepened. The priest at the mission, a picturesque character who afterward became a good friend to the new community, expressed the general sentiment in the scornful words: "Santa Ynez—and Solvang! It's like mixing gasoline and whiskey, and I prefer my whiskey straight."

Others of the Spanish residents tried to discourage the newcomers by grotesque comments on the quality of the soil. "Underneath," they explained, "is oil. And as soon as you get the wheat planted it will come to the surface and spoil the crop."

This was evidently a classic joke, for every one around the table laughed reminiscently, and one of them remarked that they were still hoping to strike the kind of oil that would rise at the touch of a plough.

A year after their arrival they had the college running, with four teachers. A small box of a building it was at first,

in the centre of the town. Then a minister from a church in Denmark came over and, using his own private capital, augmented by private subscription, built and conducted the present institution. It is now supported by the Danish churches scattered throughout this country. Each student pays, during the college year, ten dollars a week, and for this he receives room, board, and tuition.

Over the door, as I entered, I had seen the name "Atterdag College." The name, they now explained, was that of an ancient Danish king whose motto, "We still have to-morrow before us," is held before Danish youth as a symbol of industry and hope. I've never had so clear a demonstration of the fact that words in themselves mean nothing; that it is only the spirit behind them that gives them significance. That same legend inscribed over the portal of a schoolhouse in the Spanish village next door would have automatically released every one from the necessity of effort. I don't know what the Danish word for "to-morrow" is, but it must have a much more vigorous sound than "mañana."

After coffee I went down-stairs with the young instructor of gymnastics and we made a tour of the building. As he threw open the first classroom door his tone became, for the first time, apologetic. "Our building will seem to you very old-fashioned," he warned. "You will find here none of the up-to-date equipment that you are used to at the State university."

Thus he made his obeisance to the great American educational ideal, an ideal that makes concrete and brick the only proper accoutrements of culture and decrees that the things of the spirit must go hand in hand with indirect

lighting and revolving desk-chairs. Though (as I later discovered) he had not admitted this idea beyond the ante-chamber of his own mind, he assumed that humility was due the representative of an educational institution which had just clamorously wrested from its taxpayers several million dollars for the erection of a white granite gymnasium, a wrought-iron entrance-gate, and other essential accompaniments to the higher life. Perhaps there was still ringing in his ears too the campaign cry that had roused the parents of the State to a frenzy of outraged pride; that cry that had swept the bonds on to victory: "We are educating our young people in *shacks!*"

(Lest any one challenge California's position among the educators of the Union, it must be explained here that any frame building, regardless of size and weatherworthiness, is thus labelled now in the Golden State. Nothing can remove the stigma of the word; and this despite all that has been done for the shack by the great men of history and Aimee.)

Having inspected the bare, plain rooms and the basement dining-hall, we visited the gymnasium, which occupies a building of its own on the pretty, sloping campus. Here there was adequate but not varied equipment for that gymnastic work which is regarded by educators as the highest type of physical training which science has yet evolved. My guide called attention to the fact that all the apparatus was made of wood. "We do not like the idea of using indestructible materials," he said. "A big part of the pupil's training is learning to take care of what he uses."

From across the campus there was wafted suddenly the tinkle of a wind-harp. We came upon it later near a giant oak which sheltered a picnic-table.

And here we discussed further the dual educational ideal which had inspired the building of Atterdag.

"It seemed to us that the best type of American citizen must have something to give to the country as well as wanting to take something from it. We wanted our children to come bringing something. We did not want them to lose entirely the rich old culture of Denmark. So, for five weeks of their summer vacation, they come here and sing the Danish songs and dance the Danish folk-dances and read Danish stories. When they go back to public school, they know who they are and whence they came. They know that from those who are the possessors of such a heritage much will be expected. You do not find the Danes in your penitentiaries nor the children of Danes in your juvenile courts. I think one reason for this is that the Danes, more than most other immigrants, keep alive in their children the ideals of righteousness and industry in which they themselves were bred. To throw overboard, in one generation, country, language, traditions, and religion, strips the soul of the young too bare. In order to cover its nakedness it snatches at anything rather than selecting the best."

"But the biggest work of Atterdag is done in the college term, which runs from November to March. Then there comes to us the newly arrived immigrant. He comes to be prepared for American citizenship. In his own language we teach him the history, the Constitution, the literature of the country that he is going to adopt. Instead of struggling with these subjects in a language wholly unintelligible, he gets a thorough grounding in the principles and ideals of citizenship in his own tongue. When he goes up for his ex-

amination he knows what he is about."

I knew this was true, for there is a story current in the naturalization courts of Santa Barbara which amply and whimsically illustrates it. An Englishman who was waiting to take his examination turned rather nervously to one of his American witnesses and began asking some "last-minute" questions about the Constitution. Taken quite unawares by this "Ask-me-another" attack, the witness turned on him indignantly with: "Well, how do you expect me to know? What do you think I am—a Dane?"

Very different are the alumni of Atterdag from the typical terrified foreigner, mumbling his few set phrases in the hope that they will be the right phrases. The Atterdag applicant has been willing to work for his citizenship. His college day is from eight to six, with an hour off for lunch. And, having become a citizen, he does not stop his education. He comes back whenever he can arrange the time for more study. Grundwig, that intrepid pioneer of the folk high schools of Denmark, did his work well. He created in the minds of his fellow countrymen the thirst for knowledge.

"After such a long day as that do they study at night too?" I asked.

"Not unless they want to," my informant answered. "Everything is purely voluntary here. Nobody has to come to Atterdag. Nobody has to study who comes. No credits are given for studying. We do not prepare for any other college. We prepare, or try to prepare, our students to lead rich lives. That is all."

I had found it at last. The college that every one is talking about, the college nobody knows! I saw some of the students that evening when we gath-

ered in chapel on the top floor of the main building. A bare, plain room it was, with bare, plain benches and the simple altar of the Lutheran Church. Through the open windows came again the silvery tinkle of the wind-harp and it sounded now like a call to prayer.

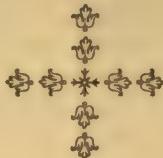
"Religion," my companion said to me after service, "seems to us one of the very last things that can be kept alive through the medium of a foreign tongue. It needs the warmth of familiar words. For that reason it is one of the first things that our newly arrived young people throw away. And that is a pity, for religion is a safeguard. My work is also one. If I were teaching gymnastics just to make hard muscles I shouldn't care to do it at all. That is not the purpose of the Danish gymnastics. The purpose is to learn to make the body and all its desires subordinate to the will. When we have learned that, we have learned also the secret of sane and successful living."

"You see," he went on, "the trouble with most education is that it springs from a theory instead of from the people's need. The theory should come from the teaching, not the teaching from the theory. In America we confuse education with training. You can train a horse, you know, so that he will dance and jump through a ring and bow to the audience. But he is not educated. He will not do any of these things when his trainer is not there. The man who has been merely trained to do a single job will not do it either when the pressure is removed. *It is what people do when the pressure is removed that shows whether or not they are educated.*"

That is a message from Atterdag, one of the newest and smallest and finest colleges of the land. When its ideals

become universal in scope, when we are willing to learn from our foreign-born citizens as well as to teach them, when we can sit together around a common

student-table, from which no language is barred, is it not just possible that we may discover at this banquet-board the lost key to international peace?



Cycle in the Life of a Lovely Lady

BY ELIZABETH HONNESS

WITHIN her eyes she held a secret joy
That sometimes burst its bounds,
And filled her voice and lilted in her laughter;
And she was frank, and shy as any boy,
And when she talked she made delicious sounds,
Chortles, and Oo's and Ah's, then quiet after.

One thought she was the very gayest thing,
Burning and brave and bright,
All starriness and fieriness, but had
One watched her when she was remembering
One would have seen that she was different, quite,
And that, remembering, her mouth was sad.

And now that she is old, she still is gay,
Brittle and bright and fair,
Life has not done to her one awkward thing
Save slip the sadness from her mouth away,
She has forgotten it was ever there,
Or what it was she was remembering.



As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

ROBERT BROWNING died in 1889, and Tennyson in 1892. There has been since no English-writing poet who can stand comparison with either of these; nor is there any living poet from whom a new book would be awaited with such general interest as greeted every new publication of the twin Victorians. Once in a while I see some foolish remark to the effect that Tennyson and Browning are no longer read; but the fact is they are at this moment more widely read and known than any of their successors. Nearly every novel I read contains a quotation from Tennyson or Browning or both; and the latest novel by the distinguished writer Maurice Baring, called "Comfortless Memory," is avowedly taken from one of Browning's most germinal poems, "A Light Woman." Years ago I read another novel whose title and plot were taken from this same poem; it was "No Hero," by E. W. Hornung. Mr. Baring's novel is a finer and more subtle work than Mr. Hornung's; it is indeed a psychological novel, containing the unfolding and analysis of the character and temperament of an extraordinary woman. Everything Mr. Baring writes has the touch of distinction; and to those who are searching among the welter of contemporary books for something both brilliant and decent, let me recommend anything by this author.

Synchronously with this novel comes a new biographical work on the Brownings by Osbert Burdett; this is not an in-

spiring book, being in fact rather dry, but after a careful rereading and reappraisal of Browning, Mr. Burdett has no doubt of his greatness. In giving the list of his authorities, and the books on the Brownings which he recommends, he unaccountably makes no mention of the *Life of Browning* by Griffin and Minchin. This is an amazing omission, for that particular biography is not only worth all the others put together—Sharp's, Orr's, Dowden's, Chesterton's—but it contains so much newly discovered material that it was bound to be a source-book for every subsequent writer on the subject. Had Mr. Burdett never heard of it?

Simultaneously with these two works appears a charming intimate collection of reminiscences by Browning's daughter-in-law, Fanny (Mrs. Barrett Browning), called "Some Memories of Robert Browning." I have often had the pleasure of long talks with her about the poet; and I rejoice that she at last put her recollections into permanent form. They deal especially with Browning's last days in Venice, his illness and death. In temperament, Browning was very much like Theodore Roosevelt; virile, impetuous, demonstrative, affectionate. His son told me that the poet might have lived longer if he had not foolishly attempted to prove his vigor. He had caught a bad bronchial cold, and as they entered the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice young Browning told his father not to overexert himself. Old men resemble

children in many ways and in nothing more than in resenting advice. The fiery old man turned on his son and said, "I'll show you!" ran up two flights of stairs, strained his heart, and in a few weeks was dead.

An Italian novelist, Giovanni Verga, who died in 1922, is introduced to English readers by D. H. Lawrence, who in a rather long preface gives him fulsome praise. I learn also from the jacket that Verga "can claim a place beside Hardy and the Russians." Well, one may claim anything; but Hardy and the Russians will not have to edge along to make room for Verga. The short stories in this volume show some ability, but they are inferior to the best work of O. Henry and of Ring W. Lardner. Such tales as Mr. Lardner's "Zone of Quiet" or "Champion" would perhaps receive more plaudits if they had been translated from the Polish or Italian. Verga is best known by the story that gives its title to this volume, "Cavalleria Rusticana." And that is well known because of the opera. After reading Mr. Lawrence's encomiums, I am rather surprised to find the stories unobjectionable.

Professor Jack R. Crawford has produced an admirable and much-needed work, "What to Read in English Literature." This is not an anthology but a guide. In one portly volume, Mr. Crawford traverses English literature chronologically, giving the titles of the best works of the best authors, with a list of authorities, critical and biographical essays, and suggestions for collateral reading. This is a good undertaking and well done. It will be found generally useful.

Colonel House's third and fourth vol-

ume of Memoirs, prepared for publication by the skilful and scholarly Professor Charles Seymour, are even more absorbing and valuable than their two predecessors. We are taken behind the scenes of the greatest tragic drama in history, and obtain a close and intimate view of every one of the chief actors. This is an invaluable contribution to historical knowledge. Two hundred years hence I can see research scholars in history poring over these books and getting material. Personally I have an immense admiration for the mind and character of Colonel House. In any matter of controversy between him and any one else, I should believe what he said until he could be proved in error. The relations between him and Wilson will always make interesting reading.

The accomplished British journalist J. A. Spender has written a book about the United States called "Through English Eyes." It differs from most books on America by foreigners in being free from attack, advice, and condescension. He frankly looks on the United States and on every other country through English eyes. He is an Englishman and an ardent lover of his country. But being a journalist of the highest rank, he knows what to look for, how to see it, and how to describe it. I especially recommend his chapter on prohibition.

I wish all novelists—and especially German novelists—would read Thornton Wilder's Foreword to "The Angel That Troubled the Waters," and earnestly consider his remarks on compression. Nearly all novels are too long, which is a serious defect. Turgenev used to write his stories at great length, and then boil them down to the irreducible minimum, a species of amenity

that might well be followed more often. German novels are intolerably windy. The only German novel I ever read that was not too long is Sudermann's "Dame Care," probably the most artistic novel in that language. Sudermann's posthumous novel, "The Mad Professor," is altogether too long. And as for "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," which we are told is an immortal and epoch-making masterpiece, it is twice too long, and the author informs us that it is to be only one of a trilogy! I feel like the general in that charming play "Le Monde ou l'on s'ennuie" who, after hearing read an intolerably dull play, and imagining it was at long last all over, and he could return to the ordinary pleasures of life, was informed that it was only the first act.

Nearly every magazine article, nearly every sermon, nearly every lecture, nearly every speech, is *too long*. The ordinary listener in a church or lecture-hall or at a public dinner cannot escape. But the reader of a magazine is free; he begins an article with high anticipations; after he has read three pages, he looks to see how long it is; if he finds it is going to continue for fifteen more pages, he reads something else. Writers should not dump their minds on the printed page, but show some reverence both for their readers and for the principle of selection.

Lee Wilson Dodd has produced an excellent satire in verse called "The Great Enlightenment." It is witty and it is wise. In addition to the titular poem, I am glad to see that he has collected some of his other works, and included them in the volume. He is an able writer and what he says was never more needed than now.

Some good crime books are "The Man Who Laughed," by Gerard Fairlie; "The Black Heart," by Sydney Horler; "The 'Red Kite' Clue," by O. F. Jerome; "The Witness at the Window" and "The Corpse on the Bridge," by Charles Barry.

The whole world of readers owes a debt of gratitude to the Right Reverend Monsignor J. T. Slattery, of Troy, N. Y. He has collected the fruit of many years of study, reflection, and correspondence in "My Favourite Passage in Dante," where people from all over the wide earth have told him their individual preferences. If any one doubted the universality of Dante, this volume would cure him.

Monsignor Slattery's purpose in compiling and preparing this book "was the desire to arouse the ordinary reader's interest in Dante and so lead him to further study." I call it a complete success.

Hamlin Garland, who is acquainted with the world of nature and the world of books, who knows the high spots in Wyoming and in the roaring forties of New York, has continued his highly interesting autobiography with "Back-Trailers from the Middle Border." Nearly forty years ago Mr. Edward G. Buckland, who is now chairman of the board of directors of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, came to me in a state of considerable excitement. He had just been reading a new novel, "Rose of Dutcher's Coolly," by a young man named Hamlin Garland; and he insisted that I read it immediately. I did so and shared his enthusiasm. It was an honest, realistic book in a romantic setting. Since then Mr. Garland has written a large number of stories and essays, but the best

work of his life came late, in four auto-biographical works, which should be read in this order:

- Trail-Makers of the Middle Border
- A Son of the Middle Border
- A Daughter of the Middle Border
- Back-Trailers from the Middle Border

The best of these is the second, but they are all good, and taken together they make a contribution to American history and literature. The style of this fourth book is deceptive, being what I should call purposely naïve. Its details may confuse the sophisticated, but the author's intention is to me sufficiently clear.

Two volumes of the highest importance to all students of the contemporary drama, whether they are in school or out of it, are the complete Plays of J. M. Barrie and the complete Plays of John Galsworthy. Now if G. B. S. would follow suit—but he won't. There are twenty plays in the Barrie volume, and twenty-five in the other. Surely the most distinctive feature of school and college courses in literature is the study of modern drama. With every academic institution having an organization to produce plays, and with Little Theatres all over the United States, what is going to happen? Are we on the verge of something big? The anomaly is that with this prodigious excitement about the theatre, and with every schoolboy and schoolgirl wishing to write plays or act in them, the professional theatre exists only in New York. Nearly every person I meet has a manuscript in his pocket. It is probable that I am the only white man who has never written a play.

Henry W. Lanier, who founded that successful magazine *The Golden Book*, has retired from the editorship, and his place is taken by Edith O'Dell. I recently wrote to her to get informa-

tion about the Bulldog Drummond Series, all five of which I have enjoyed reading, and am hungry for more. It is easy enough to buy them in London or on the Continent, but by no means so easy in America. They should be reprinted here as a series. They are wildly exciting crime stories, and in addition are full of mirth. A good combination of horror and humor, in the present fashionable style of burlesque melodrama. Be sure and read them in this order, provided you can get hold of them. I am told that numbers two and four are out of print, a situation that can easily be remedied.

- Bulldog Drummond
- The Black Gang
- The Third Round
- The Final Count
- The Female of the Species

I read the fifth one in Paris last summer, before it had been published in America, but it is now available here. Miss O'Dell, after giving me much bibliographical information, writes: "I was particularly interested in your inquiry, as I know the author, Lieutenant-Colonel Cyril McNeile, and have been interested for years in the Bulldog Drummond Series." He writes under the name of Sapper.

The brilliant young Frenchman René Lacoste has written a book, "Tennis," with a preface by Mr. Tilden, which should be bought for three reasons: first, for the technical advice given by a master; second, for the profusion of pictures; third, because there is revealed in this work one of the finest sportsmen, one of the most impeccable gentlemen, one of the most charming personalities—Lacoste. By the way, I wonder if my comment on this book makes me a professional. So far as I can discover, if you

do anything except play tennis, you are in danger of becoming a professional tennis-player.

In reading Lytton Strachey's sparkling book "Elizabeth and Essex," where every page is fascinating, I am moved to renewed reflection on the dominance of the novel. Two hundred years ago theological works in verse, like Pope's "Essay on Man," were best-sellers; but after the middle of the nineteenth century the novel overshadowed all other forms of literature, and its shadow shows no sign of growing less. The novel became the champion broadcaster for all sorts of ideas. Mrs. Humphry Ward was somewhat violently interested in theology, and wishing to interest a large number of people, she put her ideas into the form of a novel, "Robert Elsmere"; Edward Bellamy, being a Socialist, megaphoned his thoughts in a novel, "Looking Backward"; and since then the majority of novels contain almost anything and everything except a story. Toward the end of the last century the novel proceeded to take possession of the stage; the best-sellers were so quickly transformed into "plays" that one acute manager in New York said he had a scissors-and-paste man in his employ who he was certain could dramatize the city directory.

That craze passed like ping-pong; but in our time the predominance of the novel has taken a more dangerous form. It has conquered the fields of history and biography. H. G. Wells, a professional novelist, not only found the form of prose fiction convenient for all of his constantly changing ideas and propaganda, but he wrote the history of the world as a novelist would write it. Since that time a monstrous number of so-

called biographical works are really novels, or at all events novelized. A conspicuous example is "Ariel," and one almost as good is "Disraeli." The brilliant author selects in the life of his hero the most sensational events or characteristics and produces a book, which under the guise of biography is a novel. Washington, Lincoln, Beecher, Andrew Jackson, General Grant, and many others are thus presented to a sensation-loving public.

The supreme master of this novelized form of biography is Lytton Strachey, and he has much to answer for in the sins of his imitators and followers. He is himself a scholar as well as a man of letters; he is well read in ancient and modern languages; he reflects deeply on history. But when he comes to write, he is essentially a novelist. He does not wilfully distort the truth; but by selecting events and characteristics most suitable for dramatic effect, he produces not a work of biography, but a biographical novel. "Elizabeth and Essex," emphatically worth reading, both for its charm and for its penetrating thought, is really a novel. As I escape from the entralling glamour of this book, like a man coming out from under a spell, I ask myself, *Is this true?* Was Elizabeth really like that? Is this a truly historical portrait of King Philip? or of Essex? Frankly, I doubt it. I believe that if by some miracle we could be transported back to those times, and have the privilege of knowing these great characters intimately, they would not really seem as they are in this book. And if by an even more stupendous miracle we could not only change Time and Place, but Personality, and *be* the real Queen Elizabeth, we should not in these brilliant—oh, so brilliant—pages recognize our own portrait. We should im-

agine he was writing about some one else.

The wheel has come full circle. I can remember when Herbert Spencer ridiculed Carlyle's idea of history, that it was the story of great men. Spencer minimized the individual, and insisted that history was the evolution of institutions. James Anthony Froude, with his charming and dramatic historical works, became the common laughing-stock of "historians," and "The Constitutional History of England," a valuable and unreadable work by Bishop Stubbs, was treated with immense respect. To-day, in comparison with the historical and biographical works that pullulate on every side, Froude seems almost dull and undramatic.

What shall we say to these things? Who shall deliver us from the body of this death? How amidst all this bewildering brilliance shall we ever know the truth about social or personal history?

Well, there is one way out for those who prefer the truth to attractive distortions of it. Read only the published documents—and in biography read the diaries. The "Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln" is a good corrective; and I wish now to rise in my place and publicly thank Allan Nevins for printing in one volume a selection of the colossal diary of John Quincy Adams. That intellectual rhinoceros not only kept his resolutions but kept a diary, a diary of prodigious length. It was published years ago in a formidable array of volumes. It is now out of print: Allan Nevins has gone through this vast mausoleum, selected the most significant passages, and put them into one big book. It is not only of extraordinary interest, this diary, but we have the satisfaction of being close to the actual truth.

Adams was probably our most scholarly President; he lived in stirring times. His temperament has been well described by John T. Morse, who said that the temptation to perform his duty was always strong with Adams; if the duty was a particularly disagreeable one, the temptation became ungovernable.

In an issue of this Magazine last autumn, I gave expression to my enthusiasm for the Beau Geste trilogy. To my surprise and pleasure, I received from the author, Captain Percival Christopher Wren, a copy of the limited de luxe edition of "Beau Geste." It is magnificently printed, abundantly illustrated in color, contains a fine portrait of the gallant captain, his book-plate, and an autograph inscription thanking me for my "Beau Geste in Scribner's."

In this column I recently wrote an account of AE (George W. Russell) and of his marvellous powers in conversation. This drew from him so charming a letter that I wish to share my pleasure in it with my readers. He writes from the editorial office of *The Irish Statesman* in Dublin.

I have read with consternation the paragraph about me in SCRIBNER'S. Did I go on talking like that? I always supposed I was a silent man! I think I am, but my shyness must have burst when I was in your country and without my being aware of it. The desperately shy man goes on talking desperately. Please put it down to that. I am accustomed to sit silently when really good talkers like Yeats, James Stephens, Stephen MacKenna, Oliver Fogarty or George Moore start talking. They were prodigally endowed by nature with eloquence or wit. I would never break in on any of them once they got started. If I could induce Oliver Fogarty to go to America it would hear really good talk flashing out in every sentence. When George Moore wondered whether our Round Towers

were Christian or pre-Christian, Oliver settled the question in ten words. "Pre-Christian, of course! no parish priest could get through the doorway!" Perhaps this sounds irreverent to you. I hesitate to repeat his philosophical reflection after he said that. "You know when the Word incarnated in Ireland it suffered from fatty degeneration of the heart." I am afraid his conversation would be censored in your country. Most Irish conversation would be. Our Government is making a beginning not with the spoken but by the censoring of the written word. Any literature "calculated to excite sexual passion" is prohibited as "indecent." Romeo and Juliet would go out and Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee." I see our literature getting more and more Puritan and our conversation getting more and more Restoration. Come here in five years after the censorship and you will find the country publicly pure and privately abandoned. And the conversation will probably make your hair stand up. But I must not ramble on or you will say once I begin writing I never stop with the pen any more than I do with the tongue. Forgive its ten hours of wagging.

Yours sincerely,

Æ.

Any one who reads that letter can understand how immensely I enjoyed the conversation of this extraordinary man. Irishmen are good talkers. I know what Æ. means by his reference to Yeats (whom he calls Yeets) and to George Moore. Several times I have had the delight of hearing Yeats talk, and last summer I had three long, memorable conversations with George Moore in his house on Ebury Street. When I forget them, I shall have forgotten everything.

Miss Emily Lewis, of St. Louis, after reading in SCRIBNER'S of my conversations with George Bernard Shaw, writes me that last summer in England she was introduced to a man with a snowy beard at an amateur performance of "You Never Can Tell." She was so excited at meeting the author of the play that she could hardly say a word. In

awestricken tones she told him how much she enjoyed his comedy. He took her tribute modestly. After this interview, she was so thrilled that she could not sleep that night. Next day she discovered her idol was not Shaw, but some one who looked like him.

With reference to the elusive word *aromite*, which occurs in a poem ascribed to Browning, which appears exclusively in Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary, and which a dozen people have written me saying that it is a misprint for *aconite*, I have received an interesting letter from the Reverend A. Callaghan, of Kezar Falls, Maine:

We were especially interested in the November number, and much intrigued by the little poem in which occurs the word "aromite." It surely does not read like the Robert Browning I know, but the word is a very familiar one to me, even though I do not know its meaning. My father and mother were Devonshire people and they both used the word a great deal. Father used to call my brother and me his "little aromites" when ever we were having one of our rollicking times with him, and often used it to my sister, who was especially quick-witted, when she would seem to get the better of him.

Upon reading the little poem I asked Mrs. Callaghan if she had ever heard the word and she immediately answered that her father used it often. His family came to America soon after the *Mayflower* days, and the habitat of his ancestors was Scotland, though some of the family lived in England many years, and it was from that branch that the American immigrants came, I understand.

When I was a child, I owned a tiger kitten which I named Epaminondas Alcibiades Pentacoseomedimni. He was called Pammy for short, and lived only three weeks. And now comes a letter from Professor John D. Rea, of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, who informs me that *his* cat is called Epaminondas.

Upon my informing him of Epaminondas the First, he writes:

I didn't suppose there had ever been another Epaminondas in the whole catalogue of cats. The way *my* Pam got his name was strictly logical—or philological. I used to have a smoke-colored Angora named Pat. In memory of him and of Pam's father, named Sam, he was called Pam quite naturally by a sort of telescoping of the two words: Pat plus Sam equals Pam. Of course, these short names are all right among friends or in the bosom of the family; but a cat is too dignified a personage not to have a longer name for more formal occasions. So from Pam grew Epaminondas; you will recognize the linguistic process as very similar to that by which any philologist can prove that Middletown was named for Moses, by merely dropping the oses and adding iddletown.

Both Pam and I are, however, deeply gratified to learn of the late lamented member of your household by the same name. Please give my regards to his five successors and also to Rufus H. Phelps, whom I should like to meet some day.

Professor Lewis A. Harding, of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, read the entire "Faery Queene"

through last Spring, and thus joins the F. Q. Club. He wrote a Spenserian stanza to commemorate the occasion.

I am writing in my winter home—for so I consider it—Augusta, Ga. The Conversation Club holds its session in our excellent hotel every morning, and in the afternoon we live on the links. We sadly miss dear old Major Black, the gallant Confederate veteran, who recently died, full of years. But we have General J. G. Harbord, Doctor Francis Carter Wood, Charles, Duke of Lancaster, George Gray, Cabot Morse, George Clapp, Justice Thompson, Horace Marshall, "Bishop" McLaughlin, "Professor" Lamb, Doctor Sullivan, "Judge" Underwood, Professor George H. Nettleton, Elon Hooker, Charles Cooley, John Dougherty, President McCracken of Vassar, and other notables. On Christmas night Mr. A. E. Martin, friend of all the world, got up a grand Christmas celebration, with a gorgeous tree.



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Apropos of a Dutch Exhibition in London

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WHEN these pages see the light the exhibition with which they are in large measure concerned will be drawing toward its close. This exhibition, moreover, is held three thousand miles away, assembled by the Anglo-Batavian Society in London. Nevertheless I need make no apology for touching upon it in this place. The Dutch exhibition, established from January to March at Burlington House, like the Flemish one organized in the same place two years ago, is an affair of distinctly international interest. It ought to possess, too, a special significance for Americans, since our traffic with the old masters has from the start been marked by a deep sympathy for Rembrandt and his school. I can well remember the excitement when his portrait of "The Gilder, Herman Doomer," was brought to this country, to pass into the Havemeyer collection. It was, I believe, the first major example of the master to reach these shores and the enthusiasm with which it was received was prophetic. We have been ardent in pursuit of all the schools. The eighteenth century in France and England, the seventeenth in Spain, and, more recently, the Italian Renaissance are all represented in American collections. But, as is natural enough, after all, in the New Netherlands, we have reserved a peculiar fidelity for the Dutch. I cannot for-

bear some more or less detailed allusion to the evidences of this fact.



In the year 1909 there was held at the Metropolitan Museum, as part of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, a remarkable exhibition of Dutch and early American art. The Dutch wing contained about 150 pictures, forming an ensemble extraordinarily brilliant and representative. There were then seventy Rembrandts in this country and thirty-seven of them were at the Museum. The late Henry C. Frick lent the great Ilchester portrait which the master painted of himself in 1658, one of the noblest monuments in his art. Mrs. Havemeyer lent "The Gilder" and Mrs. C. P. Huntington that glorious souvenir of 1653, "The Savant," which has since been rechristened "Aristotle" and is now in the collection of Mr. Erickson. From the late George J. Gould came "The Standard Bearer," owned a hundred years ago by Sir Joshua Reynolds. To-day it is part of the imposing collection formed by Mr. Jules S. Bache and has been contributed by him to the London exhibition. The late Pierpont Morgan lent three of the Rembrandts, one of them the stately "Nicolaes Ruts." But to particularize further would be to release too great a flood of memories. Practically all the leading lights of the school were there. On one of them, to

be sure, I simply cannot help but pause. Out of the seven Vermeers at that time in American hands there was only one missing from the Metropolitan! The six on the walls were Mrs. Huntington's "Lady with Lute," Mr. Morgan's "Lady Writing," the Museum's own priceless gift from Mr. Marquand, the "Girl with Water Jug," Mr. Frick's "Music Lesson," Mr. Johnson's "Lady with Guitar," and Mr. Altman's "Girl Sleeping." What a galaxy they made! And as one breathes a sigh of satisfaction over these and other testimonies to the judgment and alertness of American connoisseurship, one breathes another over the thought of subsequent developments.

The number of Vermeers in America has been doubled since 1909. One of the finest of the later acquisitions, the "Head of a Young Girl" belonging to Secretary Mellon, has gone to London. The increase in Rembrandts has been likewise portentous. I think of the spacious room at Mr. Widener's, with "The Mill" presiding serenely over a marvelous group. I think of "The Polish Rider" at the Frick gallery, of Mr. Bache's superb examples, of Mr. Erickson's "Aristotle" aforementioned, of the two Rembrandts in the Taft collection out at Cincinnati, of Mr. Mellon's "Old Woman with a Bible," and, in short, of a veritable cosmos dedicated to the master on our soil. Decidedly the Dutch tradition has its devotees in the United States, a cult for all its masters.



This cult has sent its tribute to London, reviving the generosity which made us such effective participants in the Flemish exhibition, and I must record the facts of our embassy. Action in the matter was, as on the previous occasion, taken by Sir Joseph Duveen, a

member of the committee. Bestirring himself amongst the collectors he brought together an impressive group. Mr. Bache contributed two supreme pieces, the "Christ with a Pilgrim's Staff" and "The Standard Bearer." The first is a painting of strange solemnity, one of Rembrandt's most deeply felt religious paintings. The other illustrates him in a mood of grave mundane pomp. Mr. Jacob Epstein's "Old Man in a Red Cap" denotes the master's clairvoyant sympathy for the pathos of age. In "The Accountant" belonging to Mr. Charles M. Schwab, he paints a man in his prime. Finally in "A Young Man at Table," lent by Mr. Mellon, we have him depicting gaillard youth. I make these differentiating notes to bring out the fact that so far as Rembrandt is concerned America has sent to Burlington House a singularly varied and interesting number of examples. Hals, whose appeal is essentially that of technical virtuosity, is represented from amongst us by four studies of character which if less piercingly eloquent, psychologically speaking, than the Rembrandts, are nevertheless characteristically vivid and moving. He was the whole-souled celebrant of the joy of living, and the four pictures for London speak exhilaratingly of his lusty realism. Mr. John R. Thompson lends "The Merry Lute Player," Mr. John McCormack his smiling "Portrait of a Man," Mr. Frank P. Wood "A Portrait of a Man Seated," and Mr. Bache perhaps the most gorgeous bit of Hals bravura of them all, the flashing "Claas Duyst van Voorhout." Mr. Bache has been very open-handed. Besides his two Rembrandts and the Hals he has lent the "Curiosity" of Terborch, one of the most polished triumphs of that "little old master." Two Vermeers have gone across the sea



Christ with a Pilgrim's Staff.

From the Rembrandt lent by Jules S. Bache to the Dutch exhibition.



An Old Man in a Red Cap.

From the Rembrandt lent by Jacob Epstein to the Dutch exhibition.



A Young Man at a Table.

From the Rembrandt lent by Secretary Mellon to the Dutch exhibition.



The Accountant.

From the Rembrandt lent by Charles M. Schwab to the Dutch exhibition.



A Wooded Landscape with a Ruined House.

From the Hobbema lent by Mrs. B. F. Jones to the Dutch exhibition.



The Standard Bearer.

From the Rembrandt lent by Jules S. Bache to the Dutch exhibition.



Portrait of a Man Seated.

From the Hals lent by Frank P. Wood to the Dutch exhibition.



Claas Duyst van Voorhout.

From the Hals lent by Jules S. Bache to the Dutch exhibition.



Portrait of a Man.

From the Hals lent by John McCormack to the Dutch exhibition.



The Merry Lute Player.

From the Hals lent by John R. Thompson to the Dutch exhibition.



Portrait of a Lady.

From the Vermeer lent by E. W. Edwards to the Dutch exhibition.



Head of a Young Girl.

From the Vermeer lent by Secretary Mellon to the Dutch exhibition.



Curiosity.

From the Terborch lent by Jules S. Bache to the Dutch exhibition.

for the duration of the exhibition, Mr. Mellon's pearly "Head of a Young Girl" and a beguiling small canvas, a "Portrait of a Lady," belonging to Mr. E. W. Edwards. One great landscape rounds out the American contingent, Hobbema's "Wooded Landscape with a Ruined House," owned by Mrs. B. F. Jones.



These loans swell a phenomenal collection, developed through the co-operation of governments and private owners. The Anglo-Batavian Society exists to further good-will between Great Britain and Holland and there is no agency directed toward that end more potent than one given to the things of the mind. Before his illness King George had agreed to lend five of his pictures, one of them Rembrandt's "The Magi Adoring Christ," a gem that, being at Buckingham Palace, is generally unfamiliar. At this writing I hear nothing of "The Shipbuilder and His Wife" also being lent. It seems a pity. Among the royal loans, on the other hand, is one of the most famous of the Vermeers, the "Lady and Gentleman Playing the Virginals." From all over Britain there have come important works. The National Gallery of Scotland, for example, sends, in addition to a Rembrandt and a Hals, one of the notable Vermeers, the deeply interesting "Christ with Mary and Martha." Two more Rembrandts and two portraits of laughing children by Hals are the contributions from Glasgow and the Dublin gallery figures in the list. The National Gallery in London, I infer, will do as it did at the time of the Flemish exhibition, retain on its own walls the great pieces with which it illustrates the subject. It seems natural enough, though its Rembrandts would strength-

en the effect at Burlington House and it has examples of other masters which would count enormously, especially of Karel Fabritius, the master of Vermeer. I recall particularly in the National Gallery an exquisite little "Nativity" by the Dutch Primitive, Geertgen tot Sint Jans. One likes to think of what that would add to the representation of its period at Burlington House. At least it is readily accessible in its permanent home. Certain other of the necessarily numerous absentee pictures it is painful to have withheld. Austria, with the best will in the world, could not see its way—and I do not blame them—to sending either the stupendous "Willem van Heythuysen" of Hals from the Liechtenstein gallery, or Count Czernin's renowned Vermeer.

The omissions, however, cannot dim the splendor of what is actually shown. Out of its tremendous collection the Rijksmuseum of Amsterdam has drawn more than a score of pictures for England, among them the great "Jewish Bride" of Rembrandt and three Vermeers. The Mauritshuis at The Hague likewise sends three Vermeers, two fine Rembrandts and divers other pieces. Berlin and Leipzig have added loans and the museums of Bucharest, Copenhagen, and Stockholm are represented. Some private collectors on the Continent have collaborated but in this category it is the British who have come most noticeably to the front. Rembrandts from Sir Herbert Cook, Steens from the Duke of Wellington, Rembrandts from the Duke of Portland and others, a perfect cloud of treasure is indicated in the documents I have thus far been able to obtain. All told there are between forty and fifty Rembrandts on the walls and out of the twoscore Vermeers in the world Burlington House

shows twelve. Leading this latter outstanding group is the historic "View of Delft" lent by the Mauritshuis, which is a landmark in the history of open-air painting. There are hundreds of exhibits. Besides the paintings, which of course have the bulk of the space, there are drawings and etchings, with a certain amount of Dutch silver. The pictorial display, I should add, as at the Flemish exhibition, is brought down to modern times. The concluding section not only embraces the famous figures of the nineteenth century, such as Mauve, Israels, Bosboom, the Marises and all that company, but a considerable number of the paintings of Vincent Van Gogh.



What is the character of the large assemblage? Even at a distance it is possible to envisage it. It could not have quite the same range as the Flemish. The Dutch Primitives, for example, though they include such important types as Geertgen, Lucas Van Leyden, Jan Scorel and divers other interesting artists, offer no such portents as the Van Eycks. In fact Dutch art in its most arresting aspects is largely the art of the seventeenth century. It is an expression of that liberation of the spirit which followed upon the successful termination of the long struggle with Spain. It reflects, too, the temper of the Reformation. Naturally you will not find in Protestant Holland quite the order of religious art inevitable amongst her Catholic neighbors. There will be devotional fervors but they will manifest themselves in a totally different tradition. Nor will you find among the artists of a state given to commerce and the domesticities quite that relation between painter and patron which existed between the Flemish Primitives and the Dukes of Burgundy, or that aristocratic

habit of mind which later made Rubens and Van Dyck as facile in the ways of the court as in those of the studio. No, there could not but be a drastic difference between the Flemish and the Dutch exhibitions, differences inherent in matters social, religious, historical. But in respect to sheer greatness in art Holland, in her heyday of expansion, was dowered as though by miracle, and Burlington House has opened its doors to some astonishing craftsmen.

Their very concentration between the limits of a few generations makes their traits the more easily perceptible. One forgets chronology—so many of the masters were contemporaries—and looks simply to the segregation of tastes, modes, aptitudes, individualities. The genre painters, working on a small scale, come immediately into the foreground, the members of that school which with characteristic Dutch sense faced the world as it was and gave the public what it wanted, pictures of familiar life meet to be hung as decorations on the walls of cosey interiors—otherwise adorned with family portraits whose production was allied to the very genius of a nation. I have glanced at the difference, religiously considered, between Bruges and Haarlem, Antwerp and Amsterdam. There was no place in a Dutch church for a vast polyptych like the "Adoration of the Lamb" which the Van Eycks erected in the cathedral at Ghent. And in many a Dutch home there was more of an impulse to sing a jolly drinking song than to say a paternoster. The painters played up. They delineated boors at their rude amusements, roisterers of both sexes, or from those jovial scenes, sometimes carried to the point of coarseness, they passed to the commemoration of the better Dutch society, from the lout to the

burgher and the man at arms, from the courtesan to the housewife and the lady idly strumming the spinet or counting her pearls. It is a very intimate, human spectacle that is unfolded in the modestly scaled designs of Brouwer (for whom the Flemish and the Dutch schools dispute), Van Ostade, Steen, De Hooghe, Vermeer and a dozen others. Its intimacy is one of its most compelling charms. Dutch painting is vibrant with the movement of Dutch life.

In a recent book about Gari Melchers, an American artist who has lived and painted much in Holland, I find a Dutch phrase which he long ago inscribed over his studio door, "Waar en Klaar," True and Clear. It might appropriately be affixed just now to the portals of Burlington House, for it exactly designates the ideal of the school temporarily installed there. Truth and clarity prevail overwhelmingly in Dutch painting. The classical tendency in organization which is so marked in Italian art gives place, despite occasional traffic with Italy, to a markedly direct interrogation of nature. Through native genius rather than through contact with convention the school develops sound ideas of ordered design, but on the whole it trusts to the spontaneous apprehension of the phenomena of the visible world. This tells both in the genre pictures to which I have alluded and in the landscapes of such men as Hercules Seghers, De Koninck, Jan Van Goyen, Jakob Ruisdael and Hobbema. In fact the purpose of the whole school might be said to amount to nothing more adventurous than accurate observation and registration. But this view of the matter would leave out of account the operation of pure genius, which by itself has

always the leading rôle in any school. I am thinking here especially of Vermeer and Rembrandt.

The former, whether painting one of his magical interiors or an atmospheric study like the famous "View of Delft," is one of those incomparable individualities who seem, just by the legerdemain of the brush, to achieve immortal things. His significance in the London show is partly that of an Impressionist born ahead of his time, partly that of a born historian of costume and manners, but above all that of a painter's painter, who carried the mere manipulation of pigment to a breath-taking point of perfection. Rembrandt, again, functioning so magisterially as portrait-painter for the worthies of his time, disclosed his true authority in works of sublime creative art, moving dramatizations of subjects sacred and profane. He knew the meaning of those words, "Waar en Klaar." He knew all about the exact recording of the fact. Some of his early portraits are map-like in their painstaking reality. But like all the other high-erected figures in European painting, like a Dürer or a Leonardo, he has in him elements of universality. It is inspiring to reflect on his precise relation to the vast exhibition in London. All around him are the men who strove with their feet upon the ground, painters of the truth and magnificent technicians, too. Did not Professor Van Dyke write a book to show that many of them were capable of painting pictures good enough to have got absorbed into the *œuvre* of Rembrandt? But there is no mistaking the master's pre-eminence. The rest, as I have said, have their feet upon the ground. He carries the school to the heights of Olympus.

In His Own Country

(Continued from page 310 of this number.)

talked sometimes all afternoon while she worked neatly. Pete Hastings was shy the first time he came to the house. She spoke nicely to him, making him understand something had happened that placed her far beyond him, and it would be foolish for him to have thoughts of making love to a woman who was so respected by everybody in the town. At first he had shrugged his shoulders, sneering, but he became impressed finally. Old Mrs. Lawson liked him, so he came often and had long conversations with Flora about Bill, who walked to his bed in the evening. Three times Pete weeded the garden for her; the beans and lettuce and carrots were ripe.

He sat on the back steps with her in the early afternoon, while she basted on a sleeve in a dress she was making for Mrs. Eggleston. He had on a white shirt, the sleeves rolled up, and was mopping his forehead with a big handkerchief. The air was hot and sticky and heavy; there had been no rain the first seven days in July. The early roses were blooming and the wild-rose climber, on the picket fence, was a spray of blossoms.

"It's kind of hot sitting out here in the sun," he said.

"What do you want to do, Pete?"

"I'd like you to come along for a walk in the shade, but you won't do that any more."

"No, I wouldn't do it; besides, I got to look after Bill now."

"Well, let's sit in the kitchen; it's cool there, anyway."

Doubtfully, she looked at him, for she had made up her mind not to be alone in the house with him any more. Bill was sitting in the kitchen, but Pete never seemed to notice him. She was afraid that she would encourage Pete to make love to her and regret it afterward, when other people heard about it.

They sat down in the kitchen. Pete, nodding his head at Bill, said: "How is he?"

"Just the same."

"He'll always be just the same."

"Well, what if he is the same?"

"It's no good for you, a pretty little woman like you, and the likes of him to keep you company all night."

"He's more to me than that. In a way he's never meant so much to me as he does now."

"Oh, go on."

"No, I mean it."

"But it's different about you and me. He, himself, would see that he's no good to you in many ways, so if you feel that way . . ."

"I want to feel that way."

"Well, you could still feel that way, and I'd be loving you only because he couldn't. You needn't think any the less of him."

"I know, it sounds all right."

"Sure; come here, Flora." He got up, moved close to her, picked her up off the chair, and sat down with her on his knee. For a moment she sat on his knee without moving, his hands were warm and heavy, her whole body was tingling, then she straightened her legs suddenly and said: "Put me down, Pete; do you hear? Put me down, put me down, put me down!"

"Lord, Flora, what's got into you?"

She moved away from him, smoothing her dress. Bill was sitting in his chair by the window, his head turned away from her. Leaning forward, she listened earnestly, then her shoulders drooped and she sighed. "I can't get used to him," she muttered. "I have a feeling he knows everything that's going on in the kitchen."

"He's not even looking at us, Flora. Come on."

"No, it isn't worth while."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah, it's so."

Pete's smooth, heavy face took on a sullen expression. She heard some one at the window say: "I'd like a cream puff, or a chocolate éclair."

She turned abruptly. Bill's lips moved again, his eyes retaining the expression of indifference: "I'd like a cream puff."

"Bill, oh, Bill," she said. "You heard it, Pete? Oh, Bill." But he didn't move his lips again.

Distracted she turned around twice, then rushed into the front room, looking for her mother-in-law, who had gone to call on one

of the neighbors, and wouldn't be home for at least an hour. She told Pete to go down to the store and get some cream puffs and run all the way back. Pete opened his mouth to be sullen, but couldn't help watching Bill. He went out the front door.

She shook Bill's head. He would not speak again. She stood on the back steps and yelled: "Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Fulton." Mrs. Fulton, wiping her hands on her apron, said: "I never heard anything like it in my life. I'll come right in." As soon as she came into the kitchen, they heard Pete coming in the front door with a bag of cream puffs. Flora opened the bag, took one, her hand trembling as she put it on a plate, and got a fork from the table drawer. She put the plate in front of Bill, and began to cry quietly when he took the cream puff in his hand and began to eat slowly, enjoying it thoroughly. Flora felt that if any one said anything he would stop eating, so she kept a finger on her lips, warning Pete and Mrs. Fulton. He finished the cream puff, took a deep breath, and turned his head from them.

Bill's mother talked anxiously to Flora when they had strawberries and cream together at tea-time. Flora put down her spoon suddenly and said: "I'm going for a little walk. I want to be alone a while." Her forehead had got hot and her heart was beating unevenly. Her mother-in-law saw that she was excited and didn't object when she went out the front door.

Flora walked along the cinder path, walking lightly, her legs moving slowly. At the corner she hesitated, smiled to herself, and crossed over to Starrs' gate and walked up the driveway to the front door. Mrs. Starr opened the door for her and said it was thoughtful of Mrs. Lawson to call and come right in and have a cup of tea with her. Flora sat down at Mrs. Starr's table, wondering where the woman's husband was at tea-time. The room was large, with an elegant plate-rail, many colored cups and plates on it, and there was a fine soft rug and polished walnut furniture. Mrs. Starr's tiny head and beaky nose bobbed up and down, listening to the story about the cream puff. Flora talked slowly, importantly, and took three cups of tea, and Mrs. Starr made many handsome efforts to be very friendly. "I was thinking of your husband, Bill, two nights ago," she said. "So yesterday I got a little present for him. Something a man like

Bill will appreciate later on when he gets a little better. I'll get it now."

Taking short steps, she left the room and went up-stairs. Flora leaned back in the chair, contented and comfortable. Mrs. Starr came down again with a large holy picture, holding it out with both hands—a picture of a red sacred heart, some white angels, and a blue background and a gold frame.

"He had a religious turn of mind and this is the sort of thing that'll appeal to him," Mrs. Starr said.

"The colors are lovely," Flora said. "And it's so generous of you. I'll take it right along with me."

"I'll wrap it up," Mrs. Starr said.

Holding the picture, wrapped neatly in thick brown paper, under her arm, Flora walked down the driveway to the corner. She did not want to go home at once, she felt lively, exhilarated, and decided to go for a walk by herself, south past the old rough-cast house. Every few steps she took a deep breath, but had no interesting thoughts; simply happy because she knew Bill would get better, and she had avoided a complicated affair with Pete. She walked all the way down the water-works, a low dark-brick building, and heard the engines and smelled the steam, and took a drink of water that she couldn't swallow because it seemed to taste of steam. A cool breeze was coming from the bay. She stood up straight, brushing strands of hair off her forehead to get the cool air. At the back of the building, by the water's edge, she heard voices, and knew some fellows were sitting on the bench under the eave. They heard her footfalls on the picket walk; her legs were in view and the outline of her body. Some one whistled softly and a fellow said smoothly: "Nice legs." She turned round rapidly, going back, and the same voice called: "Where'd you get those legs?" She called, "Shut up, you pigs," and the voice jeered again: "Yeah, nice legs for a piano." Then she was on the street.

The sky was very dark over the bay and the water slapped on the beach. Her thoughts flowed peacefully again. "I'm a lucky woman; I wouldn't let Pete touch me now for a million dollars." Holding the holy picture tightly, she glanced around, as if expecting to see him so she could sneer at him. Suddenly she wanted to run along the street like a tomboy laughing happily. A drop of rain fell on her forehead and she stood under a maple-

tree. The town was very quiet and the wind blew through the leaves of the tree. The wind blew a piece of newspaper along the road, holding it against a fence-post.

The rain came down, and as she approached the fence-post the paper got wet and slid to the ground. She was glad of the rain, and the feel of it falling upon her head and shoulder and streaming down her neck, as she walked home, holding the face of the picture tightly against her breasts. Only the paper on the back got wet.

The old lady was darning a sock in the kitchen. Bill sat beside her in his chair, his hands linked on his belly, dozing comfortably, a man relaxing in his own home. Flora had imagined that she would talk angrily about the men down at the water-works, but, instead, smiled good-naturedly, unwrapping the picture, while her mother-in-law scolded her for getting wet. At first Bill's mother didn't appreciate the picture, but she got used to the colors, holding it at various angles, and was pleased and excited when she heard that Mrs. Starr would have tea with them to-morrow. She insisted Flora tell her everything Mrs. Starr had said.

Her clothes were wet, and Flora undressed in the front room. Now she thought of the fellows who had yelled at her as she hurried away from them, and wondered if she were getting old and fat; not old, though probably much fatter, and made up her mind to start dieting to-morrow. She sat on the side of the bed, sticking out her bare legs, smooth, round, plump, well-shaped legs, and was indignant that any one would cry out: "Piano legs."

Outside the rain had stopped, so she changed her dress quickly. The sun was shining brightly through the back window into the kitchen. Mrs. Fulton and her mother-in-law were talking over the back fence, very friendly, because Mrs. Fulton was going away to the city. Her husband had been out of work all summer; not a single boat had been in the dry dock. The grass had grown long in Fulton's back yard and the house needed painting. A wheelbarrow, fallen over, and a ladder had lain on

the grass all summer. Some one had moved the ladder, and two wide yellow lines were on the thick green grass. Passing the time, she looked in the kitchen cupboards and discovered they needed sugar. Mrs. Fulton would come in, she thought, before going away, and would make an earnest effort to have a talk to Bill: a nice woman, Mrs. Fulton, though a bit envious of Flora's importance in the neighborhood. Flora patted her hair, looking at herself in the mirror, and then took her purse, hanging on the kitchen door-knob. She went out the front door, going down the road to get some sugar.

The creek had almost dried up under the wooden bridge. The sun, red in the late afternoon, had passed over the town to the hills. The red sun was setting behind the blue hills, and it shone on the fields and the farms on the hills till they gleamed like lakes in a wooded country. Behind, over the bay, white clouds were banked high on strips of blue. Over the tracks she met Marjorie Stevens, the priest's housekeeper, dressed neatly in black and carrying a blue silk parasol. Marjorie stood talking to her under a maple-tree, the branches spreading over the sidewalk. Marjorie Stevens, one of the most interesting women in town, was friendly, and it occurred to Flora that they might have much to say to each other, now that they were both dignified. Some day Marjorie would ask about Bill, and she would ask about Marjorie's husband, who hadn't been seen since he went to the city.

"It's only a question of time before Bill gets better, I think," Marjorie said.

"Maybe in a year, I hope, and you may be sure he'll not bother again with studyin' and too many books."

"He's very distinguished with his black beard. Will he keep it?"

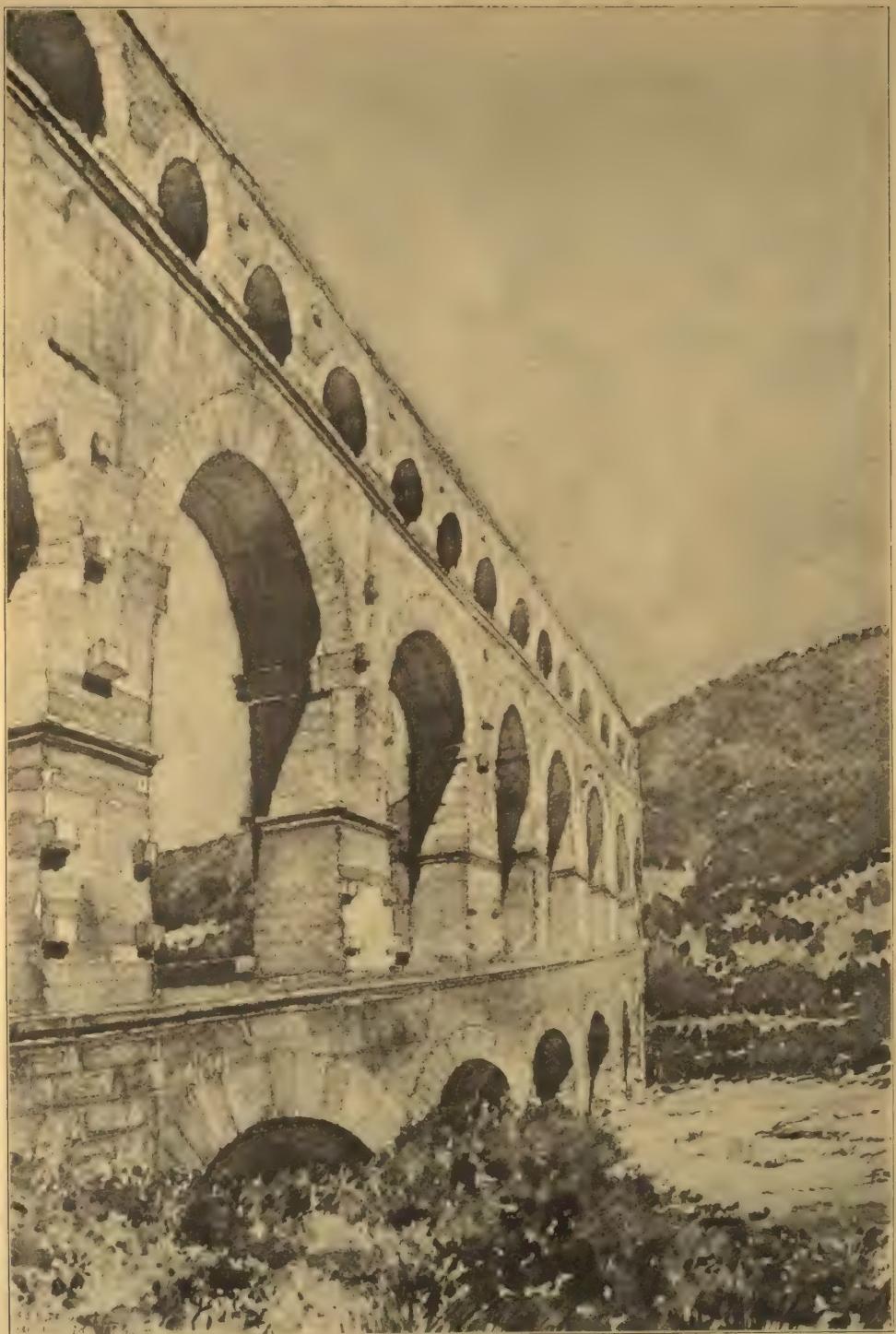
"I think he will. I want him to."

"Are you going down-street?"

"Yes, I just discovered I was out of sugar. Isn't that sun strong before it goes down?"

"Take my arm, dear, so we'll both be under my parasol, and we'll talk as we go along."





Pont du Gard, France.

August, 1926.

From a water-color by Cass Gilbert.

—See "An Architect's Holidays," page 415.

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The Screen Speaks

BY WILLIAM DE MILLE

Everybody is talking about the "talkies" but few are as well-equipped as this producer who has to his credit many of the better motion-pictures and now says he probably will never direct another silent film.

UNTIL very recently certain innocent people had been in the habit of alluding to the motion-picture as still in its infancy until it surprised and shocked them by giving birth to a child of its own.

"Talkie" is the child's name, and the parents, Mother Movie and Father Stage, regard it with distinct perturbation, possibly for the reason that their marriage has been of that natural and informal sort which is accomplished without benefit of clergy. The fact that father didn't particularly love mother made no difference. Radio and telephone engineers developed an electrical cosmic urge which resulted in the birth of a child to two unwilling parents.

The sturdy infant is growing at a rate unheard of even in the case of its precocious mother; and now, that they have looked upon its face, both parents claim the offspring as their very own, and each is striving to influence its development so that the faults and limitations of the other be not allowed to de-

stroy its character. As in the case of human beings, however, the squalling brat is still so unlovely both to the eye and to the ear that only its mother really loves it and believes it will grow up into a fine, big, beautiful person.

At any rate, the talking picture has arrived. Its popular success as entertainment has been instantaneous, and, like the silent picture of fifteen years ago, public demand for it has so far outrun ability of the studios to furnish it, that a somewhat chaotic condition has suddenly overwhelmed the whole motion-picture industry.

Without warning, the public has concentrated its attention upon the talkie to the point where it begins to be difficult to find a profitable market for silent pictures. Thousands of picture theatres are demanding installation of the complicated machinery necessary to exhibit the new product. Their demands cannot be gratified because the electrical companies are not equipped to turn out at once the vast number of installations

called for. And for those theatres that have been fortunate enough to secure equipment, there are not enough talking pictures to go round. Within three months the studios of Hollywood have been turned from efficiently organized institutions into somewhat of a bedlam. Every one is reorganizing to make talkies. New sound-proof stages are being built. Directors, writers, and actors are all trying to learn something of the new idea and worrying about whether they are adapted to it. A complicated industry which has taken over fifteen years to develop is, to a certain extent, swept away overnight and must prepare to produce at once and in quantity a product it knows almost nothing about, with new and little-understood tools and a personnel of novices.

Conditions such as these have made necessary a number of makeshift devices to meet the present emergency. Chief among them is that form of picture technically known as a "goat gland."

A "goat gland," be it known, is a picture created as a silent film, into which is forcibly, and sometimes painfully, injected one or two "talking sequences" to give the poor thing strength enough to face a world howling for pictures which are audible in some way or other. The "goat gland," however, will probably not long survive as an accepted form. Characters which talk part of the time and are stricken dumb the rest of the time are too difficult to accept as real people. It has always been difficult for an audience to swap conventions in the middle of a scene, and once a character shows he can talk he must continue or seem "dumb" indeed. The convention which underlies the silent picture was only binding while it was known to be necessary.

What is true in an individual picture is apt to be true in the larger field of the whole industry; and once the public has become accustomed to speaking characters on the screen, it is very much to be doubted that the silent character will ever again be acceptable.

To one who has seen motion-picture production of the past the studio itself seems vastly changed. Gone are the shoutings, the music, the noises of electric lights, the hum of the cameras, and the tense directions through megaphones. Instead, a silent group of actors awaits a silent signal upon a silent stage. Between "shots" groups of quiet-voiced players bring forth dictionaries and discuss meanings of words and their pronunciation. The responsibility of the spoken word, hailed with joy by veterans from the stage, is a heavy burden to some of those actors whose whole professional career has been silent. Which is not to say that the new art is the mecca of all stage folk and the confusion of those unfortunates without theatre training. But there will be many heart-breaks before the studios adjust their methods and their players to new conditions.

In many cases the stage actor who doesn't know picture technic is no better off than the screen actor of no vocal experience; except that it is frequently easier for the stage actor to learn screen technic than for the screen actor to develop a voice which he doesn't possess. On this latter point, though, it is not essential that the voice be trained to theatre size. Pure tone and distinct enunciation are the prime requisites. At the present time the ideal actor for talking pictures seems to be the stage actor with screen experience.

It is interesting, and frequently appalling, to realize how much screen per-

sonality may be changed by the addition of voice. The actor's very appearance seems different. Many delightful young women lose all their charm the moment their voices are heard; stalwart "he-men" may shed their virility with the first sentence they speak; the rolling Western "r" gives the lie to an otherwise excellent "society" characterization, and uncultured enunciation destroys the illusion created by beauty. In very few cases does the voice of a screen idol satisfy "fans" who, for years, have been imagining it. On the other hand, those players who have beauty of voice find a new world opened to them. No longer is it necessary to make personality 100 per cent visual. Actors who for years have been almost unnoticed may arrest attention vocally and convey to the public a charm of personality which they have been unable to do through the eye alone. It is Judgment Day, and many will be raised up while others are cast down.

The new art—and it will be an art possibly greater than either of those from which it derives—the new art is an interesting combination of stage and screen, and those who practise it will have to know certain principles of each.

In analyzing these elements and learning how they are to be combined, it is obvious that the new medium is bound, for a time, to be torn between the influence of motion-picture technic and that of the spoken drama. Those who come to it from the theatre will, no doubt, tend to make it merely the "speaking likeness" of a stage performance. Those who have in the past worked only in the silent drama will probably minimize the importance of the spoken word and lay much emphasis upon physical movement to carry the story. These two forces are well defined

and both are necessary in the new picture. It is much too early yet to say just how the two elements will combine or what the new technical form will be. Much experimenting will have to be done and many mechanical limitations removed before the talkie can develop a degree of freedom from artificial restrictions. To-day one man's opinion is as good as another's; there is no master; there are only pupils.

Part of the present confusion is the result of the industry being divided against itself as to the best method of making and reproducing talking pictures. There are three general methods in operation: the Vitaphone method, the Movietone method, and the double-film method.

In the Vitaphone method the voice is recorded upon a wax disk which is synchronized with the cameras; the Movietone records the voice upon the side of the same film which carries the picture; and the double-film method records the voice upon a separate film which is synchronized with the picture film.

Because of these entirely different methods, theatres which are equipped to reproduce films of one method can only show another by using different machinery.

As the Vitaphone and Movietone methods were both in the field before the double-film method, it is necessary for those producers who make their pictures by double film to re-record them as either Vitaphone or Movietone in order to use theatres equipped to exhibit by these methods. Which method will be finally agreed upon as the best is a subject of much discussion, but it is being generally accepted that for the actual making of a picture the double-film method gives the director greater freedom to move his characters and to use

more of the fluid technic of the motion-picture.

There are, of course, many technical difficulties to be overcome in the theatres. The same film in the same house sounds differently according to the size and position of the audience; each theatre varies acoustically from every other, and few of the large picture houses were built to meet conditions which proper reproduction of talking pictures demands.

A new group of technicians has become an integral part of the director's staff. The recording engineer is as important a factor in making a picture as is the camera-man. So is the "mixer" in the monitor room, who watches every scene and governs relative volumes of sound, bringing up certain voices, subduing others, and holding the whole audible performance to a level at which there will be no microphonic distortion. The director must compose each scene for the microphone as well as for the camera; distance and direction of voice must be considered at the same time as distance and angle of the face. These are among the limiting conditions to which this new art is born and through which it must grow. The microphone imposes many new difficulties which were unknown both to the screen and to the stage; it tends to magnify certain types of sound and minimize others, which makes it hard to get a true aural balance. The sound-proof booths which house the cameras have made them much more unwieldy, and the necessity of photographing through the plate-glass windows of these booths makes new and difficult photographic problems.

In spite of all this the art of spoken screen drama will probably develop much more quickly than the silent pic-

ture did, because both its underlying arts are well developed. The motion-picture was truly a new form of narrative and of drama; it used its predecessors, the novel and the play, as indirect models; but the talkie uses its two contributing sources in a much more direct manner. The vocal photoplay is a new combination of two older arts rather than the creation of a new art, and, being essentially new only as to combination, the major problem to be solved at this time is to prevent the technic of one art robbing it of the values contributed by the other.

It is at this point that the two influences which are creating the form of the talkie come into definite conflict. They may be roughly described as drama of the eye and drama of the ear—the element of sight and the element of sound.

In its appeal to the ear the talking picture will ultimately give the audience the same effect as stage drama. As the mechanics of vocal reproduction are developed, the talkie may even surpass the stage in its ability to carry the audible part of drama clearly and distinctly to an auditor far removed from the stage. But in their appeal to the eye we find an essential difference between the talkie and the stage. The talkie is, and must remain, visually a motion-picture. What the eye sees in it is very different from what the eye sees on the stage, and this fact alone indicates that it is the element of sight which will force the talkie to be governed more by the technic of the motion-picture than by that of the theatre. Those who think it merely a matter of photographing a stage-play literally have missed this essential difference, for as long as the audience must see through the lens of a camera, the intimate technic of motion-picture action will be more satisfactory than the

more remote methods of the stage. The actor must be brought much closer than in the theatre, for the camera is not the human eye. Its perspective is quite different, and as yet has not the compensating values which we get from stereoscopic vision.

Talkie technic must be visually that of the motion-picture and only orally that of the stage. This means that the narrative form of the talkie cannot quite follow that of the drama; its percentage of eye-drama to ear-drama must be considerably greater than on the stage. Many of the more subtle moments in the talking picture can sustain themselves by sheer pantomime because the audience is brought so close to the character as to make facial expression alone tell story and express thought to a degree impossible in the theatre. This element of delicate pantomime, developed with such care by the motion-picture, will not be lost in the new technic, but it will be enhanced by that fulness of thought which language alone can give. It is becoming more and more clear that there is a vast difference between the film record of a stage performance and a motion-picture which talks.

During the last decade it became evident that one basic structural difference between stage drama and screen drama was that the greater mobility of the photoplay made it advisable to include every important point of physical action which occurred in the story; while the stage-play had a tendency to leave out much of this incident and allude conversationally to what had happened between the acts. Stage drama, more than photodrama, has usually concentrated its action on certain high spots in a story. It is now a debatable question whether the new story form of the talkie will gain or lose value through the tendency

and ability of the spoken screen drama to include those incidents which stage drama leaves out.

It is, of course, obvious that less actual story can be told when all parts of it are shown; and writers in the new medium are struggling between their desire to use the more fluid form of screen-story construction and their wish to produce a play so complete in psychology and characterization that it can only be told by omitting those incidents which would be omitted on the stage.

Aside from the problem of story construction, the individual scene, as a rule, takes longer to express in spoken picture than the same scene does either on the stage or the silent screen. Picture technic causes things to happen one at a time and uses pantomimic interruptions to dialogue. The silent screen would show the same scene more quickly because its language would be much condensed and its physical action would not be retarded by the longer time necessary to speak lines. A one-act play which takes forty-five minutes to perform in the theatre has been turned into a talkie of seven reels—a full-length picture, merely by filling in certain important scenes which occurred off stage in the original. It is for time to prove whether the play is better or worse through this treatment. At least, it is essentially unchanged.

It will be interesting to see this struggle work out between the more obvious construction of the motion-picture and the more suggestive construction of stage drama. It is a struggle for supremacy in a field which is equally capable of showing either. Probably the talking picture will develop its own form of writing, since stage-plays contain too many lines for the medium, and screen construction leaves room for too few

lines. Less plot can be told in a given space when it has to carry the spoken word. The vocal photoplay must contain fewer words than the stage-play because the dramatic spacing of lines will be different, and intimate pantomime is bound to be a more essential element in the new form, since the close-up can do so much more work than the silent moment on the stage can do.

Another conflict of inherited impulses occurs in the matter of tempo. The physical tempo of the screen, so much quicker than that of the stage, finds itself checked by the spoken word, which cannot be made consistent with such rapid movement. In this case it would seem that the element of sound has the upper hand, and will bring the talking picture down to a tempo much closer to stage time than to screen time. This may be noticed, at first, by audiences accustomed to the terrific speed of the modern picture, but talk cannot be so accelerated without losing all semblance of reality, and movement and speech must harmonize. Each scene has its own rhythm to which all its elements must conform. So it seems that the false speed of the silent picture must be brought down more nearly to approach the more realistic tempo of the stage; which is still very much more condensed than the tempo of real life.

If we take for granted that the various technical difficulties will be solved, and those close to the situation believe this will be done in a comparatively short time, it is interesting to contemplate the possibilities of the new dramatic form. It has almost everything the stage can offer—and many advantages which the stage has not. It combines the power of the spoken word with the power of the motion-picture; it can make the audience feel intimate with a

scene to an extent never attained on the stage; it compels the spectator to look at the one essential point which is the dramatic focus of the moment and prevents the attention from straying to a less-important detail. The talkie puts into spoken drama an intimacy which is impossible on the stage because of the distances involved; it will preserve, as far as may be desirable, the fluid movement of the motion-picture while losing nothing of the psychological value of the spoken word. A broader canvas is made possible by quick and frequent change of background, and against this broader canvas will be shown characters in more intimate drama than even the littlest Little Theatre has succeeded in depicting. Not since Shakespeare's day has the dramatic form been so fluid.

It is not to be expected that the talking picture will find itself immediately. It must pass through crude stages of experiment; it must develop its craft before it can grow as an art. There is, at present, no one who knows much about it; relative positions in the motion-picture world have been wiped out, and the race is to be run all over again with every competitor starting from scratch.

The public, at present, is amazed to hear the screen talk, but in a very short time they will demand that it say something. It would not be surprising if the public were to go through the same progression with the talkie as happened in the case of its mother, the movie. This may be roughly sketched as follows:

1. A wild desire to see the new curiosity—pictures that moved; it mattered not what was shown.
2. The necessity of having pictures tell a story in order to maintain audience interest.
3. The discovery that the form was very crude.

4. The realization that they needed it anyhow.
5. With gradual improvement the demand for "bigger and better" pictures.
6. The demand for even better, though smaller, pictures.
7. The picture public's growing appreciation of art.
8. Gradual freeing of the form through this appreciation.

Those who are closest, however, to the heart of the problem expect that this development will be much more rapid than it was with the movie.

If the talkie realizes its possibilities, it may well become the greatest of all popular arts; it will carry the full benefit of spoken drama to millions who

otherwise could never see a good play properly presented, and at a price which will not tax the most modest purse; it will make a real national theatre possible; it will become a standard of speech for the whole people; it will foster the growth of dramatic taste in the general public and will help them grow to an appreciation of the spoken word as quickly as they have learned to appreciate finer values in the silent picture during the last ten years.

The drama was conceived to be the art of the whole people, and the talking picture is at last going to make that ideal possible. If the new art realizes its opportunities it is probable that, within three years, the silent motion-picture will have ceased to be.



Ephraim Ursus, American Pioneer

BY PHILIP ASHTON ROLLINS

The author of "The Cowboy" and "Jinglebob" writes the biography of a bear. Ephraim's dramatic exit is a true tale.

EPHRAIM URSUS was an aristocrat. He belonged to one of the oldest families in America, to one of the proudest. In fact, the initial part of his American lineage far antedated the settling of Jamestown and the Pilgrims' landing; and, had you attempted to discuss with him those two immigrations, he doubtless would have sniffed.

Assuredly he would not have praised the Lewis and Clark expedition; thus wordless because, if for no other reason,

he resented people's entering a territory which he, in lordly fashion, deemed to have been ancestral and which he considers now to be his by inheritance.

Despite his progenitors' haughtiness, his birthplace was sufficiently humble to have satisfied the biographers of politicians. In simplicity, it outdid the traditional log cabin of American statesmen, it being no more than a pile of leaves between two sheltering rocks on a mountainside.

At his birth, he weighed much less than the conventional nine-pound baby. He was merely of about the size and heaviness of an adult chipmunk, for he was a healthy grizzly bear.

As for his parents—

His mother, shrewd to the last degree, was also almost flawless in her tender affection for her baby offspring and in her wise and constant teaching of him during his infancy and early youth: rarely a fleck of impatient roughness.

It was she who encouraged his instinctive efforts to claw his signature onto vertical trunks within the forest. Through feigned competition, she persuaded him to seek ever a yet higher spot for his runic autograph upon the bark; and thereby his muscles gradually became limberer and his frontal nails more stoutly anchored.

His first sparring lessons he had from her; and, using her willing body as a life-raft, he, under her tutelage, improved his swimming.

It was she who unfolded to him the technic of outwitting bees during quests for honey.

Pursuant to her schooling, his innate sense of smell was made to determine with uncanny swiftness the precise direction from which any odor wafted; thus preparing him to comport with grizzlies' habit of stalking up-wind when seeking victims. Thanks to her, he was able to catch from passing breezes long notice that man was approaching.

It was she who taught him that human beings were not to be trusted, though she largely left to her husband the giving of practical demonstrations in murder and sudden death, as also in the detection and robbery of baited traps.

It was she who instructed little Ephra-

im, that, following the invention of the rifle, grizzlies had, for the first time, added a bit of fear to the antipathy which they previously had felt for men.

And, finally, it was she who warned him that beyond apprehensiveness of people—for oftentimes a mere person could be eradicated by the single slash of a paw—there was a yet more cogent dread, that of the skunk. The grizzly, because of thick hair and wondrously sentient nostrils, lost otherwise unfailing courage and became an arrant coward whenever in the fetid presence of one of those animated vinaigrettes.

Notwithstanding the maternal gentleness, some human husbands might qualify their admiration for young Ephraim's mother, since they would know of the treatment she for a time accorded to her spouse. Toward him, from shortly before her infant's birth and until the baby was several weeks of age, she preserved a spleen suggestive of nitric acid; and she occasionally swung a spiked pad that caused permanent addition to the scars already on his scalp.

Nevertheless, throughout all this abusive period, little Ephraim's father sought no solace in flirtations beyond the limits of his home. He had the moral inhibitions of the average grizzly; and so, when once mated, he was completely and unhumanly faithful to his plighted troth.

Whether in copy of his father, by inheritance from him, or solely because he himself was a typical male grizzly, little Ephraim soon began to exhibit wise intelligence along with dignity and humor.

In intelligence, he surpassed any horse or dog; and, though meeting his equal in the elephant, was outranked, in all the world, only by the orang-outang, the chimpanzee, and man. He

and his fellow grizzlies were, except for man—various college graduates perhaps excluded—the brainiest inhabitants America has had since the dawn of history.

As for his humor, it was never apart from dignity, never descended to such clownishness as is characteristic of the black bear. However, when, bundling along beside his mother during one of their daily rambles, he chanced to espy a black bear's cub, it amused him to square his shoulders, shift momentarily from waddling to a strut, and see the patronized other cub thereupon scurry up a tree. All chagrin at hereditary impotence to follow in the climbing of that branchless pine was assuaged by adolescent conceit that eventually he would grow strong enough to knock it down.

Indeed it was not displeasing, while on promenade, to receive the timorous homage paid by all of the encountered wild folk save only the disreputable polecat.

And, oh, the joy of smashing into a bee-tree! Having ascertained the location of a hive, little Ephraim's parents and he would not act with glutinous haste; but instead would, for a while, squat near the containing tree, eye the strategic knot-hole, and, with grins and rhythmically weaving feet, ecstatically rock from side to side. Also there would be occasional pattings of "tummies."

But, as soon as most of the bees were innocuously inside the knot-hole, a devastating paw would crash into the hollow trunk and expel its sticky contents. Instantly a paw of each bear would dab into the fallen honey and across the short hair of the dabber's face; and, by reason of this precaution, the builders of the hive had been denied their only targets. Cautiously peering between half-opened lids, the bears

would cuff downward and into the tacky mess before them with all the enraged insects that hovered in the neighborhood; and so there quickly would be available a hodgepodge of honey, splinters, moss, dead bees, and broken bark: a feast, as little Ephraim thought, fit for the gods.

In one of the earlier seekings for this comfit, little Ephraim, straying a trifle from his mother's side, met with affliction. He had mistaken a wasps' nest for a bee-tree. However, he never repeated the error.

It was a delectable country in which to live: food stintless—tender field-mice, rabbits, and other small animals, all easy to be caught; great mounds and spongy logs, each filled with luscious ants; berries on every hand; numerous bee-trees; grasshoppers in season. And, too, when there developed the infrequent hunger for carrion, the Stilton cheese of beardom, elk could be killed and left to ripen into savoriness.

Incidentally, in his first unaided attempt at a banquet of porcupine, little Ephraim failed to turn the dinner onto its back before commencing to eat. For a while afterward he was compelled to fast.

It was an endearing country in which to live—free as yet from the noisy presence of white men, and as yet unscarred by the slow and hesitant advance of ranching and civilization. But it lay just within the foot-hills' skirts; and, after a few months, ranchmen preempted the adjacent plain and began to push their live stock into these very hills.

As a result of two steers being found with broken necks white men started a reprisal; and presently two large grizzlies were transmuted into rugs, while one little grizzly became an orphan.

This orphan, young Ephraim, had "milled" at his wounded mother's side until he, stung by a bullet and dazed by the scent and sounds of people, had taken to flight. With that lumbering stride wherein the hind legs ever seem vainly trying to overtake the front ones, with that shambling gait which belies its speed—swifter than that of a ridden horse on steep or broken ground—youthful Ephraim had churned across the foot-hills and into the mountains which lay beyond.

True, he more than once had veered from his route and attempted, by circling his pursuers, to elude them and to rejoin his mother. But eventually, balked by scents and shouts and shots, he had devoted himself wholly to galloping escape.

A vagrant bullet's depriving him of one claw measured the limit of his physical damage.

Years passed.

At the close of these years and deep in the recesses of the mountains behind Ephraim's former bailiwick, the frontiersman Jim Scott and his hunting partner "The Kid" were camping in an entirely unsettled section notable for its big game. One evening a passing visitor at their bivouac reported that earlier that same day he had fired several shots into a large grizzly and had seriously injured it, but that the beast had finally made off.

At dawn the next morning Scott and "The Kid," already miles from their camp, were scouting along a game trail which skirted the rim of a deep canyon, a trail much travelled by wild animals and promising likelihood of yielding trophies that had museum worth.

Here and there, on this path's side of the canyon, boulder-strewn headlands,

jutting from the wall, pushed into a sea of air. An especial one of these rocky capes was, according to the season, frequently sought by bears and mountain sheep when they were wishing an observatory of wide range. This particular projection formed, in bird's-eye view, a triangle with narrow base attaching to the canyon's rim and with apex far out in the vacuum of the canyon's maw.

While still lurking behind bushes on the trail's inner flank and as yet unable to see the headland, the two hunters heard coyotes' howls coming from its vicinity. Eventually the men attained a vantage-spot; and from it discovered that, at each end of the promontory's base, was a coyote.

For some time the men continued in hiding, because the two wolves, by their actions, offered a baffling puzzle.

Every few minutes the creatures would momentarily intrude a short distance into the rocky cape; the hair on their ruffs and backs rising, their eyes fixed intently forward, their vibrant noses showing tautness of nerves, and their occasional cries carrying a timbre of panicky curiosity in substitution for the more usual notes of either jeering laughter or simulated grief.

The entire surface of the now mystifying promontory, though level, was so overspread with crazily scattered boulders that neither Scott nor "The Kid" was able to spy what it was that held the two wolves spellbound. The men could do no more than reason that, whatever it was, its location was at the apex of the headland.

By whispers and by signs the incident was discussed. Clearly it did not signify the neighboring presence of other hunters on a shooting-stand, of Indians in ambush, or of horse-thieves

who, fugitive, were "holing up." None such might exact the antics from the wolves; and, besides, it was a certainty that, except for the last evening's visitor, no other hunters were in the country, and also it was known that all Indians were, for the time being, peaceable and at home on their reservations. In furtherance of investigation and risking flagrant violation of hunters' etiquette, Scott ventured to rise in clear view from the point and to give a lusty call. No answering halloo, no responsive signal, no resultant shot was provoked.

At his shout the coyotes had slunk away, but almost immediately they returned and resumed their picketing. For a half-hour longer Scott and "The Kid" lay, rifles in hand, and watched. Yet nothing disclosed itself upon the cape; and, all the while, the two shaggy sentinels maintained their stations and their strange behavior.

Then Scott's inquisitiveness overcame his patience and he muttered: "Plum' sure's a ghost. Le's shake 'ands with 'im." Accordingly, an advance was made to the centre of the headland's base; and thence the reconnoiterers began to crawl slowly and noiselessly toward the eerie apex.

With this move the coyotes quitted their wardenship. But, when the snailing people had progressed some fifty yards into the haunted point, they heard howls behind them; and, squinting over their shoulders, saw that the wolves were once more on post.

Minute after minute was spent in inching forward, and this with no discovery. Nowhere was there any soil or vegetation on which imprints might have been recorded. Nowhere was there a vestige of instructive "sign." To ac-

cent the suspense, not a breath of air was stirring; and so, but for the two coyotes and one blithe grasshopper, the silence would have been complete.

There were scarcely forty feet yet to go before the hunters should reach the apex of the naze, and between it and the creeping men were only three rocks that could screen much from them.

Scott had hardly finished murmuring "Spooks be derned! The ky-otes is sure locoed!" when, from behind the farthermost boulder and at the headland's very tip, there rose slowly and with majesty the figure of a huge grizzly bear. He made no sound. A gouge through his eye sockets and a chest matted with blood clots showed that he not only had been blinded by a bullet but was dying. With easy, continuous motion he heaved himself toward erectness. Standing thus upon his hind legs, he stretched to his full height, then extended his right paw straight above his head; and with it gave a forward thrust as though trying protestingly to shame the hunters from his death-chamber. Before his paw could lower a spasm shook his body, his teeth chattered, and, swaying like a drunkard, he fell backward and into space.

Scott gasped, and, in awestruck voice, blurted: "My God! Julius Cæsar's death couldn't a bin no grander!"

He and "The Kid" lapsed into quietude, but abruptly yelps of derision issued from the coyotes in the background. It was as though these brutes' release from dread of the living grizzly had given them hysteria. Scott, hot with indignation, spat out his tobacco quid, jumped to his feet, and bawled: "You whelps o' infamy, ain't you got no sense o' decency?" Next, he seized his rifle and "cut loose."

The taunting cries of the wolves and the subsequent noise of the shooting broke the thrall which previously had held him and his companion; and accordingly the two set about retracement of their steps. Throughout the journey there was detected but a single stain of blood to mark the despairing grizzly's route.

As soon as the hunters had regained the main wall of the canyon Scott walked to the carcasses of the two wolves and scornfully kicked them over the edge.

His suggestion, "Don't you think we ought to go on down an' see 'im?" resulted in three hours of hard scram-

bling. In the bottom of the chasm was found the grizzly.

One of his claws was missing, patently an old injury.

After the men had straightened the mangled limbs and each given to a fore paw the farewell handshake demanded by frontier tradition, they surrounded the body with a wall and roof of heavy rocks.

Late that evening the hunters reached their camp, both of them well-nigh exhausted, and were greeted by their visitor of the night before.

He spoke again of the wounded bear, but neither Scott nor "The Kid" said anything at all upon the subject.



The Salmon in the Sea

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

OH, the salmon in the river is a lively, leaping fish;
And the salmon on the table is a rosy, royal dish;
But what I can't discover, and the thing that baffles me,
Is where he goes in winter, the salmon in the sea.

Oh, the baby parr is pretty with his beauty-spots of red;
And the smolt is clad in silver from his tail unto his head.
But then one day you wonder where that shining fish can be?
He's gone away to make himself a salmon in the sea.

When the flowers of the forest all the river-banks adorn,
Then the salmon comes cavorting to the pool where he was born;
And he lingers there a-sporting, to beget his progeny,
Until he vanishes again, the salmon in the sea.

Oh, there's no man knows his journey, or where he plays and feeds,
In what Neptunian pleasure-grounds and groves of giant weeds.
He has passed beyond our vision, on adventure far and free;
He's gone into the unseen world, the salmon in the sea.

The Homesick Ladies

BY SIDNEY HOWARD

HORACE RIDEOUT held out for a long time against the idea of selling. Horace loved the house for itself, for its immemorial association with his family, and because he enjoyed the life he led in it. He did not share his wife's eagerness for the prospective urbanities of Boston. He knew that once he resigned the chair of the local historical society, he could never hope to occupy the chair of anything else.

"After Natalie's married," his wife reasoned with him, "there'll be no one to carry on the name, and you'll admit it's a burden to keep the place up."

Horace yielded at last. He stood his ground only in his determination to do what he considered the right thing by his two half-sisters.

"My dear Bessie," he wrote to the elder of them—they were both many years his senior—"since my mother's death, in 1903, I have made it a practice to invite you to spend Thanksgiving with us. I attribute your consistent disregard of all my previous invitations to your natural stubbornness, discourtesy, and pride. I rise above it.

"I rise above it because, on this occasion, I have to notify you of a fact which may possibly concern you more deeply than mere social obligations. My wife and I have decided upon removing our residence to Boston, and I shall be interested to hear what, if any, objection you may put forward to our selling this house.

"In spite of my full legal right to dispose of my own property as I see fit, I cannot in conscience ignore your per-

sonal and sentimental interest in your former home. With this in mind, I pass over our long quarrel to offer you the opportunity to take the house and land off my hands at a figure to be agreed upon. I shall also consider as valid any reluctance of yours to see the house pass out of the family, provided you are willing to share with me the burden of its upkeep."

That sentence pleased him. He prided himself on his fairness, and that sentence struck him as exceptionally fair.

"Will you be good enough," he concluded, "to signify in writing what, if any, action you propose taking?"

He signed himself: "Most sincerely, your brother." Then he added a postscript which read: "As a formality, I am addressing a similar notification to our sister."

He showed both letters to his wife. "That, I think, makes our position clear," he said.

Caroline warned him not to expect her to sympathize with such quixotics, and once again said: "There is such a thing as too much conscience, particularly in one's attitude toward the undeserving."

"I have never felt," Horace asserted, "that my mother dealt fairly by her stepdaughters."

"That," said Caroline, "does not give Bessie any excuse for her rudeness to me. And as for your sister Maisie," she added, "the less said about *her* the better!"

Horace dropped the subject. He mailed his letter to his sister Elizabeth

in New York, where she lived and practised the real-estate business. The "similar notification" he mailed to his sister Maisie in Rome. It was the first communication that had been addressed to her from her old home since the day, so long ago, of her first and fatal disgrace.

He mailed the two letters early in October to allow his sisters ample time in which to appreciate his generosity. He felt not a little injured, as the first of November went by, that neither of them vouchsafed him any answer. About the middle of November, however, a Mrs. Willetts, of Indianapolis, made him a most advantageous offer for the house. After that he felt less injured. He pronounced himself delighted with her proposition, and only asked that she leave matters open until Thanksgiving Day. As he said to Caroline: "Even though we may be practically certain that neither one of them"—meaning his sisters—"intends to interfere with the sale, still we cannot afford to give up the satisfaction of feeling ourselves wholly in the right." He had already commenced making his plans to invest the Willetts's thousands in foreign travel when his sister Bessie did take action and, thus, in one blow, dashed his incipient hopes.

"I shall be with you for Thanksgiving," she wired him. "I wish I might say that I look forward to seeing you."

Neither he nor Caroline could help wondering just what that telegram portended. "Now you see what I meant by too much conscience," said Caroline.

Caroline faced the facts bravely, however. She was neither a small woman nor a mean one, and she knew her duty, as New Englanders are only too apt to do. She spared no pains to prepare for her sister-in-law's visit. She even

fished into the store of family photographs and drew thence a portrait of her husband's two sisters, taken together in their youth, at the beginning of the gay nineties.

They were handsome girls, high-spirited daughters of the Puritan stock. Their brows were strong and proud; their eyes clear and proud; their mouths firm and proud. Caroline, studying the pair, thought how little her husband resembled them. Intractable, unmanageable girls, she thought. Her own Natalie had something of their look, lacking its coloration of perverseness. The longer she studied the portrait the more sorry she found herself that two such splendid creatures should have come off so futile.

She wished that she might have found a picture of Elizabeth alone. But Horace remembered the old days, before the trouble began, and told her how inseparable the sisters had been then, even in photography. So Caroline stood her find on the mantel in the drawing-room, beneath Sargent's portrait of the girls' stepmother, old Nathaniel Rideout's second wife, to whom Horace owed at once his existence, his character, and his faults.

This, hoping for the best against long odds and a heavy cold, Caroline did on the very day of Miss Elizabeth Rideout's announced arrival. That was the day before Thanksgiving—the Wednesday—and Miss Rideout was expected by the three o'clock from Boston.

The Crandalls, who lived next door to the Rideouts, were scarcely less involved in Miss Elizabeth's advent than the Rideouts themselves. Doctor Crandall, a widower, stood to the Rideouts in the position of their oldest friend, a

traditional family intimacy which young Roger Crandall prepared to carry on by marrying Natalie Rideout.

Doctor Crandall, in his sixties, belonged to that class of men called, by other men, "disappointments." There had been a time, thirty-odd years before the commencement of this story, when Crandall showed promise of assuming a great place in his profession. The Deity, it would appear, compensated the promise by neglecting to make Crandall a great man in himself. From a most brilliant young neurologist in both Vienna and Boston, he had petered out in a pleasant, leisured life, in a late, uneventful, brief marriage, in the esteem of hypochondriac ladies and in Horace Rideout's friendship. Horace liked him for the very qualities which had made him a failure at his job, for the very fact of his failure. Doctor Crandall made Horace feel less of a nonentity and, therefore, more of a man. Who thought seriously of Doctor Crandall now? Only himself, from time to time, on rare occasions of self-interest.

One such moment struck and was real and roused him from his languor on the evening when Roger, just home from the Rideouts, announced the aunt's impending arrival. "Bessie Rideout after all these years?" the doctor murmured, and got up out of his chair to walk uneasily up and down his long, dark library. Presently, his mind made up, he went out through the gate in the privet hedge between the door-yards, rang the Rideouts' bell, and asked for Caroline.

"So Bessie's coming back!" he said to her.

She looked sharply at him, because she understood his gravity and knew that he knew she understood it. "After

all these years," she answered, to help him along.

He evaded her eyes. Something like shyness, something the least bit frightened, broke up the serenity of his usual mien. "I'm begging off Thanksgiving dinner," he told her.

"For the first time in twenty years!" Caroline observed. "It does seem extra-delicate of you. Aren't you forgetting that Bessie's an old woman now?"

"No wound," he replied, "is so old you can't open it."

"I think he's right," Horace gloomily put in. "One never knows what to expect of my sister Bessie."

"That's that," said Caroline.

Doctor Crandall looked wanly into the autumn twilight beyond the window-pane. "Bessie will be coming here again," he reflected aloud. "I shall see the redoubtable Bessie again! How long ago it all seems now and yet how real again! I'm glad it's Bessie I'll have to face and not Maisie."

"Oh!" Horace said. "You need have no fears on that score! We can guarantee to spare you Maisie!"

"Thank you for that, at any rate," said Doctor Crandall, and went home to his dinner. Thus Miss Elizabeth Rideout's welcome was prepared in yet another quarter.

All the way from New York that redoubtable lady, as Doctor Crandall had described her, sat in her compartment and wondered at the hold the old house exercised over her, the hold that could fetch her away, alike from her habits and her moorings. "It may be homesickness," she suspected. "I'd like to know what else it could be!"

She weighed close on three hundred avoirdupois, Miss Rideout did, was not

a bit handsome any more, and called herself "The Madame of New York Real Estate." She enjoyed wondering about things, in a quiet way, provided she could get through the process without committing herself to any action. She wondered about the house, about her brother and his family; even, a little, about her sister Maisie. "Old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago!"—they made her feel humble and foolish about herself and her proud self-sufficiency. They made her ask herself if this long estrangement had ever been anything more than a perverse self-indulgence. They made her feel downright kindly toward that fuss-budget young half-brother of hers.

She rested her mammoth forearm on the window-sill and dropped her heavy head into the palm of her hand. "It's a queer thing," she said to herself, very much as Doctor Crandall had done, "how alive all that old rumpus seems again!"

Then it occurred to her (for she was not disinclined to philosophize) that perhaps life lives for us only up to the point where we have to begin making it work for us instead. What she wanted to know was whether life might not begin to live for her anew now that she had reached the point where she no longer cared whether it worked for her or not. She wondered if life were not playing just that trick on her in reviving so many of the old memories and putting so much of flesh and blood into them.

"*It is* going home," she concluded. "*It is* going home that's got me so stirred up."

Then she wondered if Steve Crandall were still living. "Sixty-seven he'd be," she judged. The train came into the landmark zone: she saw landmarks

that had once meant going home to her and still meant just that. "Heigho!" she sighed.

Even if she had not been so gently disposed in advance, the sight of Horace on the platform would have disarmed her, so distraught he looked and so frightened of her. "Well, Horace," she began, "I suppose you think this very odd of me?"

"I'm trying my best not to," his tactless honesty informed her.

"*It is* odd," she said. "Odd as the very devil!"

He apologized for his wife's absence from the platform. "She's asthmatically inclined," he said, "and with her cold in this rainy weather . . ."

"You must tell me your wife's name," she cut him off. "I can't be calling my sister-in-law 'my brother's wife' to her face!"

"Her name is Caroline," said Horace. "She was . . ."

"Never mind who she was! Who's this?"

Horace presented his daughter. "My daughter, Natalie. Natalie, your aunt Bessie."

"Named after her grandfather Rideout?" Miss Elizabeth supposed.

"A corruption of Nathaniel," Horace explained.

His sister grunted. "Corrupting anything connected with that old buzzard strikes me as gilding the lily!"

"You're speaking of my father!" Horace protested.

"He was my father, too," Miss Elizabeth replied, "and that wasn't the worst of his sins!" She turned to Natalie, though, with the most charming warmth. "Never *you* mind, my dear," she added. "You're a damned pretty girl."

They got into the car with that and drove through the town to the house. Miss Elizabeth sat, the short while, without speaking, looking into the drizzle as one familiar vista after another disclosed itself. She got over all doubts as to what it was had brought her from New York. So homesick she became that she barely managed to keep from crying, and had no strength left in her to call up her usual bravado. The elms hit her the hardest: some that she remembered, some that had grown to tree's estate since her day, some that were gone and, by their absence, made themselves as evident to her recollection as missing teeth in a beloved smile.

The sight of the house caused at once such contraction in her throat and such weakness in her knees that, when her brother made to help her to alight, she laid her hand upon his arm and stopped him. Homesickness, one of the most generous of the more worthy human emotions, let loose a cool freshet of good-will within her and she spoke to Horace out of the aged, aching depths of her poor heart.

"Listen to me, Horace," she said to him. "Let's have no more nonsense between us. It wasn't any fault of yours that your mother made you the hook to hang so much unkindness on. It wasn't your fault that Maisie and I went to hell. Oh, don't look so shocked! That's just where we did go, and I went farther than Maisie, too! Maisie had a love-affair and married a gambler, but I went into real estate and invented the kitchenette and the co-operative apartment-house, and they're two of the worst crimes ever perpetrated against humanity."

"You're joking!" Horace cried, relieved that his elder sister had not made him a more roseate confession.

"Not entirely. The point is to avoid blaming and fussing now for what happened so long ago. Let's forget what father did in marrying your mother and what your mother did to Maisie and what Maisie did to me. Let's you and I be friends."

"I'm glad you're so sensible, Bessie," he said to her. "Steve Crandall was so afraid you wouldn't be."

Just the sound of Steve Crandall's name, and Miss Rideout's sensibleness came to a full stop and a new ache came through the homesickness and complicated matters. "What matters now," she forced herself to say, "is what went on before Steve Crandall's misbehaviors."

He looked puzzled, she saw, though he said nothing.

"When we were children here," she explained, "Maisie and Steve and I. And now," she added, "take me in and introduce me to your wife. It was nice of you to let me come up, after all my years of churlishness, and see the old house once more. I shan't raise any objections to anything you want to do with it. I'll only look around and take my train back to New York."

At a little before three that afternoon a woman appeared in the streets of the town in which the Rideouts lived. She stood against the corner of an old house opposite the "Congo" Church and gazed about her in a faint timidity. Her attitude and her whole manner seemed to say: "All this is the same, but different. The curbstones are the same, but the people are different. The houses are the same, but the streets are different. The doors are the same, but they're changed, too. Only, I mustn't let any of the changes affect me."

The rain ceased momentarily and

the clouds broke into masses of charcoal-soiled ivory that showed cobalt between. The wind blew gustily from the river and from the scarlet mallow patterns on the marshes of the Maine shore. The wind riffled the gutter puddles at the woman's feet and bore to her nostrils scents of wood-smoke and rotting leaves, of baking and hot oilcloth, of lamps and pines and tar and the tide and lumber, the least tainted, all of them, by the slightest odor of the fish-wharfs. The woman sniffed the scents like a dog and with a dog's ecstasy of recognition.

The wind appeared to revive her. She clutched, as it were, at its stimulus of recollected certainty and moved forward. No one noticed her. No traffic stopped for her. She did not pause for the crossings. She went straight on, like one resolved against looking to either hand.

When she had left the small business section behind her and turned into High Street, her puzzlement decreased and her assurance waxed correspondingly more assured. Under the arching, leafless elms her step quickened. She walked past one after another of the stately federal palaces of High Street until she came to the end, where the Rideout house, the stateliest of all, stood farthest back of all.

Here she paused again and stood quite still, and her eyes rested upon the house with all that can be of human pain and love and marvel and tenderness in them. When she had taken her fill of looking, she entered the Rideout gate, walked up the steps beneath the noble portico and knocked, somehow impatiently.

It was the maid, Delia, who opened the door. "What do you want?" she asked of the woman.

"I want to come in, of course!"

Delia wondered, as much at the tone as at the words. Lovers of Georgian building were no novelty thereabouts, however. "You can't see the house today," she said. "You have to write ahead and make an application."

The woman said: "But I don't want to see the house. I want to come in." And she laughed weakly, in a surprised manner.

Delia drew back frightened. "Who is it you want to see?" she demanded.

"No one!" This time a little querulous authority came into the woman's voice. "Don't keep me standing here! It's raining."

The rain had, in truth, resumed. Delia's was a soft heart. Delia saw the rain and saw tears trembling in the woman's eyes. A real lady fallen on evil days, Delia decided, and dropped her formal, or door-bell, bearing.

"I don't believe you're feeling yourself, dearie," she said. "Come in, if you want to, and I'll give you a cup of hot tea."

Delia stepped aside to let the woman in. "She walked right past me"—so Delia subsequently reported to Mrs. Blenkinsopp, the cook—"as if she'd owned the place. If I hadn't caught her, she'd have been in the parlor in a jiffy with Mrs. Rideout and the fat sister from New York and everybody!"

Luckily Delia did catch her and led her away from the drawing-room to the kitchen. There she provided the woman with a chair close to the stove. The woman made not the least resistance, but followed meekly and sat where she was told. Only she cried and cried and could not be made to stop.

Both Delia and Mrs. Blenkinsopp, the cook, found, in such carryings-on, good and sufficient excuse for exaspera-

tion. They were doing for their strange guest all that she had any right to ask of them. "What on earth has got into you?" Delia asked a little bit impatiently.

"Nothing." The misery persisted, though, and twisted the features all up and made the words stick so that they came out all tight and hurting. "It's just that I didn't think you'd keep me in the kitchen!"

"Oh, didn't you, indeed!"

"No. I expected everybody would be much gladder to see me than they are."

Welcomed to Caroline's drawing-room, Miss Elizabeth Rideout regained her self-possession and proceeded, along her own lines, to ingratiate herself. She had twice to be reminded of Caroline's name, and, after the second reminder, called her Evelyn, Eleanor, and Leonore in succession and without noticing. She sat back in her grandfather's wing-chair and held the room at bay, a Barbarian empress putting Rome in its place. "It's a charming house," she said. "A really noble house! And you've done surprisingly little to spoil it."

"We've tried to preserve it," Caroline informed her, a little coldly.

"They all do that." Miss Elizabeth smiled the smile of the unimpressed. "Only a house as fine as this can protect itself from being preserved out of existence. Not that your taste is bad. It may be faddy, but it is *not* bad."

Caroline thanked her for that crumb.

"Though you ought to be shot," the redoubtable lady wound up, "for putting electric lights in this room."

Caroline thanked her again, and gave up any idea of protesting.

The redoubtable one was squinting with sudden malevolence toward the

mantel. "Is that Horace's mother?" she wanted to know.

"It's the thing Sargent did of her," Horace replied, "the year before she died."

"Flatters her so I didn't recognize her," his sister rejoined; "though I never looked at her myself when I could avoid it."

Before she went up-stairs, she discovered the unearthed photographs of her sister and herself. As she struggled stupendously to her feet, she saw it on the mantel and lumbered over to take it in her hand. Such deep feeling flushed over her, as she studied it, that Horace thought her on the point of hurling it into the fire.

"Maisie and you," he stammered. "We thought you'd be pleased."

"Did you?" Grimly she put the picture back in its place and left them, and the old stair creaked under her ascent.

Natalie stated categorically that she was proud to be the niece of such a woman. "I adore Aunt Bessie!" she said. "I think she's superb. She may speak her mind out, but she loved this house and that's more than some people I could mention do."

She summoned Roger over from next door. "The sooner you meet my aunt Bessie the better," she told him, "because, after we're married, you're going to see as much of her as she's willing to see of us."

Thus Miss Elizabeth, when she reappeared, found her niece's fiancé awaiting her, along with her niece and her niece's parents, in the drawing-room. She inspected Roger suspiciously. "I suppose you're Stephen Crandall's son?"

Roger acknowledged his identity.

"I was thinking about him coming up in the train. Tell him to come to see

me while I'm here. He needn't be afraid."

"Thank you. He wants to see you, I know."

"Humph! I hope you don't take after him."

Then she realized how she must have startled the boy. "Don't mind me," she went on quickly. "I gave up manners long ago. I was fond of your father once and he behaved badly about it. Coming back here has brought it all to life for me."

"So that's it!" Roger thought, and Miss Rideout asked herself what the devil there was about this place to stir her up, and tea was brought. She refused tea, demanded whiskey, took the amusement of the room into her own capable hands, and began telling stories at her own expense. Things went handsomely from that point, under her direction.

It was in the kitchen, where the stranger lady sat, that things halted. The cook said: "Either she's sick or drunk or crazy."

"Sh!" Delia admonished. "You'll only make her worse and I'm certain she's not drunk."

"Sick or crazy then," Mrs. Blenkinsopp compromised, "and, whichever she is, we ought to have the doctor in."

Now Delia did not at all fancy calling in the doctor. She could hardly go that far without Mrs. Rideout's permission, and she made a fair guess at what her mistress would say to her for entertaining such a waif. "Drat my tender heart!" she whispered. "Drat the rain and her for looking so ladylike and pathetic!"

She tried her conception of the polite hint. "Hadn't we better be moving along now?" she inquired of the wo-

man in her most persuasive manner.

"Moving along?" A despairing echo. "Why?"

"The rain's stopped, you know. And you can't stay here all night."

That same baffled moth of pathos flitted once more over the lips and speech. "Why can't I stay? I came to stay a long time. You mustn't put me out."

"Bless my soul!" Delia cried, and Mrs. Blenkinsopp threw her apron over her face, ran into the pantry and locked the door.

"You don't understand," the woman persisted, "that I belong here."

"Don't I?" Delia was growing seriously alarmed.

"I was afraid you didn't."

Delia made up her mind and went for Mrs. Rideout.

It was a queer thing, altogether, in a company already queer enough in its own right, to have the housemaid walk in, as Delia did, blanched with fear, and ask for help with a lunatic in the kitchen. "She does nothing but cry," Delia reported to the astonishment of the drawing-room, "so I don't think she's dangerous. Only I dassn't put her out, or try it, with all those knives and cleavers lying about."

Roger volunteered. "If knives and cleavers are coming into action," he said to Horace, "I can dodge quicker than you could."

He went into the kitchen. When he came back—and he was gone only a very few minutes—he brought the woman with him. She stood in the door at his side, leaning upon his arm, and smiled a smile more touching than any tears.

"It wasn't that I minded being taken to the kitchen," she told them, hurrying her words out before any of them

had a chance to speak. "I didn't mind one bit and they've been very kind to me out there. I may have felt a *little* hurt, but that was only natural, wasn't it? I mean, I *would* have wanted to have my tea in here with you. Don't you see?"

They stared at her, much more than dumbfounded by her extraordinary speech. They saw a woman, simply but most beautifully dressed, and with rare pearls at her throat. They saw hair of Indian summer artificially tinged with spring, and lips and cheeks that were not, by any means, innocent of rouge. They saw, as well, the tense gravity of a little girl in a face already aged and a body long since mature. The gravity was real, they saw—as real as it was tremulous and eager.

"She says she belongs here," Delia quavered.

"So I do!" the woman insisted. "I always did!"

"Do you know where you are?" Horace asked her.

"Of course I know!"

"And with whom?" Caroline pressed.

"Don't tease me any more, please!"

Then Roger put his oar in. "It occurred to me," he said, "the moment I saw her, that she might be quite right about belonging here. Are you sure this lady isn't your sister from Rome?" And, back to the woman, he added: "Are you Madame de Gondrecour?"

The woman shook her head. The others, too. All but Miss Elizabeth. Her voice died on her dry lips as she tried to speak. "Maisie! My little Maisie!"

"That's right," the woman answered her. "That's my name. I've come home at last."

She clung to that word and made it coo for them.

"Home . . . home . . . home . . ."

She made it clear, though, that she recognized none of them. She simply stood there, without one word more to say for herself, and turned her poor heart inside out with her still, intense joy in the house where she had been a child and a young girl.

Heaven only knew—as Caroline was later heard to observe—how long the shock of that introduction lasted. The prodigal daughter, come home in such fashion, after so long and so arduous an interval, laid a spell of silence upon them which it had been a sacrilege to break. At length, however, sunlight—the hearty gold of a late afternoon of rain—pushed in through the windows and bestirred life once more, and the family watched the happiness of that vacant face focus down upon a discreet pleasure in some immediate and palpable thing. The strain relaxed, and the watchers glanced furtively at one another. Then the shadow, in the image of Mary Rideout de Gondrecour, snatched them all back to her as she darted, suddenly, to the window.

"The sun's come out!" she cooed at them. "Shan't we be going, after all?"

"Going?" Caroline echoed. "Where?"

"Driving with Dan'l, of course!"

"Dan'l?"

Miss Elizabeth remembered if Horace did not. "You were a baby in Dan'l's day," she whispered, "though he drove you often enough. Maisie and I used to take turns holding you, every fine afternoon, down the turnpike."

The prodigal daughter was rapping on the window-pane, waving and calling: "Hello, Dan'l! Hello! How smart you look!"

Roger peered over her shoulder. "It's Joseph," he said to the rest. "Out there with the car waiting for orders."

"What must he think!" Caroline groaned out of her deep dread of servants' gossip. "This is dreadful."

Miss Elizabeth took the situation in hand. "Tell your chauffeur to drive us down the turnpike," she said to Caroline. "Tell your maid to fetch me my hat and coat. I'll take this business off young Crandall's shoulders and find out where we stand."

For a minute after the two had left and the car had driven off, the four of them, Natalie, her father and mother and her fiancé, stood quite still, listening.

"I could have sworn," Natalie said, as steadily as she was able, "that I heard horses outside."

"And I!" her mother quavered. "Horses and a carriage on a gravel drive!"

"And I, too," Horace fell in, "though there has been neither carriage nor horses these twenty years."

"There will have been both," Roger said, "in Dan'l's day."

The hour Miss Elizabeth kept her sister driving was filled, for the family, with wild surmise, and for Horace, with shudders and mutterings of "How terrible! How terrible!" and the like. When they came home, Miss Elizabeth looked an exhausted spectre; years older and stones lighter than at tea. She dropped into the wing-chair, called loudly for more Scotch, flattened her two vast elbows on her knees and pressed shaking hands to throbbing temples.

The prodigal, however, seemed to be picking up. She ran into the house like a girl and up the stairs. Natalie pursued her to watch over her. Presently Natalie

returned to the drawing-room to report.

"Wasn't my room hers once?" she asked them. "It must have been, because she went to it straight off and hung up her poor coat in my closet. Only her coat isn't poor, is it? Just being hers makes it seem so! And she saw my things on the dressing-table and looked so surprised at them. She's sitting on my bed now—I suppose that was hers, too—smiling away to herself like a tired little girl!"

Her aunt Bessie cried out at her: "Will you stop it, child! I've had an hour of her asking me where her sister is! And there I sat, and what on earth could I say to her? And she'd look out at old things and recognize them. I could see her. And when we came to new ones, houses and such that weren't there in her day and mine, I could see she was puzzled."

"Who does she take you to be?" Caroline demanded.

"Nobody much! People aren't real to her except as parts of this"—the thick, soft hands wavered off to indicate the four walls of the room—"or as memories *in* this."

"What do you make of it?" her brother asked her.

"What should I make of it! That her mind's gone, you fool! Or all of it since her childhood."

"All her life since it happened!" Horace supposed.

"It?" Roger fired at them. "What is 'it'?"

"Ah!" the old lady put him off. "You're the last one to be told that story. Let it go as a family row. A row complicated by all the uncharitable and unloving things we all do when our vanities get scorched. Let it go at that

and leave the whole spiteful, wretched business to be forgotten!"

"It won't let us forget," said Horace, and added: "We used to call her 'Proud Maisie,' too!"

"Proud Maisie was in the wood,
Walking so early,'"

Natalie quoted.

That was more than Miss Elizabeth could possibly bear. "Don't, child!" she begged. "For the love of Heaven, have a little mercy on me!"

Caroline asked what was to be done. "Psychiatrists," Roger hazarded, "would diagnose her case as amnesia." Would Miss Elizabeth place her in some good sanatorium or keep her at home with nurses? Those were the alternatives Roger saw.

"I'll take care of her," Miss Elizabeth assured them. "It's my job. She's my little sister. If she's mad, I'm at least partly to blame."

"She'll be a handful," Roger prophesied.

To Caroline's mind the only logical course was to call a doctor in at once. Caroline had no intention of putting up a lunatic, however pitiable, without sound medical advice on the possible risk incurred. Caroline considered Roger's father the logical man.

"Not Steve Crandall!" Miss Elizabeth protested. "Any one but Steve!"

"I can't agree with you," Caroline pressed her argument. "The past *is* the past if it does seem the present to us just now. If Maisie doesn't know you, she certainly won't know him. And how much more sensible to call in a doctor who is also a friend, who knows the whole story from the beginning, and who has such good reason for keeping things to himself."

"You must realize," Roger backed Caroline up, "that people in Madame de Gondrecour's condition are often recalled to themselves."

"I won't admit that she's really mad!" Miss Elizabeth said.

"You'll admit, though, that she isn't herself?"

"I'll have to do that."

So Caroline won her point and scuttled over to the Crandall house next door to lay the situation before Doctor Crandall.

Much as that gentleman had dreaded Miss Elizabeth's advent, he had thanked his stars that he was, at any rate, to be spared Maisie. "Frankly, Caroline," he confessed, "I could wish you had called in any other medical man on earth. There's something almost fateful in this. Our old sins have a way of coming home to roost, I suppose. I see your point in choosing me. I'll come along with you and have a look at her."

He did come and, in the drawing-room, encountered Miss Elizabeth, braced to receive him. "Well, Stephen," she said to him, "here's a pretty business for you and me to have tumbling about our ears at our time of life."

"Old, unhappy, far-off things," the doctor began, and stopped like an actor who has forgotten his lines and bowed his head.

"Bring Maisie down," Horace commanded. "Let Stephen see her in here."

All the time that this controversy had raged in her honor, the woman who had been Maisie Rideout sat on the bed in her girlhood's room and played listless games with the curtains and the wall-paper. After she had done with the parrots and polka-dots about the

casement, she painstakingly proved, with regard to the wall-paper, that she required seven Chinese garden scenes to get from the floor to the ceiling if she went diagonally, whereas she could do it vertically in four. Then she made patterns in the wall-paper: a square with two scenes to a side, another with three, and a huge one with four. She made a triangle and a six-pointed star.

She turned her attention to the window. Sitting up quite erect, she could see the bird-house in the fork of the wine-glass elm outside. When she lay over on her cheek, the bird-house dropped below the sill. When she sat up again, it climbed back to its proper level. By bending forward and backward, she could move it from pane to pane.

Thoughts followed one another through her sick mind like crinkled images in a green mirror: sweeping the garden-paths with her particular broom; thin horses; the hole in the privet hedge; slipping down between bales of hay in the barn loft; "The Little Match Girl" and "The Culprit Fay"; watering the garden (you needed a hose for that but no water); playing "Horatius on the Bridge" with a plank laid across the brook and falling off and getting soaked; a doll named "Happiness" who fell into the brook and got soaked; the house in the hedge and the cellar that was not under the house in the hedge, except pretending; and raspberries and yellow crayons and bare feet. They had neither reminiscence nor immediacy in them, her thoughts, but shifted, merely, with the weary stateliness of the mind's music that has no tune to it. They had no more quality than the mind's music. Thought does not need much quality to be no more than thought. Like life, thought may exist with equal right, both as great gods and as filmy and im-

palpable little fishes in the stream of perpetual consciousness.

When Natalie came to find her, to fetch her down to Doctor Crandall and the others, the thought of supper rose idly above all other thoughts. The simple fact of being summoned so, in the darkness that had descended upon the lemon-yellow fading of the day, brought the idea, supper, to her mind, habitually, if not hungrily. And, as old habit frees an idea of intention and leaves it only the mechanism of gesture, she commenced to make vague motions toward freshening her appearance.

"You look quite all right, you know," Natalie gently hurried her. "Just come as you are. They're all waiting for you."

She went down obediently, turning on the stairs to make sure that Natalie was coming, too. "I didn't hear the gong," she apologized, as she stepped into the drawing-room. She smiled all the way around the circle of their faces, as candidly upon Doctor Crandall as upon any other. One would have said she hoped they would spare her her scolding.

Doctor Crandall had got off to a bad start with Miss Elizabeth, and this apparition of Maisie did not improve matters with him. What little remained to him of his medical authority deserted him when he saw Maisie, and he forgot every word he had planned to say. "Maisie," he stammered, "you and I were in love once. Awfully in love. You with me and I with you. In Vienna. I'm Steve Crandall. Don't you remember me?"

A slow, incredulous smile spread over the prodigal's face. Doctor Crandall watched it and Roger watched it. Roger watched his father pull the handkerchief from his breast-pocket and carefully wipe the corners of his mouth

and his hands. Roger knew that his father was taking refuge in a medical mannerism for want of anything better to do. Something about the scene upset the boy. With an impulse of disgusted self-consciousness he motioned his fellow spectators out of the room, closed the door after himself and them, and left his father and Nathaniel Rideout's daughters alone together.

Thus none of them heard the little girl in Maisie Rideout's image make her astounding answer. "I never married Steve Crandall," she said. "I do wish you'd tell my sister Bessie that."

"This is a most extraordinary case," the doctor said. "The most extraordinary that has ever come my way."

"We're in for it now," Elizabeth answered him, and they buckled down to the task of recalling the lost soul to herself.

The problem turned out quite differently, however, from their anticipation of it. The lost soul turned the tables on them. Before five minutes of their interview had passed she proved to them that they had no need to recall her to herself, that she knew already all there was to know about her story and her identity, and that their real task lay in recalling themselves to her. At this they failed completely. Step by step they built up for her the dismal, hectic structure of her life, and she permitted them to build it. Not one fact did she question or greet with any symptom of surprise. What they asked of her she told them, and yet they got nowhere with her. She never evinced the faintest interest in what she had to say nor gave any faint sign of recognizing either one of her examiners. She did not even appear to doubt their right to examine her, but patiently answered query after

query, for all the world like any well-mannered little girl who knows what to expect of grown-ups and what grown-ups expect of her.

Miss Elizabeth's staying power failed early in the game "I can't bear this," she said. "I'm too old for this sort of thing. She hasn't an idea of who I am and, worse than that, she doesn't care!"

"We've got to break through, though!" the doctor insisted. "Now we've started, we've got to break through if we can, if only to tell her that we understand, at last, that we love her and that we want so much to be forgiven by her."

They struggled on, but she resisted recognition of them with what seemed like nothing so much as a stubborn and remote distaste, and always with the same refrain: "What do Steve Crandall and Vienna matter now? What does any of that matter now?" Sometimes she corrected them. Sometimes she amplified their memories and told them facts about her story and their own, facts they had never suspected. And always passively and with that marvelling sweetness that only children have or sainted innocents.

"The baby was born in Carlsbad," she told them in answer to one of the doctor's questions. "Didn't you know about that? It was just after Ramon married me. I always thought it was nice of him to marry me as he did just when I was going to have another man's baby. I went to Carlsbad when I left Steve in Vienna, and I stayed there all the time my stepmother was pretending to look for me, and Ramon took care of me. Ramon loved the baby and took her death just as hard as I did. She died in Dresden when she was ten months old. We were living in Dresden then. Ramon got in trouble there, play-

ing baccarat with the King of Saxony, two days after she died, and we had to go away and leave her there in her little grave. Ramon saved my life then. He had his faults. But they were a Latin's faults, and Ramon was a great gentleman."

Her story submerged them in wave upon wave of listless iciness until the doctor's voice faded to a whisper and Elizabeth cowered at the dark roots of her own soul. Her story told them how cruel a thing is anger and how weak a thing suspicion, and set them right where they had gone wrong thirty years before, and shamed Elizabeth for three decades of injustice and stripped the doctor and revealed him for what in truth he pitifully was. "If only Bessie would understand," she said, out of some long-endured regret, "that I didn't want to steal her beau and that I never meant to go so far, she wouldn't feel so badly against me. Won't you tell her I refused to marry Steve, even when he begged me to, even for the baby's sake? If only Bessie would understand that!" And then the refrain: "But it's too late now. It doesn't matter now."

"But, Maisie!" her sister moaned. "How was I to know? You promised me, and yet you did go to Vienna and you did take him away from me!"

"It's too late now," the lost soul rigidly spoke on. "It doesn't matter now. Only I never meant to go to Vienna. I was taken there and thrown in his way. Bessie might have guessed that much, knowing what she knew."

"That's so," the doctor muttered. "It doesn't excuse me, but it *is* so. It's the story of the wicked stepmother over again. What happened was what she meant to have happen. She meant Maisie to come between you and me, Bessie.

She meant to make the two of you hate one another."

Elizabeth raised haggard eyes to the Sargent portrait of that dead demon her father married. "And, God forgive her," she said, "things turned out as she planned."

The lost soul shook her head and smiled at them. "No," she protested, "I never hated Bessie. I was only sorry she didn't understand. But it's too late now. It doesn't matter now."

Having learned so much and failed so thoroughly, they went in to supper at last. The candles shone on the white old silver and the dining-room smelled of pineapple and beans. Maisie sat down by Horace and bowed her head. They all fell in, and Horace spoke the grace the dining-room had not heard since his father died.

Through all the meal she sat and never spoke except as good little girls may speak, briefly and in polite reply. She touched no food at all, though they pressed food upon her. When coffee came, she asked to be excused.

"I'll wait in the blue sitting-room," she said. "I haven't been in there yet since I . . ."

"Since?" Roger picked her up.

"Since ever so long," she answered him, and made her courtesy and went out.

Roger turned to ask if they had seen that courtesy. Their faces told him he had no need to ask. Roger said: "Would you mind explaining to Natalie and me? We've heard so much, we've a right to know. And it isn't for us to guess."

"Nor for us to tell," Horace put him off. "It doesn't matter now."

"That's her refrain," the doctor cried, and buried his stricken head in

his two hands and shook for the awfulness of its mattering so much.

Said Miss Elizabeth: "I'll tell him if you won't. There was a stepmother . . ."

"Please, Bessie!" Horace begged.

"A wicked stepmother who had a son she loved, and two stepdaughters whom she loathed, and who loathed her with interest. Only the odd thing was that her son loathed her, too, and feared her, and adored his sisters. And for that she punished them, divided them, and drove them both out of her way forever."

"How?" Roger pressed her.

"They loved the same man, those girls did, and they'd made a bargain to let him choose between them. And whichever one he chose, it was agreed, the other was to keep hands off. You see, they knew how weak he was. They loved him, but they knew how weak he was."

Roger glanced toward his father, and kept his peace.

"But when he chose the elder, then the stepmother saw her chance. She took the younger one abroad with her. To ease the blow, she said. She took her to Vienna, where the young man was, and when things had gone to suit her, turned the poor girl adrift, and came home to tell lies the elder sister was disloyal enough to believe. That's why you're not my son, Roger. That's why I've kept so long away from here. That's why my sister has come home as you see her."

"And now?" Roger asked.

"Ah, now!" she rallied. "There isn't much more now. I buy this house from Horace and keep Maisie here at peace until she dies."

"I see," said Horace.

They got up from the table and went

into the blue room to look for Maisie. She was not there. The electric lights had been turned off and all the candles were ablaze. Maisie's work, clearly, they recognized. Maisie's harking back to the past. But no Maisie.

They called her through the house. No answer. No sign of Maisie in the house or in the long garden, when they dodged with lanterns through the shrubbery, nor in the barn nor in the street.

Panic consumed them to think of her astray and in her state. They organized a search with the car, with all the servants, with the police, and still no Maisie. Only one clew could they discover. A figure answering to the description they gave had been seen wandering along the beaches and among the dunes. Perhaps the tide will tell the tale, they thought.

At about midnight a boy brought a radiogram in upon their exhausted bafflement. They were all of them in the drawing-room, and Horace opened it.

"Don't sell," it read. "I'm coming home." It was signed "Maisie." It was dated from the *Berengaria* at sea.

Caroline did not understand. None of them understood. Miss Elizabeth heard her teeth chattering in her head and wondered numbly what made such a sound. Roger lifted the message from Horace's numb fingers.

"Does that mean," Natalie faltered, "that she wasn't Aunt Maisie after all? Because if Aunt Maisie sent that radio, she couldn't have been here to-day."

The doctor and Miss Elizabeth both knew better than that. They knew much better than that. "Still," said Miss Elizabeth, stunned and incredulous, "it might be that Maisie's died at sea and that we've seen . . ."

"No," Roger cut her off. "No ghosts,

Miss Rideout. At least, no spirits of the dead."

"What do you mean?" they asked him.

"This radio was sent at five," he said. "At five our time. That's a good hour after she put in her appearance here."

"Well?" Miss Elizabeth looked quickly up at him.

"Oh, there'd be living things to account for this. Living things ever so much stronger than death could be."

Miss Elizabeth nodded. "Very like," she said. "If homesickness could tear me from New York, it might easily have brought Maisie here from Rome. Or from midocean."

"To meet you here," said Roger.

"Bless the boy!" The old woman

put forth a hand to clutch at Roger's. "There's kindness and understanding in him or he wouldn't have said that last. We all of us go back to our real times. For Maisie and me, our childhood in this house was our real time."

"Maisie has been here," Horace said, "and Maisie's coming. What will she be like, I wonder?"

"Happy again, perhaps," his sister ventured.

None of them, though, had the wit to turn, then, out to the flying stair in the dark hallway. Had they turned then they might have seen, not one, but two little girls, climbing up, step by step, dragging their chins along the banister, saying, so dutifully: "Good night . . . good night . . . good night . . ."



In a Garden

By H. A. S.

My little garden lies upon a hill
And from it I can view the wide-spread land,
The fertile fields, the woods; the clouds that fill
The sky with radiance seem to touch my hand.
Here Beauty rides upon the fragrant winds,
The distant hillsides row on row grow fair
As ready Earth her scattered riches finds
And luscious Summer basks in sun-warmed air.

The swallows dart across the azure sweep
While amber blends with turquoise, green with rose
As Day lets fall her golden veil to sleep
And silence comes upon the garden close.
I turn and look upon a single flower
To find the beauty of the world its dower.



Dickens as Don Quixote

BY HARRY B. SMITH

The new high prices for rare editions of the work of Charles Dickens established at the Jerome Kern sale in January, together with recent biographies of the Victorian crusader, make this article by a well-known collector, who is also a well-known musical-comedy librettist, especially timely.

A PERFECT copy of "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club" in the original parts was sold at auction in January of this year for twenty-eight thousand dollars, the high record for the public sale of the book. In "A Sentimental Library" I describe a first edition of "Pickwick," which is the most interesting copy known. The first fourteen parts bear the novelist's presentation inscriptions to Mary Hogarth, his sister-in-law. This copy I bought in London in 1890 at the sale of the collection of Mr. William Wright, a gentleman whose business was described as "mixing other people's money with his own." He was a race-track man and one of the earliest of Dickens collectors. I paid a hundred guineas for the copy. In 1915 I sold it to a book dealer for nine thousand dollars, and fancied I was making a neat profit. Later I heard that the purchaser had sold it for fifteen thousand dollars, and the information caused me six thousand dollars' worth of acute anguish.

To own a perfect copy of "Pickwick" in the original parts is a dream to be realized by very few collectors. It is to be desired and admired partly because many still consider it a great novel and partly because it is regarded as Dickens's first book, the "Sketches by Boz," published in the same year, being a collection of magazine articles.

The fact is that Dickens's first book is an unconsidered trifle published in 1836, when only three of the twenty monthly parts of "Pickwick" had been issued. This is "Sunday Under Three Heads," a pamphlet of sixty-four pages; and with it the novelist began his career as a crusader against anything and everything that he considered an injustice.

Readers of the novels are likely to regard Dickens as an exuberant caricaturist and a rampant sentimentalist; but he was a humorist who took himself seriously. All his life he was a Victorian *Don Quixote* who saw baleful enchanters and malignant giants everywhere around him and was always eager to ride full-tilt against the powers of darkness.

From the beginning of his career, he wrote as a reformer. The "Sketches by Boz" contain satires on existing institutions, contrasting things as they were with things as they might be if the advice of a certain clever young man of twenty-one were taken. Then came the contract with Chapman & Hall by which he agreed to supply the material to accompany Robert Seymour's sketches of cockney sportsmen. In February, 1836, he wrote to the publishers:

Furnival's Inn,
Dear Sirs: Thursday evening
Pickwick is at length begun in all his

might and glory. The first chapter will be ready to-morrow. I want to publish The Strange Gentleman. If you have no objection to doing it, I should be happy to let you have the refusal of it. I need not say that nobody else has seen or heard of it.

Believe me (in Pickwickian haste),
Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

Regardless of this "Pickwickian haste" and of the immense importance to himself of the work he had begun, Dickens found time to write another book when he discovered a cause that he thought needed a champion. A certain Sir Andrew Agnew—whose name suggests that of Sir Toby's boon companion—had agitated for more rigid Sunday laws, and had brought before the House of Commons a bill "for the better observance of the Sabbath." Work and play were alike forbidden. No shops were to be open and no houses of entertainment, no distinction being made in favor of inns or hotels. No public meetings were to be held; no vehicles were to be let; there was to be no travel on land or sea, penalties being fixed for vessels beginning their voyages on Sunday.

The Agnew bill was introduced in May, 1836. "Pickwick's" first monthly part was issued at the end of March of that year and the young author was writing at high pressure to prepare the material for the monthly instalments; but the tyranny of the proposed law awakened his wrath, and he made time to write a satirical protest.

Instead of his own name or the pseudonym Boz, the author adopted the pen-name of Timothy Sparks. Hablot K. Browne (Phiz) had just begun his

association with the author by supplying the drawings of "Pickwick," and this scarce little book is the first published work resulting from this collaboration. The "Three Heads" of the title are Sunday "As It Is," "As Sabbath Bills Would Make It," and "As It Might Be Made." The "Three Heads" themselves, designed by "Phiz," appear on the cover.

"As It Is" is represented by a conservative cleric; "As Sabbath Bills Would Make It" by a most unprepossessing Puritan, and "As It Might Be Made" by the artist's idea of the truly enlightened citizen. The engravings in the pamphlet have the unconscious humor of many illustrations of that period, especially those in children's books. Here, as a specimen, is Sunday "As It Might Be Made"—Arcadia come again. The great British public is represented by a happy family, whose members have attended church and left it in perspective, each now taking his pleasure seriously. Witness the venerable grandsire, who is apparently about to make a drive at golf, while the sweet young girl is reprobating her brother for tempting the old gentleman to play cricket. Sir Andrew's bill was defeated by a small majority.

Having enlivened the British public by writing "Pickwick," and incidentally putting more money in his purse than the Dickens family had seen in many years, the young author, on beginning his second important book, evidently said to himself: "Now for a novel with a purpose." This same purpose had been in his mind long before the inception of "Pickwick." In the "Sketches by Boz"—"Our Parish,"—there are workhouses and *Bumbles*. Dickens himself had been as poor as anybody; therefore

he took up the cause of the almshouse boy, and held a brief for him against organized charity, Bumbledom, and Faginism; just as in his next novel he fought for the poor boy against the tribes of *Squeers* and *Ralph Nickleby*. *Oliver* and *Smike* are only exaggerations of what Charles Dickens might have been if he had found himself at the age of eleven in a workhouse or a Yorkshire school instead of in a cellar full of blacking bottles.

The character of *Fagin* owed its origin to a newspaper item: A small boy arrested for picking pockets had admitted to the police that a man and his wife living in Whitechapel conducted a "school" with a score of pupils, picking pockets being the specialty of the curriculum. The woman would walk out with a bell and a sixpence in her pocket. A pupil could keep the sixpence if he got it without ringing the bell.

Shortly after beginning "*Oliver Twist*," the young writer's indignation was aroused by the conduct of a London police magistrate, notorious for the severity of his sentences and his abusive language to the unfortunates brought before him. With the purpose of studying this "hanging judge," Dickens wrote to Thomas Haines, a government official:

"In my next number of '*Oliver Twist*,' I must have a magistrate; and casting about for a magistrate whose harshness and insolence would render him a fit subject to be 'shown up,' I have, as a necessary consequence, stumbled upon Mr. Laing of Hatton Garden celebrity. I know the man's character perfectly well, but as it would be necessary to describe his appearance also, I ought to have seen him, which (fortunately or unfortunately as the case

may be) I have never done. In this dilemma it occurred to me that perhaps I might, under your auspices, be smuggled into the Hatton Garden office for a few moments some morning."

Dickens was smuggled into the court-room, as he requested, and Magistrate Laing appeared in "*Oliver Twist*" as *Mr. Fang*. He was "shown up" so effectively that the Home Secretary shortly afterward removed him from the bench.

The characterization of *Bumble*, the beadle in "*Oliver Twist*," aroused a storm of protest. Several beadles threatened libel suits on the ground that Dickens's description and Cruikshank's pictures were recognized portraits. This sensitiveness to criticism was long-enduring. Seventy years after the publication of "*Oliver Twist*," in April, 1908, two poor-law officers brought a libel suit against Alderman Macnamara of Woolwich. The comedy element in this case was the libelled persons employing as their counsel the novelist's son, Henry Fielding Dickens. In protesting against the conduct of workhouse officials, the Alderman exclaimed: "Shade of Dickens!" This was considered a libel.

In cross-examining the defendant, Mr. Dickens said:

"You say in your letter 'Shade of Dickens.' Was not that to imply that it was as bad as what happened in '*Oliver Twist*'?"

"I was reminded of *Bumble*," replied the defendant.

"You seem to say their conduct was as bad as *Bumble's*."

"It was not quite so bad."

"You appreciate that '*Oliver Twist*' had a great deal to do with the reform of the poor laws?"

"Yes."

"You did not anticipate that the son

of Charles Dickens would cross-examine you?"

(Here there was general laughter in the court-room.)

"I have often wished to meet you," replied the defendant.

"Perhaps you thought it would be some one who had never read Dickens."

"That would be hard to find in England," said the Alderman.

The result of this comic trial was the imposing of a fine of five pounds on the defendant for continuing the good work begun by the father of the prosecuting counsel.

When Dickens was offered another contract for a novel to be published in twenty monthly parts, he chose as an object for his crusading the ill-conducted schools then identified with Yorkshire. In the London *Times* of June 29, 1838, appeared an advertisement which, I think, suggested the subject of these peculiar "schools," which were generally directed by competitors of *Little Buttercup* in the profession of "baby farming."

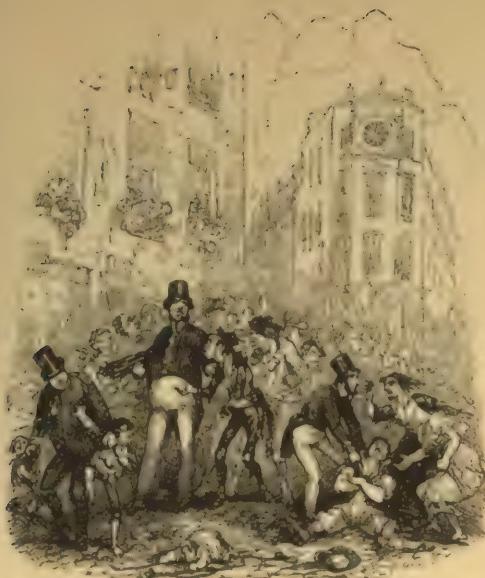
"At Mr. Simpson's Academy, near Richmond, Yorkshire, youth are boarded and instructed by Mr. S. in whatever their future may require, at 20 or 23 guineas a year, according to age. No extras and No vacations. Cards with references to be had from Mr. S. who attends daily from 12 to 2 o'clock at the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill."

In "Nicholas Nickleby," Mr. Squeers's school is at Greta Hill, which is also "near Richmond in Yorkshire." *Mr. Squeers*, like Mr. Simpson, met his patrons at the Saracen's Head. It is likely that this advertisement recalled to Dickens's mind an event that occurred when he was an office-boy with the law firm of Ellis and Blackmore. At that time a Yorkshire pedagogue was brought to

trial on charges resulting from several pupils becoming blind owing to neglect and ill-treatment. As an employee in a law office, Dickens probably read the report of this case. When he decided to use the idea in his novel, he and his associate artist, "Phiz," made a tour of personal investigation. Thinking that the author of "Oliver Twist" might be an unwelcome visitor, the two represented themselves as the guardians of a supposititious boy, for whom was sought a good school "without vacations." The actual original of Dotheboys Hall was a school at Bowes conducted by William Shaw. There were many real Dotheboys Halls in Yorkshire and other parts of England; some of them having gradual murder as an important department. To such places unfortunates like *Smike* were consigned with the hope that their education would result in speedy death. Undoubtedly Dickens's melodramatic presentation of the abuses of these institutions did much to put an end to them.

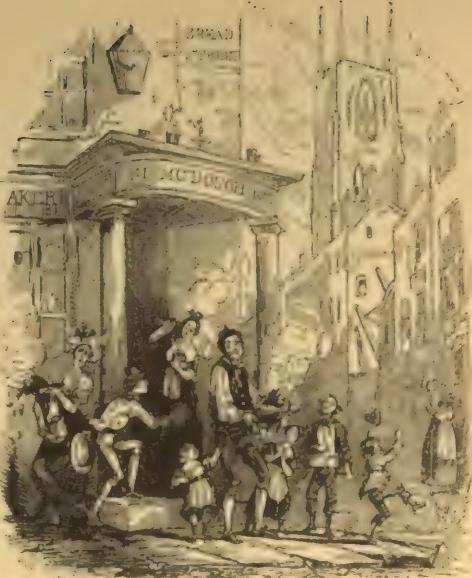
Ten years later Dickens again took up the cudgels in behalf of the *Smikes* and *Olivers*. A school for illegitimate children was maintained by a man named Drouet in the town of Tooting, in Surrey. Attention was directed to this institution by the fact that one hundred and fifty children died there within a few weeks. An investigation followed and it was proved that Mr. Drouet's unfortunate pupils had lived in surroundings so vile and died of treatment so cruel that the mere report of the evidence reads like a grotesque exaggeration.

Dickens wrote for *The Examiner* three scorching denunciations of Drouet and England's treatment of pauper children. The attitude of the classes who found Dickens "vulgar" was that peo-



Sunday—As It Is.

Facsimiles of the copper plate engravings in the book.



Sunday—As It Might Be Made.

S U N D A Y

UNDER THREE HEADS.



AS IT IS



AS SABBATH BILLS WOULD MAKE IT

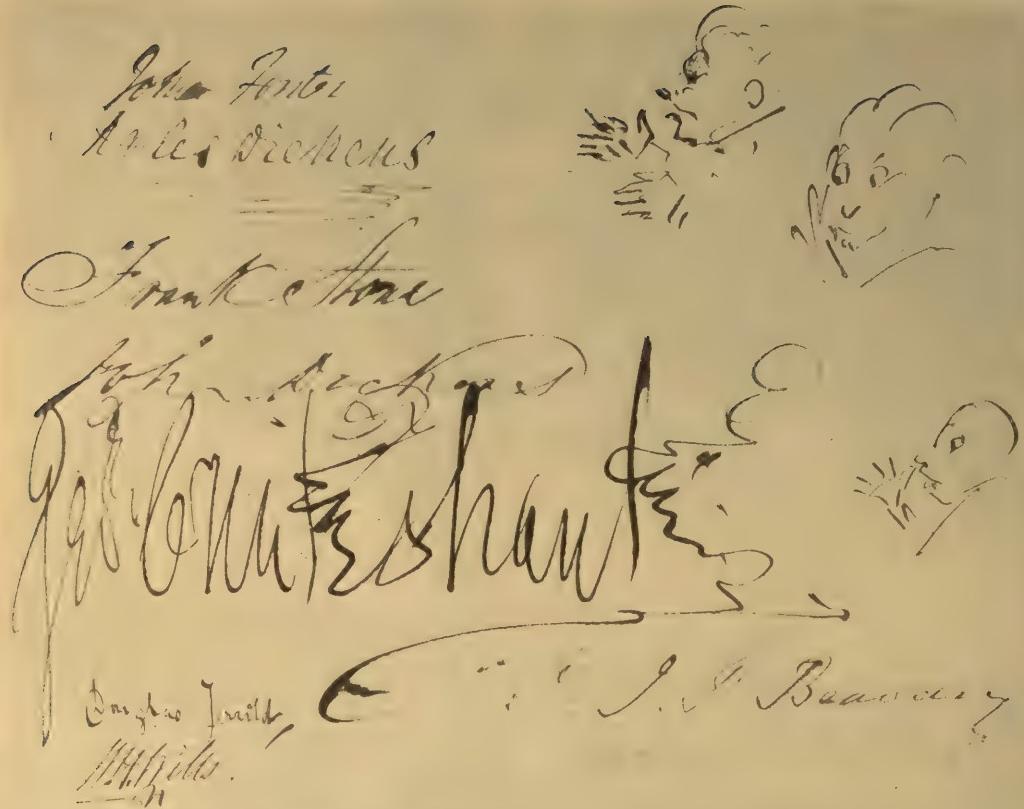


AS IT MIGHT BE MADE

BY TIMOTHY SPARKS.

LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.
1836

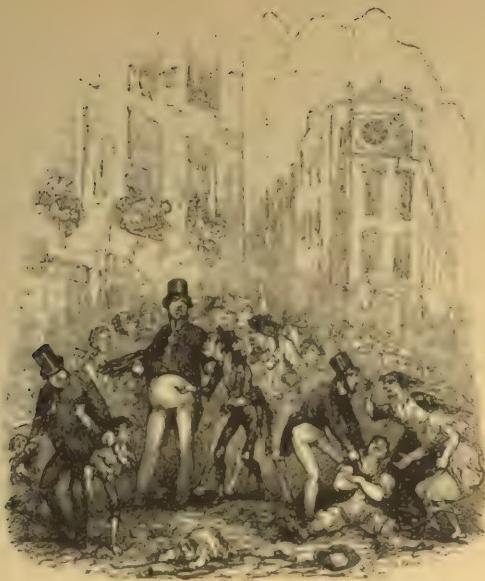
Facsimile (reduced)
of the title-page of
Dickens's first book,
published in 1836,
while "Pickwick"
was still running in
monthly instal-
ments.



These signatures appear on the back of the menu-card of one of the "Household Words" dinners.

Besides Dickens's signature, there are the autographs of John Dickens (the novelist's father), Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Frank Stone, R. A., George Cruikshank, W. H. Wills (Dickens's sub-editor), and others.

The sketches of heads are by George Cruikshank, one of them being a portrait of Douglas Jerrold, another that of John Dickens, the original of Micawber.



Sunday—As It Is.

Facsimiles of the copper-plate engravings in the book.



Sunday—As It Might Be Made.

S U N D A Y

UNDER THREE HEADS:



Facsimile (reduced) of the title-page of Dickens's first book, published in 1836, while "Pickwick" was still running in monthly instalments.

BY TIMOTHY SPARKS.

LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 386, STRAND.
1836

John Forster
Charles Dickens



Frank Stone

John Dick[son] Forster
George Cruikshank



Douglas Jerrold, W. H. Wills, J. C. Beaudray

These signatures appear on the back of the menu-card of one of the "Household Words" dinners.

Besides Dickens's signature, there are the autographs of John Dickens (the novelist's father), Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, Frank Stone, R. A., George Cruikshank, W. H. Wills (Dickens's sub-editor), and others.

The sketches of heads are by George Cruikshank, one of them being a portrait of Douglas Jerrold, another that of John Dickens, the original of Micawber.

ple had no business to be paupers; that, if they had any intention of becoming paupers, they should not have children, and that if they persisted in having children it mattered very little how those children were treated.

There is no object aimed at in "The Old Curiosity Shop" or "Barnaby Rudge" other than the telling of a good story, though the author preaches on the evils of gambling in the one and lectures on religious bigotry in the other. In his next book, "American Notes," and in the succeeding novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit," Dickens set out upon a mission no less Quixotic than the reform of a nation, that nation being the United States in 1840. In this attack the windmill turned out to be a hornets' nest. Undoubtedly this great and glorious country was then suffering from the sensitiveness of adolescence. Fifty years after Dickens's attempt to reform us a famous English author journeying through this asylum for the oppressed proclaimed that New York was "a long, narrow pig trough" and that Chicago was "a place in which one-half the hogs killed the other half for food."

There was none of Dickens's well-meant criticism in this; it was mere billingsgate; but we laughed at it. We could afford to laugh. Americans of 1840 could not afford to laugh at Dickens's criticisms, because nearly everything he said was true; and the proof of its truth was that the *Scadders* and *Colonel Divers* and *Jefferson Bricks* waxed furious.

Dickens tried to reform all our errors at once. He held slavery in abomination, and he could see neither beauty nor utility in the promiscuous dissemination of tobacco juice. Not many years passed before Americans, most of them,

saw that "Boz" was right; but in 1840 we resented a Briton's discovery that slavery was not entirely right and noble, and we reviled the critic of the medium for street decoration then in vogue.

The novelist's visit to the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania resulted in his arraignment of the system of solitary confinement. He selected, as a typical illustration of its evils, a German thief who was known afterward as "Dickens's Dutchman." Of him the author wrote: "A more dejected, heart-broken, wretched creature it would be difficult to imagine. What a spectacle! This poor creature being driven into his grave." This was in 1841. In 1870 Dickens died. The poor creature who was being driven into his grave lived for twenty years afterward, serving several terms following the one during which Dickens saw him.

When the novelist first visited America, and for nearly half a century afterward, international copyright did not exist. The law said in effect that it was a sin to steal a pin but perfectly right and proper to steal a book. The theory probably was that a young and strenuous Republic needed the culture that the effete monarchies could supply. It gave a new twist to the British lion's tail to rob the authors of Britain. Dickens made three eloquent speeches on the question of Copyright, and he carried to Washington, for presentation to Congress by Henry Clay, a petition signed by Irving, Cooper, Prescott, and many other American men of letters. He was roundly abused, and accused of coming to America for the sordid purpose of trying to protect his only property against legalized dishonesty. That the author of a book can now receive his dues equally with the inventor of a patent button-hook is owing largely to the

novelist's persistent fighting for international copyright.

Dickens never attacked anything American with the vigor and bitterness that he displayed in denouncing existing wrongs in his own country. An example may be found in the paper "The Great Tasmania's Cargo," reprinted in "The Uncommercial Traveller." The British Government had brought home from India a great number of soldiers wounded or broken down by the climate of India. These men were neglected and starved by the government they had served. Dickens visited the workhouse into which Her Majesty's officials thrust her invalid soldiers, and his pen-picture of the existing conditions is Zola-esque in its realistic horror. If the novelist had written this tremendous satire upon anything American he might have gone back to England in a suit of tar and feathers.

On his return to London, Dickens found an undiminished supply of material for the crusader. His first onslaught was made upon cant in general and the cant of charity in particular. This was in "The Chimes," of which the author wrote to his biographer that he hoped and believed that he had written a "tremendous book." The novelist took upon himself the large order of converting society to the belief that "its happiness rested on the same foundations as those of the individual; which are mercy and charity, no less than justice." Whether "The Chimes" is what the author hoped, "a tremendous book," may be questioned, but it is certain that its author was tremendously in earnest. The definite object of his wrath in this story was Sir Peter Laurie, a London alderman who frequently expressed his zeal for "putting down" everything from the aldermanic turtle soup to the

perverse inclination of the poor to suicide. Accordingly, Dickens "put down" Sir Peter as *Alderman Cutte* in "The Chimes."

Another revered British institution presently became a subject for satire, "the law's delay, the insolence of office" as exhibited in the Court of Chancery, the time and money wasted by its proceedings. Before the publication of "Bleak House" the novelist had dealt with this in an article in *Household Words* entitled "Martyrs in Chancery." This brought upon him the ire of certain legal luminaries, who adopted the patriotic Briton's usual means of retaliation—letters to *The Times*. Dickens then decided that he could do the subject justice only in a novel. The case of Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce was derived from the famous Jennens litigation, involving the ownership of about one half the ground now occupied by the city of Birmingham. This originally belonged to William Jennens, "the richest commoner in England," who died in 1798, at the age of ninety-seven. The Jennens estate was claimed originally by Lady Sophia Charlotte Curzon in behalf of her son, for whom, in 1821, she purchased the lapsed title of Earl Howe. The Jennens heir charged that Lady Curzon's son had died in infancy and that she had substituted the illegitimate son of one Anne Oakes, a servant. The amount involved was \$150,000,000, and there were a hundred and thirty claimants in America.

The creator of *Sarah Gamp* and *Sam Weller* was one of the earliest English writers—the first English novelist—to take up the subject of socialism. In "Hard Times," like *Mark Tapley*, he "came out strong" for equality and fraternity. Macaulay wrote in his own copy of this book: "Some passages of ex-

quisite pathos; the rest sullen socialism." It required courage for a popular writer to be socialistic, even in a novel, in England in 1854. Ruskin considered "Hard Times" Dickens's greatest book, and says it "should be studied with close and earnest care by persons interested in social questions."

In 1843 Dickens, who was then thirty-one years old, wrote a masterpiece of satire worthy of some of Swift's mordant pamphleteering. In this ironical effusion the self-educated writer assails an institution no less sacred than the Church of England, or rather those of its clergy in whom "such words as justice, mercy, charity, kindness, brotherly love, forbearance, gentleness, and good works awaken no ideas whatever, while the most preposterous notions are attached to the mere terms 'priest' and 'faith.'" In this paper the writer sought to show that while the rest of the world was progressing, the clergy—like the Bourbon Kings of France—had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. This was naturally resented, and several eminent clergymen retaliated by denouncing the frivolity and mischievous influences of Dickens's novels. The more conservative looked with disfavor upon the constant flow of liquid good cheer that courses through the novels like a river of steaming punch.

On the liquor question Dickens had an amusing controversy with his old friend George Cruikshank. When a young man the artist drank not wisely but too much, but when he realized the folly of his ways he became a zealous advocate of total abstinence. He edited a collection of fairy tales and, not content with illustrating them with his admirable etchings, he rewrote them as total-abstinence tracts. The following specimen of the artist's editing is taken

from "Cinderella." The King ordered a fountain of wine in the market-place, but the Fairy Godmother protests, saying:

"Your Majesty is aware that this same drink leads to quarrels, brutal fights, and violent deaths."

"Well, I fear it is so," replies the King.

"The history of the use of strong drinks," continues the Fairy Godmother, "is marked on every page by excess which follows, as a matter of course from the very nature of their composition."

"Well, but," asks the King, "are not these things intended by Providence for our use?"

"With all due deference to your Majesty, most assuredly not; for if it had been necessary for man to take stimulating drinks, the Almighty could have given them to him free from all intoxicating qualities. And, as for people not being able to do without stimulating drinks, I beg your Majesty to look at Cinderella, who has never taken any in her life and who never will."

This temperance edition of nursery tales called forth an article by Dickens entitled "Frauds on the Fairies," to which Cruikshank replied in a pamphlet, "A Letter from Hop-o'-my-Thumb to Charles Dickens." Cruikshank's other pictorial tracts, "The Bottle" and "The Drunkard's Children," were also criticised by the novelist. The artist denounced the use of alcoholic drinks as a national evil; but Dickens shows that it is the result of a combination of much greater evils, "the effect of many causes. Foul smells, disgusting habitations, bad workshops and workshop customs, want of light, air, and water, the absence of all easy means of decency and health, mental weariness

and languor, the want of wholesome relaxation, the craving for *some* stimulous and excitement, which is as much a part of such lives as the sun is; and, last and inclusive of all the rest, ignorance."

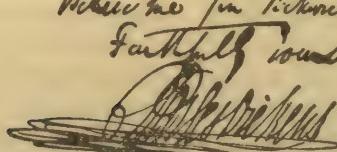
It was not only in the novels, in the "Circumlocution Office" of "Dorrit" and the debtors' prison of "David Copperfield" that Dickens wrote against existing abuses. Two volumes of his "Miscellaneous Papers" have been published, and the thousand pages of these books contain little that is not satire or invective against actions or institutions believed by the author to be unjust. From his immense literary and journalistic labors he found time to be a speaker at a vast number of public meetings and the banquets of various guilds and

associations. An incomplete collection of his speeches has been published and most of them are in the style of a radical politician rather than in that of a popular novelist. We find him advocating "Commercial Travelers' School," "Gardeners' Benevolent Associations," "Children's Hospitals"; speaking eloquently for the "Railway Benevolent Society," the "Royal Theatrical Fund," the "Newsvendors' Provident Association," and many other altruistic institutions. In his interest in every phase of life Dickens was unique among novelists, and it is a proof of the versatility of his intellect that the greatest of all creators of humorous character was the writer of his time who regarded with kindest sympathy the wrongs and burdens of humanity.

Farmers Adm.
Thursday Evening
5 P.M.

Pickwick is at length begun in all his might and glory. The first chapter will be ready to-morrow.

I want to publish the Times Gentleman. If you have no objection to doing it, I should be happy to let you have the refusal of it. I need not say that nobody else, has seen a hand of it.

Believe me (in Pickwickian terms)
Faithfully yours

Charles Dickens

Messrs. Chapman and Hall:

Letter written by Dickens on beginning the writing of "Pickwick."

[See page 395.—Reduced facsimile.]



An African Savage's Own Story

A SAVAGE TAMED IN SCOTLAND

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA is a Black Jew who tells simply, directly, and vividly, with primitive use of connectives and primitive emphasis on events of human interest, an unparalleled story of savage African life in unexplored forests south of the Niger. This Black Jew was born among the B'nai Ephraim, a race of black African Semites descended from Jews who fled from Palestine to Morocco eighteen centuries ago, after the destruction of Herod's Temple. Under the influences of trade, war, and persecution the descendants of these Jews moved in successive migrations from oasis to oasis in the Sahara Desert, some of them coming to a permanent home in the almost unknown Ondo Bush south of the Niger River.

One night when the village fires had been lighted and the gates closed for the night, Bata Kindai and thirteen little black companions made their way secretly from their native village, and went far into the Ondo Bush to see what they could find. Enjoying adventurous life, they wandered on, in an aimless, happy way, with many thrilling experiences, and after forty-five days came to a port on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. Not far from shore they saw a trading steamer taking on cargo. In a stolen canoe they paddled to the new wonder and set about exploring it, so far as the sailors would permit. In the midst of their pleasure the sudden blowing of the whistle so startled the inexperienced boys that all leaped overboard except Bata Kindai, then seven years old. The sailors kept the frightened savage on the steamer and carried him to Scotland, more like a beast than a human being. In Glasgow the naked black broke from his captors and fled wildly through the streets. A kindly Scotch gentleman caught the boy and protected him from harm.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

II

Now when that gentleman picked me up he had no intention to take me any farther than the next corner, prompted by pity, because the rough crowd showed no mercy to a "puir, wee, black, naked creature," as he put it. And instead of putting me down around the corner, the good Scotchman did better. He afterward

said: "I changed my mind, and took him awa hame tae my ain hoos." He intended to notify some one about my being in the city. That Scotch gentleman little dreamed that he would keep me when he took me home with him, but that was what fate decreed.

The man was a conservative Scotchman, and knew little about the world

outside of Great Britain. It did not dawn upon him that I had never been in a house before, and so he tried to treat me as he would treat any little white boy. What a mistake!

I at once fought against being held, for he had forgotten, in his excitement, to let me sit down in the carriage. We must have looked strange to the cabman, and to every one else that saw us, because the gentleman, instead of loosening his grip on me when I struggled, held me all the tighter, close to him as if he were holding something precious. I kicked and tried to get away, but he held on. The cabman laughed, and different people shouted at us along the road, seeing an old man, with his hat flying off, struggling to hold a little naked black boy. How funny it must have looked!

The man got me to his house, out in the Dennistoun District, off the Alexander Parade. He rushed in with me, and then made the first big blunder by putting me down on the floor. He did this with satisfaction, as if some great job had been completed, and with the air of "There you are!"

Oh, what a blunder! What would it mean if you turned a little untamed monkey loose in a house? I was just a little animal, an untamed, and seemingly untamable, little savage. The first thing that caught my eye was a mirror in the hall. I had never seen a large mirror before; how was I to know that its job was to reflect! So when I looked into the mirror, of course it reflected me back, and that made me laugh, strange to say; and my laughing at it caused every one looking at me to laugh also.

When I was first taken into the hall, the noise that I made attracted the whole household, and brought every one running to the front door, the madam,

with her son, her only child, and all the help, which included two maids, a butler, a footman, and a cook. All came scurrying to the door to see what was up. You can imagine their surprise when they saw the master holding a wee black boy; and you should have seen them run when he put me down on the floor. Each one got behind some object in the hall, and stood in sheer amazement. So when I began to laugh, they all came out from behind the objects back of which they had hidden themselves, and began to laugh also. The little boy, standing in front of his mother, roared with glee.

While they all were listening to the master of the house, who was busy telling them how he had found me, I was busy examining the mirror. Every time I laughed, it laughed at me. That made me angry; so I walked up to the mirror and gave it a good cuff, and broke it into a thousand pieces! This brought the conversation to a sudden standstill. Everybody screamed, and so did I, but I did not scream for the same reason that they did. No, not at all; I screamed because I saw blood on my hands, and I did not know what had happened.

The gentleman caught me, and shook me hard, and made me scream all the more. He rushed with me toward the door, but before he could open it, the boy, standing in front of his mother, began to howl also. This distracted the gentleman. He did not know whether to open the door; or to stand still and hold me, struggling; or to go back into the hall where all were talking at once.

He finally went back, and handed me over to one of the men servants. He gave orders to that servant, who dragged me up a stairway. Needless to say, I struggled, and he handled me as if I were something soiled, holding me aloof from

him like a dirty rag. Well, he succeeded in getting me up the stairs, and flung me into a room, giving me a good kick at the same time, but not before I had bitten him on his leg, which made *him* yell, too.

It never dawned upon any one for a moment that I was not used to any of their ways; not used to drawing-rooms, bedrooms, sitting-rooms, dining-rooms, furniture, ornaments, pictures on the wall, and mirrors, or any such paraphernalia.

What would a wild beast do if he were locked in a bedroom with all kinds of breakable things? I wrecked the room! The butler was afraid of me; so was every one else. I broke things to my heart's content, and then laid me down on a mat and cried myself to sleep.

If it had not been for that boy's crying when his father was taking me to the door, after I had broken an expensive mirror, I should have been kicked out of that house, then and there, onto the sidewalks, and left to drift as I pleased! The gentleman since told me that it was only the influence of his wife, who was a kind, motherly, conservative Scotch lady, and of his boy, that caused him to let me stay in his house that night. He said that his wife persuaded him at least to keep me until they could notify the steamship company about me, and thereby locate the ship that had, in all probability, been responsible for my being in Glasgow. He said that his boy "urged him sorely"—that is the way he put it—to *keep me for him*. That made the greatest impression on that good Scotch gentleman, so that was the reason he turned me over to the butler, who swore, since I had given him that bite on the leg, that he would not touch me again; in fact, he

said that he would leave service before he would handle a little "black brute savage."

This was all laughable to every one in the house except the madam, who sympathized greatly with the butler; and so she talked him into forgiving me; for she explained to him that I was one of God's creatures and did not know any better.

While I was breaking up things in that bedroom, no one was brave enough to open the door and stop me; but the gentleman telephoned to the ship's company, begging them to locate the captain of the steamer, and have him come to the house, post-haste, and take me away, for no one dared go near me, because I was wild.

The captain was located, and he immediately came out to the Drive, for that was where the house was. Now in the meantime, everything being quiet, for I had finished my breaking and was lying on a mat asleep, the captain told the people about me, and my companions who had been lost. When they heard that tragic story, every one was sad, except the butler, who nursed his leg that I had bitten; he felt that it would have been a good job if I had been swallowed up like the rest.

But the madam cried pitifully, and so did the boy. The master went to her and put his arms around her to comfort her. His good wife persuaded him to keep me, and so did the boy.

Now the question arose whether the captain was willing to leave me there, but he answered, when asked if they could keep me: "Yes, you can have him; he probably will be much better off here than he would be back there in his own land." So the bargain was made, over a cup of tea, and I was left for better or for worse.

The captain was the first to come upstairs to greet me. If he was shocked at the state of the room he did not show it, because he caught hold of me tenderly, and led me away to another place, and began to wash me.

I had been cut by the broken glass from the mirror, and the people of the house had not been able to take proper care of me. I welcomed attention from the captain, so I did not cry or struggle. I nestled close to him, especially when I saw the butler in livery, and every time that he came near me, I pulled away and screamed.

So I was taken out of the butler's hands and placed in charge of another man, the footman, whom I did not fear. My wounds were dressed, and everything quieted again. The captain took his leave, and when he left me I cried, but the gentleman of the house pacified me by giving me biscuits, and he ate also, to show me that the food was good to eat. He sat on the floor with me, and tried to play with me, but I did not understand him at all. The little boy became familiar with me, and he tried to imitate his father, but they all tried to keep him away from me.

I was settled, and in a good home, and became, to all appearances, contented. Only when I saw the butler did I cry out; and he, every chance he got, belted me on the neck or jaw, and then I screamed more; but he would do this and run. I found out later, after I had been in the house over a year, that the butler gave as an excuse for my screaming when he was by me alone, that he was only trying to stroke my head. "His hair is so funny and nice," he would say. The boy caught him once, when he was giving me my daily poke in the ribs or on the mouth, and told his mother, who in turn told the master, and that gentle-

man sent the butler away immediately.

The new butler was kind to me, and I was happy with him. Nothing else happened that first day until they tried to clothe me. That made me struggle and scream again, so they let me have my own way about clothes. They fed me on the floor of the wrecked room, with nothing in it but a bed and mattress, but I slept on the floor. They exhausted themselves of every trick trying to get me to put something on, but every time they tried, I tore the clothes off. Try as they might, they could not induce me to copy them in wearing clothes.

The boy, by this time, had become more used to me, but did not altogether trust me; when he wanted to be kind to me, he gave me a banana, for he believed bananas the chief article of food in my homeland. He little knew that we, in our country, eat less of that fruit than of anything else that grows in the Bush, because we consider bananas monkey food, and because parents disguise bananas when they feed them to the children, by frying them or boiling them, or mashing them and mixing them in with some other food that we are fond of. When the boy offered me a banana he plucked up courage enough to approach me, but before I could snatch it out of his hand, he dropped it on the floor and ran. I say "snatch," for that was the only way that I took anything. I simply snatched it, and examined it, and if it happened to be pleasing to my nostrils and sight, I put it in my mouth and tasted it. If I did not like it, I threw it on the floor; I threw everything down on the floor after I had examined and tasted it.

The master had a habit of holding his watch to my ear so that I could hear the tick; he always stopped me from crying in this manner. On one of these

occasions he gave me his watch to hold. He had just come home, and he had brought some friends with him to show how he could handle me, and how I did everything that he wanted me to do. It must have been amusing for those that looked on, for the master came in with his friends, and picked me up, and fondled me a little. I had become used to his caresses, and so I did not rebel. On this occasion he gave me his watch, after quieting me, for I had been crying; and after I had tasted the watch, I just flung it away from me, and it fell to the floor with a thud. It was a good watch, an English lever, and it was damaged after that treatment. The master looked sick, while the guests and the household burst with laughter. Strange as it was, the master had never given me his watch before; he had only let me hear the tick. He boxed my ears good and hard, and ordered me to bed at once, as if I knew what it all meant.

The butler took me to my room, and I cried so loud that he went away and brought me some cabin biscuits to quiet me, and was most gentle. I soon fell asleep, but woke up during the night and cried. I often had crying spells, but no one knew what was wrong with me. I called for my mother, and for Akrim, and for all the boys that I remembered, until I was tired.

At one time the good lady of the house thought I was ill, so she sent for the family physician. He was a good man, and I think that his name was "Dobbie," and they all called him "Dobbie," without the "Doctor." He was afraid of me at first, and it took him some time to approach me.

Now his idea was quite different from the ideas of the others as to the way in which I should be handled. He suggested strong-arm methods, for, as

the boy told me afterward, he used to entrance them all with stories of how a close relative of his had instructed him how to treat a black, if he should ever meet one. This relative had served in Her Majesty, the Queen's, overseas forces, in the country of the blacks, for years, and therefore he knew what he was talking about. This dear old brawler tried to attract me by pretending to tickle me with his walking-stick, but at the same time giving me a poke which hurt me. I fairly jumped at him, and if it had not been for the butler I should have caught him and given him a good biting. The butler could hardly hold me, and he laughed at the way the old fellow went down-stairs, in leaps and bounds, screaming all the way down. Even the master laughed when he was told the story of how old Doctor Dobbie "subdued" me. And for the longest while every time the master brought friends to the house some one suggested sending for the doctor in a hurry. I do not believe now that the old man remembered his visits from one time to the other, because he always responded to the call; and he tried some foolish stunt with me each time he came, and I invariably made him run away howling. One time I caught his hand and gave his finger a good bite. Lord! Lord! Lord! you should have heard old Doctor Dobbie shout! They told me later that he actually swore, and threatened to have me placed in irons, and given a flogging by troopers, who knew how to handle treacherous blacks.

Oh, if they could have understood my language! If they had only used a little tact, they could have found out what it was that made me weep! What else could it be but homesickness, a longing for my mother and my father?

The boy became used to me, and

spent much time in my company. He gave me my way in everything, because he feared to oppose me. The household was much afraid that the boy might provoke me some time, and then that I might bite him, as I had bitten some of the others. He was a boy like myself, and I knew that, so I was anxious to have him around. It was difficult to get him to do or say anything other than make grunts and signs as he had seen his father do. So hearing these grunts and seeing these signs so much, they became a sort of new language to me, and I used them every time I wanted something.

One night after I had been put into my room, I cried so much that the boy crept from his own room over into mine. Our rooms were on the same landing, but at opposite ends of the hall; he had to pass by his parents' chamber in order to reach mine, and he did so without any one's detecting him. He was sorry for me, crying, and he brought sweets. Now my room door was always locked on the outside, but the key was left in the keyhole, so it was easy for him to unlock the door and enter. The gas had been cut off from my room, and the only means to light the way there was by candle-light. The boy had been forbidden to come near me after I had been locked up for the night; in fact, the whole household had been instructed to keep away from my room at night; only the butler had access to my room at will, because it was his place to take care of me. But after he had run up and down all day with me, the butler was glad enough to be away from me, so I was not troubled by any one after I had been locked in. So the boy stole to my room, a lighted candle in his hand, and he grunted to let me know that it was he, for he, too, like all the rest, thought

that his grunt was individual, and that I must know his by heart.

I knew him, and I stopped crying. The boy sat on the floor and fed me the sweets that he had brought for me, and played with me for a long time.

Now the difficult thing for him was to get away from me to go back to his own room without making me yell. He has since said that he heard his father's voice, and he knew that it would displease the master to have his authority set at naught by his own son in his own house. So when he heard the talking, he ran out of the room, but before he could get out of the door, I was close behind him. He could not get away without making a commotion, so he caught me by the back of the neck with one hand, and with the other hand over my mouth, to prevent me from making a noise, he rushed me down the stairs, through the lower corridor, to the other end of the house, and led me up the back stairway. He got me up to his own room, at the top of the stairs.

So I came into his room, the first time since I had come into that house. This was a decided turning-point, because then I first learned to sleep in a bed. The boy got me used to the bed by picking me up bodily and throwing me into it, and the springs bounced me up and down, and I liked it, so I ran around to him so that he could do it again; and he kept this up until he became exhausted, and so was I. He stretched out on the floor, and I did the same on the bed, both of us panting for breath.

Next day the butler swore to the master that he had been the last person to visit my room, and he said that he had locked the door and had left the key inside the keyhole as usual. To his utter amazement, when he went to the room

in the morning, he discovered that the room door was open, and both the "little black imp" and the key were missing. He said that when he went to the young master's room, he found the "little heathen" sound asleep on the young master's bed, and the young master sound asleep *on the rug* near the bed. No one had dreamed that the young master would think of doing such a thing. But how did the young master get onto the floor and "that creature" into the bed? No one could guess; so the whole thing remained a mystery until I began to talk English, and then I told all.

From that time I was the sole care of the boy, and I learned to wear clothes through that boy's example. I had stopped the habit of snatching things, and I shyly waited for whatever was to be given to me. I do not know how that habit left me, any more than I know how I first came to sit on a chair. It was difficult to make me sit on a chair in the beginning, but after the boy took me in hand I followed him and did everything that he did. We were inseparable. I used to watch him sit in his chair and pick up his spoon or glass or cup, or whatever it was, and I tried to do just what he did.

When the boy went away from the house I was lonely, and I rushed to the door every now and then to see if he were coming back. They called me several names in that house, at least every one but the madam, and she could not get out of calling me "creature" or "thing." Of course that is what I was to her, "a poor wee creature!"

The sound of the boy's voice was welcome music to my ears. We loved each other, just as a master loves his pet dog and the dog loves the master. The boy taught me words. That is, I began to

recognize words that he said first to me, and I began to say them. The first word that I said in English is *bed*, and then *eat*.

One morning, coming down to the breakfast-room, every one was astonished to see me fully dressed, such as it was, but dressed, nevertheless. I had the little pants, or knickerbockers, on backward, the stockings on my arms, and the blouse on hind part afore; and I had on slippers. That was a wonderful day when they got that much on me without my tearing the clothes off; and so, by degrees, I was clothed nicely, and I became so tame that I stood and let them dress me properly, because I knew what they were doing, and I was anxious to be like the other boy.

Then one day the boy wanted to take me out for a walk. It was warm outside, because the summer months were in, and almost everybody went to the parks and promenaded along the Drive and Parade. The boy had his way, and took me out in company with several other boys; and these other boys could not take their eyes off me.

I was rapidly becoming civilized. I joined in the races in Alexander Park, and I did not know exactly what it all meant, but I just tumbled, and ran, and screamed with delight as the other boys did. I cried when my young master took me away from them.

One day my young master, with another boy, took me out to ride on the tramway to the city. What a thrill it was! They had me out for a long time, and I was hungry, but I could not think of that word *eat*, to save my life. So the two boys were busy talking to each other, in front of a window, about something, and they were interested in conversation, and, for the moment, had forgotten all about me. In the meantime, I

drifted along looking into the windows all by myself; and then I came in front of a restaurant. I have since learned the name of the place, the Grosvenor Restaurant, back of Central Station, Glasgow. The smell of good things in this place attracted my nostrils, and I walked right in. I walked right up to the first table, and at this table sat a lone man with his head buried in a newspaper. There was a hush all over the place, for a moment, as if every one had been struck dumb. This poor lone man who had his head buried in a newspaper had a plate full of food in front of him, but he was too busy reading to notice the food, so I put my hand into his plate and began to eat it for him. The man must have noticed the sudden quiet, so he looked up from the paper. In the meantime, I had remembered the word for hunger, and I held out some of his good food to him, and said: "Eat." When he saw me, instead of taking what I offered him, he jumped up in fright and ran out of the door; he must have thought me the devil himself. Everybody roared with laughter. Some men came to me, and I said: "Eat! Eat!"

My young master and his friend, who had missed me, found me in the restaurant, with a big crowd watching me. My young master offered to pay for the stolen meal, but the owner of the place would not take anything, and told my young master to bring me back again, and said he would give me all that I wanted to eat free of charge. When the story was told at home, be sure it made every one laugh heartily.

Things went along as usual, without any change from then on, until school began, and then the young master had to leave. It was arranged to send me to a private school in Glasgow, but the

young master said that if I was to go to school, I should go with him. The father strongly objected, and told the madam that I would interfere with his son's education, and he added that I was "impossible." He said: "Why send *that* to school, anyway?" But the boy insisted, and of course got his own way in the matter; and off to school we went together, on the train to Edinburgh, to the Sandringham House School.

I was lonesome and homesick, and I cried much of the time. The young master was separated from me, and everything was black. The boys in the school were curious. When I washed, all the boys stood at a distance and watched me, and some of the smaller boys would come up and say to the others: "The water's no black." They could not conceive of my being a real black boy, and they wondered why the black did not come off.

They soon became used to me, and were extremely kind. But neither they, nor any one else, could stop me from fretting. I dreamed dreams; I remembered the days before; I thought of my mother, and I frequently called for her. The head master advised my master to send me back to my own country as soon as I had finished the fourth year.

I was in that school four years, but I never felt settled in it; the life was so different. I loved my playmates and they loved me, and I could speak a little English by that time, but I often stopped in the middle of a game or a conversation and began to cry.

And finally, when that school sent me and my young master back to Glasgow, my old master arranged to have me shipped back to my own country. Not before he had purchased and showed my return passage to my young master would the young master consent to

let me take leave of him, because we were attached to each other. It was like losing a precious pet for him to lose me, after all the trouble he had had in training me, all by himself, from the time when he had stolen me from my room and brought me into his room, seemingly into a new world.

At school when anything was done by any of the boys, the schoolmasters knew whom to ask for the truth. Of course the boys soon broke me of that habit by giving me a leathering now and then until they made me fight, and then they loved me all the more. I was not much of a fighter, but the fact that I would fight at all, when hit by another boy, made all of them like me, although I usually got the worse of any combat. You could not blame me for the habit of telling the truth. I was on the way to become civilized, but I was not quite civilized enough to tell lies.

So my things were packed and strapped up, ready for my journey home. I had learned to call my master "*Yabah Abiad*," meaning "My White Father," and his madam, "*Ima Abiada*," "My White Mother," and my young master, "*Oremi*," meaning "My Friend." What they put in the three trunks that I took with me I did not know then, but I found out when I reached Africa. There were toys, rattles, clothes in plenty, a cot-bed, camp-table, camp-chair, lamp, knife, fork, spoon, plate, cup and saucer, and everything that is used in a Scotch home.

The trip to the coast of my country I made without any unusual events, and I finally reached Whydah in Dahomey, my home port. Then what a scramble to get ashore over the surf! Only a short four years before I, with thirteen other little black boys, Akrim the eldest, and Ojo-yola the youngest, gazed out over

the sea for the first time, fresh from the Bush, untamed and scared of everything, and then clambered aboard the steamer, on that ill-fated day! Just to see a white man! When I think of it all now, it makes me weep! My companions, all lost! Dragged under the black waters of the Gulf of Guinea! A tragedy! I alone was saved; for what, who knows?

What was the effect of my becoming civilized? Before I knew fifty words in the English language I was given a good beating *for telling the truth*, and by the sons of *white men*. Look what I had learned! The good clothes that I wore! The good things that I had to eat in the white man's country! The street-cars, the horses and wagons and carriages, and shops and houses, and dogs and cats and rats and mice! Oh, no, nothing so horrible as our beastly monkeys and leopards, ferocious lions and elephants, and snakes and lizards, which jeopardize every step one takes. Of course the white man's country has inventions, such as buses, trucks, taxicabs, horse-cars, motor-cars, tramway-cars, and hold-up men thrown in for good measure. Oh, white man, I think of you to-day in terms of indescribable affection, on the one hand; and on the other hand I loathe your culture and advancement, because it stole my savage being. I love you because in your duality you taught me good manners, although at the cost of good principles; and it is still debatable in my uncouth mind which is the better of the two, although in theory they are inseparable; but I learned from you, white man, that they have no affinity in practice. What a change of view-point from that which I had before to that which I have acquired; so different from eating when I am hungry, and not by the clock; sleep-

ing when I am sleepy, and not by custom or force of habit; resting when I am tired, and not by command or when the boss says "Stop."

I stood on the coast of my country once more, gazing out over the black waters of the Gulf of Guinea, that had robbed me of my companions, clinging to the one, yes, the only vestige of my natural self left in me, and that was my manhood, boy as I was.

I reached my own community, after having waited over three months on the coast before I was able to find carriers and guides to escort me north to my own wild people, and, after a most disagreeable forty-seven days' journey, in the company of a hostile crowd of men. There was the place of my birth, my father's home.

The men who brought me up through the Ondo Bush made me suffer much. They did not know that I understood every word that they said, and I would not reveal to them that I knew anything before reaching my village. Otherwise, they would have left me stranded in the middle of the Ondo Bush. So when I arrived I had their hands tied behind them, had them severely flogged, had oil put on their heads and a fire set to it, and then gave them the chance to run for their very lives.

My mother had died shortly after we boys had left the village, on that fateful night, but my father lived, and he knew

me. My one thought was of a girl that I remembered from of old, and her name was "Gooma." Needless to say, the utensils that I had taken home with me from Scotland were all destroyed, accidentally or on purpose.

I explained as well as I could to my father all that had happened, and told him as much as he would permit me to tell about the white men, emphasizing the story of my white father; and when I repeatedly mentioned my white father, he became angry and said: "I am your father; you have no white father, you fool! Don't you know that you cannot be white and black at the same time?" He asked me about marriage, and I asked him about the old chief, O-loo-wa-li, and about his beautiful daughter, Gooma; and he assured me that Gooma had been chosen as my bride, that is, my last wife. For my father, before I had left home, had selected six girls for me to marry. Such selection is always made early in life in the case of an heir, the youngest son in the home, and that was I. The chance of having Gooma as a bride compensated me for all the suffering that I had undergone from the time I had left my native village. I was willing to marry forty girls, if Gooma was to become my bride. But we do not get everything that we wish for, as is amply illustrated in the story of what happened to poor Gooma.

[Back into the shadows of the jungle LoBagola takes us. "The Marriage Ordeal," a wild and savage account of primitive custom—the barbaric preparations for marriage, the all-powerful god Oro who detects evil, the grim and mysterious Circle—appears in the May number.]



An Architect's Holidays

BY J. MONROE HEWLETT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM WATER-COLORS BY CASS GILBERT

WHATEVER of vitality and permanence is contained in the so-called modern point of view as applied to matters of graphic art springs, I believe, from an increasing dissatisfaction with mere representation and a desire that man's artistic productions, in addition to technical proficiency and careful observation, shall display a knowledge of his subject or his theme far deeper than mere surface similitude. The artist must be a craftsman but, if his work is to stir us deeply, he must be more than that. He must be a seer, an interpreter. He must base his appeal to us upon the fact that he has thoughts in regard to his subject deeper than our thoughts. He must bring to our attention truths which, were it not for his work, we should have missed. This is the secret of the appeal of all great art but it applies with especial force to those works which may be classed as by-products of certain masters. Who could fail to be thrilled by Victor Hugo's little burnt-match drawings, by Thackeray's illustrations of his own works, by Frank Benson's dry-points of ducks. Here we find adequate artistry brought to the portrayal of ideas of tragedy, or humor or the quest of the ardent sportsman, but in these works the artistry takes second place in our interest as compared with the revelation of the minds and the knowledge of the men who made them.

So, when a master of architectural design chooses habitually to spend his

hard-won days of leisure in portraying the architecture of the past, not by careful measured drawings, not in the delineation of detailed form as he knows it, but in the capture of those evanescent patterns into which walls and roofs, trees, sky and earth are woven by light and distance, color and texture, then we may assume that the things this architect has learned about architecture in the making are for him a constant source of light cast upon architecture in the being, and his water-color drawing becomes for us a human document in which the atmospheric conditions under which the drawing was made, the character of the architecture portrayed, the compositional relations of foreground and background, all become informative as to the architect and all his works.

Water-color sketches of foreign architecture are an almost invariable manifestation of the student days of our young architects but, viewed in the retrospect, such sketches seem, for the most part, more a tribute to the clever water-colorists whose works the student has seen, admired and desired to emulate, than to the qualities in the subject itself—qualities which the more mature mind will wish to visualize, memorize and record for the joy of himself and others.

So, in considering this little group of drawings by Cass Gilbert I find myself most deeply moved by the youthful ardor that year after year has brought him

back, not to the rendering of effects which long practice has made easy to him, but to the expression of new subtleties, the study of new problems in connection with the things that light and air and perspective do to the form and color and values of architecture. The examples illustrated here cover a period of something more than thirty years and so span, with fair adequacy, almost the entire professional life of their author. In view of subsequent history, it is not strange that the earlier ones show a marked interest in towers silhouetted against the sky, in the gradations of tone and simplification of textures expressive of great height. It is these earlier drawings which are more adequately represented by the black and white of half-tone reproduction. Their beauty is a beauty of carefully studied silhouette rendered with sensitive appreciation of atmospheric values.

It is, however, the examples painted during more recent years that seem to me most enlightening. The single dominating mass against a simple background has in these been discarded. The maturer mind is seeking deeper understanding of the subtle combinations, textures and patterns of the many materials which, in combination, enter into architectural effect. It often happens that an artist's later work displays less interest in intricacy of detail but here we have the exact reverse of this. More and more we find a keen interest in the study of architecture, not simple and quiet in mass but representing the juxtaposition of strongly contrasting materials.

As a marked example of this, take the drawing of the little courtyard of the "Hôtel Guillaume le Conquérant" at Dives, a drawing made four years ago. It would be hard to find a sterner chal-

lenge to the resources of a water-colorist than the subject of this drawing but this challenge has been met simply and straightforwardly. The violence of the contrast between dark timbering and light stucco has been expressed and overlaid with a spattering of bright leaves and flowers and yet it somehow resolves itself into a quiet mass. Hopkinson Smith, who claimed, with reason I believe, to have been the American discoverer of this charming spot, were he alive to-day, would covet this drawing and envy the man who made it.

Now look at the old "Pont du Gard." What a superb expression it is of massive draftsmanship combined with sensitive appreciation of stony texture. This drawing, perhaps above all of them, expresses the dual personality of the man who made it. No one but an architect could have so simply expressed the curving sweep of those receding arches and none but a skilful painter of textured surfaces could have so satisfactorily expressed the color and patina of those old stone piers without losing something of the simplicity of the architectural mass.

"The tower at Segovia" might well be entitled "A Study in the Anatomy of Cracks." How unconvincing to the eye of a builder painted cracks in masonry are apt to be and yet how revealing they are here, if closely studied, of the gradual operation and direction of destructive physical forces.

I doubt if water-color can be made to express with greater simplicity and freshness the merging of ivy-clad walls into foliage forms that we find in "Compton Castle" and yet the salient masses of the buildings are all there.

Such are a few of the subtleties that differentiate these drawings from those of artists less versed in architectural form. If I have not said much about



St. Jacques's Church, Ghent.
1897.



Tower at Enkhuisen, Holland.
December, 1897.



Cathedral Tower, Utrecht.
1898.



Hospital, Warwick, England.

1910.



Church Tower, Segovia.

June, 1920.



The Lesser Courtyard, Hôtel Guillaume le Conquérant, Dives, France.

1924.



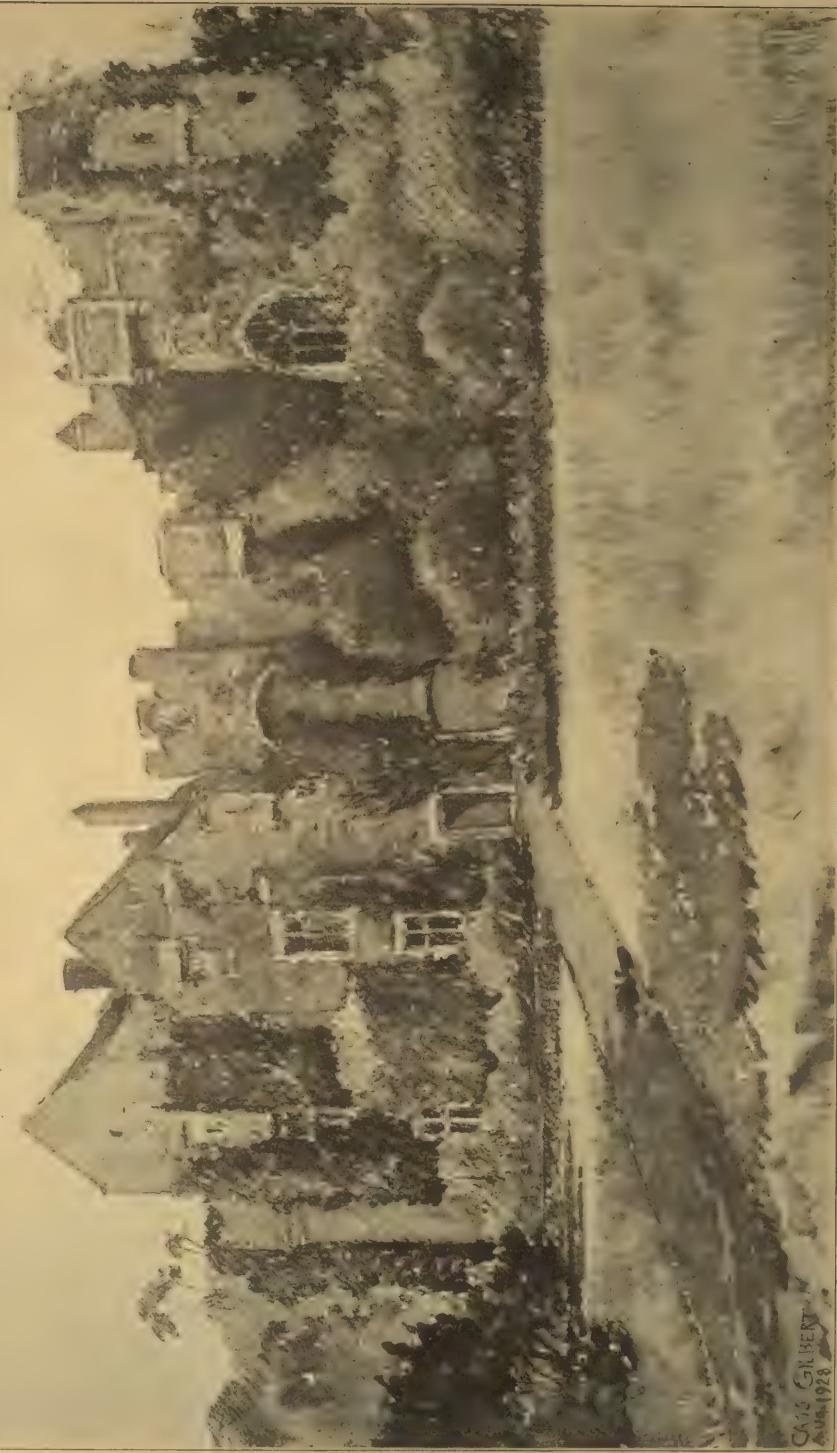
Château de l'Houblonnière, Normandy.

July, 1924.



Antwerp Cathedral.

Compton Castle, Devonshire, England.
August, 1928.



C. E. GILBERT
Aug. 1928

charm of color it is because this quality is merely suggested by the reproductions. It is there, however, in full measure and amply repays careful study of the originals.

The appeal of a water-color drawing is an intensely personal matter. We either feel it or we do not and, if we do not, no amount of discussion will make us. When an artist ceases to be a student he might as well be dead, and these drawings (as demonstrations of the con-

tinuing vitality of the student's point of view, the student's enthusiasm for his theme on the part of a leader in the art of architecture who, for more than forty years, has been immersed in the ardors of architectural practice) are to me a revelation of personality no less vital than the buildings their author has designed. They will in the future, I believe, be accepted as an indispensable and inspiring portion of the record of a life of high achievement.



Debris

BY BEATRICE WYNDHAM PALMER

BROKEN glass made long ago in Tyre,
Bronzes shipwrecked on their way to Rome,
Made in Greece at Cæsar's high desire,
Lie beneath the sea waves and the foam.

Rosaries and fine Damascus swords,
Wedding-rings that Venice gave the sea,
Silver stolen from the Inca hoards,
Manacles of slaves of Barbaree;

Bottles whence carousing pirates drank,
Harpoons, compass needles gone awry,
Round shot weighting corpses as they sank,
On the ocean floor, forgotten lie.

In their depths the shining waters hide
Endless works and vanities of man.
Still beneath the changing moon, the tide
Flows on, as when the changing world began.

Mad Anthony Wayne

VALLEY FORGE AND MONMOUTH

BY THOMAS BOYD

FROM a dreary winter at Fort Ticonderoga, where he was promoted to Brigadier General, Anthony Wayne was called to Washington's headquarters on the slopes about Morristown in the late spring of 1777. The battle of the Brandywine followed, and there Wayne held the most accessible ford against the Hessian General Knyphausen's division until Sir William Howe and Lord Cornwallis, outflanking the whole American right wing, swung in from the west, where they were checked by Nathanael Greene. With the rest of the army Wayne retreated toward the Schuylkill, was worsted in a night attack by Major General Sir Edward Grey, drove three miles through the British centre at the battle of Germantown, and finally, after schemes of further combat came to nothing, suggested to General Washington that the Continental Line go into winter quarters "about twenty miles west of Philadelphia"—Valley Forge. Though only four miles from his own home, Wayne remained in camp commanding the Pennsylvania Line throughout the dismal winter.

II

FROM his quarters in the house of Mr. Walker, down the south slope below Mount Joy, Anthony Wayne could look ahead and to the left a little where, over an intervening rise, the fields of Waynesborough lay. Only a year ago the farm had been stocked with herds of sleek and fat-bellied cattle. But now the rolling acres were bare and most of the animals had disappeared. Nearly all of the menservants were gone too, taken by the British. And in the tannery, where there had always been bundles of hides waiting to be shipped in return for Spanish-milled dollars, little work was being done. As for the money he had and the payment from the government—what they were worth was just about nothing. And the price of things: that two pounds of tea

Abraham Robinson had sent him in the spring had cost nearly ten golden guineas.

Back of him, up the hill in rear of Mr. Walker's house, crouched the ragged Pennsylvania Line in smoky huts with scarcely a blanket to cover a man when the wind blew through the logs at night. Inspecting them each week, Wayne felt ashamed to go into their cabins—the sight was so wretched it was little better than death. Most of the troops were crawling with vermin and several hundred had been buried, dead from a disorder that had to do with filthy rags instead of clothing. Yet when he wrote to Dick Peters, who was still secretary for the board of war, there was nothing done. When he wrote to James Long, the commissary, James Long an-

swered that Anthony couldn't conceive how uneasy it made him not to receive any instructions from the council regarding the forwarding of necessities to camp. When he protested to Thomas Wharton, president of the council, that the men were naked and must have clothes, Wharton replied that the delay was caused by want of buttons.

And the farmers in the neighborhood; many were as disinterested in the cold and hunger of Valley Forge as the Congressmen and assemblymen themselves. To prevent half-starv'd soldiers from straggling out of camp and foraging in barnyards was more than headquarters could accomplish, yet one old man who had a farm in the vicinity brought so many complaints to Mr. Walker's house that he almost wore his own path to the door. The soldiers were stealing from him! They were milking his cows and committing similar degradations!

"Had they?" asked General Wayne, annoyed; then he suggested ironically, "well, damn 'em, shoot 'em; why the devil don't you shoot 'em?"

But to the old farmer it was excellent advice. And not long afterward there was a tattered, hungry soldier shot from a milkstool in his barnyard.

In February Wayne rode into New Jersey for cattle and forage. He was gone nearly a month, most of the time within enemy territory. Then, long preceded by several hundred head of cows and many horses for cavalry and wagons loaded with forage, he came back to camp over the melting snow. And now, except for clothing and equipment, the condition of the army was becoming better. The winter, which had not been unusually cold, was passing. The hard ruts on the Gulph road which ran northwest through a corner

of the grand parade and over the hill toward General Washington's headquarters were softening and no longer spotted with blood from barefooted soldiers with tender feet. Nathanael Greene had become Quartermaster General. And also there were wine, some little gaiety and female society of a sort in camp. The rich Mrs. Washington was at headquarters, having come up from Mount Vernon to be with her husband. Catharine Greene had also appeared and a fine, comradely woman she seemed to be. At Nathanael's house south of the Gulph and King of Prussia crossroads, which was not far east of Wayne's quarters, the young Marquis Lafayette, with his slanting forehead, his long thin nose, his eyes glinting for fame which would trumpet his name back to France, could sometimes be found talking his own language to Mrs. Greene. Down the Mount Joy slope westward were that pleasant, ponderous couple, Lord and Lady Stirling and up the hill back of them lived General and Mrs. Henry Knox.

But by the middle of April Wayne had begun to feel that Valley Forge was in danger of surviving its usefulness. Underfoot the ground was growing soft and springy, a gentleness was in the air and a fresh, bright shade of green was creeping over the fields and into the forests. It was time to renew the contest and he would take the liberty to suggest to his Excellency the Idea of Making an Offensive Campaign against such places as afforded the greatest prospect of success. Many reasons, in his humble opinion, both political and prudential pointed to the expediency of putting the enemy on the defensive.

Yet the days went by and the army stayed motionless. Gruff old Baron von Steuben, contemptuously recollecting

how he had made the Frenchmen run when he had fought under Frederick of Prussia, using his own hands to teach Continentals how to handle a musket, drilled the troops on the grand parade and wrote out a book of instructions for field officers. Wayne watched his systematic actions profitably. Though most of the foreigners evoked his friendly amusement, he liked Steuben frankly. But why was the army allowed to continue idly through such good days of campaigning weather! Through Dick Peters he had succeeded in supplying the Pennsylvania Line with bayonets and now he was eager to have the British out of Philadelphia where they had the temerity to be rioting about his own familiar haunts. Word came into camp from spies sent into the town that the public rooms of Smith's City Tavern on Second Street were now the scene of fancy balls. Drunken officers sat at the Bunch of Grapes and the Indian Queen. There was a pit for fighting cocks in Moore's Alley. Young but ugly Lord Rawdon, having lost his favorite spaniel, had the brazenness to advertise for its return to the home of Mrs. Swords in Lodge Alley. That old wooden building, a former playhouse, that stood near South and Fourth Streets, a couple of blocks from Sharp Delany's and just outside the town limits, was livelier than ever before, with presentations of "Duke and No Duke," "the Minor," "the Deuce is in Him" and "the Wonder," which last's subtitle was "A Woman Kept a Secret." James Humphreys, from whom Anthony had got his works of Laurence Sterne that Hetty Griffiths, Sally Robinson and himself had used to talk about at Dr. Bond's, was now printing play-bills for the British. And Dr. Bond's own daughter was shamelessly being feted by the officers—also

Edward Shippen's daughters, Peggy and her sister. And it had been like that all winter. Successful or otherwise, it was certainly time for action, else soon the capital would be no more than a tory camp.

But as if to make this inactivity last the longer a council of war was held on May eighth when it was agreed that the army should not attempt any offensive operations until some opportunity should occur to strike a successful blow. Major General Charles Lee, gaunt, sunken cheeked and irascible, had come back to camp twelve days afterward from seventeen months' British captivity at New York wherefrom he had just been liberated in exchange for General Prescott. Though he arrived too late for the great council of war he gladly adjoined his name to the list of major generals who advised waiting for a miraculous opportunity before giving battle. And, in early June, when information was brought to Valley Forge that Sir Henry Clinton was about to evacuate Philadelphia and march toward New York General Lee announced his opinion that the American army should limit itself to following respectfully in Sir Henry's rear, merely making an effort to restrain him from giving the farmers and villagers of New Jersey too much misery along the way.

Charles Lee held a little marquee of his own during those last few days at Valley Forge. His bony knees crossed, his long fingers caressing the velvet ears of a hound that lay beside him, he would sit surrounded in his tent by a group of junior officers who listened to his sharp but amusing judgments of the generals who weren't present. He had been given command of a division composed of three brigades; his reputation earned from years of foreign warfare

was picturesque—a great man, thought many of the younger officers, flattered to be around him. Lafayette in his French frills, young, ardent and worshipful of Washington, was also in camp, still hoping to lead in action important enough to justify the major general's stars with which Congress had presented him. Others still there from the winter were the bibulous Lord Stirling, the downright Maxwell, the monumental Henry Knox, Charles Scott, who had stood twice with Wayne in the minority during council, Varnum, Poor, Woodford, Dickinson of the Jersey militia, Grayson, Jackson and Cadwalader. Nathanael Greene continued his efficient struggles with the duties of quartermaster general in addition to his care of a full division and Anthony Wayne, though only a brigadier and outranked by two other Pennsylvania generals, St. Clair and Mifflin, still held charge of the troops from that state.

The June weather was growing hotter. In their huts surrounding the grand parade men said it was beginning to be the most pestiferous month they had ever seen. Twenty miles westward, in Philadelphia, Sir Henry Clinton, with Knyphausen and Lord Cornwallis, was completing his organization for the march through New Jersey to New York. General Washington, wondering if in this journey "some opportunity . . . to strike a successful blow" might not appear, called yet another council of war.

It was held on the seventeenth and Charles Lee spoke loudest and longest. What Washington wanted to know was whether he should keep his army at Valley Forge and allow Sir Henry's heavy train to move past him unharmed, whether it was better to march at once to the Hudson and be at hand

when Sir Henry arrived in New York or whether he should follow the British army closely and watch for an auspicious opening for attack, either partial or general. Was that what his Excellency wanted to know? Well, said Charles Lee, there was only one answer: General Washington should not attack Sir Henry Clinton at all! Those British troops who were about to leave Philadelphia were the best trained men in the world; there were nearly ten thousand of them. What chance had the Americans against them even though the state militia made them greater in numbers! None. By all means let Sir Henry march in safety to New York.

General Washington frowned questioningly at the other officers. What had they to answer?

He was sorry, Lord Stirling said slowly and gravely, but Major General Lee was doubtless right. That was unfortunately true, admitted Henry Knox. Then Maxwell, Grayson, Dickinson, Woodford, Poor, Varnum and von Steuben nodded their agreement with the rest. Charles Scott, weary of being in the minority, likewise assented.

What, asked General Washington, was the opinion of General Greene?

There was some truth, Nathanael Greene replied thoughtfully, in what General Lee had advised, but Lee's counsel was too sweeping. For if the Americans followed Sir Henry Clinton closely an opportunity for attack might present itself during the confusion of the British march.

Anthony Wayne had sat apart, holding a book in which he had looked with bright-eyed scorn as ten of his fellow officers had agreed with Charles Lee. He raised his head.

"Well General," asked his Excellency, "what do you propose to do?"

Wayne answered quickly, "Fight, sir!"

But that reply could scarcely have surprised the Commander-in-Chief or any of the others. For when hadn't the leader of the Pennsylvania Line voted in favor of attack? At Brandywine? At Germantown? At White Marsh last November? Never. Attack, attack! It was the only word he knew. His Excellency had a portmanteau half full of notes in which General Wayne had expressed himself as being most Solemnly and Clearly of Opinion that the British should be put on the defensive at once. A brave officer and nothing else, thought Washington and developed ironic gravity listening to him. The council ended with the mind of his Excellency still undecided, though Cadwalader and Lafayette had joined Greene and Wayne in opposing Major General Lee.

On that same day Sir Henry Clinton's plans to move had been completed and by ten o'clock the following morning the tail of his heavy, twelve-mile train had crossed the Delaware to the Jersey shore and all were on the march to New York. Ten thousand men: Hessians, Tories, British regulars; regiments of artillery; wagons creaking under heavy stores and baggage upon which rode officers' families, went sweltering over the low New Jersey roads with a movement slow as crawling.

With Clinton lumbering toward New York and General Lee's counsel prevailing at Valley Forge there were elements that might have made a ludicrous situation. For a whole winter the Continental army had starved and frozen twenty miles from the revelling British in Philadelphia; now, were they to follow Sir Henry to New York, they might very well starve and bake through-

out a summer, with nothing gained for all their fasting. But Washington, though he had not decided to risk a battle, sent Maxwell and Philemon Dickinson of the Jersey militia, to harass the British march as soon as he heard that Philadelphia had been evacuated. Something, at any rate, was sure of being done, even if it were only a skirmish with the tag end of Clinton's rear-guard.

But there was more than that to follow. Washington too broke camp and marched his army toward the Delaware whence he turned north and started a parallel course with the enemy who were rolling along the east bank of the river in the direction of Trenton. That Sir Henry was going to New York the Commander-in-Chief was certain, but whether he would choose the left road through Brunswick to Staten Island or the right road through Monmouth to Sandy Hook he could not tell. And remaining on the west bank of the Delaware until he reached Coryell's Ferry, he crossed on June twenty-fourth and led the main body of his troops over the higher ground in the direction of Princeton. Near there, at Hopewell, he called one more council of war, hoping to find some support among his officers in favor of an attack.

That council was like most of the others. It would have done honor, declared young Colonel Alexander Hamilton, Washington's aide, to the most honorable society of midwives, and to them only. General Lee continued to express his belief that the action against Clinton, if it were to be hazarded at all, should be limited to small detachments skirmishing with the British rear-guard. And again there sounded a long roll of yesses from the other officers, heartier this time than last, for there was added to it the assent of long-faced, dour Ar-

thur St. Clair who had come upon the scene as a volunteer.

But Nathanael Greene was still of a different mind. And Wayne, of course, was also. Those two, with Lafayette, felt that General Washington ought to send a large force against the British rear-guard, which was certain to be made up of Clinton's best troops, while the main body stood ready to sweep down in case there appeared any opening for a successful battle. After a wrangle in the council Washington accepted the minority opinion and General Scott was sent forward with fifteen hundred men to join Maxwell and Dickinson who had marched near Clinton's rear.

Until the day of the council neither army knew the direction of the other, but then John Graves Simcoe, lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of British Loyalists known as the Queen's Rangers, espied the position of the Americans and reported to Sir Henry Clinton who at once laid his course through Monmouth to Sandy Hook. Knyphausen's Hessians were sent ahead with the heavy baggage train while Clinton and Cornwallis marched behind it.

As soon as Clinton's northward route became clear General Washington, to strengthen his advance party still further, determined to detach Anthony Wayne with a thousand men among whom were included Colonel Dicky Butler's riflemen. Maxwell, Scott, Jackson and Varnum had already gone out, Wayne's men added to theirs would make four thousand; that was a number great enough to perform some signal manœuvre and Lafayette at once began clamoring for the command of it. The marquis had been with the army for nearly a year during all of which time he had been eager for a chance to make a dashing exploit against the British.

Here was one at last, for it was certain that the advance guard of the Americans and the heavy rear-guard of the British would meet. Hopefully he asked for the command and got it; provided, Washington stipulated, General Lee, who as senior officer under the Commander-in-Chief had the right to take charge, would not be offended.

Offended! General Lee echoed Lafayette and held up his long hands to defend himself from the thought; he would be only too glad for Monsieur le Marquis to take full responsibility for an action that was bound to be disastrous to the army. With this assurance Lafayette rode out of camp to gather up the regiments under Wayne, Scott, Maxwell, Jackson and Varnum.

That was on June twenty-fifth, the day Knyphausen took the long supply train toward Monmouth Court House while Clinton and Cornwallis protected his journey with the bulk of the British army marching at his rear. As the night of the next day fell the enemy had marched northeast to Monmouth Court House and were encamped to the west of the road and to the north of the village. And the Americans lay in two parts, both of which were on a line northwest of Monmouth Court House. The plan was shaping for Lafayette to come down from the northwest and assault Sir Henry Clinton's rear-guard at the village after it had rested and resumed its march on the main road from Monmouth.

It was at Englishtown, five miles northwest of Monmouth Court House, that the American advance guard under Lafayette lay waiting. When and where they would attack or whether it would be a skirmish or a general engagement they did not know, but the enemy was before them and they were eager and

watchful as the sun-steamed hills allowed. Lafayette was pleased and Wayne was waiting for orders when General Lee rode through the sentries and appeared at the Marquis' headquarters. He had two brigades behind him and had come to displace Lafayette as commander of the advance guard. Appealing to the youthful, inexperienced major general, Charles Lee said, "I place my fortune and my honor on your hands; you are too generous to destroy both, the one and the other."

Honor it was that gave the surface explanation of Lee's presence after he had once refused the very command which he now was accepting. For as he saw the French stripling leaving the main body to take charge of the advance it came to him that "if this detachment . . . is to be considered as a separate, chosen, active corps, and put under the marquis' command until the enemy leave the Jerseys, both myself and Lord Stirling will be disgraced." That was what he had written Washington in his appeal for Lafayette's command; and the Commander-in-Chief, recognizing his claim as valid, had finally given his consent. Now the change was made; it was Major General Charles Lee that would give orders to the advance guard who lay waiting on the high ground about Englishtown.

Toward evening General Washington rode into Englishtown from the main camp three miles on a line northwest at a place called Cranberry and passed on to reconnoitre Monmouth Court House. Sir Henry Clinton, he discovered, had chosen safe ground for his encampment. Heavily wooded stretches and deep swamps protected the men and the baggage train from the north and west. Ravines would have to be crossed before they could be as-

sailed. The chance of a successful attack, he could see, was far from guaranteed. But on the next day if the enemy moved their position would have become even stronger, for then they would have reached the higher ground about Middletown. He rode back to Englishtown slowly pondering; the best plan, he at length decided, would be an early attack on the British rear-guard as soon as Knyphausen's long train began to move.

At Englishtown Washington told General Lee of his resolution; the advance guard, he gave instructions, would sleep on their arms and be ready when dawn broke to go forward. Anthony Wayne, Charles Scott, William Maxwell and Lafayette were standing by as the Commander-in-Chief presented Lee with his orders for the coming day. Lee assented; the dispositions should be carried out, he said. Then Washington rode back to Cranberry to have his army prepared for instant movement. The officers at Englishtown stretched out for a little sleep and the camp was still.

But with Washington gone and General Lee in charge no effort was made to watch the British through the night. Lee's officers asked him what they were to do. Shrugging a bony shoulder he had answered that he had no plans as yet. And in the enemy camp General Knyphausen began to move his heavy supply and baggage train soon after midnight. Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis anxiously heard it rolling forward on the road to Middletown and Sandy Hook; they too were restless to be on the march.

Lee lay inert till nearly dawn, when he sent Philemon Dickinson and his New Jersey militia to watch the enemy; an order from Washington, who feared the British might decamp in the night,

had stirred him into this. Otherwise he would have done nothing at all, for when Lafayette went into Lee's headquarters at four o'clock on that morning of June twenty-eighth Lee told him that everything was the same as before, except that Dickinson's seven hundred men were marching.

Wayne was also awake early. Restless to move, but condemned to wait for orders, he walked about in actual command of only a thousand men. In a few hours there would be an attack; that knowledge gave him a cool joy and pointed his energies toward the British. Standing in the quiet dawn that Sunday morning, he ran a smoothing hand along the front of his blue coat and adjusted his frilled white stock. He wished his men had better uniforms, any kind of uniforms, in fact; he wished more of them had bayonets, eighteen inches in the blade; that all the colonels about him were valiant as Dicky Butler, lank-haired Walter Stewart, Dan Morgan and Light Horse Harry Lee. Louis Fleury, too, was a good man for a Frenchman. Harry Lee wasn't there, but Butler and Stewart were at hand and Dan Morgan, with a healed wound disfiguring his left jaw, was not far away. Already the air was hot and chokingly thick to breathe.

From the advance camp Wayne heard the chitter of musketry up ahead. That was Philemon Dickinson encountering Sir Henry Clinton's rear-guard. The British column, then, must be on the march already. It was time for General Lee to do something, why the devil didn't he! A little later an express galloped up the slope, carrying the word to Washington at Cranberry. The British column was moving and Dickinson had lightly engaged its rear.

It was five o'clock and the sun was

over the tree tops in front of Monmouth Court House when Dickinson's report reached Washington. Half an hour later another messenger was before General Lee to march the advance guard forward and begin the attack in earnest; meanwhile Washington would bring up the army for battle. So at last the advance guard began to move.

The deep drums tapped and the fifes called shrilly. Dicky Butler stood in the lead, his two hundred Pennsylvanians forming the head of the column behind which six hundred men under Woodford, a like number under Varnum, then Wayne's thousand jostled into line. In Wayne's command were two field-pieces and back of him two more were strung out through the brigades of Charles Scott and Maxwell. Lafayette, spirited but uncertain of what to do because Lee had ousted him and had assigned him no other place, rode along with a useless sword. In the rear, at a respectful distance from the British, came Major Generals Lee and St. Clair.

Dickinson's fire had long since ceased. Under the molten sun the men wound forward and downward through the meadows, skirting the swamps and clumps of wood between them and Monmouth Court House. When they reached a hill near the village it was discovered that the British had gone. The column halted. Generals Lee and Wayne cantered ahead to an open stretch and began to stare westward. Lee said, "Look!" and levelled a long dark finger over a stretch of timber beyond which could be seen rising the dust cloud trailed by a detachment of troops. About two thousand men it would take to raise such a powdery mass against the horizon, Lee judged. Turning to Wayne he ordered him to take both his field-pieces and six hundred troops, attack

the rear of the moving force which they saw before them and hold it until Lee with the rest of the advance made a short cut and divided it from the main body of the British army.

Wayne set out rapidly; swinging in a half circle, he went round the wood, crossed over the wide marsh through which the Wemrock trickled and was shortly in contact with a British rear-guard detachment loitering on the other side. But after one volley from Wayne's muskets and the close sight of his long bayonets they broke ranks and began to run. Pursuing, Wayne came within sight of Sir Henry Clinton's main rear-guard and stopped. Calling Major Byles Wayne sent him with a note to General Lee, requesting that the main body of the advance be sent forward to support him, forming on the edge of the deep ravine which ran to the left of Monmouth Court House.

Far to the left of Wayne Charles Scott had come up with fourteen hundred men and was going into a wood behind the morass. Back of Wayne, Lee seemed to be coming forward slowly, much too slowly. As Wayne waited another party of the British, numbering about eight hundred, drew up in formation on the farther slope that led down to the ravine and halted significantly. Wayne scowled. But certainly Lee must be coming nearer. To drive this enemy covering party out of the way, General Wayne went forward as swiftly as his two pieces of artillery could be wheeled over the soft, uneven ground, halted within earshot of the enemy and began firing.

It was, Wayne thought, time for a battle. The troops, the whole army, could form on the edge of the morass and have fine ground for fighting. General Washington was a few miles back

on the road with his men stripped down for combat. Lee stood with more than four thousand in the advance guard while opposite him Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis with seven thousand men had begun to slow down. For the troops which Lee had sighted from the hill were not a few regiments, but the whole British rear-guard. Separating Lee from Clinton was Anthony Wayne with his Pennsylvanians who were pushing the force that had stood against them back upon the British column, while to the left Charles Scott was moving out of the wood to take post on the farther side of the ravine.

Cornwallis turned menacingly as the men began to line the morass. Half a mile in rear of Wayne Lafayette believed the time for attack had come. Standing by Lee, he suggested that the whole advance guard be formed up on the firing line and fight until General Washington arrived with the main body. But Charles Lee admonished his inexperience with, "Sir, you do not know British soldiers. We cannot stand against them." And having been opposed to an attack from the beginning, doubtless believing truly that the Americans were not the equals of the enemy and being able to shield his actions by the explanation that he was moving to draw Cornwallis's rear-guard closer to Washington's oncoming troops, General Lee began to retreat.

Charles Scott, on Wayne's left, began to recross the ravine, for Lord Cornwallis was turning with an earnest desire to halt this manœuvring and hold the Americans until Knyphausen's tremendous caravan had reached the safety of Middletown and its high ground to the sea. And now Wayne and his Pennsylvanians were left alone between the two armies. The British were com-

ing toward him and he was soon to find that General Lee was marching back to the rear with the befuddled advance guard that had been cheated of the chance to fight and could not understand this retrograde action.

Meanwhile the rising sun glared terrifically on every one alike, on Wayne and his Pennsylvanians, on the detachment of British infantry which he was holding from him and on the sleek, orderly body of the Queen's Light Dragoons which came charging toward him to throw him across the ravine. From this unsupported position Wayne was ready to meet whatever force the British set upon him; he only wanted a few more men. Now the Queen's Light Dragoons were galloping through their infantry to where the Pennsylvanians waited. But they would meet Dicky Butler and his regiment of two hundred which Wayne had placed in the centre of his position. And Butler, like Wayne, was madly eager for the encounter. Nearer the cavalry plunged, four hundred, three hundred, two hundred yards. Then Wayne's rear rank let their musket hammers fall and a bright flare that was heavy with lead struck the charging horsemen fully. And as they wheeled, jerking bridles and careening, the front rank of Pennsylvanians heard the call, "Have at them!" and went forward on the double with bayonets straight and glittering.

Not content to repel the charge, Wayne and Butler must pursue the men who made it. In a panic the Queen's Light Dragoons bolted through their own infantry, breaking its ranks and drawing it in the wake of the thudding hoofs. Butler leading, the ranks of the Pennsylvania Line charged forward, chasing the enemy down a slope, through a wide marsh and over a rise

on the other side where Wayne halted his men. And then as if determined to give battle to the whole British army Wayne sent for his two pieces of artillery, planted them when they had struggled through the marsh to the top of the rise and ordered Colonel Oswald, who commanded them, to begin firing.

But Cornwallis was advancing with his entire rear-guard, and back of Wayne, except to the left where Scott stood, the field was bare of troops for a great distance. It was then that he discovered Lee had begun a retrograde movement which had ended in retreat. Wayne fell back across the ravine, still leaving Butler on the farther side. Charles Scott rode out of the wood in which he had left his men and came up to him. It was good ground for an engagement, yet Lee was going away. Both men were furious. Wayne called Major Fishbourn and sent him racing back to Lee for troops to be brought forward. Meanwhile Scott and Wayne rode down to the court house. Returning, they were met by Major Fishbourn who reported to Wayne that General Lee's only answer had been that he would see Wayne himself. Scott grew worried. There was a wide space between his men and Wayne's and the British column were coming toward his right. With Wayne he sent an order begging General Lee at least to halt and form. While Scott, seeing that he would not be supported, rode away to file his men off to the left. Wayne sent word to Dicky Butler to fall back, for rashness would become insanity if he remained on the slope so recently taken. Guarding the two field-pieces that Oswald dragged back across the marsh, Butler joined Wayne on the west side of the ravine and they began a slow retreat.

Small detachments of the advancing

British skirmished toward him from his right and left in rear, sometimes circled and drove at him from in front, but he held his men together and kept his guns protected as he backed toward the Wemrock ravine. Often hard pushed and frequently surrounded, he yet managed to cross the causeway and take up a delaying position on the other side. He was fighting again as he had fought at Three Rivers and at Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine, but the circumstances on this day were more hopeless than they had been in those other engagements, for now there seemed to be no end to the hot, slow, backward skirmishing against Cornwallis's thousands. Yet even then, covered with sweat and itching gunpowder, driven by what General Lee called the whole flower of the British army, Grenadiers, Light Infantry, Cavalry and Artillery, amounting in all to 7000 men, Wayne persisted in his steadfast contempt of the Rebels whom he was keeping two, three or four hundred yards distant, a feat which he believed he could continue indefinitely provided any effort or exertion was made for the purpose.

Back on the road over which Wayne had marched that morning the retreating Lee had met the advancing Washington and the Commander-in-Chief was astounded and in a fury at the unexpected encounter. A scared young fifer running along the road had told him of the bewildering retreat and Colonel Shreve with his departing regiment had confirmed it. To Lee, whom he met at the end of the line nearest the enemy, he shouted: "What is the meaning of all this, sir? I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion!"

General Lee rasped back, "By God, sir, American soldiers cannot fight British grenadiers."

"By God, they can fight any upon the face of the earth! And you're a damned poltroon!" Which, according to Charles Scott, who had rejoined the column and was standing by, was only the beginning of what General Lee had become in the estimation of General Washington; for the Commander-in-Chief "swore on that day till the leaves shook on the trees, charmingly, delightfully." Never before or since did Brigadier Scott enjoy such swearing, for the General "swore like an angel from heaven."

When Washington's moment of fury had passed he ordered Lee to form his troops to meet Cornwallis. Lee nodded, adding coolly that he should not be the first to leave the field. Whereupon young Colonel Alexander Hamilton excitedly piped up to General Washington, "that's right, my dear general!" Flourishing his sword he went on, "and I will stay here and we'll all die here on the spot."

But Lee's troops looked too scorched and exhausted from their aimless marching, Washington thought. Wayne and his Pennsylvanians were only a few minutes' canter up the road, on the downward slope of a rise that led to a causeway which the British would have to cross in their pursuit. And though his men had been fighting since eight o'clock that morning it was Wayne that was placed in the centre of the new line which General Washington began to form.

On either side of Wayne the ground was higher than where he stood, so that it was through his ranks that the British would be likely to make their strongest assault. To his left Lord Stirling's division had been stationed as soon as it arrived and to his right Nathanael Greene had come into position. Enor-

mous Henry Knox had his artillery with Greene. Wayne himself had posted a part of his men in the barns and sheds of a near-by farm; the others stood in an apple orchard. It was in this opening that Wayne took his own place.

The American line, which Washington now had under control, had barely formed when Lord Cornwallis marched within range of the forward troops and came to a halt. It was now about noon and the day was bright with the streaming sun. But as Cornwallis stepped within the Continental range the cannon of Henry Knox and the smaller pieces of Colonel Oswald began to boom and crash and roar, each time spreading a dark veil above the ground.

Cornwallis stood still, debating. Sir Henry Clinton, he knew, wanted this business of being followed put to an end—and here was the result: a general engagement. He began giving orders to the officers of his regiments. The bright ranks started moving, feeling out the strength of the American left where Lord Stirling commanded, of the right where Nathanael Greene's division was backed by Knox's guns. Both were on uphill ground and too difficult of approach; the drive would have to be through the centre.

In the outbuildings of the now ravaged farm, under the apple boughs of the orchard, Anthony Wayne's men stood half-naked, their knuckles bloodless as they gripped their muskets. Under roofs and leaves alike the heat was sweltering and inescapable. Shirts and tunics lay beside them; over their bare shoulders captains and colonels stared expectantly at the pausing British ranks. Now and again a man would laugh; how those Lobsterbacks out in front must be broiling!

But then of a sudden the orchard and

outbuildings were still. An officer had ridden to Cornwallis and away again, back to the British grenadiers who had begun to form for the charge. Brilliantly they wheeled against the background of the main body until they were directly opposite the low land where Wayne commanded. They halted in position and their commander, Colonel Henry Monckton, turning his back to the Americans, faced his soldiers. He was near enough and spoke clearly enough for the men in the orchard to hear him. The Grenadiers, his words came crisply, were going forward with their bayonets; they must break through to keep their reputation and to save their shame. Theirs was the proudest corps of the army; they could not fail. Colonel Monckton turned again and confronted the Americans with a sparkling sword. Forward Grenadiers!

Along Wayne's line the order ran, "Hold your fire!" The drums were rolling, Colonel Monckton came on in style. The Pennsylvanians, reinforced by a body of Marylanders and another of Virginians, held themselves motionless as the British cut down the small distance that lay between them. The bayonets in front of them made a jagged belt of steel. Wayne's head was back and his hand was on the hilt of his cutting-sword. To him as to his men life had become as nothing, except as it might be thrown away with a graceful contumaciousness. The effective moment came, the bayonets close and the crimson British jackets looming with bright expansiveness over American musket barrels. Wayne, Dicky Butler, Walter Stewart bawled "Fire!" and a pale flicker leaped from the waiting line of muzzles.

Colonel Monckton was among the first to sprawl. The Grenadiers stopped, their ranks shattered and the dead clut-

tering the long grass about them. But broken as they were they continued in their attempt. Sweating privates licked their lips and ran desperately forward. Men lost their lives from heat and exertion as they tried to drag their commander's body back. At length they turned and straggled to Lord Cornwallis.

The Grenadiers' charge was the last attack of the day. While Wayne stood exultantly with his men in the orchard Cornwallis began to withdraw across the narrow causeway, resting one flank beside a wood and the other next to the marsh where he halted. Sir Henry Clinton and he knew that General Kniphausen's heavy baggage and supply train must now be near the heights of Middletown; its safety had been their concern when they turned on the advance guard under General Lee. Now they would wait, withstand the Americans till nightfall if they could and then march quickly away.

A solid fire from artillery and a few muskets had followed Cornwallis to the ground on which he stopped. General Washington, the moment Monckton's Grenadiers crumpled before Wayne's defense, had seen the chance to counter-attack and had made his plans. General Enoch Poor was to take his own and a brigade from North Carolina around upon the British right, Woodford was to assault their left while the artillery and muskets of the main line were to confuse the enemy with a rapid fire. But this time it was the men themselves that decided what was to be done. All along the front they were falling to the ground; weary vessels of over-heated blood, they lay without moving or shook the last drops of water from their canteens upon their thirsting lips.

The rolling-green field with its marsh

and deep ravine between the two armies was quiet again. Two hundred and forty-nine British lay dead and scattered about, most of them on the low ground where Wayne commanded. A hundred more were wounded or taken prisoner. Added to those were about two hundred and fifty Americans killed and wounded.

General Washington was stretched out under a shade-tree, sharing his blue cloak with Lafayette. He had not won, for Sir Henry had succeeded in his purpose and would be unassailable when he reached Middletown; but he had not lost either, for he had brought the British to a general engagement from which they had had to fall back with greater casualties than his own. But for Charles Lee, it was possible, the victory might have been decisive. And but for Anthony Wayne and his fight from the time he met the enemy Lord Cornwallis might not have been compelled to give up. When he wrote his report of the battle to Congress he would mention one name, that of Brigadier General Wayne, whose good conduct and bravery through the whole action, he felt, deserved particular commendation.

Anthony Wayne stayed among his worn but contented troops. At last he had been accommodated in his wish to fight and his scorn for the British was greater than ever. If only Lee hadn't retreated when Cornwallis turned on him earlier in the morning! If only Light Horse Harry Lee had been at hand when Dicky Butler had driven the British dragoons back through their own infantry when they were fighting east of the court house! That was a field in which young Lee's cavalry could have acted to great advantage. He would have to write him about it and in the letter give Butler the praise which his

gallant behavior deserved. And he must tell Polly how British courage failed. Also Dick Peters, the secretary of the Board of War, should be informed and, with Sharp Delany, carry the word around among the Tory ladies of Philadelphia. The belles of the Mischianza—Miss White, Miss Craig, Miss Bond, the Chew girls, Peggy Shippen, Miss Redman and that Smith girl—he wondered

how they would like it when Dick Peters told them how their heavenly, sweet, pretty redcoats, the Gentlemen of the Guards and Grenadiers, who had whirled them to balls and plays at the "Old South" while the Americans were freezing at Valley Forge, had now humbled themselves on the plains of Monmouth! Not much, that was certain.

[Wayne's famous exploit, the capture of Stony Point, will be told in Mr. Boyd's next chapter on Mad Anthony.]



Murder

BY DON KNOWLTON

THE train was late. It had been due at 6.05. I had not been able to get away from Boles's office until 5.30, and so, of course, went right to the depot, not daring to stop for even so much as a sandwich. Now it was seven o'clock. For an hour I had been waiting for that west-bound train.

It was cold there on the platform—cold and drizzly. Everything dripped water. And yet inside the station it was worse. There it was hot—it was suffocating. The smell of the thousands of people and the countless thousands of cigarettes that had gone before, hit you with a blast as you opened the door. The station restaurant was impossible. No doubt there was a diner on the train.

It arrived at 7.15. I found the sleeping-car practically deserted. I asked the porter whether dinner was still being served in the dining-car.

"There is no diner on this train, sir," he answered.

No diner meant, of course, no dinner, and I had had nothing since noon.

Well, there was nothing to do but make the best of it. I went into the smoking-compartment, which I found empty, and began to puff on one of those long three-cornered cigars that Boles had given me. It was terrible, but it was only cigar I had, so I kept on puffing at it. The legs of my trousers were wet, and my shoes were almost squashy. I felt of the radiator in the smoking-compartment. It was stone cold.

Stone cold. Just as cold as Boles had been when I made him that proposition that I had been so sure he would accept. In short, I had spent four weeks' work and a hundred and fifty dollars in expenses, all for nothing.

I might have known Boles would be like that. How blithely he had suggested that I do the very thing which I had done—how cold-bloodedly had he turned me down when the time came to pick me up on it and see me through!

I could have murdered him.

The long train rumbled over a crossing. Murder, murder, murder, said the

car-wheels. Certainly I was in a good mood for it. I pictured Boles coming into the door of the smoking-compartment, fancied my hands closing about his Adam's apple, saw his haunting eyes as the light of terror faded slowly into nothingness.

Murder!

If only somewhere, somehow, on this miserable train, I could buy even so much as a sandwich!

At this moment a man walked into the smoking-compartment. I say a man—and yet, as I looked him over, I doubted it. He was small, and he was not quite straight. The left shoulder was higher than the right, and was twisted forward a bit. The fellow shambled as he walked. His whole gait and frame spelled hesitation and uncertainty. He hung his hat on a peg, and I saw that what hair he had left, which was little, was straw-colored and scraggly.

He turned toward me then and smiled. At least he must have intended it for a smile. It was ghastly. The man's forehead was a bit bulgy. His head was built like a turnip, bigger around at the top than at the bottom. He had no nose to speak of; one eyebrow was higher than the other; the eyes themselves were a sort of wishy-washy gray blue, the mouth trembly, and the chin simply not worth mentioning.

"My name is Jeffrey," he said.

I know it was rude, but I made no answer to the man. I wouldn't have answered him if his name had been anything from Aladdin to Beelzebub. I didn't want to talk, anyhow. Certainly I didn't want to talk to this fellow.

But over he came and sat down next to me—right next to me. He lit a cigarette, meanwhile looking toward me inquiringly, and then he began to move closer, to hitch over, as we used to say

in school, until his side was touching mine. I began to hitch, too, but he hitched right along after me.

"Do you like to play tag?" I asked him finally, but he only smiled, a smile that consisted merely of dropping such jaw as he had, disclosing a mess of half-decayed, yellow teeth. I was about to get up and leave the smoking-compartment, but at that moment the porter stuck his head in and said:

"I'll make up your berth directly, sir."

So I sat down again.

"Were you ever on trial?" asked Jeffrey.

I did not answer at all, but it made no difference.

"I guess you don't realize who I am," he said. "I am Jeffrey—the Jeffrey, you know—the Jeffrey of the Jeffrey murder trial."

Murder! The word startled me. It made me sit straight up. The man nodded with satisfaction.

"I thought you would be interested," he said. "Most people are. Maybe you don't know yet how it came out. They acquitted me."

But I could only stare at him.

"Acquitted you of what?" I asked.

"Why, of murder, of course. You know the case, don't you? Certainly you have been following the Jeffrey case in the newspapers?"

Suddenly I did remember that a few weeks back there had been a lot of front-page stuff, pictures, head-lines, and all that sort of thing, about some fellow named Jeffrey, who was being tried for the murder of his wife.

I looked again at this undersized wisp of a man who sat next to me.

"You don't mean to say—" I began. He beamed.

"Exactly," he exclaimed. "Yes, I am

Jeffrey himself—Jeffrey of the Jeffrey murder case. And, sir, I was acquitted. I was acquitted a week ago Thursday. The jury by unanimous verdict found me not guilty."

I could only gulp and glare.

"Aren't you going to congratulate me?" he asked. "Almost everybody congratulates me. Some of them want me to autograph things for them."

"No, thank you," I put in.

"Which did you think?" he went on, warming up, rubbing his hands together, laughing a quick maudlin laugh that showed again his rotting teeth. "Did you think I would be acquitted, or didn't you? The betting ran high on it in New York, you know. I met one man just before I left who had put a cool thousand on me. He brought his wife and his three kids down to see me off on the train, he was that grateful. Of course there was some betting just on whether I would or wouldn't get the electric chair, and then others were betting I would get only twenty years. Then there were bets just on guilty or not guilty. Oh, there were all sorts of bets placed on me. Really, it was most interesting."

The little man, still rubbing his hands, cluck-clucked to himself. Again I moved over, and again he hitched over still closer to me than before.

"Do you really mean," he exclaimed, "that you didn't follow the trial closely?"

"Not as closely as I should have, perhaps," I answered.

"Dear me," said Jeffrey. "You certainly missed a great deal of excitement. Let me show you."

And before I could stop him, he had taken out of his coat-pocket a great wad of newspaper clippings, done up in a rubber band. He peeled off the rubber

band and began to shed newspaper clippings. They fluttered about him to the floor. They covered his knees, his lap. He stuck some of them into his pockets. He pawed them over frantically, looking for this and that, chattering all the while at the top of his voice.

"Now look here," he said. "This is the original story. I got on the front page of all the New York newspapers on this, and I guess on the front page of almost all the papers all over the United States, Canada, and even in England. See, it says: 'Kills Wife with Scissors.' There is my picture there, right below it. I am supposed to have killed her with scissors. Look, 'Defendant Denies Guilt.' Oh, those were great days, those were."

He smiled dreamily.

"Yes," he went on, "it was a wonderful trial—wonderful. And you didn't read all about it? Well, well. Say, some of the most prominent people in the United States followed every word of that trial. You should have seen some of the society women that came to see me when I was in my cell—brought me flowers, too. I got letters from some of them. Look here, isn't this fine? See, here's what Mrs. Winters-Smythe—you know who *she* is—what Mrs. Winters-Smythe writes to me. 'Dear Little Jeffrey,' she says, 'I am sure you simply couldn't have done it. I just know this horrid old trial will come out all righty-righty, and here's some orchids for you, to cheer you up while you are down in that awful old jaily-aily.' Wasn't that simply too sweet of her? And here's one that Miss Cornelia Umpstaad, of the Philadelphia Umpstaads, sent to me by special messenger. It says——"

I started to rise to my feet. The man seized my arm, pulled me down.

"No, listen," he said. "It says——"

"I don't care what—" I put in.

"Wait until I tell you," the man went on, drowning me out, clinging to my coat. "What I am getting at is, Mrs. Winters-Smythe and Miss Umpstaad, and a lot of others, they formed, you know, this Jeffrey Defense Society. Maybe you remember of it. No? Why, it was them that hired Terrence Darlow, the big criminal lawyer, to take my case. They had booths out all around the cities, you know, all over the country. Booths where you could give just a dime or a nickel, if that was all you could afford, to the Jeffrey Defense Fund. Don't you know about that? And the sandwich-men walking up and down the streets? Oh, say, it was marvellous, simply marvellous. To think that my name was on the lips of millions and millions of people all over this whole continent!"

Again I got to my feet, and again this leech dragged me back onto the seat.

"Now I want to tell you all about the trial," he began. "I will tell it to you from the very beginning, going through first with the time I was arrested, and then all about what the prosecution did, and the prosecution witnesses, and then all about what the defense said, and all about the defense witnesses, and everything, clear on through to the time the judge charged the jury, and then the time the verdict came in. It begins—"

I shook the man off. Great God! there was a limit to the amount which any man could be expected to endure as a matter of ordinary smoking-compartment courtesy. But he grabbed my coat-lapels. I thought he was going to climb right up the front of me, like a squirrel.

"Why in the world didn't they convict you?" I said nastily.

He smiled, and clasped his hands.

"That," he said, "is just the point I was about to make in telling you the history of the trial. It really is a quite nice proposition. You see, in the first place, the evidence was purely circumstantial. There was no witness to the murder. I showed in my evidence that I had left the bank, where I am employed, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and that I was in Finlay's Restaurant, eight blocks from the bank, by six o'clock that same afternoon. Now it was established that the murder was committed some time during that hour; that is, between five and six o'clock. I admitted, of course, that it did not take a complete hour to go from the bank, where I worked, to Finlay's Restaurant; but I explained that, as the weather was good, I had stopped for half an hour in the park, which is half-way between the bank and the restaurant, and then had gone on to the restaurant to get my dinner. It was the last night in the month, you see—statement night, as you will well understand if you have ever worked in a bank—and of course I had to work that night, so I was staying down-town. Now, you see, when I got home from the bank that night, at 10.45, and walked into the little apartment where my wife and I had been so happy, I found her stretched upon the floor in a puddle of blood, with a pair of scissors stuck through her neck."

As the little man made this last statement, he stood a bit back from me with his feet spread wide, his miniature shoulders thrown back, head on one side, looking like a bantam rooster.

"Now, of course," he went on, "the prosecution contended that as my apartment was only fifteen minutes by streetcar from the bank, it was perfectly possible for me to leave the bank at five

o'clock, go home, murder my wife, and still get down-town again to Finlay's Restaurant by six o'clock. But——"

Here Jeffrey began to wag the forefinger of his right hand significantly.

"But," he went on, "it was suggested to the jury that the man who murdered his wife at, let us say, five-thirty, would not ordinarily go to his favorite restaurant at six o'clock that same night to eat his favorite dish—namely, liver and onions—as I did. Then more things were brought to their attention—all about the sort of life I had led up to that time. Look, here is something——"

Jeffrey began to claw about among the clippings that littered the smoking-compartment, finally pouncing upon one and shoving it under my nose.

"Look," he went on, "see this headline? 'Jeffrey and Wife Were Love-Birds, Says Friend.' Ah, that helped. That was my wife's friend, Mame, who said that. Mame, she knew my wife very well, she did. She suffered terribly when my wife, Hilda, died. And Hilda, she had always told Mame what a good husband I was. So Mame, she was glad to testify for me. Look, here the paper has got our picture—my wife, Mame, and myself—a picture the three of us had taken together about two months before the murder, that time we went out to the Simmons picnic. See the big one, that's my wife. Why, she weighed two hundred and fifteen pounds, Hilda did. She was a big-boned woman. She could do anything. Mame's the little one. You can't hardly see me there standing in between them. Yes, the jury heard plenty of testimony about how peaceable and lovable my wife and I lived together—always did. And then my boss, Norcross, down at the bank, he testified—wait a minute, here's another piece in the paper——"

I tried to escape through the door, but Jeffrey fairly tackled me about the knees, bobbing up with another clipping. The head-line read, "Jeffrey Always Punctual, Says Boss," with a subtitle: "Willing and Obedient Worker, Bank Official Testifies."

"Yes, sir," Jeffrey went on, "Norcross told them how I had been keeping books in that corner of the bank for the last twenty years, and how I hadn't been tardy in the morning, except when I had typhoid fever, only once, during all that time. Well, you see, that along with what Mame said about how fond Hilda and I were of each other, besides also the fact that there were no witnesses to the murder, and it was just circumstantial evidence, you might say—well, and along with the things all these society people did for me—what else could the jury do but acquit me? Sure, I am free now. I am going out West, out in California. I'll bet they'll have some use for me in the movies. My face is known now, you know. They have had my picture in the rotogravure sections of newspapers all over this country and part of Europe. Yes, sir, I am going out to California——"

I cut him short.

"You skunk," I said.

I hadn't meant to lose my temper, but I simply couldn't help it. First it was Boles, and then that long wait at the station, and then no dinner, and now this insufferable pest, this worm, this thing that babbled and babbled in my face. And now he was standing before me, standing back a bit, staring at me strangely, a half-mad light in those wishy-washy eyes. I let myself go.

"As if *you* would have to make any defense for murder," I flung at him. "Why, any jury would know, to look at you, you couldn't commit murder.

You kill your wife! Why, you couldn't even kill a fly."

I started out of the compartment, but this strange nuisance, this Jeffrey, barred the way. He barred the way like a wild thing at bay, his lips curling, baring his yellow fangs.

"You say that?" he screeched.

"Yes, I say it," I went on. "You are incapable of murder. You are incapable of anything except being a bore, an insufferable bore, a pest, a disease. I don't want to look at you. I don't want to hear another word from you. I want to get out, get out, do you understand? Stand aside; let me by; let me pass. You——"

I found myself looking right into the muzzle of a revolver.

Jeffrey was standing there in the doorway of the smoking-compartment, the revolver held in his right hand. He swayed and jerked as the train swung us about, and that revolver swayed and jerked, too.

"So I couldn't commit a murder, eh?" he jeered. I thought fast. I might make a sudden reach for that gun—but a lurch of the car might throw me wide of it. Then he might fire——

I might dive for his knees, but suppose the gun went off?

I might yell for help, but suppose, if I did, he would fire before the help got there?

Oh, the vileness of him! How I loathed him, hated him, feared him! I wanted to crunch him under my heel like an angleworm. I became incoherent—my tongue simply would not work, I was so angry.

"Listen to me," he commanded. Commanded! Imagine that insignificant misshapen shrimp of a man commanding me! But that was what he did. And I stood there, as he told me to. Stood there like a fool, with sheer help-

less rage mounting wave after wave from the tips of my toes to the hair on the top of my head.

"So you think I couldn't commit murder?" he went on. "Well, let me tell you something. That was what *she* thought, too. That was what Hilda thought, with her two hundred and fifteen pounds, and her cussing and her swearing, and her giving me black-and-blue marks all over my back, and all that sort of thing. Yes, that was what she thought, but I showed her, just as I'll show you when I get through telling you a few things, damn you! Just as I've showed everybody who made fun of me. Sure, they said I couldn't do it. They said I couldn't do anything. They said in the bank, for the last twenty years, that I wouldn't amount to anything, that I wasn't fit for anything. They said I couldn't hold down a better job. I told them I could, but they wouldn't listen. Just as Hilda said to me I couldn't get anywhere in the world if they'd give me a million dollars to start with. Just as Hilda said to me one day that I was so useless I couldn't do anything, I couldn't even commit murder. 'Can't commit murder, eh?' says I. 'I'll show you, old girl.' But she didn't believe me. All she did was laugh, and then she hit me over the side of the mouth in that playful way she had. She hit me over the side of the mouth and knocked me into the kitchen stove, and I burned the back of my neck. 'Serves you right,' she said. So when I came home that night, and she was doing some sewing, and she looked up and said, 'Well, committed any murders to-day?' I just naturally took the shears out of her hands and I drove them right through her neck—yes, sir, right through. Drove them through as slick as a whistle, and I was lucky

enough not to get a drop of blood on my suit. Then I ran down the back stairs and went to Finlay's Restaurant. Nobody saw me. Couldn't even commit murder, eh? Well, I showed her all right, all right, I showed her. Now, damn you, I am going to show you! How do you like it? Too stuck up to read about the Jeffrey murder trial, eh? Didn't know who Jeffrey was, eh? Well, when this gun clicks——”

Something whisked Jeffrey out into the corridor. He popped out of the

smoking-compartment — disappeared between two big men, who knelt above him. One was the conductor, and the other was a six-foot collar-button salesman from Toledo. I don't know what they did with Jeffrey. I never saw him again.

Shortly afterward the conductor came back to ask me whether there was anything he could do for me.

“Yes, sir,” I said, “there certainly is. Can you by any chance get me a sandwich?”



“Suck in Your Neck”

BY BASIL BASS

It is not hard to see why this almost miraculous escape from death after a thrilling air fight is the high light of the war for the two fliers in the old Breguet.

Mr. Bass was first lieutenant with the 148th Aero Squadron. This true tale is the tenth of a series of war stories.

A PILOT and his observer walked into the headquarters shack. A cracked motor cylinder, hanging from a piece of rope tied to the door and a post outside, dropped toward the ground. The door closed with a bang. The squadron's commanding officer, sitting at his desk with the telephone receiver to his ear, looked around frowning. He nodded, mumbled a greeting, turned back to the phone and kept on frowning. They saw the dark hollows under his eyes. They saw that his nerves were frazzled; that he should be sent to the rear for a rest.

“Yes, sir,” he said. “Yes, sir, I understand.”

The rumble of artillery could be

heard plainly. It was on the wrong side of the American lines.

“Yes, sir,” said the C. O., “I understand perfectly. I'll send a plane out at once. Yes, I'll keep on sending them until the battery is located.” He listened again. “All right, all right,” he rasped out irritably and banged up the receiver. He got up and shook hands with the pilot and the observer.

“Well, you're back, are you? How's Paris? Have a good time? You're back early. What's the matter, did you run out of money?” He was glad to see them all right, but the talk with the colonel had him worried.

“Swell war going on up here,” he continued. “Lots of casualties too.” He

ran off the names of several former members of the squadron the others knew. They didn't say anything.

“Great show you fellows put on the day before I ordered you on leave. I recommended you both for the D. S. C. Think you'll get 'em? You will, like hell. G. H. Q. passes 'em out only to dead aviators and goddamned fools like that colonel who display their bravery by sitting back of the lines and giving heroic orders,” he said as he jerked a thumb toward the telephone.

“Hear those guns? That's what the colonel was phoning about. There's a battery some twenty or thirty miles beyond here that's been shooting hell out of our lines for two days. Our artillery can't locate it. Division headquarters is wild. We're the goats. No damned good, see, or we'd find it. The squadron's full of replacements that aren't broken in yet. There're more coming up. The colonel just said that unless we both photograph and bomb that hidden battery within two hours that he will courtmartial me and the whole damned squadron. Cowardice in face of the enemy, general inefficiency, and all that stuff. There're three squadrons of Fokkers that take the air every time any of our two-seaters go up. They either shoot 'em down or chase 'em home, for we have practically no pursuit protection because it's supposed to be needed worse in some other sector. Didn't I say it's a swell war?”

The C. O. went on to give a more elaborate definition of just what kind of a goddamned fool the colonel was. It contained, among other things, the word “lousy,” reflections upon his parentage, the color of his spine, the consistency of his blood, and the excessive amount of mineral matter in his head.

“Now,” he said, feeling much better,

and reaching for his goggles, “if there's an observer in the squadron crazy enough to volunteer for this job, he and I'll go up and get a whole damned album full of pictures of that battery and send them to our friend with my compliments.”

He almost achieved a grin as he started outside. The pilot stopped him.

“Wait a minute, captain,” he said. “We're going. We were just waiting for you to get through.” The observer added a vigorous second.

“You'll do no such thing,” replied the C. O. emphatically. “You're not due back yet, and besides this is my job.”

“Nothing doing,” the pilot said. “We've had a rest and you've been going up and catching hell every day. Your nerves are ragged. You need a rest and we don't. We'll be back in no time.” He and the observer turned around and walked out.

“A couple of more damned fools,” the C. O. called out as the door was swinging to.

The pilot and observer looked at each other and grinned. They went into the barracks, threw off their musette bags and caps, put on their flying coats and helmets, picked up their goggles and pistol belts and started briskly toward the hangar. Their sergeant saw them coming and came to attention before the end that was open. As they approached he saluted.

“Cut it out, sarg,” the pilot said, and they both grinned.

“Roll out the hearse,” said the observer.

The sergeant looked apprehensive and started to say something. The pilot shook his head and the sergeant sprang into action.

“Hey, gang,” he barked, “get a move on. Number 9 outside. What de think

this is, a wake? There's a war on. Ever hear about it? Can't ye see that 3 and 7 are in the way? Roll 'em out to one side."

A half-dozen mechanics and riggers dropped their cards on a packing-case and started rolling out the ships. Everybody hustled. The sergeant was a good egg. They liked him. His bark was fierce; but it didn't mean anything.

"What did we leave Paris for?" asked the observer.

"I'll bite. Why in hell did we?" replied the pilot.

"The visibility is sure good. We'll make a damned fine target."

"Sure will. Any preference in coffins?"

"Coffins? We'll never rest in any coffin. Pick out a nice shell hole when we go down, will you?"

The sergeant was yelling all over the place. "How many drums of ammunition in the back cockpit? Put in two more. Fresh fillum in the little kodak? O. K. Bombs all on? Right. Up in front you. Switch off, gas on. Wheels blocked. Wind 'er up."

A mechanic gave the propeller two or three turns.

The artillery boomed. The sergeant went around the ship inspecting the turn-buckles, looking at the flying and landing wires, checking up on the cotterpins.

"All clear," he yelled. "Switch on. Turn 'er over."

A mechanic swung the propeller and jumped clear. The motor started with a roar. The man in the pilot's seat warmed up the motor. He ran it slow, ran it fast, cocked his ear and listened closely. He looked at the pilot and nodded his head. The pilot nodded, adjusted his goggles and walked toward the plane. The observer climbed into the rear cock-

pit, adjusted his goggles, stood up and swung his machine-gun around on its rack. The gears meshed smoothly. The mechanic jumped out of the pilot's seat. The pilot climbed in, buckled the straps about his waist and shoulders. He ran the motor up again. It sounded fine. He nodded his approval.

Two men hanging onto ropes fastened to the blocks gave simultaneous jerks that pulled the blocks from in front of the wheels. Two mechanics hung onto one wing a moment and helped the pilot head into the wind. The motor sung. It roared. The plane bumped along over the field. It was full of shell holes. The tail came off the ground and the plane zoomed upward in a steep climbing turn, straightened out and headed toward the rumble of the guns, climbing rapidly.

When the altimeter registered ten thousand feet they were well behind the German lines. The pilot began flying up and down parallel with the lines. They both scanned the ground for puffs of smoke. They didn't see any. They were observed from the ground and the battery had ceased firing.

"Archie," anti-aircraft guns, suddenly cut loose. The concussion of a shell bursting too close for comfort tossed the plane over on one wing. It straightened out and continued flying up and down parallel with the lines. The observer strained over the side searching the ground with his glasses. At last he saw thin wisps of white smoke floating out from a small clump of trees. He looked toward the American lines and saw the puff of a large shell bursting.

The battery. He leaned over and tapped the pilot, pointing down. The pilot nodded and flew up and down over the wisps of smoke. The observer turned the crank of the camera. He made nota-

tions on his map and signalled that he was through.

The pilot nosed the plane over and started diving toward the spot where the smoke came from. Archie went wild. “Flaming onions,” a special incendiary shell for anti-aircraft guns, burst everywhere. Now they were within range of the machine-guns. Their bullets whizzed by, singing softly. A piece of shrapnel tore through an upper wing. The pilot held the plane in the dive on the battery. The wires screamed in protest; but the plane held together. When two hundred feet from the ground he levelled out. Machine-guns spat from the clump of trees. The observer released his bombs and they fell among the trees. They exploded with a roar. The trees stood torn and trembling. A few men ran out. The pilot nosed down again and raked them with his two machine-guns. Some of the men fell.

A court-martial, eh? No damned good, were they? The battery’s out for a while all right. Spotted on the observer’s map and photographed to a T. The artillery could finish the job. Now to climb back out of archie’s reach and back to the airdrome. No one had seen them except the whole German army. It would be an interesting flight. He pointed the nose up and began climbing steeply.

One thousand feet. Machine-guns spat from everywhere within range. Archie whined and threw shells all around. The pilot turned, zigzagged, dodging about, but climbing. A piece of shrapnel tore through the fuselage. Bullets punctured the fabric of the wings.

Two thousand feet. Archie can’t hit anything, eh? Only hard on your morale. At this rate the wings would soon

be sieves and lose their lifting power. Anyway, none of the longerons had been hit yet. As long as they weren’t the old bus would hold together.

Three thousand feet and still going strong. Archie becoming a little wilder. Machine-guns registered less often. Then suddenly seven Fokkers came out of the sun. The old stunt, but how effective! So that’s why the battery had recommenced firing. No information going back. Pleasant thought. There they came diving toward them in formation. No doubt about the finish of the old two-seater. To stay and fight was to go down in flames. To streak it for the airdrome with this slow old bus was to be overhauled by the faster and more manœuvrable Fokkers, and—down in flames, or at best out of control. They were no more than five thousand feet apart. A lone chance to head for home. But no use either to climb up and be shot down like a sausage. Perhaps a French or American pursuit squadron would come along before they were overtaken. At least archie would let up when the enemy came within range, and leave them to finish off the job. Another iron cross. Another cryptic sentence at the end of some German’s flight report: “Shot down enemy two-seater over our lines; confirmation requested.”

The pilot glanced back. Still out of range. The observer’s gun was trained on the flight leader. Stout fellow. They wouldn’t come unscathed from in front of that gun.

Over the German front lines. The formation gaining but still too far away to hit anything. Come on, Breguet, you damned old log wagon, do your stuff. He had the throttle wide open but desperately tried to pull it wider. Another mile or two now and they would be shot

down behind their own lines. Not "Missing in action" anyway. They would be found all right, what was left of them. But if he wasn't hit, if the old bus didn't catch on fire, if they could fake going down out of control over some kind of a field, if—

The leader opened fire. The first burst spattered the instrument-board. Damned good shot, that leader. The pilot squirmed lower in his seat. He glanced back as he heard the *pity-pit-pit* of the observer's gun. The leader reared up on one wing and fell into a spin. Couldn't shoot like stout fellow though.

The formation closed up, another plane taking the lead. Burst after burst tore through the slow old Breguet. The observer was reloading or else his gun had jammed, for it no longer spoke.

Pity-pit-pit, pity-pit-pit. There she went again. A burst of flame, a streak of smoke and fire, and there were only five Germans.

Over the American lines now, but what was the use? The odds were too great. The Fokkers had left their formation and were circling from above. Too much observer.

A flash of wings through the pilot's sights. He zoomed as the flash climbed and pressed the trigger. A spurt of red, and the German fell wing over wing, a black and red streak shooting toward the ground. What did he get in front for? Asked for it, didn't he?

But the time lost in the zoom had been costly.

The remaining four had gained more strategic positions. They had passed their prey, turned, and were coming back, two on each side, one of each pair coming up under the protection of a lower wing, one shooting down over each upper wing. Their guns all con-

verged on the Breguet's cockpits. All over now. But as they opened fire the cornered pilot jammed the stick forward and plunged into a headlong dive. The ship shot down at terrific speed. The tail came through the arced space where the cockpits had been but an instant before. The fire from four pairs of machine-guns tore through the tail controls. The stricken ship lurched and fell into a spin. The elevators went flabby. A remaining fragment of the rudder waved wildly in the upward-rushing stream of air. One of the Fokkers swung down alongside, circled the stricken plane once, and zoomed triumphantly.

The Fokkers went home.

The turns of the spinning ship flattened out. But it continued to spin. At the end of each turn it jerked into the next one, like a whip in an amusement park. The pilot rammed the stick over to one side of the fuselage, using the ailerons against the spin. The plane vibrated at the harsh control, hesitated, then plunged out into another dive. The pilot was almost hurled through his straps. The observer clung to his gun-rack. The dive was steeper than perpendicular. The wheels of the landing-gear were on top. The cockpits were upside down. The show was over. No chance to pull out without elevators.

More than three thousand feet to gain speed, nose on. What was the law governing falling bodies? Additional acceleration of thirty-two feet per second? God, how she would hit. Dig their graves, motor's grave, all their graves. Then the fireworks. The gasoline-tank would explode and make a funeral pyre. A purple-black flame streaked with red. A belch at the sky. Mechanics with rakes. Mechanics with magnets.

Downward they plunged, downward. Faster. Still faster. The air howled,

moaned; rushing, driving upward. It pushed at their ear-drums, drove at their eyeballs, tore at their faces. The landing and flying wires shrieked, whistled shrilly, shrieked again. A high screeching note, higher, shriller than the rest, a piercing metallic twang, a flying wire broken, loose ends whipping madly hither and yon. Wing coverings torn from wooden framework, the ship tearing to pieces under the terrific strain.

The ground reared up, rushed to meet them. A shroud, an enormous flat shroud. A dun-colored streak, the shell-torn front. Irregular patches of green meadow. Deeper green the trees. A white narrow ribbon the road. White specks, houses. Silvery streak, the river. Gray, red, drab, green. A field. A wreck of an airplane plunging toward a field. What was that drab speck creeping around, a tiny red cross on its top? An ambulance! Good-intentioned imbeciles. Futile gesture. American field, though.

The pilot struggled to reach the controls. A clean job, he had to make sure of that. No chance of being only maimed when you hit this way, but he had to make sure, got his shoulders under the rear edge of the cockpit, hooked his feet under the rudder bar. He took a new grip on the side of the cockpit, let go one hand and pulled the throttle wide. Now for the stick to put the nose down straighter. Hadn't they agreed, he and the observer, that they would crash head-on if they got in a place where their chances were nil? He lurched forward, caught the dangling stick and shoved it savagely against the instrument-board. He held it there. It would soon be over.

The nose raised swiftly. What in the hell was this? Was his effort to be

thwarted? When you jammed a stick forward the nose went down. It had to go down. It couldn't do anything else if the elevators worked. But these didn't work. Not when they were right side up, when they were going into the spin. Why did he bother about the stick? Did being upside down have anything to do with it? His physics had gone cock-eyed. Did he know how to fly, or did he and God ride together, as they said of some pilots? Was he alone now? They were almost to the field flying parallel to the ground, but landing-gear toward the sky, heads toward the ground. He held the stick against the oil gauge. What would happen if he pulled it back? Maybe the nose would drop. Then he could ease her down gently and level out upside down, flop the old bus on its back. Crazy idea. But why not? No one had ever tried it. No one had had to. If they could just suck themselves up inside the fuselage and didn't hit too hard, maybe they wouldn't break their necks.

He eased back on the stick. He held it back with his knees, and throttled the motor. The nose dropped easily. The wires stopped screaming. Now they sang gently as wires should. They were gliding. Upside down, but any old glide is so much better than a dive when close to the ground. Yes, by God, they were gliding upside down. He yanked his head around toward the rear cockpit.

“Suck in your neck, we're going to land!” he yelled at the top of his lungs.

The torn and broken old ship glided on. Fifty feet from the ground. Forty. Thirty. How close did he dare go? He eased the stick forward. Ticklish business. The glide flattened. He let her down some more. Fifteen feet. Try five more. No under carriage between the

ground and the fuselage. Then kill her speed slowly. Controls reversed again. Forward when landing instead of backward. Forward to stall. Mustn't forget that.

When his head was five or six feet from the ground he jammed the stick hard up against the instrument-board and squirmed up into the cockpit. The plane pancaked down, skidded around a quarter turn on her back and came to a dead stop. Balloon company field. Its personnel slashed and tore at the fuselage. The ambulance-driver chopped at the framework with a fire-axe.

The pilot crept through the hole they made. His flying arm hung limp. He turned to the rear cockpit as they pulled the observer out. A slight cut on his forehead was bleeding freely. He clung to his camera and map case.

"Is there a courier here?" he asked. One of the soldiers pushed forward. "Take this camera to the nearest photo section." He thrust it into his hands.

"They'll know what to do with it. Take this map to division headquarters and with the C. O.'s compliments, give it to the first colonel you see."

As the courier dashed to his motorcycle the observer turned to the pilot with a look of mingled admiration and awe. He started to say something but words failed him. He looked at the circle of faces about them and demanded loudly: "Who in the hell hit me in the head with that axe is what I'd like to know?" He raised his hand to the slight scalp wound and grinned foolishly.

"Let's go get fixed up," the pilot said. "I'll have to have this set."

"Say, boy," began the observer, but couldn't go on. He tried to overcome his emotion. They started toward the waiting ambulance. He put an arm across the pilot's shoulders. He shook his head slowly, still incredible.

"Suck in your neck," he mumbled. "Suck in your neck, we're going to land."

Reciprocity

By MARY CUMMINGS EUDY

"Pay up," says Life,
"Or I'll lash you up,
I've a scourge whip up my sleeve."

"Let you lie down and die?
You can't—you don't know how!"

"You'll have to learn to earn
Even the right to die."



Electricity in the Household

BY A. E. KENNELLY

Professor of Electrical Engineering, Harvard University

When Doctor Kennelly was just starting on his distinguished career and was the principal electrical assistant to Thomas A. Edison, he wrote a prophetic article for SCRIBNER'S with the title he now uses. He reviews here the changes since 1890 and indicates the trend of the future.

THE title of this article is the same as that of a similar contribution presented by the writer in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for the year 1890.

A comparison of the status of electricity in the household to-day with that which existed thirty-nine years ago offers numerous objects of interest from a variety of view-points. The age in which we live is essentially an electric age. The history of the introduction of electricity into the homes of America is in a certain sense a contemporaneous history of the habits and customs of American home life.

In 1890 only a relatively small percentage of residences had been wired for electric supply. The most recent statistics available—those for 1926—indicate that about fifteen million residences were then wired, and that the rate of wiring was one and one-half million residences per annum. Nearly all new buildings are now wired during their construction, and, in addition to these, many older houses are wired for service, either from central generating stations at ever-increasing distances or from local generators in isolated localities. It is estimated that fully one-half of all the residences in the country have now been wired. This single fact represents a very large aggregate amount of labor to effect. It has involved a very

considerable general familiarity on the part of the public with electricity and with electric-lighting service. This community knowledge and practical experience are essential to any rapid extension of electric service in a community.

Many years ago electric lighting was first introduced into a certain coal-mine in Pennsylvania. There are, of course, more difficulties with the insulation of wiring in a mine than in an ordinary dwelling, because there is so much wetness or moisture in a mine. Not long afterward one of the miners in that colliery was asked how he liked the lighting from the new electricity system. He replied that he approved of it heartily, except "that the electricity came hard on the teeth of the mules." On further inquiries following this mystical statement it transpired that after some accident to the wiring in one of the mine galleries a transport mule, working in the gallery, had received a severe shock from the exposed conductor, and had fallen on the rail track. The mule had bitten the steel rail so hard that he broke two of his front teeth. The miner, who had not had time to become acquainted with the practical properties of electricity, had formed the belief that the breaking of mules' teeth was in some way essentially connected with electric supply. This mental impression was not strictly

logical, and was probably only temporary, awaiting the whitewash of further experience; but the incident illustrates the misconceptions that sensible persons may sometimes acquire when a new physical agent comes into their environment.

The incandescent lamp was the first important electric visitor to enter the home as a permanent guest. The history of the lamp is like a story from "The Arabian Nights," and may be very briefly reviewed here. Edison applied himself to the problem of incandescent lighting in a laboratory at Menlo Park, N. J., early in 1878. He first tried filaments of platinum wire, both in air and in an evacuated glass globe. With true insight into the nature of the problem, he realized that lamps would have to be connected in parallel, although the general opinion of the day was that they should be connected in series. In order to make lamps successful for parallel operation between a pair of supply mains, it was necessary for the filaments to be long and thin. His platinum-wire filaments were only successful to the extent of pointing the way to further developments. In October, 1879, he tried a filament made from a loop of ordinary cotton sewing-thread, carbonized by heating in an oven, when out of contact with air. This carbonized filament, mounted in a carefully evacuated glass bulb, gave the first evidence of success. The lamp burned continuously for forty-five hours before the filament broke.

After a very large amount of experimenting with all sorts of carbonized cellulose filaments, Edison used selected bamboo fibres. He sent agents to various tropical countries to search for species of bamboo-trees that might furnish particularly suitable threads for carbonization. Meanwhile, he greatly improved

the dynamo-electric generator, which was a very crude machine at that time. He invented a number of important essential elements in an electric-lighting system. His first lamps were mounted permanently, each on a wooden base, with a pair of brass terminals to receive the supply wires. He then substituted the screw socket and base which are now so familiar.

The first incandescent lighting industrial central station was opened at Pearl Street, New York, in September, 1882, with a load of about 400 lamps distributed among a number of buildings in the neighborhood. That is only about forty-six years ago, and now there are generating stations in the United States aggregating about 20,000,000 of kilowatts capacity.

There have been great improvements in the incandescent lamp since the Pearl Street Edison station opened in 1882. There have been numerous mechanical simplifications in manufacture, and the carbon filament underwent various improving modifications. About the year 1908 a new filament of the recently developed rare metal tungsten was introduced with success, after a great deal of experimental research. The temperature at which tungsten filaments can be operated is distinctly higher than with carbon filaments. The light emitted by the tungsten filament is not only whiter in color but is also produced with less consumption of electric power. In fact, the modern tungsten lamp takes less than one-sixth of the number of watts consumed by one of the early commercial lamps of 1882, giving the same amount of light. Expressing the same fact in another way, a 50-watt Mazda lamp of the present day gives more than six times as much light as a 50-watt carbon lamp of 1882, and has also a much

longer service life. Incidentally, the name of "Mazda" is derived from the ancient Persian mythology, in which the god of light was named Ahura Mazda.

Along with improvements in lamps during the last forty years have gone improvements in central-station generating plants. About one-third of the generator capacity in the country to-day is hydroelectric, or is supplied by waterfalls, the remaining two-thirds being steam-driven. The coal consumption, for a given amount of power supplied, has been greatly reduced, while the compact rotary steam-turbine has taken the place of the older reciprocating engines in the generative stations. As the result of these and other improvements, the output capacity of a large generating plant has been greatly increased.

The combined results of invention, scientific discovery, organized laboratory research, standardization and large-scale production, during the last four decades, has been a remarkable diminution in the selling price of electric energy for household consumption. In fact, the electrical kilowatt-hour is perhaps the only commodity in general demand that has fallen in price since the beginning of the Great War in 1914. Of course central-station labor and supplies have risen in cost, like other commodities; but this increase has been offset by the developments of the science, art, and business of power generation and distribution.

When to the lowered price of the delivered kilowatt-hour we add the six-fold gain in light production of the modern household incandescent lamp, as compared with the earliest Edison industrial lamps of 1882, it is evident that there has been a great diminution over that period in the cost of artificial elec-

tric illumination. It would have been possible for the average consumer to take this bonus out either in reduced household expenditure for lighting, by using less electricity, keeping the original amount of light, or by increasing his light consumption, keeping his monthly meter bill unchanged; or pursuing a middle course, by combining some financial economy with some increase in artificial illumination. The average consumer has inclined to the second procedure. He has mainly kept his expenditure constant, and taken his bonus in the form of increased light. The most remarkable change in household electric illumination during the past forty years, aside from the great increase in the number of residences taking electricity, has been the great increase in light and interior illumination. Modern household lighting is simply lavish, by comparison with the lighting used by the last preceding generation.

There can be no doubt that the average householder could manage to live with less light in his home than he now uses, if he were under compulsion to economize. Partly under the influence of habit and example, partly in the quest of agreeable stimulation during hours of deficient sunshine, he indulges in the wealth that modern illuminating engineering has placed at his command. The existing tendency is toward more and handsomer illumination rather than less. If we should attempt to reckon in money values the total extra expense of the more copious lighting in the present age, we should arrive at a staggering sum total. This may be regarded as the wealth contributed to the community at large, by the combined forces of invention, discovery, research, standardization, and large-scale direction of industry during a generation.

Only a very small fraction of the wealth thus created has gone to reward the creating agents. The great bulk of it has gone to enrich the community. The present consumption of electric-service power is about 70 watts per capita continuously, for both light and power. That is, each American man, woman, and child may be thought of as holding in his hand a 70-watt lamp, which is kept burning day and night.

In the nomadic stage of civilization a tribe wandered from one district to another under the guidance of a responsible leader, who directed the movements according to the best of his knowledge and experience. The fortunes of the tribe rose and fell with the success of his administration of their efforts. In the modern stage of civilization our tribes no longer wander, but work under the guidance of inventors, discoverers, researchers, and captains of industry. The average wealth and fortune of the individual depends upon the success of the joint administration of their efforts.

Some interesting figures have recently been reported concerning the consumption of incandescent lamps in the United States during the year 1925. It appears that more than 336,000,000 of lamps were bought in that year, between the extreme sizes of the miniature $\frac{1}{2}$ -watt surgical lamp to the giant 30,000-watt lamp used in moving-picture studios. This represents an average annual consumption of approximately 3 lamps per capita. The 25-watt lamp led in popularity, followed closely by the 50-watt lamp. After these came the 40-, 60-, and 100-watt sizes.

The next household electrical device to enter the home after the incandescent lamp was the fan motor. Fans have been admitted in ever-increasing numbers.

The ordinary table fan takes rather less power to operate it than the average lamp; but on a warm summer day the fan load is apt to be distinctly noticeable at the power-station. The fan is perhaps the only household electric device that enjoys a six months' vacation annually; because it goes on the shelf in the fall, remaining there in solitary self-contemplation until the ensuing summer returns through the opened window, heralded in the open country by the odors of white blossoms.

In recent years a number of new electric household devices have come into extended use. Some of these are motor devices, such as elevators, vacuum cleaners, floor-polishers, washers, sewing-machine drivers, refrigerators, and ironers. Others are heating devices, such as sad-irons, cooking-ranges, ovens, water-heaters, toasters, chafing-dishes, radiant heaters, and heating-pads.

The success of the motor devices is largely attributable to the fact that the electric motor has of late years been specially developed for long-continued durable service, with very little noise and only the most occasional lubrication. In apartment-houses and in large dwellings the electrically operated elevator has long been known as a reliable machine. The vacuum cleaner is steadily driving the broom into innocuous desuetude. The broom used to put up nearly as much dust as it took out, to say nothing of the abrasive wear and tear it exerted on carpets and rugs. The vacuum cleaner coaxes the dust out of hidden places by suction, and the large amount it can accumulate in a brief and superficial excursion is a mystery known only to itself.

The electric refrigerator has not been in industrial service for many years, but it has already come into extensive use.

It has registered a vow of eternal defiance to the ice-wagon. Refrigerator enthusiasts prophesy the complete extinction of the ice-wagon in a few years' time.

In the electric heating devices it is their cleanliness, convenience, and controllability which makes them specially desirable. House-warming on a large scale, according to the needs of our severe American winters, has seldom been found economical by electricity distributed from a central station, as compared with the heat from coal burned in a furnace on the premises. For the purposes, however, of cooking and heating on a small scale, electricity has become very popular.

The general effect of all electric household appliances, including the telephone, has been to enable housekeeping to be conducted more conveniently in dwellings of restricted space and of the apartment-house type. The electric elevator has made such apartments easily accessible. The telephone has made communication from them practicable and convenient with the outer world. Electric cooking and heating devices have equipped the kitchenette with the maximum of convenience and comfort. The electric lamp has brightened and adorned the dark hours. The vacuum cleaner has replaced the broom. The electric switch has thus become the tutelary deity of the modern dwelling. Housekeeping has come to require more technical skill and experience in the operation of appliances than, thirty years ago, would have been considered as far too complicated for every-day use. The average individual knows far more about what electricity can do, and how to make it do this, than did our forebears of a generation back. Moreover,

housekeeping with the electric switch can reduce to the minimum the domestic help required.

The general tendency of the growth of electric utilities in the house is to promote the growth of the electric-utility industry. At present the investment in this industry is stated as about sixty dollars per capita, and is steadily growing. It has grown very fast in America, relatively to other countries. The reasons for this relative rapidity of growth and development are probably various and complex. One prominent reason, that will be very generally admitted, is, however, that the electric-utility industries, including telegraphy and telephony, have thus far been less interfered with by government competition or restriction than in most other countries.

The number of persons employed in the public-utility plants in 1926 is given as 430,000 in the United States. This may be taken as representing about 2 per cent of the population, supplying the other 98 per cent. The rate at which capital investment is required to keep the utilities abreast of the demand is now about one billion dollars annually. It has been the custom of recent years to raise a large share of this new capital among the customers in the district supplied by each utility plant. In this way the utility comes to be publicly owned in corresponding measure, and the public served becomes more directly interested in the prosperity and good operation of its own plant.

Among the most recent electric acquisitions of the household has been the radio receiver, a very marvellous device, by which news, music, speeches, and reports can be conveyed telephonically from one or many broadcasting stations. There are perhaps ten millions of these

instruments already installed, and it is evident that the demand for them is far from being satiated. It has been stated that the radio receivers are luxurious necessities for the convalescent wards of modern hospitals, as well as necessary luxuries in the modern home.

It is only about eight years since broadcasting became an accomplished fact among us, so that it is still uncertain as to the influence which this fascinating instrument is exercising upon American life. It is evident, however, that the radio has destroyed enforced isolation on this planet. Wherever a radio receiver of suitable sensitiveness can be installed, news and information can ordinarily be received from the civilized world. The isolation of the more remote farms is breaking down in the wake of the radio receiver. It may even be possible, with the aid of radio, to check the tide of youth which, in the past, has so relentlessly set in from the farms to the cities. Young people have naturally sought in the towns greater remuneration, stimulus, interest, and adventure than the country seemed to offer. With the cost of living steadily rising faster in the city communities, and as electricity, including radio, spreads out to the farms, we may hope ultimately to see the flow from city to country offset that which has so long developed in the opposite direction.

Another influence of the radio on home life seems to be indicated in music. With the aid of radio, there can be no doubt that music enters the average American home much more frequently and extensively than formerly. The music is not always of high quality; but the general effect must be to stimulate musical interest and familiarity, the result of which should be beneficially revealed in due future time.

A third influence of radio to be expected is an enlarged geographic sense and an international self-consciousness. Already radio telephone communications have often been successfully conducted across the Atlantic Ocean between England and America. Moreover, music broadcast from Pittsburgh has at least on one occasion been received in England, there automatically rebroadcast on another wavelength, and then received in South Africa, so that South African audiences have danced to Pittsburgh music. It seems probable that as the science and art of radio develop, this sort of international exchange in broadcasting will become more common.

The time required for any radio signal to pass around the globe from any sending station to its antipodes, or most remote point on the other side, is believed to be only about one-fourteenth of a second. Radio telegraph signals are much weakened when they arrive at the opposite point, or most remote on the globe, but they are often picked up and read at such antipodean receivers. The time required to send a radio signal from Washington, D. C., to Paris, France, or back in the opposite direction, has been measured at a little over one-fiftieth part of a second. When we all realize that we are residing on a fourteenth-of-a-second world, with joint occupancy of one and the same circumambient layer of radio-connecting atmosphere, so that while our bodies are more or less fixed, our minds permeate and pervade the common empyrean, we shall be likely to act mutually in accordance with that understanding. Mutual understanding may then be expected eventually to displace and eliminate mutual misunderstanding.

Finally, another influence which ra-

dio exerts at the present time is for courtesy and politeness. One may listen at a radio set day after day, for hours, and never hear a harsh, repellent, or discourteous word from the many speakers on the air. It is difficult to say whether this is a temporary and evanescent phase of radio speech, or whether it is destined to be a permanent example and acquisition. It may be the speakers feel that through courtesy only can they hope to hold the attention of their audiences; or it may also be they feel that they are virtually speaking into thousands of American homes.

Any electric distribution system supplying a large number of dwellings with the power they require, exists from moment to moment, day and night, as an organization in obedience to the wishes of the communities as expressed through their switches. The power has to be provided just as it is called for. In steam-driven central stations, boilers and engines have to be kept in readiness for duty, at hours more or less irregularly regular, to throw into the system, or to be removed therefrom, as the switches in the homes go on and off. The upward or downward thumbs of the Roman theatre assemblies, in the old gladiatorial combats, were never so exactingly insistent as all those countless switches in the thousands of dwelling-rooms served by the modern light and power system. In order to meet those needs the more promptly, the large systems, embracing many interconnected generating stations and substations, install a central switchboard room with an operator so placed that the distribution of load at each moment, on any and all important parts of the system, are revealed to him by dial-indicating instruments, connected by small, carefully

protected wires to all the district centres. This operator sees the demand in a certain district rising, say, as the householders turn on their lamps. He responds by sending appropriate signals to the operator in the nearest generating station or stations to throw in another engine and generator, and bring yet others into the stand-by state, with an engine-man ready at the throttle. The automatic stoking-machines throw coal into the furnaces, and the steam pressure comes up at the pressure gauges. The new steam-generator units demand change from light spinning to strenuous tugging on their shafts, to keep the dynamos supplying the electric current through the newly turned switches.

In the regular daily course of central-station events, these changes in the ebb and flow of power and of generator activity to supply that power, go on like clockwork, with the smoothness worn by long habit. There is, however, more strenuous effort required from the operating staff, when an unusual demand arises unexpectedly. When a thunder-storm comes up quickly over a large city, say in the afternoon, and the sky darkens suddenly, the load-despatcher receives warning in advance from the weather-watcher, and he prepares for the emergency. Reserve men are hurriedly sent for, and all the stations stand by. Up come the storm-clouds. By hundreds and by thousands the people in offices, stores, and homes glance up at their darkened windows. Reaching out their arms, as though acting in response to a bugle-call, they turn on their lamps. On go the switches by myriads. The load-despatcher has to be ready. Out go his signals in all directions. In go the generators, on the bus-bars of the stations. The staff have to work like steam-

shovels to carry the ever-increasing load, so as not to allow the lamps to go dim or the voltage on the system to fall. During this race with the thunder-storm, every available generator may have to be brought into action over the entire system. In half an hour, perhaps, the sky will have cleared, and off will go all the extra lamps. The staff know in a moment when the crisis has passed. Off go the generators, and the stations settle down to the normal condition of the hour.

It may readily be imagined that the officers in charge of the maintenance of service on an electric-utility system have to be constantly on the alert to prevent breakdowns and interruptions of current supply. Accidents to wiring inside a house will occasionally occur, with interruption of current in that one dwelling. More serious are breakdowns in a street main, due perhaps to a gas explosion, bursting water-pipe, or other dislocation, which may put out the lights along a city block face. Most serious of

all may be an accident in a central station, which may possibly cripple its service and throw a whole district into gloom. The officers charged with these duties have to be ready at any moment of the day or night to do battle with the powers of darkness. The least disturbance of an abnormal character instantly arouses them. Just as a person who has passed through a serious railroad accident may often become startled by the least jar of the brakes on the wheels of the train, so the patrol officer will involuntarily start and stiffen at the least unusual jarring of the voltage and lamp brightness on the system. Continuity of service to the fullest possible degree is his instinctive ideal from long habit.

The last forty years have seen a very great development of electrical service in homes and factories. There seems to be no reason why the next forty years may not witness a continued and correspondingly great advance. As we look to the future, the electric switch is still in the ascendant.



Boat Yard

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

Boats all around,
Bellies to the sky,
Waiting aground
Till Winter's gone by.

Rivermen talking
Of the Good Old Days,
Rivermen caulking
Bottoms on the ways.

Each one knows—
But does not say—
When the ice goes
Some Spring day

He'll stay ashore
With his belly to the sky
Forevermore,
With the River flowing by.



What's on the Working Woman's Mind?

BY WHITING WILLIAMS

Why aren't women in business getting "equal pay for equal work"? Does the worker think first of marriage, social status of the job, or of salary? How is the married-woman worker regarded? These are a few of the questions answered by Mr. Williams from his years of experience in industrial plants and offices.

SHE was a serious-faced young New York stenographer to whom, as my neighbor at the movies, I had expressed my chief impression since landing from a trip abroad—namely, that the amazing well-being of America's masses was typified by "more silk stockings this afternoon than all summer in Europe!"

Her reply was far from superficial.

"Yes, you see, nowadays," she said earnestly, "a fellow's got to be mighty broad-minded to be interested in a girl that don't dress well!"

Following my years of observing men and women workers here and abroad, I'd say she gave the crux of the difference between the attitude of the average man and that of the average woman toward the factory, office, or professional job:

Whereas the man in modern industrial society generally expects to establish himself among his fellow citizens—to determine his particular level in the whole social and civil octave—by the nature and standing of his daily job, the woman, on the other hand, generally expects to establish herself by the level of the job of her own or her family's MAN.

The acknowledged social pre-emi-

nence among women of the married state—this, it appears, operates throughout our modern feminine universe as the gravitational pull which seriously deflects the compass of the woman's aim in her daily work as compared with her brother's. And so definitely and regularly does it do this that one could almost follow Newton's Law of that force which "varies directly with the mass and inversely with the square of the distance," and propose the thesis that

A woman's interest in her plant or office career tends to vary inversely with the square of her interest in matrimony.

Now, please note that this isn't quite so bad as it sounds. It doesn't at all mean that every woman is anxious for a husband, nor does it overlook the extremely pertinent fact that the social prestige of matrimony is now lessening while that of the job is growing—with a consequently marked increase in the number of women who appear completely interested in and perfectly content with their non-matrimonial careers. The thesis simply claims that there is a certain definite tie-up between every woman's interest or lack of interest in marriage and her interest or lack of interest in outside work.

Whatever changes the near or distant future may bring in the values of the two variables, however, the equation, "as is," certainly suffices to set a large assortment of puzzling problems before the present-day employer.

"The average young and moderately educated girl worker in factory or office," so runs the testimony of practically all close observers, "has slight definite goal either regarding her job or her ultimate salary."

General appearance of the place, kind and state of the office equipment, class or type of other employees—these factors a large group of applicants for office work recently placed at the very top of the whole list of job essentials. Opportunity for advancement came second. Salary came third! To be sure, the work's dollars and cents are expected to furnish the means to the girl's career. The point is, however, that, unlike her brother, she generally expects this career to take her off and away from her job.

It is the importance of this off-the-job career which gives to every grade of work among women its precise place in an amazingly strict and intricate system of caste, each level being based not on its financial but on its social rewards and attributes—its opportunities for contact with this or that type of other unmarried feminine and especially unmarried masculine workers.

More than a few inexperienced college-bred employment managers, fresh from their classroom economics or sociology, have noted the slight difference in the earnings of office as compared with factory girls, and so have blithely proceeded to arrange a joint dance or dinner, only to discover that the great gulf fixed between Dives and Lazarus was a mere ditch compared with the

abyss dividing the office filing-clerk from her lowly factory sister—and this even though the latter often enjoys a piece-rate which brings her twice her sister's salary!

The same gulf of superiority may likewise separate all the clerks in the town's smartest department store from those less-fortunate beings who earn just as much or more by selling the same articles at Blank's, but who, alas, deal only with the least stylish citizens! Just as the well rouged and manicured young ladies in white frocks who fill boxes at the candy factory do not dream of associating with those rougher but probably better-paid girls and women who operate the buttonhole-machines at the clothing plant.

More than a few employers have paid dearly for such a social *faux pas* as, say, putting a fat, slow-moving, foreign-born, non-English-speaking matron into some group of fairly stylish American-born daughters of exactly that same type of foreign-born mother—only to see every one of his nimble flappers ooze slowly but surely out of that department! In many of our high-class department stores no girl can hope to obtain a place if she has ever at any time worked in domestic service! Such a past, once the awful news leaked out, would not fail to cause exactly the same kind of abandonment of the job by the more socially ambitious of the girl's companions. Not one of these but would realize that if the work were, in future, to be open to women with such records, it would immediately and permanently lower the quality of girls accepting it, and therefore, inevitably, the quality of young man associating with them.

In passing, it should be said that this marked displacement of the dollar by the social rating of the feminine job

means that domestic service is unlikely ever to gain a higher status by means of higher wages alone, or by any other change than by giving the girl something like the freedom enjoyed by her factory sister to meet her boy-friends after hours and at home—a change which electricity, incidentally, may conceivably be bringing.

Now anybody who wonders how this indispensable social status can be properly tied up with enough real work to get the job done is ready to appreciate the perplexities of the store or factory manager who wants to obtain, train, and hold a unified organization of intelligent and skilful women employees.

Suppose, for instance, that you, as superintendent of a machine-shop, want to give Mary, the brightest of your girls doing highly repetitive and monotonous work, the advantage of a more interesting job of greater skill and higher wages. The chance is at least more than fair that your pains will get you nothing but Mary's

"Me leave Gertie and Liz here for that bunch o' highbrows? I'll tell the world I won't!" Or perhaps her

"Sure, I'll go—*provided* I still work for the same foreman I got here now!"

Or suppose you want to hold your workers longer with you by offering to pay half the cost of every one's life insurance or pension, or that you want them to study salesmanship. In either case the result among your younger and brighter feminine employees is too likely to be the same.

"Why should I," questions Gladys of Opal between dabs of lipstick, "fall for that stuff? Believe me, girlie, my future don't lie on no notions counter!"

Small wonder if such puzzled managers are tempted to give despairing approval to Napoleon's mediæval senti-

ment that "we need not trouble ourselves with any plan of instruction for young females—Manners are all in all to them . . . and marriage is all they look to."

Luckily, however, there are some progressive establishments which resolve the competition between the notions counter and the hoped-for prince by mixing them up together: the theory and practice of "Selling" are wrapped up in a course which wears the alluring title of "Charm"! Even this, however, may bring disappointment to the superintendent. The better the young lady masters her lessons, the more likely is her new skill to take her off her counter—and so make his investment worthless!

The seriousness of this feminine tendency to make the job a means to an off-job career has of course greatly increased with the recent post-war growth of employers interested in more skilled and more life-loyal employees. It was an executive of one of our largest manufacturing concerns who lately explained:

"We are now aiming," he said, "to teach not one but several crafts to every new office worker. But we are already almost agreed that the average young woman is not interested enough and not permanent enough to make this training worth its cost. Our experience indicates that no amount of either expertness or continued promotion gives us any show in holding the most attractive girls in competition with the prince."

"If," complains similarly another large industrial head, "we spend years developing one of our young men executives and then he gets another offer, we can sit down and make our own bid—and if we want him, hold him. But if the executive is a woman with an offer of marriage—we haven't a China-

man's chance! She doesn't ask us; she tells us! We lose her—and her training—flat!"

"Make sure," advises another experienced employer, "never to give any teaching of girl workers to one of your older, long-serviced, and unmarried employees. They're too likely to consider her a warning of what happens to the best of her students!"

Puzzling enough all this, surely, in that world of work and business where the love of the dollar is popularly supposed to be more than enough to call out the last full measure of every man's and every woman's energy and devotion. To be sure, the masculine world of business is to-day making more and more use of a wide range of non-financial incentives, with less and less dependence on that classical myth known as the "Economic Man." Nevertheless, any tendency to let these appeals unduly overshadow the prime necessity of proper wages is still understood to be dangerous. But as to the "Economic Woman"—about all that can be said is that, so far as concerns the store or factory, there just "ain't no such animal!"

Yet it must be said that nothing could be more ingenious than the financial skill of the same store or office wage-earner in making her pay-envelope's dollar work wonders in the direction of reducing the strain on masculine "broad-mindedness." The attractively cut and colored office and factory smock, for instance, represents the economical saving of the street dress for its full out-of-office attractiveness without any loss whatever of the equally indispensable in-office charm—altogether a truly ingenious and admirable combination. In one large New York office the girls in their locker-rooms don each

morning their Class B stockings for the day's duties, changing later to Class A for street and evening wear, contriving to maintain both in prime condition by pressing and drying between well-secreted blotters!

It goes almost without saying that these matrimonial aberrations of the compass of job interest serve decidedly to complicate woman's efforts to organize unions as a means to such objectives as "equal pay for equal work." As in her relations to her employer, loyalty to the job or to the organized movement to improve it, generally proves no match against loyalty to the new husband and the social status he represents.

"At every annual convention of a group of unions," relates a close student of organized labor, "a certain woman organizer regularly hurled the name of 'class traitors!' at the young women who were responsible for unionizing their fellow workers in various localities. For, year after year, after putting them on the organizing job, she would return, only to find them inactive and uninterested—because married!

"Finally, one year," he continued, "her own place on the programme was vacant. Nobody knew what had become of her. At last her telegram was read to the assembly. In it she wished the cause every good thing in the world; but for herself, she could not be on hand because the dates interfered too seriously with her honeymoon!"

So, too, with certain national enterprises for helping factory girls to fit themselves for leadership among their companions, organized and otherwise. Though the obstacle is now much lessened by more careful choice of the students, it was long true that distressingly many of them showed themselves uncompromising individualists and pro-

ceeded to use their enlarged talents to negotiate a huge increase in their matrimonial chances by securing promotion from the lowly ranks of a factory hand to the heights of a private secretary!

Now, with the care befitting so delicate an area, it must be added that our thesis holds good for the so-called "business woman"—with, however, large variation in the values of both its main factors, the job and marriage. Undoubtedly the possessor of a desk and a measure of both liberty and responsibility responds much more strongly to the economic urge—in accordance with two other variables involved in the "law's" equation; namely, education and years. Obviously the possessor of a training which opens many doors into the higher levels of both business interest and business reward is considerably more likely than her sister at some monotonous factory machine to enjoy the sense of economic independence and other personal satisfactions and social recognitions which compete much more evenly with those of marriage.

What must nevertheless be noted is that of all the various competing doors the same particular one is quite generally apt to be chosen by the educated as by the uneducated, as long as it remains open—with, of course, the chooser's interest shifting markedly as rapidly as that door's availability lessens. That availability is itself very greatly lengthened by education. But until it is considered all but negligible at, say, thirty-five or forty, the interest of the educated girl, while genuinely different from that of her factory sister, is probably less different than might at first be thought—certainly it would so appear from the surprising number of college graduates who tell the sympathetic interviewer

that they left the old job because of "too few chances to meet men."

Now it is not strange if this in itself creates a particular problem for the business woman's associates and employers. It was put thus by one of these, herself a successful executive—and I confess it takes considerable courage to quote her, even though I take no responsibility for the rightness of her observation:

"When any business woman tells you that she is sure she has chosen the better part and would not change her choice, you just look her in the eye and gently but firmly call her the liar she is!"

"The time does come," she continued, "when we do 'give up,' and so accept, reluctantly, our commercial jobs as the ultimate aim of our existence. Then we begin to take ourselves seriously. Perhaps that's when people around us are likely to find us tense and rather hard to get along with."

It is a male, though a much-experienced, observer who confirms her testimony with his:

"A woman usually becomes 'oldish' if not old as soon as she stops struggling—though it isn't always good for the office when the struggle then proceeds to go into her work."

This is what was behind the further words of that employer earlier mentioned as requiring continuous study of all his beginning employees.

"We find," he added, "that many of the girls soon marry. As to the others, the better their training, the longer they stay. Then—and most unfortunately—the longer they stay, the more certain they become of their special skill and hence of their personal importance, and thus the harder to live or work with!"

"Miss ——," explains the head of a great concern, "was worth thirty thou-

sand dollars when we were paying her six. But when we raised her to thirty, she became so sure of herself—probably because there were so few other women earning that much—that she wasn't worth four!"

Similar testimony is unpleasantly easy to secure, as is also the belief that even the best of educations is likely to leave the woman still too much of an individualist to fit well into the extreme, orchestra-like integration of the modern big, close-coupled business organization. It was the editor of a well-known woman's publication who related:

"In spite of all my efforts, I could not make one of my most important woman aides see the wrong of quitting, entirely without notice, the headship of one of my most important departments. Besides utterly failing to understand my point, she proceeded further to take from me all her own assistants!"

Now, it must be said again—and, I fear, as quickly as possible!—that none of all this is quite so bad as it sounds. For two reasons:

First, because it tells very little if anything about the "soul of woman"—about fundamental feminine nature. On the contrary, it represents, for the most part, only certain phases of woman's *experience*. It means practically nothing except that, the experience of our sister or wife being what it is to-day, her attitudes, interests, and capabilities are what present-day industry and business find them: as rapidly as this experience changes, so will those attitudes, interests, and capabilities alter.

Secondly, nothing is more pertinent to the whole matter than this: *that few things in the world are changing—or ever have changed—faster than the present-day woman's experience.*

Small wonder, therefore, that we are witnessing a great number of shifts in all those variables which compose the feminine universe. Certainly the signs multiply daily that the ancient and honorable institution of marriage is beginning to share its age-old prestige as a giver of social status with the industrial and commercial job—beginning to make something like a truce with its competitor. Already the number of women is rapidly increasing whose honeymoon hardly keeps them as much as a week away from factory or office—as also of those business and professional or semi-professional women who, married or unmarried, appear entirely content to seek their full happiness in their work and to base their standing among their neighbors upon nothing else than their own career. Already, on the other hand, are to be seen the beginnings of a back-lash against this truce; more and more the unmarried feminine employee is joining both the married and the unmarried man in openly and determinedly opposing the hiring or retaining of the woman who wants the multiple recognitions and assurances of both a job and a husband. If modern machinery should by any chance tend continuously to decrease the number of the country's or the world's available jobs, it is entirely probable that this opposition will show marked increase.

Whether such opposition overcomes or only delays the progress of the truce, nothing is more certain than that the whole fabric of our social life—not only business, but education, morals, and religion—will show enormous changes as rapidly as our society's centre of gravity forsakes the home; also as rapidly as, in the home or out of it, the present economic predominance of the man is lessened. For one thing, this last will tempt

more than a few husbands to join the one who recently confided:

"I'm planning on divorce. I just can't stand it to have a wife who's earning more than I am!"

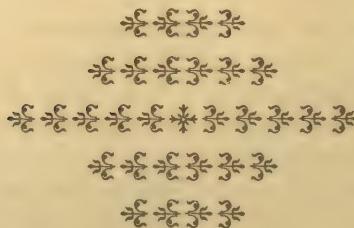
At any rate, of two things we may be fairly sure:

First, that we and our children have, probably, most to gain by what might be called the domestication rather than the commercialization of this truce—the effort, in spite of the extension of woman's activities into plant and office, to retain, nevertheless, her own and society's centre of gravity in the family. Exactly this, luckily, is favored by those electrical and other inventions which favor, for the first time in history, something like a proper recognition of the huge intellectual, psychological, and moral talents required for the job of wife and mother. Every day makes smaller the number of those who need feel the spur to which Mrs. Corson credited her conquest of the Channel:

"I reached the other shore," she related, "because at every stroke I kept

thinking of all the dishes I'd have to wash the rest of my days if I *didn't!*"

Second, whether or not our mothers and sisters ever join us in making of themselves levers for directly doing the world's work, the stars of our social firmament are likely to grow cold before the woman ceases to function as the *fulcrum*—the supporting point or pivot—by which those levers are made more effective for getting the world's work done. For the truth is that we men wrestle with those levers not so much because we love our womenfolk as because without them and the children and the homes they represent we do not know quite how to register and demonstrate—yes, to incarnate—the measure of our achievement in our work. Remove that fulcrum of the woman and her help in thus making all the various financial and spiritual rewards of work more understandable, more alluring, and the world's levers would so slow down that, in the words of a worker friend, "There'd be almost no job fer nobody—woman *nor* man!"



A Letter to Mr. Epstein

BY N. S. OLDS

As Mr. J. Harrison Simmons sank into his mahogany chair he surveyed his desk with approval. Nothing in sight on its plate-glass surface but the bronze desk-clock, the stout ink-well and its tray for pens, and piled in front of him the stack of morning mail. Miss Herrick had squared it off to the smoothness of a pack of bridge-cards. She always stacked it that way. Not many desks looked as cleaned up as his did; and he had never even told her he liked things kept that way. The assistant to the sales manager of The Intimate Daintywear & Silk Hosiery Mfg. Co. felt a glow of executive satisfaction.

The mail was nothing to get excited about. Another weather-report from Brozell. He'd have to shoot some pep into that bird, but it could wait until Miss Herrick checked up his sales for the month. Nice order from the Popular, and Syd had certainly cleaned up in Kansas City. The chief ought to be pleased at that. And Epstein was kicking again. Hadn't got his hosiery on time. Too many of these kicks. And the old man had signed it himself. Well, a line of oil would have to be dictated to smooth him out, with copy to Kritzler to stall his squawk. Trust the shipping department to fall down on Kritzler's pet account. Funny, how they always pick out the best accounts to fall down on. But they all do it, he guessed. Last night Ed Somers was telling about the

grief he had with rotten deliveries. Good old guy, Ed. Always the same, and a darned good salesman. Interesting, what he said about Doug, too. There was the crazy guy. The old gang had done well, all except him. Where was that Epstein kick? Better get it off his chest and have it done with.

Mr. Simmons pushed the button labelled "Secy." and Miss Herrick appeared in the doorway. Her note-book was tucked securely under her arm, and she clasped two sharply pointed yellow pencils in her hand. The June breeze through the open windows blew against her slim skirt as she pulled out the sliding panel of the desk and sat down. Her eyes smiled in a puckery good-morning sort of way.

"Miss Herrick, I want you to take a letter," Mr. Simmons briskly announced. "Make an extra copy for Kritzler. It's to Epstein. You've got his address? 'My dear Mr. Epstein'—no, leave off the 'My.' Put it plain 'Dear'—'Dear Mr. Epstein, yours of twenty-third June—'"

Miss Herrick looked up. "Do you like 'twenty-third June'?" Mr. Simmons inquired. "It's the English style, you know."

"The English know how to write beautiful letters, Mr. Simmons," his secretary admitted.

"It sounded snappy to me. Kind of distinguished and different."

"But maybe a little high-hat for some

of our trade, don't you think?" Her pencil drilled a little hole in the notebook page.

Mr. Simmons considered Mr. Epstein's letter. "You may be right," he replied. "Where was I when you began on English letter-writing?"

Miss Herrick returned to her notes. "Dear Mr. Epstein, yours of June twenty-third"—shall I leave it June twenty-third, Mr. Simmons?—"of June twenty-third received."

"And contents noted." Mr. Simmons gazed thoughtfully at the map of the nation which hung on the wall opposite his desk, with flocks of little contrasty-colored customer and prospect pins swarming among the States. He and Miss Herrick rearranged the pins the first Monday of every month. "I regret"—no, change that—"we regret that your shipment of our No. 8359 silk hosiery has been delayed." You know, there ought to be a form letter got up for these delayed-shipment kicks. It would certainly save me a barrel of time."

He reached over to jot down a memo when the telephone rang.

"Hello," Mr. Simmons answered executively. "Hello, hello. What? Who? Oh, sure, put him on. Hello. Oh, hello, Joe. Glad to hear your voice. Sure thing. Yeah, I'll say it was some party. I rolled in about 2 A. M. No, only one or two were. We certainly missed you, Joe. Ed Somers was asking for you. And say, Joe, I heard some news about Doug MacFarlane last night. Yes, Doug MacFarlane."

Miss Herrick, who was studiously contemplating the down-town sky-line, turned her head swiftly.

"He is sailing Saturday," she heard Mr. Simmons tell Joe. "For Nigeria, I think Ed said. No, not on company

business. An idea of his own about studying native life. No, Doug was not there. I haven't seen him for more than a year. Yeah, he's quit his job. Just a minute, Joe."

Mr. Simmons palmed the transmitter. "If you have something special to do, Miss Herrick?" he said.

She shook her head. "No, I'll wait," she answered, and absorbed herself in the sky-line.

"I'll only be a minute or two. I want to tell him about—" Mr. Simmons spoke into the telephone again. "Hello, Joe, hello." He rattled the hook. "Miss Spitz, you—Oh, hello, Joe. Miss Spitz must have cut us off. Yes, I was interrupted. He was with Security Oil, you know. No, he was in personnel. Oh, not more than five thousand, if that. You know how they pay in those departments. I think Ed said the *Scythia*. She pulls out around noon generally. Nope, I don't think I will. I've got a golf date for 2.30 anyway. Sorry I can't this noon. Dated for lunch at the Vandermore with a buyer from Terre Haute. What? Sure thing! If I hear any more, I'll let you know. Yeah, I think he's a nut myself. Good-by, Joe."

Mr. Simmons hung up the receiver. "These phone calls are the limit, aren't they? How far had I got?"

Miss Herrick consulted her notes with unusual elaboration. "We regret that your shipment of our No. 8359 silk hosiery has been delayed."

"Has been delayed. Beg to advise you that we have made a careful investigation at this end and find that owing to the enormous demand for this particular number and the fact that your order—find out when Epstein's order was placed, Miss Herrick—and the fact that your order was placed whenever it was and because our other cus-

tomers who ordered early naturally ought to have the preference which their early ordering——”

“You have ‘early’ twice,” said Miss Herrick without looking up.

“Have I? Cut one of them out. What did I say? ‘Which their advance ordering’—yes, that’s better—‘which their advance ordering demands, because, while we do not want to seem neglectful of any of our customers, you the least, for our reputation for service is as important to us as yours is to you, for our business has been built up on the same, nevertheless it is only fair that the rule of first come first served ought to be as important for us as it is with you, and——’”

Mr. Simmons gazed earnestly at his secretary.

“You know,” he said, speaking over the top of Mr. Epstein’s letter-head, “something has got to be done about these letters. What did I say last?”

“As important to us as it is to you, and——”

“Yes,” said Mr. Simmons.

Miss Herrick waited. The desk-clock ticked industriously. He shifted the letter to his other hand, and she looked up at his hopeless face.

“Don’t you think that in this instance, Mr. Simmons, since Mr. Epstein wrote the letter himself, and knows us so well, it might be a good idea if we found out exactly what happened to this shipment and wrote him the facts? I think he’s big enough—” Miss Herrick paused delicately.

Mr. Simmons pondered. “Yes, I think I’ll do that,” he decided. “You can get the dope from the shipping department at the same time you are getting the date and the order number. And don’t let Abe kid you. He’ll pass the buck if he thinks he can get away

with it. They all do. Now, you go ahead and do that for me, Miss Herrick, and I’ll be ready with these others this afternoon when I return from lunch.”

He handed over Mr. Epstein’s letter to his secretary and wheeled in his chair. On the edge of the sky he saw the sun turning a slim hotel pinnacle into a flame of coral pink. He stretched and yawned. With Epstein off his mind he could do some constructive thinking. Great weather. If it would only hold for Saturday afternoon. Saturday— That was Doug MacFarlane’s sailing-date, too, wasn’t it? Sailing for Nigeria. Able guy, but hopeless. Joe had said it—a nut, a regular nut——

He was thinking that when Miss Herrick asked him one of those questions of hers. It almost startled him, so close it targeted to his own line of thought.

“Mr. Simmons, do you really consider Douglas MacFarlane a nut?” she asked, and before he could reply she added: “You must know him quite well, so what you said to Mr. Harper about his throwing up his job here in New York made me wonder what you really meant. Do you think he’s a nut to do that?”

Mr. Simmons turned his eyes toward her slowly, and watched her tucking the letter into her note-book. No, you wouldn’t say she was exactly easy to look at. But her blue-gray eyes were framed by a mass of copper hair which she wore in a bob that any woman could have advised Mr. Simmons was carefully neglectful. And she had freckles that went with that kind of hair. No, but you had to admit she was hard to forget. And she had brains under that bob. Quick to understand what a man was driving at. Strictly business and no nonsense. Mr. Simmons considered that

for a college girl she had developed into the best secretary he had ever trained.

And now she wanted to know if he thought Douglas MacFarlane was a nut? He clasped his hands behind his head and envisaged the matter for a moment. "That's an interesting query," he judged finally. "Hits right on what I was saying to myself when you spoke. It goes into ancient history some, too. But the principle of the thing is simple enough, and I'll answer you right off the bat by saying that he sounds nutty enough to me. You know, I can't see that stuff," he continued meditatively. "I can't get it, can you?"

Miss Herrick had moved over to the desk and was rearranging his mail. "Can't get what, Mr. Simmons?" she asked, without turning her head.

"I can't get the line of approach that will make a man with Douglas MacFarlane's natural ability scrap a job at even his pay to do what he's going to. I can't see it."

"But perhaps he can see it," Miss Herrick observed. She didn't seem to get the mail stacked right, for she rearranged it again and added: "Suppose—"

"Yes, if he had quit to go somewhere like that to investigate for oil or rubber or something that has a market, and can be developed, that would be another story. There'd be a chance to cash in on that. And I think Doug could do it, at that. But if what Ed Somers told me is O. K., I'll say he's scrapping his talent and opportunities high, wide, and plenty."

"And you don't believe that Mr. MacFarlane—that a man who has even some business ability, say, but prefers to follow out a line of scientific research, can—"

"Oh, if Doug MacFarlane was like a lot of the half-baked college products we are getting handed to us these days, it wouldn't make much difference what he did. But he isn't. Why, MacFarlane's not only got brains, but he hasn't even given them a fair try-out. It's the general principle of the thing I'm talking about, Miss Herrick. Now, take Douglas MacFarlane for an example——"

Miss Herrick leaned against the desk with her hands propped upon its glass top. "All right," she smiled, "let's take him for an example. What do you know about Douglas MacFarlane?"

She was very likable in this frame of mind. When you drew her out right, she was good on her feet. Almost like a man, sometimes.

Mr. Simmons leaned his head against his clasped hands. "It isn't as if I didn't know him," he began. "Doug MacFarlane is a friend of mine. A class or two behind me in college, but he had brains, and when he felt like warming up he had a good approach. The fellows liked him. He could write, too. Sort of make you see things with words."

Miss Herrick's eyes agreed to this plainly and her copper hair flashed as she nodded assent.

"But he was all for science, as I was telling Joe Harper over the phone. Majored in skulls and laboratory research with old Hoppy and anthropology and everything. When I graduated I connected right off with a concern in the selling end, for that is where I figured the big money was. They had decided to start advertising in a big way, and I got wise to it. So I figured here was an opening for Doug, with his brains and writing ability. The concern was Applebaum, Stein & McGurk. It would have been a cinch, with his good ap-

proach. Made to order, but he wrote back he wasn't interested, because he had decided to go in for personnel work. So there was nothing doing. It was his affair, of course, but they spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars the first year."

"What did you say Applebaum, Stein & McGurk manufactured?" Miss Herrick's head was tilted just a little.

Mr. Simmons's right eyebrow wrinkled a degree. "Why, you must know their slogan, 'True Blue Wears for You'? They make the widest distributed overalls in America."

"And Mr. MacFarlane wasn't interested?"

"Nope. He chose personnel. Intelligence-tests, and the rest of the bunk. He went with a big concern all right, but he buried himself. He never got around and we lost track of him. He dropped out."

"You mean he didn't mix much with the old crowd? You sounded as if he had died." She was smiling.

"I mean that a man has got to be seen and heard and identified with something doing, or he's as good as dead in this town, Miss Herrick," Mr. Simmons observed severely. "That's where Doug MacFarlane made another mistake. That and choosing the non-producing end of the game."

"But he told you he wasn't interested in advertising and distribution. He preferred another field for his——"

"Exactly, as I've pointed out. Now, you follow me closely, Miss Herrick," he proceeded. "I'll admit he disappointed me when he turned down that overall proposition. It was his business, of course, but personnel is mixed up some with science, as I understand it, and Doug MacFarlane had more than a regular scientific mind. He had

some good constructive stuff in his bean, and I'd picked him for an organizer and a producer, and I'm a pretty good judge of men. That was his first big mistake."

Mr. Simmons paused. It was sinking in all right, for Miss Herrick had hardly moved.

"Now, these regular scientific birds, where do they get?" he resumed. "They spend a lifetime studying the left hind leg of a frog, or something, and they write a book about it. Who reads the book? Does it get circulation like the big national mediums, or one of these best-sellers? It gets read by some other scientific bird, and he writes another book and slams the first one. And that's all anybody knows about it. Oh, yes, some of them may get by, but I'll bet you that Doug MacFarlane was drawing down more on the job he had than any of them can earn on a book in two years. And, furthermore, you'll admit, his job was safe. He had his toes in the crack and, though he wouldn't probably have got much more pay, he had ability that might have been recognized more or less, and now comes my point. What does he do with what he's got? He scraps his future in big business to beat it for Nigeria to study Hottentots. And what for? When all is said and done where does he stand to win on his decision? I ask you. To me it looks like rotten judgment; and that's my point, Miss Herrick."

His secretary watched him slip the silver pencil back into his pocket and rise from his chair. "To his full height," she thought, and she wanted to laugh, the poor dear. She raised herself on her hands and sank back against the desk.

"Thank you, Mr. Simmons. I'm very glad to get your point of view." Once, when he had been in a jam with his

chief, and was telling the real facts to her, her voice had made him sort of think of velvet. He remembered that when she began to speak. "I suppose there is something in what you say about these scientific birds. No, they aren't always what you'd call go-getters, are they? They are generally just *idea* men—"

Mr. Simmons nodded agreement. *Idea* men. He liked that. It was exactly what they were.

"And I've learned from working with you, Mr. Simmons, that even an idea is no good unless you can find a market for it. So that fits in too," she went on. "And your point is that when the market for purely scientific ideas is so poor, and somebody who's fixed like Mr. MacFarlane was thinks he has a scientific idea he'd better forget it, and stick to business and not make a fool of himself? Is that right, Mr. Simmons?"

"I guess you've got me about right," Mr. Simmons admitted, as he brushed his trouser knee.

"I thought that when I heard you discussing it over the phone with Mr. Harper. But, since you are all friends of Mr. MacFarlane, you may be glad to learn just what the proposition is that is taking him to Nigeria."

Mr. Simmons stared blankly at his secretary. Unless his eyes had gone hazy all of a sudden, she was as cool and detached as if she were taking dictation. But it certainly sounded, somehow, as if he were taking it.

"What do you mean, proposition?" he demanded. "I don't know what proposition these scientific—these investigators have when they decide to start out for places in Africa like that. How should I? They just go, don't they? What do you mean, proposition?"

He realized he was using his salesman's expense-account tone, for she became secretarial at once. "I do not wish to take up your time, Mr. Simmons—"

He consulted his wrist-watch and checked it with the desk-clock.

"No," he relented. "Go ahead. I've got a few minutes. If you happen to know some facts about this particular matter that I don't, I'll be glad to listen."

"That is very nice of you, Mr. Simmons." You would have thought she made an old-fashioned courtesy. "And what you said just now about Mr. MacFarlane not having a regular scientific mind helped too. To have recognized that about him in advance will make you understand his Nigeria plans much better. You see, I happen to know Mr. MacFarlane quite well," she went on gently. "I met him through my roommate. She's on the research staff of the same laboratory he's been identified with."

"Laboratory," Mr. Simmons interrupted. "I thought Douglas MacFarlane was—"

"He was, but he spent the rest of his time in his laboratory. My chum is assistant to Doctor Detchin—"

"Detchin? You mean the one who discovered—"

"Yes, Doctor Detchin. She—"

"Isn't Detchin the head of the Stoneman Institute for Economic Research?"

"Yes, he and Mr. Stoneman have both been—"

"Stoneman? The young one, who owns Security Oil?"

"Mr. Stoneman, who owns Security Oil," Miss Herrick repeated. "But he comes in later. Mr. MacFarlane really got his big idea in his senior year, working with Professor Hopkins."

"I'll say he was Hoppy's white-haired boy all right. But he never mentioned any idea, big or little, to me." Mr. Simmons had unclipped his silver pencil again and was twisting the lead out and in.

"No, Mr. MacFarlane wouldn't. He wasn't ready to mention it to anybody. He had to be sure first it had the goods. If it did have, the next step would be to develop a—well, what you'd call a market for it, wouldn't you? Like rubber, or oil, as you said, or silk hosiery here. So he said nothing about it to anybody except Professor Hopkins, but he decided to come to New York and get a job in the personnel department of Security Oil."

Mr. Simmons was following Miss Herrick's words with an intentness that would have rejoiced Mr. Kritzel to perceive in Mr. Epstein's eye.

"After Mr. MacFarlane had been there for a few months Mr. Stoneman learned that an article had appeared in a well-known scientific journal which claimed that climatic conditions and local temperature have much more to do with working efficiency than had been previously understood. It gave as an example what that might mean to a big business conducted along the same lines as Security Oil, and of course there was a good deal of comment about it. The article wasn't signed, but it interested Mr. Stoneman so much that he inquired who the author was, and when he found that it was Mr. MacFarlane, and that he was connected with Security Oil, Mr. Stoneman sent for Mr. MacFarlane."

Mr. Simmons moistened his lips. "It was an article about his big idea?"

"Of course. You said yourself he could write, you know. And any one can see what it will mean to production costs to be able to have the effect of

climate and temperature accurately measured—"

"Yeah," Mr. Simmons observed, "if it can be." Somehow, he felt relieved. It was one of those things all right. But there was Stoneman. He'd better let her finish it in her own way, he decided; and the silver pencil went into its pocket.

"But Douglas MacFarlane believes it can be, and so he and Mr. Stoneman had their first talk. The upshot of that was that Mr. Stoneman arranged for a conference at Copantic — that's the Stoneman country place, you know. It's lovely up there—and when the discussion was ended he instructed Doctor Detchin to equip a laboratory for Mr. MacFarlane at the Institute and suggested that Mr. MacFarlane should spend all his time there. But he preferred to work in the laboratory nights and on his spare time, although he did spend two vacations in Mexico and Central America. But he wasn't satisfied with his results, so he concluded he must go to Nigeria, where he could observe climatic reactions under a wide range of tropical conditions. He mentioned this once or twice in his talks to Mr. Stoneman, and finally one night Mr. Stoneman appeared at the laboratory and ordered Mr. MacFarlane to organize an expedition exactly as he thought it ought to be outfitted, in personnel and equipment and everything, and go to Nigeria. Of course it was just what Mr. MacFarlane had wanted, but he tells me Mr. Stoneman seems to consider it his own idea."

Miss Herrick paused, but there was no comment.

"So he sails Saturday on the *Scythia*, to pick up some of his assistants in London." She stopped for a moment, as if trying to think of something she had

overlooked. "Mr. Stoneman acted like a prince all the way through, didn't he? He—I don't believe, though, there is anything more that will interest you. He will be gone for two years."

Her voice dropped away into a silence that filled the office. It was broken by Mr. Simmons.

"I suppose Stoneman will pay MacFarlane something for his time, won't he?" he asked casually.

Miss Herrick hesitated. "I don't know as I ought to mention this," she reflected. But she looked up and added: "But since you're a friend of Mr. MacFarlane I can tell you. At one of the final conferences Mr. Stoneman did ask Mr. MacFarlane how much salary he wanted, but Mr. MacFarlane replied that he figured the expenses ought to be enough to expect."

She looked at the waste-basket by the flat-top desk.

Mr. Simmons raised his head, and a smile spread itself over his countenance. "You've said it," he exclaimed. "That's Doug MacFarlane to a dot. I'll bet those are his exact words."

Miss Herrick's gaze was still concentrated on the waste-basket.

"But Mr. Stoneman figured differently, and Mr. MacFarlane will get fifteen thousand dollars a year while he is away, and when he returns he will get ten thousand more as head of the Production Research Laboratory Mr. Stoneman is building for him. It is a life-contract."

"I'll have the reply to this ready for you by two-thirty, Mr. Simmons," she added, before he could speak. "I hope I

have not taken up your time, but I did want you to have the facts." Her voice was as coppery as her hair, and her hand was on the knob of the office door. She was slowly turning it.

"Because," she smiled radiantly as the door opened behind her, "Mr. MacFarlane did have a proposition even if he was in the non-producing end of the game, didn't he?"

She was gone before Mr. Simmons could collect a comeback. A regular she-exit, he thought indignantly. They're the limit, the best of them. You can't handle them like a man. Yet in her way she had handed it to him. "Scientific birds." He'd made a bum crack there all right. But of course he hadn't known. How could he? And you had to admit Doug had put it over. Fifteen thousand per for two years, and then — Yet, at that, if everything went all right, and general business continued good — But it had been darned good salesmanship. And didn't it check up? Sure it did. That would have been his answer. He considered for a moment calling her back. No, he'd better let it ride. But the non-producing end. Why, her own story proved he was right. It checked up all along the line. Hadn't he always said that Doug had the brains? He'd telephone Joe and Ed and get some of the old gang together —

But there was that golf date. Mr. Simmons wheeled in his chair and stared at the map with the little contrasty distribution pins in it. He was still staring at it when Miss Herrick came in to remind him it was time for his lunch date at the Vandermore.



As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IT is always refreshing to meet some one with an original mind, or to read a book written in a whimsical or unusual style. We hanker after the unexpected, and abhor the commonplace. No condemnation is harsh enough for those unfortunates who have the "herd mind," who substitute catch-phrases for honest thinking, who follow strictly after conventional ideas, and never betray an independent point of view. This being so, why is it that any departure from normalcy in the body is not equally attractive? If an eccentric and individualistic mind is greeted with acclaim, why not an eccentric frame?

I saw a day laborer once who had two full-grown thumbs on his left hand; I dare say both he and his mother regarded this as a misfortune, but why? An original mind is not very common, but it is commoner than an original body. Why do we unconsciously insist on ten fingers, ten toes, two ears, a pair of eyes and one nose? Why should not a mother be proud if her baby should be born with one eye and three ears and a pair of noses?

In the Old Testament a formidable giant is mentioned, and as an important part of his physical equipment it is said that he had twelve fingers and twelve toes. Undoubtedly he was proud of that. It is at least possible that among savage or primitive races, departures from the norm in anatomy are regarded as an asset; just as boys at school are proud

of being able to put their toes and thumbs out of joint, wiggle their ears, and look cross-eyed at will. These accomplishments are regarded with envy by their schoolmates. Is the human body so perfect that we can stand no variations from the standard? "There is no excellent beauty," said Bacon, "that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." Why then do we call six-fingered persons freaks instead of gazing upon them with admiration?

Next to the eyes and mouth, the most eloquent part of the human body is the hand. The hand is the direct body-servant of the brain, and a telegraphic communication from the brain to the finger-tips is instantly obeyed. Many poets have written verses to the hands of women, but the most beautiful line on this theme that I can remember is in Browning's "Andrea del Sarto," where the love-drunk artist murmurs to his beautiful and heartless wife,

"Your soft hand is a woman of itself."

No one but a great poet would ever have thought of that or succeeded in expressing it, but once said, its truth is immediately and forever apparent. A woman's life, character, and temperament may be expressed in her hand.

The only strength a new-born baby has is in its fingers, as if to indicate that we are all born with a predatory instinct. The grip of an infant's fingers is startling in its power. I remember a charming scene in one of William De

Morgan's novels—may they never be forgotten—where the grown man picked up a baby, and he "took a firm grip of my right nostril."

While the average woman is pleased to have a small hand, and indeed a small hand, if exquisitely shaped, is a beautiful object, it is not necessarily a deformity for a woman to own a large hand. A large, well-shaped hand, if it fits the wrist and arm (for some hands look as if they did not properly belong to the arm), has often a capable, independent connotation. The big hands of farmers' wives and daughters, grown large by life-long manual toil, are not by any means always unattractive.

As every one knows, the hands of blind people acquire an almost miraculous sensitiveness, compared to which my hands, for example, are as callous as oak. The blind run their fingers over your face, and remember your features, so that the next time they recognize you through the finger-tips. There are authenticated cases of people, totally blind, who, by placing their fingers on your clothes, can tell whether the cloth is dark or light in color. That sounds like a fearful lie, but its truth has been proved.

The fingers of physicians and surgeons are able to flash messages to their brains that the average layman's hand could not possibly send. The hands of surgeons fascinate me, for much of the skill of the surgeon is in manipulation. Even if I had possessed sufficient science to learn "medicine," I never could have become a doctor, any more than I could have become a musician, because of my lack of mechanical dexterity. My hands are normal, strong and steady enough, but they are clumsy; as the saying is, "my fingers are all thumbs." If I had to earn my living with my hands, I should

starve. I cannot even tie up a package decently; it looks as if the cat had chewed it. The only musical instrument I play is the typewriter, and here I am somewhat comforted by the saying of Oscar Wilde, that the typewriter, when played with expression, is better than the piano played by one's relations.

The hands of surgeons fascinate me, for, like the eyes of painters, they see so much that is hidden. A little while ago, I saw a surgeon lunching with a friend of his at the club. Both men were talking and laughing heartily, and yet, only a few weeks before, that surgeon, by touching the man's body with his sensitive fingers, so rich in experience, knew that an operation was the man's only chance for life. And here they were laughing together, when a short time before, that surgeon's fingers had been inside the body of his companion.

We often associate big hands with strength, but there are exceptions. You remember Elijah Kellogg's delightful stories of Lion Ben of Elm Island? Ben could crush a walnut between his thumb and a plank. Stevenson said of Silver that he had a hand like a ham, and an eye like a crumb of glass, surely a terrifying combination. Yet the hands of the undefeated heavyweight champion of the world, Gene Tunney, are small and delicate. At a lunch-party, I asked him to measure his hands with those of a handsome woman, and it appeared that her hands were larger than his.

It is only when the hand and brain work in comparative harmony, that works of genius result. All of us are poets at heart, otherwise Shakespeare would not be popular. He does not tell us things that we did not know; he is our spokesman. He expresses in perfect clearness and beauty the inmost

thoughts of our hearts. As Barrett Wendell put it, "With Shakespeare words and thoughts seemed identical." All of us are lovers of beauty; but we cannot put beauty on canvas. That is the gift of the great painter, who not only sees and feels beauty, but reproduces it with his hands. As Browning said,

"What hand and brain went ever paired?"

We do well to give homage to genius, for, with the exception of radium, it is the rarest thing on earth.

It is never, never, the material, the subject-matter, that makes a great work of literature, but always the style. A prodigious number of wretched books have been written on God, whereas Virgil wrote an immortal work on farming and fertilizing, and Herrick wrote lyrics of imperishable beauty on trivialities.

"What mighty epics have been wrecked by time,
Since Herrick launched his cockle-shells of rhyme!"

Speaking of farming, a noble, beautiful, and splendid novel has been written by a young Englishman, H. W. Freeman, called "Joseph and His Brethren." It describes the life on a farm in East England, where the soil of two hundred acres, naturally bad and unproductive, was made to bring forth good fruit, some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold, by the terrific, unrelenting daily toil of a powerful man and his powerful sons. It is the story of a fight between the land and an organized family force, and the ultimate triumph of the family. The land takes hold of them; some of the boys try to escape to fresh woods and pastures new, or they feel in their youth the call of the blood, love and romance. But the farm is too strong for them; they come back to it, because away from it

they feel an intolerable homesickness. Every one believes that every one else ought to be a farmer, and we all know that somebody has got to till the soil. Well, here is a veritable epic of farming. These young men, like their father, are gluttons for work; they have no recreations, no holidays, no rest; but instead of becoming brutalized by this steady labor, the physical strength of the young men is accompanied by a peculiar gentleness of spirit. They injure nothing and no one. They have an amazing *harmlessness*.

Now while this book deals with ordinary daily happenings, the details of farm life, it has the synthesis of a work of art. Many of our so-called modern realistic novels have no form or comeliness; worse, they have no significance. Surely there is a difference between a building and a heap of bricks. Well, this story has a meaning; it has a core. It is as if the novelist quoted to himself,

"This world means something, and means good;
To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

To see the enormous superiority of "Joseph and His Brethren" over the complete works of Aldous Huxley, one has only to read it. It does no preaching; it points no moral; but it is deep and rich with significance. Whereas Mr. Huxley is always and continuously superficial, writing a series of empty phrases. A new book by him should be noticed only in the social columns, not on the literary page. For a new book by him is not a literary event; it is a social event, of no more importance than a week-end house-party.

I hope that Mr. Henry Ford will read "Joseph and His Brethren," because it will interest him. Such ardent

lovers of the farm are rapidly becoming so scarce that they will soon be curiosities. Yet we must have farmers. Mr. Ford believes that the time will come when such terrible manual toil, unrelieved by recreation, will be obsolete. He believes that farmers will live in cities, like other people, in houses filled with all modern conveniences, and they will drive in their own cars to their respective farms in the morning as a stock-jobber drives to his office.

Henry Ford's own book, "My Philosophy of Industry," is exceedingly interesting. It is often said that idealists are always dreamers, who have never accomplished and never will accomplish anything of practical value. It is therefore inspiring to see one of the most hard-headed manufacturers in the world so thorough-going an idealist. Henry Ford is often called by his enemies—who are not so numerous or so vocal as they used to be—an ignorant man; and we can all remember a certain trial. Well, whenever I talk with Mr. Ford, it is I who feel ignorant; for everything he knows I don't know. I do not suppose he could pass a stiff examination in English literature. But I don't even know what makes an automobile go.

Another great idealist was the famous publisher, the late Mr. J. M. Dent, and his "Memoirs," which have just been published, reveal a beautiful character. We generally think of the poet or the novelist as the idealist, and the publisher as the cynical business man, with his eye only on the main chance. It was my good fortune to have a number of conversations with Mr. Dent on his various visits to America. On the first of these, he took my breath away by saying that it had been his invariable custom during his whole career as a pub-

lisher, to print only those books that he thought ought to be circulated; that he had never published a book from any other motive. One would think that such a policy would drive any publisher into bankruptcy. But he, starting with nothing, accumulated a fortune. His "Temple" edition of Shakespeare sold into the millions. A year before he launched that, and before any suggestion of such an edition had been advertised, I went to a New York publisher with precisely that same idea, down to the smallest details. Rolfe's expurgated edition in forty volumes, with a mass of annotated matter, then dominated the market. I suggested there was room for an edition with one complete, unmutilated play in each volume, and with only the briefest introduction and glossary. The publisher thought there was no money in it. There was, though.

But of course the triumph of Mr. Dent's life and career was and is "Everyman's Library." This was his darling child, and held exclusive possession of his heart. How his eyes glowed as he talked about it! This colossal enterprise, which is bringing the world's classics into the humblest homes, is one of the most notable achievements of modern times.

The kindly spirit of the man is reflected in the last chapter of his *Memoirs*.

"I am in my seventy-third year, and it is time I brought to an end this rambling, yet intimate story of my life, which has been written for my family and friends, who have known and loved me, and whom I have loved, and I hope it will evoke for them some happy memories. For in looking back we all find happiness far outweighs the sad and gloomy side of life, and that the mingled fabric has far more good than ill in its texture. These last years of mine have been the happiest of my life. The autumn has not failed in a cer-

tain amount of fruitfulness, nor the setting sun in beauty or in hope."

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen's autobiography, called "Keeping Off the Shelf," is doubly interesting. First, because of her long career as an actress. She has played many parts and is not through yet, and her travels in Great Britain and America brought her in contact with an immense number of famous and fascinating persons. Second, because of the revelation of her charming and gracious personality, so full of loving-kindness. She is so generous in her praise of others that I am a little surprised to see her rather slighting comments on Mary Anderson. "Our Mary" was not only, present company excepted, the most beautiful woman I ever saw either on or off the stage, but she was an actress of great talent. I could no more forget her Rosalind than I could forget my middle name. When she made her first appearance in England, one critic said she had nothing but beauty; whereupon Lytton, the author of "Lucile," wrote a long review of her Juliet in one of the leading magazines, in which he paid tribute to her emotional power, saying he had never been more deeply affected.

Robert H. Fuller's biography of the notorious Jim Fisk, called "Jubilee Jim," is a sensationally interesting book. It is tragic that the author did not live to see it in print and to enjoy its success. I well remember the excitement caused by the murder of Fisk, the previous revelations of the Tweed Ring, the cartoons of Nast, the gossip about Jay Gould and Wall Street. This is a very long biography, but there is not a dull page. It is by way of being a social and financial history of those stirring times when the giants of Wall Street were Commodore Vanderbilt, Daniel Drew,

Jay Gould, and Jim Fisk. The history of the Erie Railroad, as told in this work, is as exciting and almost as sanguinary as a military campaign. I never saw Jay Gould but once. I was at the Hartford railway station, when a train rolled in, and a man stepped off it and engaged in earnest conversation with a little group. Some one whispered, "That's Jay Gould!" He was a thin man with a dark beard and a face profoundly melancholy.

Just as many modern biographies of respectable men are written with the purpose of befouling their character, so this story of the life of Jim Fisk has the apparent purpose of rehabilitating him; it is almost wholly sympathetic. He was assuredly a warm-hearted, expansive, and generous man; but it is vain to attempt to make a hero out of him. He had little of the stuff of which heroes are made, but he is good material for a romance; even as the life of a pirate can be made more interesting than the life of a deacon. A clever device is employed by the author, of having an imaginary personal agent of Fisk write the whole intimate narrative, and the name of this ghost is Rufus Phelps, the very name of my famous Irish setter, the most distinguished literary dog in the whole world.

The latest play by Harley Granville-Barker, "His Majesty," is somewhat on the order of the "Prisoner of Zenda" model, but as might be expected from so distinguished a playwright, the dialogue is wholly admirable. The King himself is a positive addition to the *dramatis personæ* of the contemporary stage. He is not only a Personage, he is a Person.

Thomas M. Johnson's book on the Great War, "Without Censor," is full

of valuable and important material. Close-up views are given of the leading actors in that tragedy. We might learn here that during the next war everything that is published will be a parcel of lies, but I suppose we shall swallow it all. My friend General Harbord tells me that "Without Censor" is a trustworthy account of what happened.

André Maurois's tiny book, "A Voyage to the Island of the Articole," is a gentle satire on the doctrine of art for art's sake. It is so good that one wishes it were better. The real difficulty is that any book of this nature comes into enforced competition with "Gulliver's Travels"; and no book on earth can stand that comparison and live.

I have been in Augusta, Georgia, only a month, but that has been long enough for J. S. Fletcher to publish two new novels, "The Secret of Secrets," and "The Diamond Murders," and they are both good. Other crime books that I strongly recommend are "Gold Bullets," by C. G. Booth, "Nightmare," by G. Mygatt, "The Lastingham Murder" by the late Louis Tracy, "The Murders in Surrey Wood," by John Arnold, while the redoubtable and reliable E. Phillips Oppenheim has surpassed himself in his latest yarn, "The Treasure House of Martin Hews." I have read more than a score of Oppenheim's "works" but I emphatically remark that this latest is by far the best. It is thrilling from beginning to end, and has the most ingenious and resourceful villain that I have met with for some time. Make no mistake about it; this is Oppenheim's masterpiece.

In a previous issue of this magazine, I praised Francis Brett Young's admi-

rable novel, "My Brother Jonathan," the story of a general practitioner. And now appears Sheila Kaye-Smith's latest novel, "The Village Doctor," describing the daily life and daily visits along the Sussex countryside of a ministering physician. There are no more useful men in the world than the village doctors, and it is pleasant to see them get some recognition from our leading novelists.

I stirred up either a mare's nest or a hornet's nest by my remarks on the name "American" for the people of the United States of North America. It may or may not be remembered that one Canadian gentleman vigorously objected to this appellation. Well, all kinds of letters have come in from all kinds of people, for the moment you touch the religion of nationalism you are in for it, with a vengeance. Personally I see no reason for excitement. If I were a Canadian, I had rather be called a Canadian than an American; and if no other people want the name American for themselves, why should they object to our using it? Especially as we never monopolized it, but rather acquiesced in its descriptive use by foreigners. If, however, it should appear that the majority of Canadians object to it, and that the majority of Mexicans object to it, and that the majority of South Americans object to it, I have a really admirable suggestion, all my own, entirely original, which ought to pour oil on the troubled waters. It is well known that Englishmen speak of our country as the States. Why not then call all our people

THE STATESMEN!

The annual dinner of THE FANO CLUB will be held on Tuesday, May 7, at 110 Whitney Avenue, New Haven,

Conn. The zero hour is 7.30. The latest one to join the club is Miss Hattie Lambert, now living in Paris. She will have ample time after reading this notice to sail to the United States of North America and appear in New Haven at the appointed moment.

The Reverend Dryden Linsley Phelps, of Berkeley, Calif., writes: "I have discovered that there are more than forty books in the Japanese language about Browning, either commentaries or translations, and not one in Chinese. You probably know that Masanosuke Fukuda (sport editor of the Tokyo Asaki-Shimbun), one of Japan's finest tennis players, is a great Browning enthusiast."

Here is an interesting letter by Helen E. Van Aken, written from Hokuriku Jo Gakko Kanazawa, Japan:

I read with pleasure your references to bicycles and railway trains in the November "As I Like It."

You regretted the passing of the "humble, silent wheel" in America. I wonder if you know that as bicycles grow more rare in some parts of the world they become more and more useful in Japan. Some one anxious to prevent international conflicts came to Japan to study the yellow peril. He had been in Tokyo scarcely an hour before he said, "Now I know what the yellow peril is. It's the bicycle!" Any pedestrian in Tokyo or any other Japanese city or village would understand what he meant.

I live in a city of 150,000, and it has two sidewalks, one on a river bridge and one on a newly laid out street, which is about four or five blocks long. In other places we share the street with man-and-woman-pulled carts, an occasional horse, baby carriages used as delivery wagons, automobiles (a few more of these every year), and bicycles. In England bicycle riding may be a sport; in Japan it is a business. Any day we see delivery boys balancing a load in one hand and guiding a wheel in the other, and the load may be two or three huge panes of window glass or a

double decker tray containing twelve bowls of noodle soup, being hurried to its destination while it is still steaming hot. Cycle trailers are common, or carts pushed ahead of a bicycle.

Our part of the performance is dodging the things. Often it develops into a sort of game—the cyclist scoring if he can come within two inches of the pedestrian without hitting him. Occasionally there is an upset, but less frequently than one might imagine. Theoretically traffic keeps to the left in Japan, but especially in the many streets that are ten or twelve feet wide we and the bicycles go in any direction we may. Often we waver and so does the cyclist. This keeps a quiet walk from becoming monotonous.

You suggest that an American Pullman car has its drawbacks. If you want it to seem like pure luxury, try a Japanese train for a while. Travel in Japan is cheap, and trains are almost always on time, but they are unbelievably slow and none too clean or luxurious. I have never travelled first class; it exists only on one or two main lines. A second class sleeper, being made for the average Japanese, is too short for me to stretch out full length. (My height is five feet, seven inches.) The blankets are heavy and all carefully wrapped in a sheet so that it is impossible to remove one without removing them all. This may be sanitary but it is inconvenient. There are two pillows, equally hard. If a window is raised there are two results—abundant soot and complaints from the other passengers. There is no light inside the berth to permit reading in bed, and the curtains are inadequate. In hot weather curtains of mosquito netting often replace the heavier winter variety.

There is only one small lavatory in a car, with room for only one person at a time. The hot water supply gives out early in the morning, and also the supply of towels.

Sometimes there is a diner, but more often there isn't. Even when there is, most of the passengers buy lunches at the stations and throw the empty boxes, paper, and fruit skins on the floor. Rather frequently a boy with a basket and a long tongs picks up the debris and sweeps, always apologizing politely to the company—I suppose for the trouble of moving their feet and breathing the dust.

Nevertheless I have come to think that second class travel is not so bad. Being a poor

missionary fond of spending my vacations far from home, I often travel third class. If one has a companion with a sense of humor, and time to rest at the end of the journey, he will find the experience illuminating. It is necessary to cast pride to the winds and to be willing to make the best of the situation.

Two of us once started on a twenty-hour journey just after a landslide had tied up traffic for several hours, making our train unusually crowded. From eleven at night till four in the morning we sat on suit cases in the aisle of a third class car and leaned against the arms of seats—and had to get up every time any one walked down the aisle. Remarkably enough we slept, at least a third of the time. The informality of the early morning hours is better imagined than described. The tooth brush brigade who began this part of their toilets in their seats and then stood in line for the lavatory waiting for water to finish the process—and the slaughter of the tangerines till one could hardly walk down the aisles without slipping on a yellow skin—these are the details I remember best.

I am tempted to write more, for I have been unconsciously collecting material for this letter for several years. But I will forbear.

I must add, however, a word of appreciation for your department and its news of new books and the musical and dramatic events from which we in Japan are so far removed.

The death of Henry Arthur Jones in London on January 7 removed a great figure in the history of modern drama. I had the pleasure of congratulating him on his seventy-seventh birthday last September. His career as a playwright extended over half a century. When he began to write, there was literally no British drama, and there had not been since the palmy days of Sheridan and Goldsmith in the eighteenth century. He had the honor of playing an important rôle in the greatest revival of the English stage that had taken place since the death of Shakespeare; for the twenty-five years from 1890 to 1915 surpassed in their production of plays any preceding quarter of a century since the years from 1590 to 1615.

Mr. Jones was a man of the highest ideals and sincerity; and it is owing to him, more than to any other, that our modern dramas became accessible in printed form.

The election of the Reverend Doctor Clarence Barbour as President of Brown University is a fortunate thing for that historic institution. Doctor Barbour, like many clergymen, is a first-rate executive. He is a man of God and a man of sense. Furthermore, he is one of the most effective public speakers in America. He and I were boys together in the Hartford Public High School, and we fought each other every week in the Debating Club of that institution. At the Commencement exercises of the year 1883, eight speakers were chosen from all the boys in the school to compete in public declamation. The first prize was awarded to Clarence Barbour and the second to the writer of this article, so the Baptists walked off with all the money. I have had then and I have now a wholesome respect for the ability of my successful rival, and Brown University, which has always been fortunate in its Presidents, is once more to be congratulated.

Owing to the flu, I am still in Augusta, where the Conversation Club flourishes, and where the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. Other members of the C. C. are Messrs. Waddell and Cassell, of Canada; Robbins, Yale '74; Ed Shuttleworth and "Tiny" White, formidable golfers; Mr. Charles Scribner, for whom I am proud to work; Mr. Babbott, the President of the Brooklyn Institute; Mr. Frazier, the artist; and we have recently been joined by one whose conversation is adding much to our enjoyment, Mr. Vilas, who for nearly forty years was connected with

the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and has many anecdotes of Senator Platt, and of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. President Nicholas Murray Butler will soon be here. Meanwhile immense glory has illuminated the club, because Mrs. George Clapp, of Boston, the wife of one of our charter members, made the fourth hole of the Hill Course in ONE.

I wonder if Southern boys are different from their contemporaries in the North. On one of the very few days here when it was cold and wintry, I was walking to the golf club, carrying a gray sweater in my hand. Three small boys, aged about eleven, yelled at me, "Oh, Mister, are you going swimming?" Naturally, supposing they were guying me, I answered "Sure!" To my amazement, they came running up and in all sincerity asked, "Oh, Mister, can we go with you and see you dive?"

I had an exciting morning on an island in the Savannah River. Mr. William Claflin, Jr., invited me to see his ex-

cavations. He has dug up the skeletons of eight Indians, supposedly prehistoric, for while he has found plenty of utensils that they used, there has been no sign of glass beads or of anything indicating the presence of white men. Mr. Claflin, and Mr. and Mrs. Cosgrove, all of the Museum of Harvard, are digging here; and the results are thrilling.

One of our friends in the Conversation Club received a letter from Africa, giving an account of a golf course there, where the card states that any ball found in a hippopotamus footprint may be lifted without penalty.

At two o'clock in the morning of January 2 I said "Ouf!" for at that moment, to my intense relief, I reached the age of sixty-four. I had safely got through and by the Grand Climacteric, the most dangerous year of a man's life. Shortly after celebrating this event, I was smitten down with the flu, but isn't it lucky I didn't have it a few days earlier?



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THE FIELD OF ART

Some Incidents in the New York Art Season

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

THE art galleries in New York, from the fall on through the winter, provide as full and as variegated a spectacle as the theatres. Much that appears in them merely comes and goes, leaving no wrack behind. But much also, though remaining but briefly on the scene, makes a lasting impression and irresistibly calls for some discussion in these pages. It is always worth while to recur to fine things and New York sees plenty of them during the season. One of the current phenomena is, to be sure, the frequent manifestation of that kind of art which is comprehensively designated "modern" and it is rarely "fine." I hear from time to time, in various quarters, that it is now firmly established in the good-will of contemporary mankind that Matisse, for example, is a recognized master. There is, no doubt, invariably a public for what is new, and modernism is having, momentarily, its place in the sun. But I am struck by the persistence of what we may call traditionalism. It brings back a memory of a famous passage in Matthew Arnold, apropos of a once famous murder and the remarks addressed, supposititiously, to a portly individual from Cheapside. He was asked to assume what would happen if he were himself to be the victim of a similar outrage and he got cold comfort. "The gravelled walks of your villa would still be rolled, there would still be the old crowd at the corner of Fenchurch Street, the great mundane movement would still go on." It is so with

art and modernism. The French painters of the newer movement continue on their way, and, with them, their imitators of divers nationalities, but art still goes on. The fine things still have their public and the contemned "conservative" goes on painting, unterrified by the charge that he has a "representational" habit of mind. Tradition still holds its sway.

The truth is that tradition is a bugbear only for those misguided folk who suspect that there is something of the formula about it, something of the rule of thumb. They shrink from "the past" as though it were something that dated, whereas, of course, no great work of art ever dates. The true painter is aware of the past only as an accumulation of beautiful impressions at the back of his mind, which somehow helps to steady his taste, and, especially, to keep glowing in him a sense of that perfection in workmanship which is one of his dearest aims. Tradition might not unfairly be described as only another word for cultivation, for experience, for an intellectual and spiritual broadening. It is not a tape measure but a principle of growth, and a feeling for it is perfectly consistent with the utmost sympathy for evolution and change. Contact with the old masters never hurt anybody.



A group of them was brought forward early in the season, at the Kleinberger gallery, in November. The exhibition, for the benefit of the Ameri-



Portrait of a Man.

From the painting by Hans Holbein shown at the Kleinberger Gallery.



Portrait of a Man.

From the painting by Jorg Breu shown at the Kleinberger Gallery.



Venise, Vue du Quai des Esclavons.

From the painting by Corot shown at the Knoedler Gallery.



Torso of Hilda.



Tony Betts.

From the painting by Eugene Speicher shown at the Rehn
Gallery.

From the painting by William James shown at the
Macbeth Gallery.



The Bowl of Nasturtiums.

From the painting by Childe Hassam shown at the
Milch Gallery.



The Hunters.

From the painting by Gari Melchers.



After Raphael.

From the drawing by Fragonard.



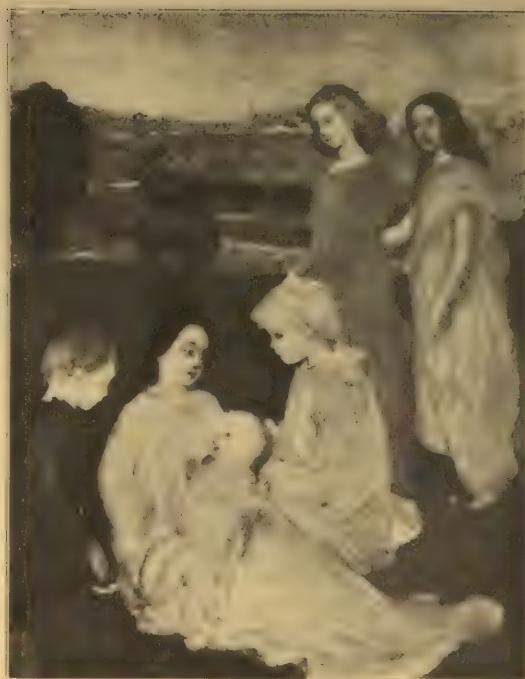
Model for Ulysses.

From the painting by Ingres shown at the Museum of French Art.



Miss Susan Strong.

From the drawing by John Sargent shown at the Scott and Fowles Galleries.



Lady Betty Delme and Her Children.

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds shown
at the Seligmann Gallery.

The Throne.

From the painting by Arthur B. Davies.



The Boy and the Muse.

From the painting by H. Oliver Walker.

can Red Cross, was devoted to the German Primitives, and it had the interest of illustrating a school little known here. Its great leader, Albrecht Dürer, was missing and there were several other regrettable omissions, but on the whole a good idea of German art was presented, both religious and secular. In the former category it was suggestive to observe the difference between German and Italian art. The German artist was a type adjusted to the issues of a visible world. He was devout. He knew what religious emotion was. Indeed, the depth of spiritual sentiment in the North was quite as profound as in the South. Yet, in art, it never flowered in quite the exquisite tenderness of the Italian masters. In the Kleinberger show there were school pieces and examples of such painters as Martin Schöngauer and Lucas Cranach which were beyond peradventure poignant. But it was interesting to see how that indubitable master, Cranach, gained in ease as he passed from a theme like the Crucifixion to some episode with which he could deal on essentially earthly terms. The devotional painter was moderately moving but the realistic painter was triumphant.

The high lights in the German exhibition were provided by the portraits, with a little group of masterpieces by Holbein heading the procession. In them you could savor the gift of the artist for ponderable truth, his faculty for characterization, and, above all, his beautiful craftsmanship. How they could draw, Holbein and the rest! With Holbein the American student is tolerably familiar and he renewed old acquaintance when he saw examples like the marvellous "Portrait of a Man," lent by Mr. Bache. But it was the special virtue of this exhibition that it included

portrait-painters known only to the traveller, men like Hans Burgkmair, Bernhard Strigel, Conrad Faber, the elder and the younger Bruyn, and so on. I give among my illustrations one of the finest of these souvenirs, a "Portrait of a Man," by Jorg Breu. He was a salient figure in the school yet he had many honorable colleagues. Over and over again the German genius realized itself superbly in the art of portraiture.

Portraiture chiefly of the British school loomed large in another exhibition held for charitable purposes early in December. This one, for the benefit of the Employment Centre for the Handicapped, was organized at the Seligmann gallery. Its most conspicuous episode was supplied by a painting of adventurous memory, the lovely and famous "Duchess of Devonshire" by Gainsborough, lent by Mrs. Satterlee. It is a remarkable specimen of the master's technical virtuosity. But a more significant exhibit, as it seemed to me, was Sir Joshua's "Lady Betty Delme," from the same collection. It is one of his great courtly compositions, a marvel of stately ordonnance, one of those canvases in which the whole drift of the eighteenth-century school in England, and, for that matter in France, too, is summed up. The artists of that period were concerned with nothing if not with formal design. They built up their portraits as though with an architectural instinct. Their axioms have, I suppose, gone down the wind. The nervous tension of modern life has led modern portraiture into other paths and serenity is at a discount. But I never look upon a nobly calm fabric of composition like the "Lady Betty Delme" without a certain wistfulness. There were similarly reposeful French portraits in the show, works by Boucher, Drouais, Vigee Le-

brun, and so on, and I wish I could revive for my readers something of the charm of a little picture of "Mountebanks" by Louis Boilly, an illustrator of late eighteenth and early nineteenth century manners having equal vivacity and polish. But I scarcely know where to stop in touching upon the French incidents that have marked the season up to the time of my writing.



Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dale have been generously responsible for more than one of them. As early as October they lent fifty of their pictures for an exhibition at the Wildenstein gallery organized for the benefit of the French Hospital, an exhibition stretching from Cézanne to Picasso. Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec and Forain were the most acceptable figures in this affair. The same collectors lent to the Museum of French Art some portraits among which I found a fascinatingly broad example of Ingres and they added notable things to the exhibition of "A Century of French Painting" arranged at the Knoedler gallery, again for the benefit of the French Hospital. This was quaintly comprehensive. It began with such people as Corot and Courbet, Daumier and Delacroix, and wound up with Modigliani, Lurcat and the like. I could not find a link between the different epochs. But, for me, the show was made by one picture, Corot's early "Venise, Vue du Quai des Esclavons." Nominally it did not even remotely prefigure the master of certain examples in familiar vein that hung near by. But actually it was expressive of the very secret of his great art, his delicate draughtsmanship, his veracity, his power of design, and, particularly, his genius for style and for "seeing beautifully." I recall this Corot as one of the most exciting events of the

year. I must note another Frenchman, the late Odilon Redon, whose work was exceptionally illustrated in an exhibition at the Seligmann gallery, but a master of his race to whom I would refer at greater length is Fragonard. M. Rene Gimpel brought over from Paris an extraordinary sheaf of that eighteenth-century artist's drawings. They were made when Frago was a young man in Italy. He had had some training under Boucher and some under Chardin. Then he went to Rome and sat at the feet of Raphael and other old masters. He drew from their works in a style unmistakably his own, the light, graceful style of a man who was to become a merely adorable pillar of the French school. But in the process he got a priceless intellectual exercise and it would be impossible to exaggerate the beneficial influence which these drawings commemorate. It enlarged his horizon, immeasurably fortified him, gave a wider sweep to his artistic inspiration. There, I think, was a striking instance of tradition in operation. Rome did not transform Fragonard. It never deflect ed him from his predestined path. He remained the incomparable interpreter of the frou-frou of his period. But Rome left its mark upon him, enriching the appeal of his work through heightening his sense of beauty.



What of American painting in the brief space of time traversed in these rapid notes? It made its best affirmation of an organized nature in the exhibition which the New Society held at the Brooklyn Museum in November. This body, under the chairmanship of Mr. Gari Melchers, is independent and progressive in spirit and encourages individuality without lending its countenance to the more freakish exponents of

"self-expression." It filled the rooms with notes of personal force, paintings by Melchers, Poole, Bruce, Perrine, Lawson, the Beals and divers others who left the impression that they had done their work out of rich funds of energy, and fresh, interested feeling. The New Society rather surpassed itself on this occasion. The Winter Academy, on the other hand, was of a somewhat routine order. There were good things in it, of course. There always are, despite the scorn of the malcontents. But they were lost in a great mass of terribly mediocre stuff. I remember excellent paintings by Charles W. Hawthorne, Richard M. Kimbel, Carl Wuermer, Lilian Westcott Hale, and numerous other capable performers. I remember, too, a lot of pictures executed with sincerity and competence. But I remember finally too large an area covered with dull, uninspired, utterly pedestrian pieces. The average was higher in the big show that the Grand Central galleries made of works by artist members in that organization. Perhaps it was secured by the expedient of offering eight or nine prizes, totalling more than \$5,000. That spur may easily have enticed contributions that might have enlivened the Winter Academy a little more.

The one-man shows have embraced some of the most edifying occurrences of the season. They began with a well-balanced memorial exhibition of the late Willard Metcalf's landscapes at the Century Club. His was a singularly human and interesting career. I never knew an artist with a greater capacity for growth. He was always accomplished, from the days of his pupilage in Boston, when old George L. Brown taught him with something like severity to draw trees truthfully and well. Long

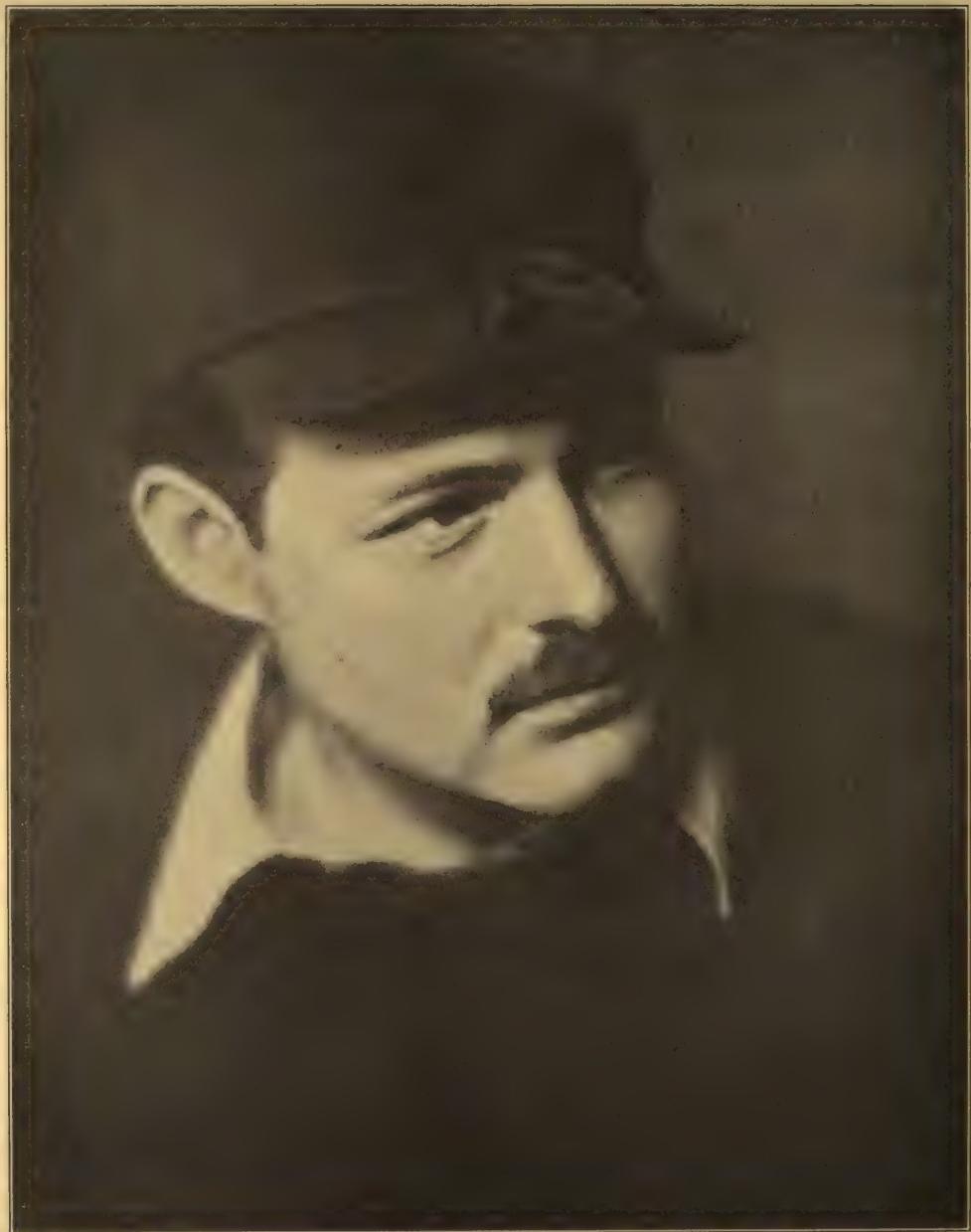
afterward he figured constructively in the history of the Ten American Painters. Then he lost ground and then he regained it. At last he got splendidly into his stride and painted landscape with a power and a charm giving him a place delightfully his own in the American school. It was enkindling to observe at the Century exhibition how well his work had worn, how it maintained its freshness, its beauty. I must add that one source of his vitality remains, obviously, his sterling workmanship. That is one key to the enduring quality of the art of Childe Hassam, another brilliant member of the Ten, who in December held a retrospective exhibition at the Milch gallery. He is a beguiling colorist. His work is full of light and air. It vibrates with the zest and movement of life. And it is superbly *painted*, the work of a man to whom the brush is a rejoicing means of expression, a thing which he has mastered and loves. I must say the same of Gari Melchers, who has also had a retrospective exhibition this winter, at the Anderson galleries. He brought together about fourscore of his paintings and drawings, of different periods. They disclosed varying moods but a standard of technical excellence that from the start was well founded and that has never been lowered. His work, too, is atmospheric, luminous, and very beautiful in color. A handsome book about him has recently been published by Rudge, with many plates and a penetrating critical introduction by Mrs. C. Lewis-Hind. Both the exhibition and the book set as it were the seal upon an enviable repute. Melchers is one of our school's strongest assets. At the same time that he was brought once more before the public Eugene Speicher exhibited the work of the last three years at the Rehn gallery.

I note the incident with peculiar appreciation. He, like Hassam and Melchers, is what I dare say must be called a "conservative." That is to say he is a finished craftsman, a sober almost austere designer and interpreter of form. But there is absolute freedom in what he does and a keen individuality. The place of honor in his exhibition was given to a study from the nude, "Torso of Hilda." It proved a glorious thing, masterly in workmanship and full of beauty. There is another American to whose work it is inspiring to refer, work of a high seriousness lending it dignity and interest. This artist is the portrait-painter Mr. William James, of Boston, who sent about a dozen of his paintings to the Macbeth gallery in January. He hasn't one of the flashy, meretricious traits that so often disfigure modern portraiture. Thoroughly in control of his craft, so that one rests with complete confidence upon the technical elements in his work, he keeps his color well in hand, making it, like his admirable draughtsmanship, the servant of his pictorial conceptions. For every one of his portraits reveals the thoughtful adept in composition. With his sobriety and his distinction he stands high amongst the painters of to-day, a type in portraiture to whom I cannot too cordially allude. While dealing with workers in this field I must mention a brilliant example of the late John Sargent, represented by a stunning drawing in an exhibition at the Scott and Fowles gallery.

I have spoken of one American painter lost to us in recent years, Willard Metcalf, and one or two others no longer active I must mention here. There was Frank Currier, the old comrade of Du-

veneck and Chase in Munich, who died as far back as 1909. His name was charmingly revived at the Babcock gallery by a collection of his landscapes in pastel, free and yet very rich, solid impressions in a low key that brought back a forgotten day in living terms. Charles Caryl Coleman died in December at Capri, where he had lived and worked for half a century. He died at a great age and had been inactive for a long time but it is well to remember the sincerity and charm of his art. We lost in Arthur B. Davies a mystic and a poet, one of the few men American art has possessed of a high creative imagination. Henry Oliver Walker was of the same rare texture, a painter of deep poetic feeling whose easel pictures and mural decorations are invaluable memorials of fine thought and workmanship. And, while I touch upon the necrology of the last few months, I cannot forbear adding a tribute to one who showed artistic inspiration in her dealings with artistic things. Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer had a status of her own amongst American connoisseurs. She and her husband began with the French Impressionists but went on to appreciation of the old masters. Besides men like Degas, Manet, and Monet, or other types such as Courbet and Ingres, they had masterpieces by El Greco, Goya, Rembrandt, a perfect host of great painters. When she died this winter she left her treasures to the Metropolitan Museum, a truly imperial gift, one of the outstanding collections of the world. I was honored by her friendship for many years and knew her and the collection well. She had enthusiasm, knowledge, taste, and, as her gift to the museum shows, a splendid generosity.





Ernest Hemingway.

From a photograph by Helen Breaker, Paris.

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A Farewell to Arms

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THIS is the first novel by Mr. Hemingway since the great success of "The Sun Also Rises." Most of the action takes place on the Italian front during the period of greatest disaster. It is a love-story woven with such a picture of War as would discourage either victors or the conquered from that terrible solution of international troubles.

I

IN the late summer of that year we lived in a house in a village that looked across the river and the plain to the mountains. In the bed of the river there were pebbles and boulders, dry and white in the sun, and the water was clear and swiftly moving and blue in the channels. Troops went by the house and down the road and the dust they raised powdered the leaves of the trees. The trunks of the trees too were dusty and the leaves fell early that year and we saw the troops marching along the road and the dust rising and leaves, stirred by the breeze, falling and the soldiers marching and afterward the road bare and white except for the leaves.

The plain was rich with crops; there were many orchards of fruit trees and beyond the plain the mountains were brown and bare. There was fighting in the mountains and at night we could

see the flashes from the artillery. In the dark it was like summer lightning, but the nights were cool and there was not the feeling of a storm coming.

Sometimes in the dark we heard the troops marching under the window and guns going past pulled by motor-tractors. There was much traffic at night and many mules on the roads with boxes of ammunition on each side of their pack-saddles and gray motor-trucks that carried men, and other trucks with loads covered with canvas that moved slower in the traffic. There were big guns too that passed in the day drawn by tractors, the long barrels of the guns covered with green branches and green leafy branches and vines laid over the tractors. To the north we could look across a valley and see a forest of chestnut-trees and behind it another mountain on this side of the river. There was fighting for that mountain too, but

it was not successful, and in the fall when the rains came the leaves all fell from the chestnut-trees and the branches were bare and the trunks black with rain. The vineyards were thin and bare branched too and all the country wet and brown and dead with the autumn. There were mists over the river and clouds on the mountain and the trucks splashed mud on the road and the troops were muddy and wet in their capes; their rifles were wet and under their capes the two leather cartridge-boxes on the front of the belts, gray leather boxes heavy with the packs of clips of thin, long 6.5 mm. cartridges, bulged forward under the capes so that the men, passing on the road, marched as though they were six months gone with child.

There were small gray motor-cars that passed going very fast; usually there was an officer on the seat with the driver and more officers in the back seat. They splashed more mud than the camions even and if one of the officers in the back was very small and sitting between two generals, he himself so small that you could not see his face but only the top of his cap and his narrow back, and if the car went especially fast it was probably the King. He lived in Udine and came out in this way nearly every day to see how things were going, and things went very badly.

At the start of the winter came the permanent rain and with the rain came the cholera. But it was checked and in the end only seven thousand died of it in the army.

II

The next year there were many victories. The mountain that was beyond the valley and the hillside where the

chestnut forest grew was captured and there were victories beyond the plain on the plateau to the south and we crossed the river in August and lived in a house in Gorizia that had a fountain and many thick shady trees in a walled garden and a wisteria vine purple on the side of the house. Now the fighting was in the next mountains beyond and was not a mile away. The town was very nice and our house was very fine. The river ran behind us and the town had been captured very handsomely but the mountains beyond it could not be taken, and I was very glad the Austrians seemed to want to come back to the town some time, if the war should end, because they did not bombard it to destroy it but only a little in a military way. People lived on in it and there were hospitals and cafés and artillery up side streets and two bawdy houses, one for troops and one for officers, and with the end of the summer, the cool nights, the fighting in the mountains beyond the town, the shell marked iron of the railway-bridge, the smashed tunnel by the river where the fighting had been, the trees around the square and the long avenue of trees that led to the square; these with there being girls in the town, the King passing in his motor-car, sometimes now seeing his face and little long-necked body and gray beard like a goat's chin tuft; all these with the sudden interiors of houses that had lost a wall through shelling, with plaster and rubble in their gardens and sometimes in the street and the whole thing going well on the Carso made the fall very different from the last fall when we had been in the country. The war was changed too.

The forest of oak-trees on the mountain beyond the town was gone. The forest had been green in the summer

when we had come into the town but now there were the stumps and the broken trunks and the ground torn up and one day at the end of the fall when I was out where the oak forest had been I saw a cloud coming over the mountain. It came very fast and the sun went a dull yellow and then everything was gray and the sky was covered and the cloud came on down the mountain and suddenly we were in it and it was snow. The snow slanted across the wind, the bare ground was covered, the stumps of trees projected, there was snow on the guns and there were paths in the snow going back to the latrines behind trenches.

Later, below in the town, I watched the snow falling, looking out of the window of the bawdy house, the house for officers, where I sat with a friend and two glasses drinking a bottle of Asti, and, looking out at the snow falling slowly and heavily, we knew it was all over for that year. Up the river the mountains had not been taken; none of the mountains beyond the river had been taken. That was all left for next year. My friend saw the priest from our mess going by in the street, walking carefully in the slush, and pounded on the window to attract his attention. The priest looked up. He saw us and smiled. My friend motioned for him to come in. The priest shook his head and went on. That night in the mess after the spaghetti course, which every one ate very quickly and seriously, lifting the spaghetti on the fork until the loose strands hung clear then lowering it into the mouth, or else using a continuous lift and sucking into the mouth, helping ourselves to wine from the grass-covered gallon flask; it swung in a metal cradle and you pulled the neck of the flask down with the forefinger and the wine,

clear red, tannic and lovely, poured out into the glass held with the same hand; after this course, the captain commenced picking on the priest.

The priest was young and blushed easily and wore a uniform like the rest of us but with a cross in dark-red velvet above the left breast pocket of his gray tunic. The captain spoke pidgin Italian for my doubtful benefit, in order that I might understand perfectly, that nothing should be lost.

"Priest to-day with girls," the captain said looking at the priest and at me. The priest smiled and blushed and shook his head. This captain baited him often.

"Not true?" asked the captain. "To-day I see priest with girls."

"No," said the priest. The other officers were amused at the baiting.

"Priest not with girls," went on the captain. "Priest never with girls," he explained to me. He took my glass and filled it, looking at my eyes all the time, but not losing sight of the priest.

"Priest every night five against one." Every one at the table laughed. "You understand? Priest every night five against one." He made a gesture and laughed loudly. The priest accepted it as a joke.

"The Pope wants the Austrians to win the war," the major said. "He loves Franz Joseph. That's where the money comes from. I am an atheist."

"Did you ever read the 'Black Pig'?" asked the lieutenant. "I will get you a copy. It was that which shook my faith."

"It is a filthy and vile book," said the priest. "You do not really like it."

"It is very valuable," said the lieutenant. "It tells you about those priests. You will like it," he said to me. I smiled at the priest and he smiled back across

the candle light. "Don't you read it," he said.

"I will get it for you," said the lieutenant.

"All thinking men are atheists," the major said. "I do not believe in the Free Masons however."

"I believe in the Free Masons," the lieutenant said. "It is a noble organization." Some one came in and as the door opened I could see the snow falling.

"There will be no more offensive now that the snow has come," I said.

"Certainly not," said the major. "You should go on leave. You should go to Rome, Naples, Sicily——"

"He should visit Amalfi," said the lieutenant. "I will write you cards to my family in Amalfi. They will love you like a son."

"He should go to Palermo."

"He ought to go to Capri."

"I would like you to see Abruzzi and visit my family at Capracotta," said the priest.

"Listen to him talk about the Abruzzi. There's more snow there than here. He doesn't want to see peasants. Let him go to centres of culture and civilization."

"He should have fine girls. I will give you the addresses of places in Naples. Beautiful young girls—accompanied by their mothers. Ha! Ha! Ha!" The captain spread his hand open, the thumb up and fingers outspread as when you make shadow-pictures. There was a shadow from his hand on the wall. He spoke again in pidgin Italian. "You go away like this," he pointed to the thumb, "and come back like this," he touched the little finger. Every one laughed.

"Look," said the captain. He spread the hand again. Again the candle light

made its shadow on the wall. He started with the upright thumb and named in their order the thumb and four fingers," soto-tenente (the thumb), tenente (first finger), capitano (next finger), maggiore (next to the little finger), and tenente-colonello (the little finger). You go away soto-tenente! You come back soto-colonello!" They all laughed. The captain was having a great success with finger games. He looked at the priest and shouted, "Every night priest five against one!" They all laughed again.

"You must go on leave at once," the major said.

"I would like to go with you and show you things," the lieutenant said.

"When you come back bring a phonograph."

"Bring good opera disks."

"Bring Caruso."

"Don't bring Caruso. He bellows."

"Don't you wish you could bellow like him?"

"He bellows. I say he bellows!"

"I would like you to go to Abruzzi," the priest said. The others were shouting. "There is good hunting. You would like the people and though it is cold it is clear and dry. You could stay with my family. My father is a famous hunter."

"Come on," said the captain. "We go —— house before it shuts."

"Good night," I said to the priest.

"Good night," he said.

III

When I came back to the front we still lived in that town. There were many more guns in the country around and the spring had come. The fields were green and there were small green shoots on the vines, the trees along the road had small leaves and a breeze

came from the sea. I saw the town with the hill and the old castle above it in a cup in the hills with the mountains beyond, brown mountains with a little green on their slopes. In the town there were more guns, there were some new hospitals, you met British, men and sometimes women, on the street, and a few more houses had been hit by shell-fire. It was warm and like the spring and I walked down the alleyway of trees, warmed from the sun on the wall, and found we still lived in the same house and that it all looked the same as when I had left it. The door was open, there was a soldier sitting on a bench outside in the sun, an ambulance was waiting by the side door and inside the door, as I went in, there was the smell of marble floors and hospital. It was all as I had left it except that now it was spring. I looked in the door of the big room and saw the major sitting at his desk, the window open and the sunlight coming into the room. He did not see me and I did not know whether to go in and report or go up-stairs first and clean up. I decided to go on up-stairs.

The room I shared with the lieutenant Rinaldi looked out on the courtyard. The window was open, my bed was made up with blankets and my things hung on the wall, the gas-mask in an oblong tin can, the steel helmet on the same peg. At the foot of the bed was my flat trunk, and my winter boots, the leather shiny with oil, were on the trunk. My Austrian sniper's rifle with its blued octagon barrel and the lovely dark walnut, cheek fitted, *schutzen* stock, hung over the two beds. The telescope that fitted it was, I remembered, locked in the trunk. The lieutenant, Rinaldi, lay asleep on the other bed. He woke when he heard me in the room and sat up.

"Ciaou!" he said. "What kind of time did you have?"

"Magnificent."

We shook hands and he put his arm around my neck and kissed me.

"Oughf," I said.

"You're dirty," he said. "You ought to wash. Where did you go and what did you do? Tell me everything at once."

"I went everywhere. Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, Villa San Giovanni, Messina, Taormina——"

"You talk like a time table. Did you have any beautiful adventures?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Milano, Firenze, Roma, Napoli——"

"That's enough. Tell me really what was the best."

"In Milano."

"That was because it was first. Where did you meet her? In the Cova? Where did you go? How did you feel? Tell me everything at once. Did you stay all night?"

"Yes."

"That's nothing. Here now we have beautiful girls. New girls never been to the front before."

"Wonderful."

"You don't believe me? We will go now this afternoon and see. And in the town we have beautiful English girls. I am now in love with Miss Barkley. I will take you to call. I will probably marry Miss Barkley."

"I have to get washed and report. Doesn't anybody work now?"

"Since you are gone we have nothing but frostbites, chilblains, jaundice, gonorrhea, self-inflicted wounds, pneumonia and hard and soft chancres. Every week some one gets wounded by rock fragments. There are a few real

wounded. Next week the war starts again. Perhaps it starts again. They say so. Do you think I would do right to marry Miss Barkley—after the war of course?"

"Absolutely," I said and poured the basin full of water.

"To-night you will tell me everything," said Rinaldi. "Now I must go back to sleep to be fresh and beautiful for Miss Barkley."

I took off my tunic and shirt and washed in the cold water in the basin. While I rubbed myself with a towel I looked around the room and out the window and at Rinaldi lying with his eyes closed on the bed. He was good looking, was my age, and he came from Amalfi. He loved being a surgeon and we were great friends. While I was looking at him he opened his eyes.

"Have you any money?"

"Yes."

"Loan me fifty lire."

I dried my hands and took out my pocketbook from the inside of my tunic hanging on the wall. Rinaldi took the note, folded it without rising from the bed and slid it in his breeches pocket. He smiled, "I must make on Miss Barkley the impression of a man of sufficient wealth. You are my great and good friend and financial protector."

"Go to hell," I said.

That night at the mess I sat next to the priest and he was disappointed and suddenly hurt that I had not gone to the Abruzzi. He had written to his father that I was coming and they had made preparations. I myself felt as badly as he did and could not understand why I had not gone. It was what I had wanted to do and I tried to explain how one thing had led to another and finally he saw it and understood that I had really wanted to go and it was almost

all right. I had drunk much wine and afterward coffee and Strega and I explained, winefully, how we did not do the things we wanted to do; we never did such things.

We two were talking while the others argued. I had wanted to go to Abruzzi. I had gone to no place where the roads were frozen and hard as iron, where it was clear, cold, and dry and the snow was dry and powdery and hare tracks in the snow and the peasants took off their hats and called you Lord and there was good hunting. I had gone to no such place but to the smoke of cafés and nights when the room whirled and you needed to look at the wall to make it stop, nights in bed, drunk, when you knew that that was all there was, and the strange excitement of waking and not knowing who it was with you and the world all unreal in the dark and so exciting that you must resume again unknowing and not caring in the night, sure that this was all and all and all and not caring. Suddenly to care very much and to sleep to wake with it sometimes morning and all that had been there gone and everything sharp and hard and clear and sometimes a dispute about the cost. Sometimes still pleasant and fond and warm and breakfast and lunch. Sometimes all niceness gone and glad to get out on the street but always another day starting and then another night. I tried to tell about the night and the difference between the night and the day and how the night was better unless the day was very clean and cold and I could not tell it; as I cannot tell it now. But if you have had it you know. He had not had it but he understood that I had really wanted to go to the Abruzzi but had not gone and we were still friends, with many tastes alike, but with the difference between

us. He had always known what I did not know and what, when I learned it, I was always able to forget. But I did not know that then although I learned it later. In the meantime we were all at the mess, the meal was finished, and the argument went on. We two stopped talking and the captain shouted, "Priest not happy. Priest not happy without girls."

"I am happy," said the priest.

"Priest not happy. Priest wants Austrians to win the war," the captain said. The others listened. The priest shook his head.

"No," he said.

"Priest wants us never to attack. Don't you want us never to attack?"

"No. If there is a war I suppose we must attack."

"Must attack. Shall attack!"

The priest nodded.

"Leave him alone," the major said. "He's all right."

"He can't do anything about it anyway," the captain said. We all got up and left the table.

IV

The battery in the next garden woke me in the morning and I saw the sun coming through the window and got out of the bed. I went to the window and looked out. The gravel paths were moist and the grass was wet with dew. The battery fired twice and the air came each time like a blow and shook the window and made the front of my pajamas flap. I could not see the guns but they were evidently firing directly over us. It was a nuisance to have them there but it was a comfort that they were no bigger. As I looked out at the garden I heard a motor-truck starting on the road. I dressed, went down-stairs,

had some coffee in the kitchen and went out to the garage.

Ten cars were lined up side by side under the long shed. They were top-heavy, blunt-nosed ambulances, painted gray and built like moving vans. The mechanics were working on one out in the yard. Three others were up in the mountains at dressing-stations.

"Do they ever shell that battery?" I asked one of the mechanics.

"No, Signor Tenente. It is protected by the little hill."

"How's everything?"

"Not so bad. This machine is no good but the others march." He stopped working and smiled. "Were you on permission?"

"Yes."

He wiped his hands on his jumper and grinned. "You have a good time?" The others all grinned too.

"Fine," I said. "What's the matter with this machine?"

"It's no good. One thing after another."

"What's the matter now?"

"New rings."

I left them working, the car looking disgraced and empty with the engine open and parts spread on the work-bench, and went in under the shed and looked at each of the cars. They were moderately clean, a few freshly washed, the others dusty. I looked at the tires carefully, looking for cuts or stone bruises. Everything seemed in good condition. It evidently made no difference whether I was there to look after things or not. I had imagined that the condition of the cars, whether or not things were obtainable, the smooth functioning of the business of removing wounded and sick from the dressing-stations, hauling them back from the mountains to the clearing station and

then distributing them to the hospitals named on their papers, depended to a considerable extent on myself. Evidently it did not matter whether I was there or not.

"Has there been any trouble getting parts?" I asked the sergeant mechanic.

"No, Signor Tenente."

"Where is the gasoline-park now?"

"At the same place."

"Good," I said and went back to the house and drank another bowl of coffee at the mess table. The coffee was a pale gray and sweet with condensed milk. Outside the window it was a lovely spring morning. There was that beginning of a feeling of dryness in the nose that meant the day would be hot later on. That day I visited the posts in the mountains and was back in town late in the afternoon.

The whole thing seemed to run better while I was away. The offensive was going to start again I heard. The division for which we worked were to attack at a place up the river and the major told me that I would see about the posts for during the attack. The attack would cross the river up above the narrow gorge and spread up the hillside. The posts for the cars would have to be as near the river as they could get and keep covered. They would, of course, be selected by the infantry but we were supposed to work it out. It was one of those things that gave you a false feeling of soldiering.

I was very dusty and dirty and went up to my room to wash. Rinaldi was sitting on the bed with a copy of Hugo's English grammar. He was dressed, wore his black boots, and his hair shone.

"Splendid," he said when he saw me. "You will come with me to see Miss Barkley."

"No."

"Yes. You will please come and make me a good impression on her."

"All right. Wait till I get cleaned up."

"Wash up and come as you are."

I washed, brushed my hair and we started.

"Wait a minute," Rinaldi said. "Perhaps we should have a drink." He opened his trunk and took out a bottle.

"Not Strega," I said.

"No. Grappa."

"All right."

He poured two glasses and we touched them, first fingers extended. The grappa was very strong.

"Another?"

"All right," I said. We drank the second grappa, Rinaldi put away the bottle and we went down the stairs. It was hot walking through the town but the sun was starting to go down and it was very pleasant. The British hospital was a big villa built by Germans before the war. Miss Barkley was in the garden. Another nurse was with her. We saw their white uniforms through the trees and walked toward them. Rinaldi saluted. I saluted too but more moderately.

"How do you do?" Miss Barkley said. "You're not an Italian are you?"

"Oh, no."

Rinaldi was talking with the other nurse. They were laughing.

"What an odd thing—to be in the Italian army."

"It's not really the army. It's only the ambulance."

"It's very odd though. Why did you do it?"

"I don't know," I said. "There isn't always an explanation for everything."

"Oh, isn't there? I was brought up to think there was."

"That's awfully nice."

"Do we have to go on and talk this way?"

"No," I said.

"That's a relief. Isn't it."

"What is the stick?" I asked. Miss Barkley was quite tall. She wore what seemed to me to be a nurse's uniform, was blonde and had a tawny skin and gray eyes. I thought she was very beautiful. She was carrying a thin rattan stick like a toy riding crop, bound in leather.

"It belonged to a boy who was killed last year."

"I'm awfully sorry."

"He was a very nice boy. He was going to marry me and he was killed in the Somme."

"It was a ghastly show."

"Were you there?"

"No."

"I've heard about it," she said. "There's not really any war of that sort down here. They sent me the little stick. His mother sent it to me. They returned it with his things."

"Had you been engaged long?"

"Eight years. We grew up together."

"And why didn't you marry?"

"I don't know," she said. "I was a fool not to. I could have given him that anyway. But I thought it would be bad for him."

"I see."

"Have you ever loved any one?"

"No," I said.

We sat down on a bench and I looked at her.

"You have beautiful hair," I said.

"Do you like it?"

"Very much."

"I was going to cut it all off when he died."

"No."

"I wanted to do something for him. You see I didn't care about the other

thing and he could have had it all. He could have had anything he wanted if I would have known. I would have married him or anything. I know all about it now. But then he wanted to go to war and I didn't know."

I did not say anything.

"I didn't know about anything then. I thought it would be worse for him. I thought perhaps he couldn't stand it and then of course he was killed and that was the end of it."

"I don't know."

"Oh, yes," she said. "That's the end of it."

We looked at Rinaldi talking with the other nurse.

"What was her name?"

"Ferguson. Helen Ferguson. Your friend is a doctor, isn't he?"

"Yes. He's very good."

"That's splendid. You rarely find any one any good this close to the front. This is close to the front, isn't it?"

"Quite."

"It's a silly front," she said. "But it's very beautiful. Are they going to have an offensive?"

"Yes."

"Then we'll have to work. There's no work now."

"Have you done nursing long?"

"Since the end of fifteen. I started when he did. I remember having a silly idea he might come to the hospital where I was. With a sabre cut I suppose and a bandage around his head. Or shot through the shoulder. Something picturesque."

"This is the picturesque front," I said.

"Yes," she said. "People can't realize what France is like. If they did it couldn't all go on. He didn't have a sabre cut. They blew him all to bits."

I didn't say anything.

"Do you suppose it will always go on?"

"No."

"What's to stop it?"

"It will crack somewhere."

"We'll crack. We'll crack in France. They can't go on doing things like the Somme and not crack."

"They won't crack here," I said.

"You think not?"

"No. They did very well last summer."

"They may crack," she said. "Anybody may crack."

"The Germans too."

"No," she said. "I think not."

We went over toward Rinaldi and Miss Ferguson.

"You love Italy?" Rinaldi asked Miss Ferguson in English.

"Quite well."

"No understand," Rinaldi shook his head.

"Bastante bene," I translated. He shook his head.

"That is not good. You love England?"

"Not too well. I'm Scotch, you see." Rinaldi looked at me blankly.

"She's Scotch, so she loves Scotland better than England," I said in Italian.

"But Scotland is England."

I translated this for Miss Ferguson.

"Pas encore," said Miss Ferguson.

"Not really?"

"Never. We do not like the English."

"Not like the English? Not like Miss Barkley?"

"Oh, that's different. You mustn't take everything so literally."

After a while we said good night and left. Walking home Rinaldi said: "Miss Barkley prefers you to me. That is very clear. But the little Scotch one is very nice."

"Very," I said. I had not noticed her. "You like her?"

"No," said Rinaldi.

V

The next afternoon I went to call on Miss Barkley again. She was not in the garden and I went to the side door of the villa where the ambulances drove up. Inside I saw the head nurse who said Miss Barkley was on duty—"there's a war on, you know."

I said I knew.

"You're the American in the Italian army?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am."

"How did you happen to do that? Why didn't you join up with us?"

"I don't know," I said. "Could I join now?"

"I'm afraid not now. Tell me. Why did you join up with the Italians?"

"I was in Italy," I said, "and I spoke Italian."

"Oh," she said. "I'm learning it. It's a beautiful language."

"Somebody said you should be able to learn it in two weeks."

"Oh, I'll not learn it in two weeks. I've studied it for months now. You may come and see her after seven o'clock if you wish. She'll be off then. But don't bring a lot of Italians."

"Not even for the beautiful language?"

"No. Nor for the beautiful uniforms."

"Good evening," I said.

"A rivederci, Tenente."

"A rivederla." I saluted and went out. It was impossible to salute foreigners as an Italian without embarrassment. The Italian salute never seemed made for export.

The day had been hot. I had been up

the river to the bridge head at Plava. It was there that the offensive was to begin. It had been impossible to advance on the far side the year before because there was only one road leading down from the pass to the pontoon bridge and it was under machine-gun and shell fire for nearly a mile. It was not wide enough either to carry all the transport for an offensive and the Austrians could make a shambles out of it. But the Italians had crossed and spread out a little way on the far side to hold about a mile and a half on the Austrian side of the river. It was a nasty place and the Austrians should not have let them hold it. I suppose it was mutual tolerance because the Austrians still kept a bridge head further down the river. The Austrian trenches were above on the hill-side only a few yards from the Italian lines. There had been a little town but it was all rubble. There was what was left of a railway-station and a smashed permanent bridge that could not be repaired and used because it was in plain sight.

I went along the narrow road down toward the river, left the car at the dressing-station under the hill, crossed the pontoon bridge, which was protected by a shoulder of the mountain, and went through the trenches in the smashed down town and along the edge of the slope. Every one was in the dug-outs. There were racks of rockets standing to be touched off to call for help from the artillery or to signal with if the telephone wires were cut. It was quiet, hot and dirty. I looked across the wire at the Austrian lines. Nobody was in sight. I had a drink with a captain that I knew in one of the dugouts and went back across the bridge.

A new wide road was being finished that would go over the mountain and

zig-zag down to the bridge. When this road was finished the offensive would start. It came down through the forest in sharp turns. The system was to bring everything down the new road and take the empty trucks, carts and loaded ambulances and all returning traffic up the old narrow road. The dressing-station was on the Austrian side of the river under the edge of the hill and stretcher bearers would bring the wounded back across the pontoon bridge. It would be the same when the offensive started. As far as I could make out the last mile or so of the new road where it started to level out would be able to be shelled steadily by the Austrians. It looked as though it might be a mess. But I found a place where the cars would be sheltered after they had passed that last bad looking bit and could wait for the wounded to be brought across the pontoon bridge. I would have liked to drive over the new road but it was not yet finished. It looked wide and well made with a good grade and the turns looked very impressive where you could see them through openings in the forest on the mountain side. The cars would be all right with their good metal to metal brakes and anyway, coming down, they would not be loaded. I drove back up the narrow road.

Two carabiniere held the car up. A shell had fallen and while we waited three others fell up the road. They were seventy-sevens and came with a whishing rush of air, a hard bright burst and flash and then gray smoke that blew across the road. The carabiniere waved us to go on. Passing where the shells had landed I avoided the small broken places and smelled the high explosive and the smell of blasted clay and stone and freshly shattered flint. I drove back to Gorizia and our villa and, as I said,

went to call on Miss Barkley who was on duty.

At dinner I ate very quickly and left for the villa where the British had their hospital. It was really very large and beautiful and there were fine trees in the grounds. Miss Barkley was sitting on a bench in the garden. Miss Ferguson was with her. They seemed glad to see me and in a little while Miss Ferguson excused herself and went away.

"I'll leave you two," she said. "You get along very well without me."

"Don't go, Helen," Miss Barkley said.

"I'd really rather. I must write some letters."

"Good night," I said.

"Good night, Mr. Henry."

"Don't write anything that will bother the censor."

"Don't worry. I only write about what a beautiful place we live in and how brave the Italians are."

"That way you'll be decorated."

"That will be nice. Good night, Catherine."

"I'll see you in a little while," Miss Barkley said. Miss Ferguson walked away in the dark.

"She's nice," I said.

"Oh, yes, she's very nice. She's a nurse."

"Aren't you a nurse?"

"Oh, no. I'm something called a V.A.D. We work very hard but no one trusts us."

"Why not?"

"They don't trust us when there's nothing going on. When there is really work they trust us."

"What is the difference?"

"A nurse is like a doctor. It takes a long time to be. A V.A.D. is a short cut."

"I see."

"The Italians didn't want women so near the front. So we're all on very special behavior. We don't go out."

"I can come here though."

"Oh, yes. We're not cloistered."

"Let's drop the war."

"It's very hard. There's no place to drop it."

"Let's drop it anyway."

"All right."

We looked at each other in the dark. I thought she was very beautiful and I took her hand. She let me take it and I held it and put my arm around under her arm.

"No," she said. I kept my arm where it was.

"Why not?"

"No."

"Yes," I said. "Please." I leaned forward in the dark to kiss her and there was a sharp stinging flash. She had slapped my face hard. Her hand had hit my nose and eyes, and tears came in my eyes from the reflex.

"I'm so sorry," she said. I felt I had a certain advantage.

"You were quite right."

"I'm dreadfully sorry," she said. "I just couldn't stand the nurse's-evening-off aspect of it. I didn't mean to hurt you. I did hurt you, didn't I?"

She was looking at me in the dark. I was angry and yet certain, seeing it all ahead like the moves in a chess game.

"You did exactly right," I said. "I don't mind at all."

"Poor man."

"You see I've been leading a sort of a funny life. And I never even talk English. And then you are so very beautiful." I looked at her.

"You don't need to say a lot of nonsense. I said I was sorry. We do get along."

Intelligence Tests for Apes and Men

BY EDGAR JAMES SWIFT

Author of "How to Influence Men" and "Psychology and the Day's Work"

Do apes have a will? Do they choose between two or more possible acts that they may meet an emergency intelligently? These are important questions to-day when fundamentalists are threatening youth with a chain of universities in which science shall be tested by the poetical interpretations of three thousand years ago.

Intelligence tests have been given to chimpanzees and monkeys at various times, but usually the problems have been so planned that the animals taking the tests did not have a fair chance to show their ability. The customary method of finding what animals can do is to put them into an elaborately constructed maze, and then to watch them as they gradually learn to avoid the paths which at their ends are closed to traffic. The length of time required, and the elimination of errors in finding the straight and narrow path that leads to food and happiness, measure the acquisition of physical skill. This method has taught us much about the way in which animals muddle through a problem; but it has told us nothing about the peculiar kind of intelligence which has been thought distinctly human.

Man surveys a problem, and, if it is not beyond his ability, he may immediately begin with the right method and solve it. At any rate, he usually has a reason for what he does. When a man, however, is given a problem which he cannot survey from start to finish, he blunders through it much as do the lower animals.

Evidently, if we are to learn whether chimpanzees have the beginnings of the same sort of intelligence that man possesses, they must be given problems which can be viewed in their entirety, otherwise the solution is largely a matter of chance.

The readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE may be surprised to learn that it is difficult to define intelligence; and, rather significantly, this difficulty has increased since the measurement of intelligence became so popular. One explanation lies in the assumption of leaders in mental testing that intelligence is a general endowment, effective with any kind of problems, and uninfluenced by environmental conditions or education.

Another reason for the difficulty in defining intelligence is that those who have vested interests in its measurement are loath to believe that it can be improved by use. "Education, instead of increasing our intellectual capacity, merely develops and facilitates its use," is the way in which one prominent writer expresses the prevailing belief.

"Merely develops and facilitates its use"! What more could be asked? That is all development does to the muscles of the body. Matured muscles can do much more than those of young children, yet all that growth in a suitable environment does is to develop and facilitate the use of these muscles.

Intelligence should be defined in terms of what it can do, and nearly all definitions use this criterion, though

some wrap the meaning in several thicknesses of obscurity as if they feared that the contents of the definition would be discovered.

A few writers, however, refuse to define intelligence in terms of what it can do. "We wish to know what intelligence *is*," says one author, "not what it *does*." Yes, we should like to know what intelligence is, just as we should like to know what electricity is, but unfortunately our knowledge of each is limited to what it does.

A rather commonly accepted definition of intelligence is that it is the capacity to learn, or to profit from experience; but, again, ability to profit from experience can be measured only by behavior in conditions that permit the use of what has been acquired in earlier, similar situations.

Evidently, then, tests of the lower animals should not put too exacting a demand upon their native endowment or education. The accomplishment, for example, must not require mechanical knowledge which, at their stage of development, is impossible. Apes have not studied physics, and consequently tests which require knowledge of the reason for raising a latch to open a door are not suited to the attainments of these animals. They cannot be expected to sit down and think out the problem.

Tests of the intelligence of apes which meet the required conditions have recently been given, and the results are so significant that they open an immense field for thought. To put it briefly, these tests show that at least some apes select the right tool from among several useless ones. This shows that chimpanzees discriminate between serviceable and useless means to accomplish a purpose. It indicates the beginnings of intelligence of the human order.

Let us assume, for instance, that a chimpanzee sees a choice bit of food outside of his cage and beyond his reach. Suppose, further, that four sticks of different lengths are lying on the floor of the cage. The ape picks up the shortest, takes it to the bars, observes the distance of the banana from the cage, looks at the length of the stick, throws it down, and then selecting the longest of the four, reaches through the bars and draws the banana within reach. This is essentially what some chimpanzees have done. Naturally, an ape cannot be questioned about his reasons for discarding the short stick and selecting a longer one; but in doing so he does what a man would do if he "saw" that the first stick would not reach the object.

If an animal meets a situation of this sort in the most satisfactory way—if he does what a man would do under similar circumstances—the question is: Does the animal see the essential factor in the problem? Did the chimpanzee of which we have been speaking, for example, see that the first stick which he picked up was too short, and that the longest would reach the banana? If he did, he reasoned, at least in a simple way; and the moment we have reasoning or thinking, we also have volition.

At times, again, chimpanzees make an implement suited to the task in hand. Of course, their means of manufacturing implements is limited, since their teeth are the only tools which they can use. But the important fact is that they see the need, and use the only means which they possess for altering an object to meet the situation. This indicates insight of the same kind that man has. If apes show this insight only in connection with very simple difficulties, we should not be surprised, because they have not developed far enough to

enable them to profit, beyond a certain point, from experience and education. But let us now briefly sketch the more significant experiments to which we have referred.

Wolfgang Köhler had the rare good fortune, during the World War, to be marooned with nine chimpanzees. Misfortunes sometimes bring their blessings, and the companionship of two anthropoid geniuses compensated the investigator for deprivation of the daily news from the battle-front.

One thing was emphasized by these experiments which has never received the attention it deserves, and this is the fact that apes, like men, differ in ability. To be sure, no one has ever denied that some of these animals have more ability than others; but it has usually been assumed that the results of intelligence tests, given to a small group of apes, applied equally to all. Köhler, however, found two geniuses among the chimpanzees awaiting him at the Anthropoid Station in Teneriffe, and with them were others who were decidedly backward in their attainments. The "intelligence quotient" of some was so low that they could not pass any of the tests. Consequently, we now know, from Köhler's "Mentality of Apes," that there are geniuses and morons among apes as well as among men.

We have said that chimpanzees sometimes manufacture implements to meet the conditions confronting them. At one time when a tempting banana was lying outside the cage beyond the reach of any of the bamboo sticks within, the chimpanzee picked up two of different sizes, inserted the smaller in the larger, and with this lengthened stick obtained the fruit. Shortly after, when the experiment was repeated with different pieces of bamboo, the ape looked into the open-

ing of the larger, and then threw both upon the ground without trying to combine them into one. Examination showed that a nodule in the hollow end of the larger tube would prevent the insertion of the smaller. What went on in the mind of the ape when he observed the obstruction and threw both sticks away, we do not know; but he behaved as a human being would who saw the obstruction but had no means of removing it.

The employment of boxes to reach the fruit was among the striking achievements of these chimpanzees. In time they learned to lift one box and place it upon another, then three were used when two were not high enough; and, at last, they built a structure of four boxes, marvellous alike for its ingenuity and danger. It is interesting to compare the achievements of these chimpanzees with the efforts of children between three and four years of age.

A boy three years and four months old, with whom Professor Yerkes experimented, was unable to use two boxes to reach an object suspended from the ceiling. The object was placed at such a height as to be easily accessible if the child had put one box upon the other and climbed up. Neither fear of falling nor the size and weight of the boxes caused the failure. Some thirteen attempts were made without the child once seeing the only solution of the difficulty.

More recent experiments, reported to the American Psychological Association but not yet published, indicate that bright children of three and a little older approach problems in the same way as do the apes and that they experience the same difficulties.

The behavior of the apes of which we have been speaking shows a high de-

gree of intelligence. This no one will deny. But do their actions prove comprehension of the essential factors in the difficult situations which were managed so successfully?

The use of four boxes was clearly the employment of a definite and unusual means to accomplish a purpose. It suggests insight into the nature of the problem because the objects chosen and the structure built were wholly unrelated to the instincts and experience of the animals; and it shows decision to use these objects to attain the goal. But this is what we would call an act of will were we speaking of human beings.

What, then, shall we call such actions when we observe them in chimpanzees? Again we are forced to judge by the behavior of the animals. If success had followed a fairly long series of attempts in which errors were slowly eliminated, we could say that the feat was accomplished by the chance results of trial and error. But the selection and use of the boxes were too sudden for the trial and error explanation, and, as on other occasions, the apes went at the work in too methodical a manner. Their behavior was much like the actions of human beings in similar circumstances. The intelligence of these chimpanzees was now subjected to a still more exacting test.

A banana was hung from the ceiling of a room which opened into a corridor where a ladder stood invisible from the experimental room. All of the chimpanzees were allowed to play in the corridor around the ladder before the experiment was started. The purpose was to learn whether the apes would remember the ladder and use it to secure the fruit hanging in the adjoining room. When the first test had scored a failure, one of the brightest of the chimpanzees

was led past the ladder and then again admitted with the others to the experimental room where a remarkable thing happened. After a period of "monkey play," in which each animal tried to get the fruit by using a companion as a platform from which to leap, one of the apes suddenly vanished, but in a moment he reappeared dragging the ladder, with which he got the fruit.

Of course, chance success is always a possibility in experiments with animals, and consequently this test was repeated the following day with the single difference that a box replaced the ladder. The purpose of this change was to guard against mere repetition of the feat of the previous day. After the preliminary useless efforts so characteristic of apes and monkeys, the chimpanzee that had used the ladder on the previous day suddenly stopped, stood rigid, then turned, ran to the corridor, seized the box, dragged it through the door to the experimental room, placed it under the banana, climbed upon it, and seized the fruit. Let us, again, repeat the question which we have asked before: Was this an act of will? And our answer must be the same as formerly. The behavior of the chimpanzee has all of the external appearances of volitional action. Let us see, by way of comparison, what a human being would do.

A boy is trying to solve a cross-word puzzle. He wants a word with a certain number of letters. He names several, one after the other. They do not satisfy the conditions. Suddenly, he exclaims: "I have it," and gives the right word. If a visitor from Mars could have observed this boy's behavior after watching these chimpanzees at some of their feats, the Martian would have found almost perfect correspondence. So far as objective behavior may be taken as proof, the ac-

tions of the apes are as volitional as those of the boy.

Will is the control of one's actions to accomplish a purpose or to avoid undesirable results. It assumes knowledge of the end and the use of this knowledge to attain it.

So far as outward appearances are concerned, the chimpanzee who threw away the shorter of two sticks met these conditions. He did what a man would have done under similar circumstances, and we would not hesitate to call the man's acts volitional.

Getting a box or ladder which is hidden around the corner of a passageway in order to climb upon it to reach something hanging from above, is a great advance beyond any of the other acts of these chimpanzees, because it involves remembering the location of an object invisible at the moment, and its use. Nor need we wonder at the useless efforts in the early periods of these experiments, since, in strange situations, human beings are not free from failures.

A city man, for example, having seen a horse harnessed, and wishing, the following day, to assist the farmer, put the harness on with the breastplate behind. This is quite comparable to the actions of chimpanzees when confronted with unfamiliar situations. They do not know, at first, how to meet them. If they finally succeed, and chance is eliminated by the evident purposefulness of their actions, the accomplishment is much more significant than it would be for any human being, because chimpanzees do not have man's background of experience. We assume that a man of moderate intelligence must have had some experience with implements and objects if he is to utilize them in a perplexing situation. Why should we not give apes equal consideration?

To put the question differently: "Why should we be surprised when they "muddle through" a given task, doing many useless and some foolish things, instead of going directly to the right solution?"

If the serviceable object is out of sight, as were the box and ladder in the corridor, the memory achievement has all of the features of a human act. It is similar to the case of a man who remembers having seen something in the attic which is needed at the moment. If he gets the article and uses it for his purpose, we call the act volition and not chance. But we must be fair even with apes, and appreciation of the chief points in the difficulty seems to be the only acceptable explanation of the actions of some of these chimpanzees.

It looks as though the essential factors in a volitional act are memory and the ability to hold two or more ideas in mind simultaneously—to think of them in connection with the purpose to be accomplished, and to make some sort of comparison of their uses. The decision then comes of itself. The words "ideas" and "thoughts" should not be taken too literally. We are, of course, limited to the English language, and all that is meant by these words is that the chimpanzee acted as he would have acted if he had two or more ideas in mind at the same time and actually thought of them in connection with the desired end while making some sort of comparison of their value. But, after all, this is our only means of settling these questions regarding men. We decide what is going on in the mind of another by his behavior.

A better memory, together with increased ability to hold ideas in mind simultaneously, and a greater capacity to compare their values for a given pur-

pose, seem, then, to constitute man's superiority over the anthropoid apes. To be sure, this difference is enormous; but it is one of degree and not of kind. It is quantitative rather than qualitative. And it is the sort of difference which we should expect between animals with a common ancestry, one branch of which has moved forward while the other has remained close to the ancestral stock.

Another fact impresses one who reads the description of Köhler's experiments. The chimpanzees often acted as if they had the glimmering of an idea but could not quite grasp and hold it. Sometimes they looked at an object as though they had a vague feeling that there was some connection between it and the difficulty which they were trying to meet. Of course, one can easily be deceived by these appearances, but at times the fixed attention of these apes was too frequent and too observant to be a matter of chance. During these moments they would approach the object, and when they reached it their glance would pass back and forth from it to the fruit. Occasionally, also, they picked up the implement and acted as though they would put it to the test. Then, perhaps, they would drop it and try another method to obtain their lunch. But not infrequently they kept returning, as though they could not quite rid themselves of the notion of the importance of the object for the problem which they were trying to solve.

Evidently ideas, or whatever sort of mental pictures he may have, lie loosely related in the chimpanzee's mind. In this respect he resembles young children who begin to construct something, then, wearied by the effort to keep consecutive, related ideas in mind, drop it for something else, or perhaps destroy what

they have made. Some fairly definite knowledge of the uses of things is necessary if any animal, be he ape or man, is to employ them immediately in his constructive work; and apes naturally do not have this knowledge. In this connection it should be said that when once these chimpanzees had used an implement for a definite purpose, they were rarely uncertain how to proceed in later trials. The experimenter always planned to give them a new task, or, in cases of repetition, to allow so many days to intervene that the recall of the former procedure would itself be a notable feat of memory and application.

No one can compel ideas to come into the mind. The most that we can do is to give the associative bonds a chance to exert their influence; and acquired bonds which have not acted frequently enough to become fixed are loosely connected. This is particularly true in matters foreign to the earlier life of the animal. We must remember that chimpanzees are brought from their native haunts and tested with devices wholly different from anything with which they have had any previous experience. Bamboos, they are of course familiar with, but it is practically certain that they never have had occasion to obtain an object by increasing the length of one bamboo stick with the addition of another. They could always get their fruit by climbing or leaping, and if they failed to secure a particular banana, another was awaiting them near by.

The tests which these apes were asked to pass required a complete break with their ancestral history, and we should be less surprised to see the jungle habits recurring than to discover a few who make so high a score. Instinct provides a solution for most of the perplexities of animals in their primeval

forest, but high in the evolutional scale the reflex and instinctive equipment seems inadequate for the emergencies which some animals succeed in overcoming. The question, therefore, forces itself upon us: Have anthropoid apes insight into problems which, though simple, are different from those for which their arboreal life has trained them? The experiments to which we have referred indicate that some chimpanzees have this insight.

Nature's incentives are always a little ahead of the intelligence of animals. She is always tempting them to advance, always offering a motive for improvement; but the great majority of animals are incapable of accepting her offer. The ancestors of the anthropoid apes and man, however, were equal to Nature's demands, and sent forth two species, one of which responded to the opportunities offered, while the other, entering the outer boundaries of reason and volition, was not quite able to meet the obligations.

The capacity to hold two possible actions in mind long enough to see the advantage of one over the other, which some apes seem to show, is a distinct advance beyond instinctive and reflex behavior. Delayed action, with alternative courses in mind, is a simple form of choice, and the evidence is convincing that some of these chimpanzees did one thing rather than another because it met their needs the better. The step is then not so very long to remembering that a serviceable object, now out of sight, will meet a present difficulty. And this, again, was accomplished by one chimpanzee on two occasions. But when human beings do this, we call it choice and will.

We have said that the essential factors in volition are memory and the

ability to hold simultaneously two or more ideas in mind—to think of them in connection with the desired end, and to make some sort of comparison of their utility. One of the fundamental principles of science is to accept the simplest explanation that will satisfy the conditions, and a more elaborate statement of volition would be decorative rather than essential. But why should we try to make the will more complex than the facts require?

The chief difficulty, perhaps, in admitting the evolution of mind is the human feeling of superiority; but a bit of news in the daily press might cause one to question the justification of this feeling. A workman "had been ordered to saw off the end of a beam which projected from a window over the street. He went up, got out on the end of the beam, and carefully sawed it in two between himself and the window. The man and beam fell together to the pavement. Neither was hurt much. The beam was a little bruised on one corner, and the workman was unconscious from a couple of scalp wounds." If a chimpanzee had done anything so foolish, it would have been assumed that apes have no intelligence. The trouble with this man was that he was incapable of holding two ideas in mind simultaneously and of comparing their values.

Man has always been anxious to find some will-force peculiarly human within himself. But it is rather interesting, and not without significance, that those who believe in this will-force never boast of it except when they act against spontaneous desires. No one ever heard a man say that his will-power caused him to desert his office for the golf field; and no boy offers this excuse for neglecting his studies for a dance.

We distinguish between strong and

weak wills by the kind of thoughts that grip a man; and this distinction is not without justification, since ideas have varying values. But in final analysis volition is always reduced to the ability to hold two or more thoughts in mind until their comparative values can assert themselves. The acceptance of the result is the final act of will.

Thus we find ourselves back again to our earlier description of the will—the ability to hold two or more ideas in mind simultaneously and to compare their working values. Men differ in this capacity as well as in the hold which ideas take upon them, and children are conspicuously weak in reasonable volitional decisions. They lack the advantage of development and knowledge.

The difference between the abler chimpanzees and man, so far as incentives to action are concerned, is the variation in development and the immensely larger number of motives which

knowledge adds to human volition. It may be doubted, however, whether the gap between chimpanzees and primitive man is wider than that between primitive and civilized men. The deficiency in the more intelligent apes is the looseness of the bonds which connect ideas and memories. They more readily see the solution of a difficulty if the object to be secured and the means of getting it are visible in one comprehensive glance. They do not quickly see that four boxes far apart may be brought together and combined. Still less easily do they recall an invisible object and realize its utility in a troublesome situation. Yet these mental feats were accomplished by the chimpanzees of which we have been speaking, and the accomplishment suggests an understanding of the difficulty. It indicates, at least, that some chimpanzees have passed to the human side of the boundary of intelligence and volition.



Walls

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

I LOVE a wall that runs beside a road
 Curving to hold a garden in its arms,
 With flattened fruit-trees and their juicy load
 Ripening against the bricks the slow sun warms.
 I love a wall that crumbles at the edge
 Where moss and ivy mend the loosened stones,
 And little vines creep up a toppling ledge,
 Like sturdy sinews over aging bones.
 But best of all I love the vagrant wall
 That breaks into a hedge and runs away
 Along the borders of a grassy field,
 As if it heard the windy uplands call.
 When all the world is flowering with may
 How hard a wall must find it not to yield!

Letters of a Ranch Woman

BY MARGHARITE FISHER McLEAN

You see, dear Mrs. Gardner, I am keeping my promise to write you. There is so much to do on the ranch, and John will let me do so little, that I can just sit and convalesce and drink Montana sunshine. But it still seems amazing that you, coming from an environment I can only dream of, should have called *me*, as plain as our brown old hills, *interesting*.

As I sit on our tiny bit of a porch, I don't have to shut my eyes to smell sage-brush the way I was doing that morning I met you. I was terribly homesick, even though I was leaving the next day, and I shut my eyes until I was no longer in Rochester. I was home again and smelling the sage-brush, sage-brush warmed by the sun, the spiciness of it. I know I'll be homesick in heaven unless I can smell it there. You thought I was fainting and asked me if you could get me a glass of water. But I was ashamed to tell you what I'd been doing; it sounded so silly, because even I know that sage-brush is a weed that is good for neither man, bird, nor beast.

And I felt guilty—I don't now—when you, still concerned, lingered to talk to me. Only our conversation wasn't at all that of two women who had survived operations. And I guess I did all the talking; but I never realized how I loved every inch of this wind-swept, barren old country that so grudgingly gives us a living until I told you about it.

Anyway, one's porch out here in the sticks is liable to be more of an adven-

ture than yours in Minneapolis. This morning I heard a rattle, and the cause of it slipped out from under the steps. It was a big rattler.

I called John, who was digging potatoes for lunch. He came running. He threw a dehorning instrument on the snake, pinning it down. Its head lashed back and forth, its forked, shining black thread of a tongue darted in and out, and its hideous wee slanting eyes were tiny hell-pots of hate. No doubt the spot whereon it died is cursed. John dug up the ground there, saying that there might be poison on it that the chickens would pick up.

Supper is over. We have dinner at noon instead of at seven, as in the novel you sent me. John, Slim, the hired man, and myself sit down to oilcloth. John scans the sky for rain. Our spring wheat needs it.

This spring we had plenty of rain, so much that John's Scotch features relaxed into a smile and every one talked about the wheat being made. But something we dry-land farmers never seem to find out is that wheat isn't made until you have it threshed and drawn into an elevator—and then, like as not, the price will go down.

In fact, water in any form, water that no doubt you take for granted like the air you breathe, is here as much of a problem as making money. For one thing, in our country you can sink a well, and ten to one it'll be unfit for man or beast to drink from.

Last year it was so dry that John took

the stock down to a veritable mud-hole. The water was vile, but our cistern was so low that I wore overalls to save washing, and John finally had to take the sheep for several weeks up to Little Crooked. The creek there hadn't entirely dried up.

We even had a meeting at the church to pray for rain. Almost everybody went but Mrs. Tifferts, who said that the Lord could hear a prayer one place just as good as another, and her corn needed cultivating; so she guessed she'd pray on the cultivator.

Personally, it struck me that with parts of Montana real strips of fertility, it wasn't reasonable for people to settle down on one that was a semidesert and then expect the Lord to send rain. But John, with generations of Scotch Presbyterians in back of him, never dreamed of not going. He shaved and put on his best suit. It's very shiny, but he paid a hundred dollars for it fifteen years ago.

In fact, it's the suit he wore at our wedding. I remember I wanted so to tell him to wear his rough, every-day clothes. His best suit then, as now, didn't seem to belong to his rugged body any more than white kid gloves would to my hands.

I don't believe my first doll ever delighted me more than your letter. Yes, we've had rain, one of our always crop-saving rains, and our cool evenings are ideal growing weather for wheat. John may yet be able to make up the cost of my operation. Besides, our wheat farm is getting to be a Jack of all trades. We have sheep and milk cows, and I'm raising chickens and turkeys.

We've flung down a challenge to this land that has crushed and broken and driven out so many. You can best see

the relentless sweep of it from Island Hill, a long, ridgelike hill.

I call it that because it rises from the flat country around it. On one end are rocks of the oddest shapes; several are like enormous mushrooms. Puck could perch on one, his feet tucked under him tailor-fashion, while field-mice dance heel and toe at the base. Sparsely, all over the hill are pine-trees, some scrubby and wind-blown; but there is one old fellow so tall and gaunt and enduring with his top crashed off by lightning.

Here in spring the slopes are covered with silvery lavender crocuses, long-stemmed, growing like clusters of little tulips. And there is a flaming cactus flower as well as numerous little wild flowers.

But, of course, best of all, from Island Hill you can sit and gaze out for thirty-five miles to the Little Rockies which are on the other side of the Missouri, jagged-topped mountains looking very small and hung with a soft haze. Sometimes on a clear summer day they are as though cut out of lovely blue tissue-paper and pasted against crystal.

Island Hill! Sometimes I meet there a young girl. She's seventeen and rather pretty in a brown-skinned, clear-eyed way. A young girl with a long riding-skirt and unbobbed black hair. The young man with her is a tall, easy-moving young man with a mocking but somehow tender mouth and haunted eyes—a haunted heart, too, only the girl doesn't know that.

But, of course, both that girl and the young men are ghosts, ghosts of fifteen years ago.

It is strange; before I went to Rochester I used to wish I could get away for

a while from the tyranny of the ranch. I longed for sheer idleness and leisure to read and think. Then when I got that chance, when for weeks all I did was to eat, sleep, and read and think, how I longed for the old ranch. I just knew that John would go off with his sheep and forget my chickens and turkeys. I suppose I'm like the mill-horse that still goes around in a circle when released from his labor.

But I can't send you a picture of our house except a verbal one. John is Scotch, only his economy runs to having the best he can afford and sometimes more than that. Our ranch-house is two stories. A woman came to see us once from Ray, that dried-up little town of some eighty inhabitants, and said, oh, so patronizingly:

"What a nice house—and so far from Ray, too."

There are two bedrooms on the second floor, regular little attic bedrooms with sloping ceilings. One is John's and mine, and the other is mine. When I'm in there, John always knocks instead of just opening the door.

In that room I have my bookcase and a dressing-table that I made out of a packing-box, and down in one corner is the little red chest of my grandmother's—a plain little old red chest with most of the red rubbed off. She took it with her down the Great Lakes when she and her family moved from New York.

It's in our blood to move West. I came out here when I was seventeen and taught school. Adventurous? Oh, no, my mother went to Kansas in a covered wagon and taught school in a dirt-floored and roofed schoolhouse, and during recess played "Skip to my Loc" with the pupils. The last time she talked about it, dear, unselfish little

mother of mine, she told me about dawn on the prairies of Kansas as seen, heard, and felt from a covered wagon, and the smell of the little fragrant prairie-flower, the sensitive rose, called that because when you touched it the leaves curled up.

"I can smell it now," she said.

So her daughter followed in her footsteps; left Oklahoma and a back yard full of peach-trees to teach in a Montana log schoolhouse. Every one but that same little mother thought I was crazy to do so. But I got the idea after listening to a neighbor who had taken up a homestead there. As soon as she proved up her land, she had sold it for a nice sum, receiving full payment for it from the new owner's first crop. I applied for the school on Buckskin Flats and got it. I intended to look over the best land and take up some.

That answers your question of how I happened to be here. I taught that school two years and lived on my homestead. The boys from the X Bar ranch used to keep me supplied with kindling; but John, of course, was the most faithful. It didn't matter to him that I rode more than I did with any one else with a young man who had drifted from goodness knows where. John just stood by, and when I needed him he was there.

My dear Mrs. Gardner, I don't at all resent what you call your curiosity; nor would I if it were the only reason you answer my letters. That young man you wanted to know about, I'll call him Kelly, because whether that was his real name it was the one he went by.

He is now only a memory, one I laid away with my girlhood and first glowing dreams. I can talk to you about him, I'd like to. Here, he is forgotten by

everybody but a few—Snowball, who now owns what is left of the old X Bar, and Swend Nelson and John and me. But these men do not mention him. For all their ruggedness, there is about them a certain fine delicacy.

But once before I left for Rochester, I talked to John about if I didn't get well. I had to. I wanted to be buried, not in the little neglected, broken-fenced plot at Ray, but out in my brooding north country, on Island Hill, under a great, towering old pine where the wind in it sounds like a far-off sea, where sunsets turn the badlands to a glory of light and color, from rose to lavender, and the Little Rockies are hung with mists of sapphire and rose, and then all turns slowly to blackness.

Below that spot is a coulee. Old McLaughlin aimed to put a dam in it some spring so he could irrigate his land. Oh, his dreams of being a wheat king, of a never-failing water-supply, and of sure crops!

In the spring, water rushes through this place in a muddy torrent that has carved deep cutbanks through the clay and gumbo. But summers and winters, in its hollows, coyotes bring up their young and send their weird, thin cries to a starlit heaven.

That day, just before we left for Ray, when the pain was a furious, tearing thing like the fox that gnawed at the little Spartan boy's vitals, I told John my wish. Of course we were both sure that the operation would be successful. But, after all, I was going to Rochester alone. We both just couldn't afford to go.

I was looking at Island Hill from the windows of my room, a bleak enough hill, I suppose, the color of clay with a few tattered old pines and patches of snow. But John was so quiet that all of

a sudden I saw him instead, the blazing pain in his eyes. Then I could hardly believe I had seen that expression because the next moment he was saying:

"All right, old lady"—I used to object to that term, but now I'd miss it. John drawls it out and usually passes a tousling hand over my head as he says it—"I ain't thinking but what you'll be coming right straight back to me, but if it'll make you any easier in your mind, I'll promise."

It wasn't until lately that it's occurred to me that perhaps John, my John with the pain in his eyes, was remembering that Kelly and that girl of long ago used to call Island Hill "our hill." And I don't know how to explain to him that Island Hill, beyond all memories, means to me the north country, my barren, cruel, beautiful northland.

This illness and convalescence for the first time in years has given me time to think in unbroken stretches. I am like Mrs. Josie Seavers, who says that the only time she has when she can just be idle and think is when she has a baby and has to be quiet for a few days.

And this idleness of mine is why, no doubt, the past has been returning. This week Slim does the chores, and John is gone all day with the sheep. He takes his lunch with him, and after the breakfast dishes are done and the chickens and turkeys fed and a pie baked for dinner, I can sit on my bit of a porch and see, oh, so plainly, riding past that girl I've told you about. She's on her pinto pony and, beside her, on his horse is the lean, dark young man.

He is saying: "Ann, this is a dog-gone lonesome country, the nearest thing to death—and oblivion."

And the girl, brought up on a family

Bible and prayers, said rather timidly: "Don't you believe in any hereafter, Kelly?"

Kelly's tender, mocking mouth was grim. "No," he said harshly; then as the peace of a sunset seemed to soak into him: "Yet, I wonder—but I'd rather think there wasn't one."

Aware of the girl's troubled eyes, he added: "This life is quite enough for some of us. You haven't read any of Hardy, have you? Well, don't. He's damnably right; the dice *are* loaded, but you're ten times happier if you don't find it out."

A silent ride after that, Kelly abstracted, bitter-looking, and a girl's hand clasped tight on her reins lest she stretch it out to him. Yet all she knew about that young man was that he said his name was Kelly and that he worked at the X Bar ranch. But he opened for her the gates of a new world, a world of great books and music and poetry.

I can see her now sitting on Island Hill hugging her knees and listening to the story of Tristram and Isolde and there are tears in her eyes. And on the hill, he taught her to listen to the wind in the pines until it was a great symphony orchestra with its first slow movement rushing into a sweeping crescendo of violins. He had named a grouping of pines as first, second, and third violins, and the one towering old pine that had its branches intact then was their 'cello.

Once when a saffron-colored moon turned the north country into a silvery, shadowed land of mystery, the shivering high wail of a little coyote down in the coulee had been the ghost of a bright dream. "We all have them," said Kelly.

And still this afternoon, as I sit on

our little porch, John's and mine, looking over the sun-baked plains and our fields of ripening grain, the lovely rich golden color of ripe wheat, and there is no color in the world so lovely, the ghosts ride past. I can hear their horses above the scratch of my pen.

It is Saturday and they are riding over to the post-office at Little Crooked, run by Bill Evans and his wife. On such occasions Kelly always went with her, although he never wrote a letter or received one. He was never asked why. Even fifteen years ago enough of the Old West still lingered here so that men weren't asked personal questions. It was decidedly bad form to do so.

The girl learned that at the first dance given at her schoolhouse. Innocently she asked Shorty, one of the boys from the X Bar, where he came from. Shorty danced round and round with her. Finally, with a far-away look in his eye, he answered politely:

"Texas or Nevada. It don't matter which, does it?"

So she had known better than to ask Kelly that question, and so did every one else. It was at that same dance that she had seen him leaning against the doorway and watching the dancers with a smile as though he enjoyed seeing other people have fun.

"Who's that?" the girl had asked.

"Oh, that's Kelly," Shorty answered with a grin; "and you ain't the first one that's asked me."

After that the other boys kept on coming to see her, principally because there wasn't any one else within easy riding distance. But it was understood that when Kelly came, she went riding with him. However, it'd been sheer hypocrisy for the girl not to realize that the evenings she stayed for dinner at the Evanses' a great many of the boys

from the X Bar seemed to ride over for their mail. Well, girls were scarce then, and the teacher at Little Crooked was gray-haired.

But this one particular Saturday evening was different from all the others, although apparently it was just like them. Every one, as usual, sat around the store, and the Evanses brought in their chairs from their cramped little living quarters. A young Scotchman was putting records on the phonograph, just one after another as they came, until there was a song sung by a woman, and every one stopped talking.

The voice was like sunlight on water, as clear, as brilliant, a *flashing* voice, but somehow you wished it were warmer. It went up and up; but just then Kelly walked over to the phonograph and turned it off.

"Oh, why did you do that?" the girl protested; "it was lovely."

"Just to see who sang it," Kelly answered. But the next instant there was a crash. Clumsily enough he had dropped that record until it smashed into a dozen pieces. He apologized to Mrs. Evans; he even got a broom and swept up the pieces, throwing them in the stove. He'd send and get some other records, he told her.

"Don't fuss about that," laughed Mrs. Evans; "I never did take to that high-falutin' music. I like them with tunes."

The girl thought that no one had noticed what she had—that Kelly, without looking at that record, had dropped it deliberately—until she met the steady blue eyes of the young Scotchman, and saw in them a swift look of compassion. That was the night the girl learned that Kelly's heart was haunted. From then on, too, the man

with the steady blue eyes began standing by.

But ghosts of yesterday fade before the demands of to-day. Slim, singing at the top of his voice, is returning with the cattle, and John will soon be driving the sheep into the corral on the hill-side. But I gaze up from this letter to you and feel like a female Rip Van Winkle who, after a fifteen years' absence, suddenly returns to her world to gaze upon it with amazement.

Just one of the reasons I'm glad you wrote me so soon is because I, in turn, can write you immediately. After you've let ghosts walk, you can't put them back so easily into their rightful oblivion. Maybe in this letter I can lay them to rest.

For days now I've been seeing that girl in her schoolhouse. She's had the queerest sense of depression, until one afternoon she listened to the little Miller boy's piping assertion that three times three was eight and agreed with him. Then she let out her school, although it was an hour early, and rode over to the camp at Little Crooked where the X Bar was having its spring round-up.

The north country had a faint tide of green stealing over its brown old hills. There were wild flowers everywhere, and at intervals meadow-larks sent up their song, that seemed to rise and bloom liquidly for a moment in the rain-washed air.

Yet the girl felt a shadowing sense of disaster. She'd had it ever since she'd heard that Kelly had broken the roan—as mean a horse as he'd ever seen, Snowball had said. And he had added something that had been a knife in the girl's heart.

It struck him, he said, that Kelly's

nerve wasn't so much bravery as plain lack of interest in what happened to him.

When the roan had been brought in from the range, Kelly had ridden it and had won much respect as a rider. Although he had soon caught the trick of sitting his horse slouched in the easy way of the Western rider, he had had to live down the fact that he had first posted a trot. There had been much derision at the X Bar when he had risen rhythmically in his saddle.

"Some day," Snowball had remarked, "he's coming down and he won't find that saddle."

But after Kelly had been at the X Bar a while, and the boys found he wasn't too refined and could take advice, he was accepted as one of them.

Snowball had described to the girl the time that Kelly won his spurs as a rider. "Personally," he had concluded, "I stay away from that horse. 'Tisn't often you get hold of a man-killer, but he's one. He bites and kicks, and the way he can use his front feet is artistic. I aim to persuade Kelly to keep off that horse—but he *is* built pretty and can't he move!"

The girl was thinking of Snowball's description as she rode over the north country and into camp. The boys there insisted that she have dinner with them. Kelly, they told her, had ridden out after some strays. But it wasn't until it began to grow late that she asked them if he was riding the roan.

"Yes," Snowball admitted; "he saddled that darn horse when the rest of us were too busy to notice."

The boys all tried to act cheerful, but it was plain that not one of them felt that way. The young Scotchman drew Snowball aside to exchange a few low words. Then he rode off, while the lit-

tle star of hope that the girl had been cherishing fell out of her sky.

The moonlight that night was as light as day, and the young Scotchman first saw the roan standing back in a coulee with something—he couldn't make out what—beside him. When he came closer, he saw that the object hanging to one side was Kelly. His foot had caught in the stirrup and the roan had bucked and kicked to be free of him until—well, the young Scotchman shot that horse for, he said, sheer cold-blooded murder.

Kelly was buried in Ray. The boys didn't know his name except Kelly, and apparently he didn't belong to any one except the X Bar ranch. So Snowball had engraved on his tombstone the X Bar brand, and the inscription read:

"K E L L Y

Killed on the round-up near Little Crooked,
Montana

IN THE EXECUTION OF DUTY

April 12, 1913."

And the last lines were Snowball's eulogy:

"Strong, handsome, brave, kind and sincere,
He was loved and honored by all."

The girl was desolate. It was the first time that tragedy had touched her healthy, fun-loving being. But a heart that has never been broken has a glaze that keeps the deepest tides of life from warming it.

Of course young hearts mend rapidly. But that girl's heart wouldn't have mended so completely but for the man who stood by, who after fifteen years is still to her one of the princes of the earth, a prince in overalls and clumsy boots and one often in need of a shave, but a prince for all that.

Wealth will never come to us or any

great leisure. Perhaps that girl of years ago would have turned cold at the thought of life on this homestead. Maybe she had pictured herself as some day entering with a mysterious young man the ancestral halls he once had forsaken. They did in novels.

She didn't realize what a tinsel dream that had been until she found among his belongings, put away very carefully—Snowball had insisted that she alone search for the address of some

one to notify, but there hadn't been any—a red feather fan. Looking at it, the girl seemed to hear again the voice of a phonograph record that Kelly had broken, that thrillingly brilliant, somehow cold voice.

She knew then that Kelly's heart had been haunted by a very different type of woman from that of a country school-teacher, that his life had only touched hers to enrich it—imaginatively.



A Bird's Nest

BY ALICE WADE MULHERN

MICHAELA was a sort of maid in waiting to Mother Superior. She lived at the convent, for she had no other home. Years before she had come as a girl from Canada to become a lay nun; but there were so many errands to be done in the village, and Michaela was so willing to go back and forth from the convent, that soon that became her vocation in life.

The nuns were cloistered; not wholly so, because theirs was a teaching order, but so much so that they never left the convent grounds except when being transferred to another house of the order. A thing which rarely happened, as a matter of fact, for there were but few offshoots of the mother house in this country.

So, it was Michaela who kept the convent somewhat familiar with what happened in the town. To the greater part of the nuns, no doubt, she was a

sort of meddlesome superservant; but to us children she was that dreaded thing, an emissary from Mother Superior. And she made the most of her position.

She spied upon us at games. She reported us when we threw over our left shoulder the salt we had spilt at table. She pinched us, too, sometimes, and stuck her tongue out at us when we did not smuggle out to her bits of the fruit or cookies we had had for dessert. She called us names, whispered under her breath as she passed us, when we failed her in her toll from us of two cents from the ten we were allowed each week. Out of revenge, she hid our sewing-aprons, and once in a while she messed up our schoolroom desks or broke our pencil-points. Yet no one, in so far as I know—and I was at St. Genevieve's eight years—no one ever told such things on her. It was fear of

what her reprisal might be which kept us silent. It was not schoolgirl loyalty, for we hated her, and many times we offered up holy mass that God would send her away from the convent back to the Canada she had come from and which she was always praising.

My head used to ache for a long time after Michaela had pulled my hair each morning when the rising-bell had failed to waken me. "Benedicamus" (a yank and a pull), "Dominum" (another tug). This time it was one that made me sick at my stomach as mechanically I answered: "Deo gratias." Still mechanically, my head breaking with a dull pain that hammered and stung, and shivering with the chill that half past five sends shooting through a body not quite warm all night, I dropped to my knees for my morning prayer, and then rushed through my dressing with such speed that I was almost warm as I ran out to join the blue-veiled rows that filed down through the dark corridors to the chapel.

Always was I at the tail end of the line, my blue veil crookedly on the very edge of my forehead, the hairpin which was its fastener painfully twisted on a head still aching from Michaela's morning pull.

Mass was at six; but ten minutes of morning prayers with the community of the nuns preceded it. To me—I was seven when I entered St. Genevieve's —this morning service through the autumn, the winter, and the spring was a blur. I was so tired that until after breakfast I moved but as an automaton—as a thing with a head that throbbed and thundered, that pounded and beat as though it were the place where echoes come from. All was a blur: the gas-jets lighted because it was not yet dawn; the two tall candles on the altar,

which by their flame showed that everything was in readiness for low mass; the voices of the forty girls and the sixty nuns chanting the acts and the litanies; the cold darkness, faint with incense, of the chapel; the long blessed wait for Father Waldemar, who was sometimes late.

How we loved that wait; for then we sat back on the benches and a kind of open-eyed sleep fell upon us. It was so still in the chapel, even the cold was forgotten as the soothing calm of the prayerful place stole over us. Small bodies relaxed from the nervous haste of the morning's startled waking and frantic dressing. No longer taut with cold, rigid with holding together the small parts which made them, our bodies slept, unmindful of gnawing stomachs—stomachs faint for a warm drink of anything, of anything at all that should send blessed heat pounding through the icy veins.

We had no food until seven o'clock; for after mass we marched into study hall, where Sister Beatrice, our mistress, read us the life of the saint whose day it was. For myself, the virgins and confessors, the hermits and bishops made exceedingly dull entertainment; but when it was a martyr's day, I forgot everything—sleep and aching head and breakfast—especially if his tortures for the faith were minutely described.

Boiled in oil, veins opened in the bath, stabbed by sharp knives, crucified upside down, honored in death because of being a Roman citizen by being put to the sword, shot at with arrows that avoided the vital spots, stoned to death, clubbed to death, suffocated, burned at the stake, stretched on the rack, put to the wheel, eyes gouged out, tongue pulled out by the roots—such episodes were familiar to me at seven, and much

more real than anything else in the world. During recreation one of our favorite guessing-games touched upon the form of death we should choose should we go to the East to save the lives of girl babies whose parents threw them into the Yellow River. All of us really believed that all missionary nuns who did not die of leprosy died of horrible injuries at the hands of God's enemies.

Time had no factor in the martyrology—Saint Stephen might even at the moment of the reading be dying under pelted rocks; poor little Saint Simon, innocent infant, might have fallen into the hands of the Jews only yesterday. In Tonkin, Chinese children, at the very moment perhaps as we were having our oatmeal, were having their ears lopped off for assisting at holy mass—the self-same sacrifice through which we had drowsed and fretted.

Such an introspection meant that voluntarily we did penance for a profane distraction. Perhaps we chose to abstain from sugar for a week, or with fingers on our lips we warned all comers that we were on "silence." Still another form of amendment was to promise our blessed Lord to do everything Michaela asked us to, for a day, or for a week, dependent upon our gauge of the sin's enormity.

And Michaela, unwholesome spirit of ill, seemed uncannily aware of such vows. The fiercer our struggle for perfection, the more intense was her persecution. A turning toward her of the unslapped cheek made for no let-up to her deviltries; for, the less our resistance, the greater to her seemed her power. From her point of view, a gift was never a generous offering; it was a bribe. And when a child gave her a

present, she grabbed it without a word of thanks; but her fat cheeks puffed out as if they would burst, and such darting green lights shot forth from her eyes as made us believe the rumor that behind her eyelids were adders' tongues.

Once when I was repenting for an imagined shortcoming by being Michaela's slave for the week, she came upon me reading from "*The Little Flowers*," Sister Beatrice's cherished treasure-house of tales about Brother Juniper, and the Wolf of Gubbio, and how Saint Francis sought humility. I was kneeling before the grotto of our Lady, sharing with her the trials of the Brothers Minor. Without a thought for the holy place, with never a glance of veneration to the Virgin, Michaela crept up behind me, snatched from my hands the sacred blue-covered book which Sister Beatrice had offered me after study hall, tore from it three pages, hurled the despoiled thing into the grotto, and ran off to make spitballs. She blew them at me for the rest of the week of my martyrdom to her whims. And I kept my temper; but I began from that episode to loathe Michaela with a slow, brave, and constructive hatred. I watched her, too, with eyes upraised to her face, with a scrutiny especially keen when she sneaked quietly out to pay a visit to our pets.

From that moment, though, I was burdened with the sin of blood-guilt. I knew that one day I should kill Michaela. This certainty of her murder made of my life an agony, until before the altar I confessed to Christ Jesus the crime I had it in my mind and heart to do. He had promised that if one asked God the Father anything in His name, that thing would be granted. So I prayed Heaven for a boon—not that

God would forgive me when I killed Michaela, but that I should kill her for a cause which He could understand.

But Michaela knew I watched her, and she grew afraid. She called out my "Benedicamus Dominum" quite softly, and she dared not touch my hair. She stayed more and more among the other servants, and, her nightmare presence gone, the children almost forgot their pinched arms and ink-splashed pinafores.

I had told no one of my intention to kill Michaela; but I seemed physically and mentally to have undergone a great change for the better. Almost overnight I shot up so tall that Sister Angel had to let down all my frocks. I stayed at the head of my class with a monotony which would have been intolerable had I noticed it. I became so religious, so absorbed in prayer, that Sister Beatrice in alarm for my health made me monitor of the pets.

Now, more than ever, I watched Michaela—not so intensely, however, not quite so fanatically. A great deal of the romance of my trust had now come upon me and, imaginatively, I was a young page of Saint Francis's. Here was I, his guard over all small things—these were really his pet hen, not ours; his pair of rabbits, not ours; his bowl of goldfish, lent to us to keep us company; Major was his Airedale, Blossom was his Collie, Ginger was his cat. I took care of them for him in the day-time; but he it was who protected them at night when the convent slept.

One morning I found Babette, our hen, dead in her green-and-white coop. There was no blood about, nor were her feathers scattered. Yet, there she was, cold, a black, unfluttering heap. I gathered her close and strode into Superior's office. I knew that Michaela

had killed Babette—why else had she died? "Here," said I, thrusting the small black bird into Superior's face as she sat behind her desk, "here is what Michaela has done. She has killed Babette, and so I shall kill her."

"You are very rude, my child, and quite unjust," replied Superior, rising from her chair. "We shall send for Sister Beatrice and Michaela; but, in the meantime, you, for your impoliteness and your threat, shall be on silence for a week."

When Michaela, weeping, and shrieking that I hated her, denied that she had killed Babette, Superior asked me to beg Michaela's pardon and to pray our dear Lord for self-control. The dead form of my sweet Babette inspired me to unheard-of courage. "I do not believe Michaela," so said my voice; "she is lying, Superior, and I shall kill her."

"Sister Beatrice"—Superior's voice was so low one scarcely heard it—"you will place this child on two weeks' silence, and since association with gentle animals has made her rough of speech and coarse of thought, you will see that hereafter Sister Léocaddie assumes charge of the children's pets."

Once out of Superior's office, Sister Beatrice led the way up to the infirmary; and there, in the stillness of that far-away place, she took the little black hen and me upon her lap, and since I could not speak, she planned Babette's funeral. She reminded me, too, of Sister Léocaddie's gentle heart, and she knew that she would offer us carnations for the grave.

Two important things happened during my two weeks of silence: Sister Beatrice read to us the stories of the Round Table, and one morning on our way to chapel she showed us four rob-

in's eggs in a beautiful nest on the top-most crotch of the tallest cherry-tree.

So great was our joy that for days a dream seemed to have fallen upon the convent. Our voices were softer, our eyes laughed at each other's in a kind of secret fellowship; we walked on tip-toe past the cherry-tree, both indoors and out, lest we disturb the mother robin who so patiently sat brooding upon her eggs. We were all awake before the rising-bell so as not to be late when Sister Beatrice gave each of us our daily peek at the nest. One peek a day on the way to chapel; one only was the rule we had agreed upon—only one lest we frighten the mother bird. No matter where we heard a robin's song, it was our father robin cheering his mate.

I could not feed the pets, it is true, but Sister Léocaddie was very kind. She waited for me every morning and fed them when I came from breakfast. As for Michaela, she kept farther away than ever from the pet yard; for Sister Léocaddie would not have her "near anything that lives," she once confided to me.

As for my pledge to avenge Babette, there yet was time. One day, as I had told Superior, I should kill Michaela. I knew this. Michaela knew it, too, and I think Sister Beatrice saw the picture in my eyes. Yet, never, for one moment, did I plan the manner of her death. The how and the when were undetermined, but the act was as good as done.

A heavy piece of lead pipe was in my hands when I first saw Michaela under the cherry-tree, poking at something with a long clothes-prop. I had picked up the pipe near the cow-pump, where it had been left, no doubt, by a work-

man who had intended it for some job of repairs. As my mind grasped the fact of what Michaela was about to do, the pipe became my avenging sword.

Yet, for one second, the anguish of her deed quite overcame me. The tiny birds had just hatched out. How could they save themselves when Michaela tipped the nest? God and Saint Francis! Even as I shrieked, my grasp on the lead pipe tightened, and I was over the ground with lightning speed; but I was too late to save the fledglings. A tiny body brushed my face as I beat with all my strength upon the still-upraised arm of my enemy.

Again and again, for hours upon hours, it seemed I struck her. This for Babette; this for the killed birds; this for the terrorized father and mother birds; this for God; this for Saint Francis; this— But then Sister Beatrice carried me away. "Baby, baby," she said, "what have you done?"

The other children buried the small robins; but for days the parent birds mournfully called and called. No other robin ever built a nest in that cherry-tree.

I had broken Michaela's arm and her nose. Her body bore bruises for a long time; but no one ever scolded me, not even Superior.

Although I had not killed Michaela, she was really dead in so far as we children were concerned, for Superior had forbidden her ever to come near us, ever to speak to us, ever to step into the pet yard. Should she fail to obey, back was she to go to Canada forever.

And when I came out of the infirmary after a week or so, Sister Léocaddie said that Superior thought I now was strong enough again to be monitor of the pets.



- Grand Central Terminal

Grand Central Terminal.

A drawing by George Price.

A PASSION for drawing and early association with his friend and neighbor at Coytesville, "Pop" Hart, started George Price on his career as an artist. His interest in the life about him has resulted in many drawings ranging from Harlem crap-games to the fish-markets of Bruges. His pen has the gift of satire as his drawings of two phases of New York life published on this and the following page show.



Rivington Street, New York.

A drawing by George Price.

An African Savage's Own Story

THE MARRIAGE ORDEAL

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

THIS is as wild and savage an account of primitive customs as one can ask for. The barbaric preparations for marriage; the dignity and ferocity of savage justice; the groping for truth before the Council, the all-powerful "Oro," and the mysterious "Circle"—all take the reader far from civilization, back into the shadows of the jungle.

The author is a Black Jew of the *B'nai Ephraim* or *Emo-yo-quaim*, "The Strange People," who live in unvisited forests south of the Niger River in West Africa. In the earlier chapters he told how he and thirteen small-boy companions, in a spirit of exploration, left their native compound and made their way forty-five days' journey southward to the Gulf of Guinea. There all the boys went on board a tramp steamer, from which Bata Kindai could not escape, as did his companions. Taken against his will to Glasgow the naked savage found a home with a kindly Scotsman, who finally sent him to school. At the end of four years Bata Kindai, with the faintest possible veneer of civilization, returned to his own wild people, as great a mystery to them as he had been to the good folk of Glasgow. In order to regain popular favor he had to submit to his father's will and at once marry six wives.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

III

MARRYING in my country is not A simple matter. When my father offered me in marriage and promised Gooma as a bride, I was too young to realize the sacred ordinance and above all to know about the ordeal that awaited me, that is, marrying six maidens at the same time. I was only eleven years old, and I had just returned home from Scotland, after having been away from my native Africa four years. I was not fully matured, but I had begun to feel that I was a man. When my father told me that Gooma was to be my bride, I thought I knew what it meant and I was anxious to go through the ceremony. Little did I dream what was to happen and what consequences would ensue. All that I thought of was to be with Gooma.

The girl seemed to know much more than other girls and boys. It may have been because Gooma had saved my life, or it may have been that I loved her. I had chosen Gooma as a playmate before I left home, even though it was unusual, amongst Native Boys, to play at all with girls. Gooma and I liked each other all the more after she had saved my life from a man-eating lion.

I should have been devoured by the man-eater if it had not been for Gooma, who was the fighting daughter of a fighting Chief. Through the timely intervention of this girl, already marked by the claws and teeth of a leopard, and bitten by a hook-lizard, and through her superior skill with the assegai, I was saved.

It all happened one day after the

usual warning had been given; that is, when there was danger of beasts, or warriors from another tribe. I was playing near the Bush all by myself, when a great old savage man-eater got through somehow and came into the village before any one knew anything about it. Two babies, whose mother had left them lying on the ground when she ran away in fright, were torn into pieces and partly eaten; a young girl was torn badly but did not die; several boys, whose screaming made the beast furious, escaped by a hair's breadth.

By this time the old fellow had been struck by a clean assegai, that is, without poison on the tip. This stung him and made him more ferocious, and he darted back and forth, this way and that way, until finally he spied me. Gooma was not far away at the time, for it was she who had stung the beast with the assegai that was not poisoned with *Kootch-er-roo*. By this time she had found a poisoned assegai, and was pursuing the animal at a safe distance, when she saw the lion plunge in my direction. I was directly in its path.

Her cries made me look up; I saw the lion coming at me full speed. I did as I had been taught to do when confronted, at close quarters. I fell flat on the ground and tried to dig under the best I could. I was so frightened that I forgot what to do in this case, so I fell to the ground all right, but I began to cry out, which was unwise.

But Gooma, who was near enough by then, threw her poisoned assegai, and whether it was by sheer luck or skill, I cannot say, but the assegai struck the lion in the mane, and pierced its neck almost through.

This action by Gooma made the animal forget the object of his dash, and it

turned around several times, roaring madly from pain and the effects of poison, and then it turned over, head first, and died horribly.

Gooma was a rich girl in inheritance, a noble woman by birth, a brave girl in spirit, but an unfortunate girl, nevertheless.

Gooma had saved my life from the wounded man-eating lion, by stopping it in its course, with a poisoned assegai, when it was coming straight at me. Now if a girl is the direct cause of saving a boy's life, in my country, that boy's parents have the option of claiming that girl, from her parents, to be the bride of the boy, when both reach the marriageable age, which is thirteen and nine respectively. My father made the claim, and it was honored by the consent of Gooma's guardian parent.

I was a member of one of the four hundred Semitic families that had a strict rule that not any of us could marry into a Fetich family. But we were permitted to choose a wife from a Mohammedan family, because the Mohammedans believed in one God. But Gooma was not of a Fetich family; she was only connected with and guarded by such a family. There was mystery surrounding Gooma's antecedents, and the chief that owned her had watched her with a jealous eye. He said that she was his daughter, but there was no likeness between him and the child, nor did any one of his twenty-six wives own her. The name of the old chief was O-Lou-Wa-Li; and the women in his compound were abusive of Gooma; in fact, they were cruel to her. The chief himself was a born fighter and had distinguished himself in many wars, and as a result, had found favor in the eyes of the King.

While he had been on one of his

skirmishes in the desert, fighting the Tuaregs, he had found Gooma, whose name he had given her himself, which means: "Pearls of the Mother," pronounced: *Goo-hoo-maha*, and we call it Gooma, for short. The King himself would have taken the child from the chief, had the chief not shown such pain and distress in parting with her. The old chief stuck to his story that the child was his daughter by one of the women of the Tuareg people, but no one believed him. This chief was such an illustrious character, that the Fetich leaders would not permit any of the witch-doctors to interfere with him. The only thing that they forced him to do was to keep the girl away from other children, for fear of strange devils in her; she was supposed to be confined to the chief's compound. That is why the chief's wives were unkind to her, but the chief protected her by keeping her with him as much as possible. The general thought was that the chief would marry her when she became of age. The old chief spent much time teaching the girl how to use an assegai, to hunt and fight, and to do everything that a boy did.

Now Gooma was not white, but she was far from black, and she was a very beautiful girl. Not a few believed that she was not the gift of birth, but had been fashioned out of wind and sand during the storm called "Hum-seen," meaning Fifty. But regardless of all these rumors, Gooma lived on, and did as other children did. She was no different, except that she was smarter and quicker than other girls of her age.

Then came the time of that awful event about the lion, and the proposal of my marriage to Gooma, by my own father, to the old chief. The chief was pleased with the proposal, because he

was anxious that the girl should be married into a different people than his own, for as he said, a man cannot be kind to the thing that he does not like, and he knew that the poor girl was the object of hate amongst the Fetich people, and that our people were not Fetich, but were called "The Strange People," and he felt confident that we would be kind to her.

Gooma singled me out for walks around the villages, and I felt lonesome when she was not with me.

Once when Gooma and I were together, some boys of my village called after me the name that they had heard their fathers call me, *Yem-Saah*, 'Mystery.' That was one of the reasons why I did not choose to be in their company at all. Every one called me 'Mystery' and I was not pleased. That was all I could hear when I returned from Scotland the first time; so I took Gooma as my companion as much as I could, although that displeased my father and my eldest brother.

I had been transformed during the four years that I had been away, and I had become used to the company of women, and had quite a different view of them than did the men in my land.

My eldest brother was furious. He questioned me about my conduct, but I offended him by looking him in the eye while he talked; that was disrespectful for a boy in my country. The punishment for this infringement of native etiquette is severe; a boy is tied to a stake in the heat of the sun, in the middle of day, and left there four hours. When the boy is released from the stake he is likely to die from sun-stroke. Usually, the complaint comes from a parent or near relative but never from a sister or a mother. My brother did not attempt to give me any punishment other than

to hit me across the face with the back of his hand; then I flew at him. I had been taught to hit back when I was in school in Edinburgh, and I had become used to fighting. I forgot, for the moment, that it was my eldest brother; otherwise I should not have acted so unwisely.

When my brother had summoned me to come before him, I said: "Tell him to wait." I committed a serious offense by thus answering and by not immediately obeying him. When I did appear, instead of standing with bowed head, as boys should do in the presence of elders, I sat in front of him and looked him straight in the eye as I had been taught to do in Scotland. My brother cursed me, called me "Son of a Monkey," and spit in my face. Then he struck me across the face with the back of his hand. I could stand no more, and I jumped at him, bit him, and struck and scratched him badly. My brother, dumfounded, did not even hit me back, but he yelled loudly. My brother was a full grown man and could have given me a beating, but such action as mine had never happened before in my country, so he was paralyzed with astonishment.

His yells attracted all his women, of whom he had twenty-one. His chief wife ran to his house with all the other wives, and they all screamed and shouted *Haram Alake!* "A shame to God!" I realized what folly I was committing, so I jumped off my brother, who lay stretched on the ground, and I ran out of his compound and kept running until I reached my father's compound. I passed several old men, but I did not salute them in the customary manner, another breach of native etiquette that brought abuse on the head of my father and rendered me liable to further pun-

ishment. Many native boys have been put to death for conduct less offensive and I should have been put to death if my father had been guided by the persuasion of my eldest brother.

I was brought before the community chief and charged with "Laughing at the beards of old men" whom I had passed in a hurry and to whom I had not given the customary salutations. I was judged guilty even before I went to the community chief; therefore I had to go through "The Ordeal," just as other boys would have had to do. I stood before the chief and his counsellors with bowed head, and on my head I balanced a calabash dish full of palm-oil. While the old men, my accusers, piled up my offenses, I had to hold my head still and not spill a drop of palm-oil. When I heard the accusers tell false things about me, I simply had to speak, and every time I spoke I moved my head and spilled oil. For every drop spilled from the dish, I had to receive a hard smack on the cheek from every member of the council, including the chief, and the old men who accused me, about twenty-five people smacking me every time I spilled a drop of oil, and that was many times. One old man demanded that I be given to a Medicine-Man to have the evil spirit that controlled me, removed. That would have caused my death, because when the devilish Medicine-Men get hold of a boy to purify him, they usually injure him so that he dies. They give as an excuse for his dying, that there was so much evil in him that it overcame all the good. Even parents believe the Medicine-Men and think it is a blessing that the boy dies. I did not realize the full extent of danger at that time, but my father did, and he was inclined to be lenient because I was his youngest son, his heir, and the holder of the birth-right

of the family. My father opposed every motion to have me punished further.

The hardest blow came when my own brother put in his complaint. My father had promised to punish me for my offense to my brother, and so he thought my brother satisfied. My poor father was stunned when he saw his authority set at naught by his own son. My brother said many things against me. He told about my attack upon him, and supported his statement by the statement of his bride.

Now was the time for my father to stab at my brother and make an impression upon the chief and his counsellors. My father said: "It is a shame on my beard, that I should have given life to a son who must call upon a woman for support." The chief agreed with him and told my father that if he himself had such a son he would put him amongst the girls.

Then my brother complained about my having been in the company of Gooma, "The Outcast." Since Gooma was from a different people, and I was not a Fetich Worshipper, my brother's complaint did not bring the desired result.

The question arose, whether or not I was the *real* son of my father, so the matter was referred to the Fetich-Doctor, the Spiritual Head of my country. The Fetich-Doctor supported the claim that I was not the son of my father, but that my father had taken me in place of his lost heir, Bata Kindai.

The civil King of my country then intervened on behalf of my father, because my father had gained distinction as a warrior and had been made a Balogun Chief (Fighting chief), and the King stopped the Fetich-Doctor from killing me cruelly. The chief Rabbi of my own people also plead with the Fe-

tich-Doctor and convinced him that my father told the truth about my being his rightful heir. Under Fetich law no one can take the place of an heir to a family, so the witch-doctors and their chief were all against me. Some of my acquired habits made them believe that I was no blood kin to my father. I wore a few clothes, I slept on a cot bed, I had a lamp, and I talked to women. Much of my time I spent in the company of Gooma, my betrothed, in preference to boys. The boys never believed what I told them about the outside world, but Gooma did. The boys called me 'Mystery,' but Gooma did not. Gooma addressed me as "Small Grain," or *Unquatwa*, the name my mother thought of at my birth, whose meaning is, 'Trouble Waters.' My father called me "Bata Kindai," because I was his heir. He called me, "Small Grain and the Sole of my foot," the literal translation of "Bata Kindai."

I think the name my mother thought of when I was born was the more appropriate, for who can deny that I am just one bit of trouble after another? Every bit of trouble that I have ever had has been through my fault, and not the direct fault of any one else. I have caused myself much misery through my own folly, but can you altogether blame me, considering that my civilization is only veneer, and that my whole modern make-up is affectation? Everything that I attempt to do in my present state is to the extreme; if I love one, I love too much; if I drink, I drink too much, not because I am fond of drink, but because I have never learned restraint.

To Gooma I was "Bata Kindai," or "Unquatwa." The outcome of the trials and tests for the wrongs that I had committed against my eldest brother, and the affront to the old men, was that I

got a good beating on the soles of my feet, every complainant being allowed to strike me five times on my bare feet. How cruel it felt when my brother's turn came! His strokes were harder than those of any of the old men, who numbered six. Needless to say, I was hardly able to stand for days afterward. Considering all the offenses, I was extremely lucky.

It is customary for a father to punish a boy later, but my father did not raise his hand to me. Old chief O-Lou-Wa-Li, foster-father of Gooma, liked me and would have saved me from the beating had he been able. O-Lou-Wa-Li was a Fetich-worshipper and therefore a more influential chief than my father, but he had lost his prestige on account of his daughter, Gooma, so he did not offer assistance, for he thought that if he attempted to intervene it might do more harm than good, and that his word as a nobleman might be ignored, a serious thing for a man of distinction in my country.

The truth is, my father was more concerned in securing wives for me, than in punishing me. He had chosen the match-maker to decide upon my fitness for marriage, and the girls' fathers had done the same. None of the other girls who were to become my wives liked Gooma, and they did not wish to stand the test with her.

I had to wear a mask, called "The Mask of Chastity," made to cover my head, with holes for the eyes and mouth; and it was made of wild grass called *Trava*. It had a devilish look, and nobody wanted to speak with me while I wore it. The girls had to disguise themselves the same as I did, only their head masks were not so closed as mine was. I had to go about in this fashion for twelve months, and during that time

I had to be much with my match-maker, and the match-makers of the girls who were to become my wives. Match-makers may be men or women, according to the choice of the father. My mother was dead, and so was Gooma's, but the mothers of the other five girls lived, and they busied themselves with their own daughters, explaining some of their own experiences when they themselves prepared for marriage. Gooma's father spent much time with me, and so did my own father.

The match-makers took me out of the village twice a week for about three months before the time of the vows, and oiled and massaged me. Two or more old women kept with me and while one busied herself with me the others held whispered conferences, but I never learned what they said. They put me into a hut, built for the purpose, and watched me through the walls. Then I was led out of the Bush, for that is where all these things took place, and I was blind-folded and turned loose in the village. I never saw who brought me out, for it was never the same women who took me into the Bush. I never guessed what they would do to me from one time to the other. I had to wait and see; they always played some new trick. All boys have to go through these trials before they marry, but it is never a subject of discussion.

The girls also had their turn at this kind of thing but in a somewhat different way from that of the boys. According to some of the old men in my home, the girls' tests are harder than those given the boys.

The time came for the vows. While I was in the hut in the Bush, an image was made in copper, eight inches long and two inches thick, and this thing was placed on a brass tray and kept by my

match-maker until the day of the vow. On that day all the girls were lined up by their own match-makers. Young boys brought in the tray with the image and placed it on the ground in front of me, and then ran away. While running they sang a native song meaning: "Your manhood is perfect; so use it; so use it." All native songs are repetitions, so they sang the words over and over.

The girls watched this performance, and when it was finished, each girl was led before me singly, by one of the old women. Each girl was commanded by the old woman to kneel down in front of the image and to kiss it. Then they sang a marriage song, which means: "What a delight to me! What a delight to me!" The native words are:—*Aah-gu-ru-ma Guru-ma, Aah-gu-ru-ma, Yay-gaga-hogya, Yay-gaga-hogya, Yay-gaga guru-ma*. The girls danced to this song for hours, and I sat there and witnessed everything. The people gathered closer, and every one present came up and examined the image and made complimentary remarks. My father took away the tray and kept the image as a trophy.

Before the trial, my eldest brother made an accusation against me. If he had proved his case, my wedding would have been put off for another native year and both Gooma and I would have been subjected to indignities. My father and old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li were ordered to present us before a special council. I was surprised because I did not know what it was all about, and when I asked my father he replied: "Your new ideas bring shame on my head; you will smart for your deviltry." Neither he nor Old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li knew who accused Gooma and me.

The council consisted of all the match-makers and the chief Witch-Doc-

tor, who presided. Gooma and I were ushered before the council, and we sat directly in front of our fathers, but dared not look toward each other. We sat in our masks, and Oh! how I would have liked to speak to Gooma, and ask her what it was all about.

You could have knocked my poor old father over with a feather when he saw my own brother accuse me before the council. My brother saluted every one in the usual manner; then the Witch-Doctor chanted a song, supposed to exhort the spirits to clean the tongue of the accuser to enable him to tell the truth. My real accuser was a boy who said he had seen each of us do something unlawful. No boy can accuse another boy before a council; he must state his case to some adult, and if the adult thinks it proper to believe the boy he makes complaint. Everybody present was dumbstruck when my own brother accused me.

When one accuses another before the council he never jumps into the business right away, but makes a long speech and says a number of native sayings before he mentions the subject of importance. That was the way my brother proceeded: "Gazelles are fleet of foot, always," he said. While he talked, every one repeated what he said. He continued: "A snake is slow, but I do not know an animal that can out-run a gazelle, nor a reptile that can fool a snake. It is sad when a bird tries to mate with an elephant; it strikes me the poor thing must waste a lot of energy. Have you ever known an elephant who could fall into water without making a splash? I am sure a lizard would know that it is impossible for a monkey to become a zebra. Buffaloes are hard-headed, and so is the son of my father hard-headed. I am convinced that even our laws must

be obeyed, or we would never have goodness in the land. But how can you heal up a sore before it has become worse? When the evil spirit told my father's son to break his vows, he did so and he should accept his punishment. One whom we all know, and whose father has given him wonderful girls to wife, has sorely pledged himself to save our good and holy law from being profaned; that person saw with an unsleeping eye, an act that makes the blood of our fathers jump. A female knows no better than to be loyal to him whom she loves; therefore I feel that Gooma also has an evil spirit. I say that the son of my father is guilty, and that he deserves the punishment of fire, lest the spirits avenge themselves upon our families. Burn them! Bata Kindai and Gooma! Burn them!"

I was dumfounded because I knew that I had committed no offense, neither had Gooma. Poor girl, I see her now, as she sat gazing with her brown eyes, eyes that did not belong to people like those around her. Gooma wept, because she knew that all the charges were lies, wicked black lies. The entire council arose, held up hands, and the chief Witch-Doctor screamed aloud: "Fathers of your children! Put this to the test! This must be so!"

When old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li and my father jumped up to protest because they knew what such action by the council meant, the chief Witch-Doctor asked my father and O-Lou-Wa-Li this question: "Did you ever know any one that is accused tell the truth?"

These men were guided by the heathen religion of a primitive and ignorant people. Our fathers had to abide by the decision, which was final.

Gooma and I were taken to our homes and put through a kind of third

degree to make us admit the charges. Under the circumstances we were lucky because our own fathers did the testing, and not the devilish Witch-Doctors. When a case of this kind is given to the Witches and Witch-Doctors the poor victim seldom lives to admit anything. My father, I know, was sorry, but he could not show it. If he had cried that would have been unpardonable, because a man should never be weak enough to cry; if he wishes to cry he gets his women to cry for him. My father acted harsh and cruel in order not to break down, but I know that his heart nearly broke every time he hit me.

The women in my father's compound were commanded to come forth and to weep and wail. If a woman does not feel like crying or cannot cry, there is always a certain preparation that they find which makes tears fall like rain, and then all the women have to do is to scream. That is why we say when we see a woman weeping, that it is only *Mas-Kara*, meaning, "Crocodile Tears." No one ever sympathizes with a woman in tears, even if the tears are real.

Old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li loved his child beyond the understanding of his own wives, but he had to torture her to make her confess. Gooma took the greatest oath that could be taken in my country, to prove that she was innocent. She said that she would stand upon the head of the Crocodile, our Sacred Animal, to prove she told the truth. Gooma was only a little girl, and I, a little boy barely thirteen years old. Poor Gooma was tied to stakes, stretched out flat on the ground, and she was whipped and whipped and whipped, and her eyebrows were burned off, and she was starved to make her admit that she had broken her vows, but she stuck to her denial, and so did I. Old Chief O-Lou-

Wa-Li did not administer the punishment to Gooma, but he witnessed it. His wives did the torturing, so the poor child suffered greatly, because the women of the old chief did not like Gooma, and they heaped curse upon curse on her head. The names they called her made the blood curdle.

In my case, my father did the punishing, and I believe that I made him more cruel, because every time he struck me with the stick over my bare back, I said that I would go back to my White Father, in Scotland, and I continually called on my White Father, and on his son, my friend, so my father hit me all the harder. I bear the marks on my back to-day from the severe floggings that I received, and the whole accusation was false.

The severe beatings, and the torture of hot needles in my tongue, stopped, but my statement was still a complete denial, and it was the same with Gooma. My eldest brother began to feel worried because it looked as if he were to be laughed at as a false accuser.

The council was called again, and poor Gooma and I were dragged to the place of meeting. My brother explained how he came by such a tale as he had related. He said that he loved me, his father's favorite son. At this my father objected, and said, "Principal son"; so my brother continued that it pained him to accept a story against his good little brother, and he could even then hardly believe such a thing. He warmed up and tried once more to force the case against Gooma and me, and continued talking. He added that his information had come from a reliable source, a small boy, and that it is as impossible for a little boy's mind to tell a straight lie as it is for the leopard to drink with a lion. "Therefore," he said, "this pair deserve

to be burnt." He stopped talking, because he had again demanded that Gooma and I should be tortured.

Old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li could bear no more. He jumped up and answered by saying: "We must leave this case to *Oro*!"

No one dared to oppose this, because every one knew that it was just. *Oro* is a native Fetich superstition; the people believe that the *Oro* god can find out all wrong-doers, because every one who has committed wrong of any kind must admit that wrong to the *Oro* god when it is brought around, seven times a year, and seven days at each time. No native would think of hiding wrong from the *Oro*, because he believes that in so doing he would bring terrible disaster upon every one. We had to wait until *Oro* sounded.

The Chief Witch-Doctor stood up and said that he knew that O-Lou-Wa-Li was just in wishing to refer the case to *all-seeing Oro*. He added, "Woe be to the one that *Oro* puts his finger upon; it would be better for that one never to have been born." My brother did not feel comfortable, because he knew that he had put the devil in that small boy's heart to say what he had said, all lies.

In the days that followed, my brother tried in many ways to be friendly with me, but my father kept me from him as much as possible. In the case of Gooma, all the women who had flogged that poor girl unmercifully wanted to be kind to her, but O-Lou-Wa-Li kept Gooma from them as much as possible. The women had not taken part in the accusation; they had done only what they had been ordered.

The time for *Oro* came, and everybody prepared. Women dare not show themselves during the seven days of *Oro*; they must confine themselves to

their own compounds until it is all over. On the first night of *Oro* nothing unusual happened. Gooma and I did not go out to meet *Oro* because we had done no wrong. The little boy who had told the story, and my brother, did not appear either. The little boy was a Fetich-worshipper, and my brother belonged to the "Strange People." The little boy had no one in his own faith to consult, because no Fetich person would give him any encouragement in the wrong that he had committed. My brother had the Rabbi of our own Faith, with whom he could talk the matter over before going out to the *Oro*. Although we are a separate people, with an entirely different religion, we are nevertheless compelled to comply with all Fetich laws, regarding taboos, and secret organizations of the government. One thing we did have above the other people, and that was seven Rabbis, who were the guardians of our Faith and Morals. Whatever difficulty arose we had the Rabbis to consult. In this business the Chief Rabbi was unwilling to interfere, because it would bring down severe abuse on our community, if he dared to condone one in the dreadful evil of delivering one of his own blood up to another people. So my brother was advised to go out to *Oro*, after the boy had gone, and tell all he knew of this affair, and let all be the truth.

The next night *Oro* sounded, and it was louder and more weird than ever. Three men went before *Oro* on complaint of their wives. Every one of these men had ten wives, and the complaint was that every man had stayed too long with the last wife. One man had refused to go with any of his other wives; another had taken his new bride into his own house to live with him, saying that she was too delicate to do work

around the compound with other women; while the third had kept with his bride all the time. All three men lost their wives, and all three were so mutilated that one of the three died, and the other two lived in mockery the remainder of their lives, in a compound called, "The Place of the Agha," meaning, "Eunuchs." On this same night many other punishments were decreed. Two girls lost their fingers for stealing something; a boy was ordered put to death by the Ogboni Society, for disobedience; and two married girls were mutilated for being caught in adultery.

The little boy in my case did not appear before *Oro* that night. On the third night the boy appeared and related his story. He said that he was not friendly with Ibn LoBagola, neither were any of the other boys, because of the strange way that Ibn LoBagola had of associating with girls, and actually talking with them, and playing with them, and because Ibn LoBagola had brought forbidden ways into the land. He said that he had told the brother of Ibn LoBagola how he had seen me and the girl Gooma, who was possessed with many devils, in each other's company many times, and that the brother of Ibn LoBagola had urged him to repeat his statement over and over again, and had added a few words every time.

The case became controversial, and therefore no punishment could be given until ordered by the particular council where it was first heard. My brother appeared before *Oro*, and his statement was brief, saying that he had no evil intentions, and that it was justice that prompted him to bring complaint against the son of his own father. During all this time, my father was not asleep nor was old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li. Both had received the report of the find-

ings of the guardians of *Oro*, and they pushed the matter ahead quickly.

It was the day just before *Oro* stopped when my brother gave his statement to *Oro*. I can never forget that day. If the case had turned against Gooma and me, it would have delayed my marriage another year, because the burning that I would have suffered would have been a long while healing up.

The meeting of the special council was called. Oh, what a meeting! Gooma and I cried! We pitied each other's state. I was still tender, and so was that flower, Gooma. Tears bring no pity in my country, but usually scorn, but we cried, nevertheless. I am crying now, as I write about it. I honestly believe that my brother was prompted by a sense of duty, and not by spite. Although my brother had me tested by ordeal and torture, and had me flogged, he was prompted by his natural sense of right. Had I not learned many strange things during the four years that I had been out of my country? When the meeting was over my father gave me his hand to kiss; and my! how I kissed his hand! Never before had I clung to the hand of my father as I did then. Gooma kissed the foot of old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li, and washed his foot with her tears. We kissed the hands of all the adults present, and then sat down greatly relieved.

I was willing to take as many wives as my father desired me to take, which was a stupendous task, because he had already chosen six girls for me to marry at the same time, which was a little out of the ordinary, but my father was eager, so I bowed to his will.

My father stood up, which meant that a storm was brewing in his breast, and addressed the council in the following manner, saying: "It may be that the father to the mother of that son who

calls me father, ran fast after the woman that bore the mother who gave birth to the mother of the son that calls me father. If he only ran after her, let us rejoice, but it is plainly seen that he caught her, and I have my hairs to witness that the female was a monkey." This was a terrible statement. When my father said this my poor brother screamed, "*Ya Bah!*" meaning, "My father!" But my father kept on, saying further: "As the bold fighting leopard finds himself in a crowd of snakes, so I find myself, when I took to my own compound, the offspring to that mysterious union; I conjure all, to bear witness for me, that I have not stayed with the Mother Monk; still, how could a female be born to me, one who resembles a monkey so perfectly, in nature?"

What cruel words! My poor brother shrieked, and he dripped with perspiration, and he cried out to the Chief Witch-Doctor to save him from harshness from the lips of his own father.

My father continued in a loud voice: "My birth-right I have nursed; it has been profaned; I gave it to my rightful heir, the very core of my heart; I have had anguish that no other nobleman has ever known; I have faced death without the distinction of seeing my heir, *The Sole Of My Foot* (the meaning of my name, "*Bata*"). I want to know if one father has had an heir, who has actually died, who has ever come back to life again. My own child, him of my first thoughts, was as if dead, but he has returned to us, whole and clean, and now is about to complete the most Sacred Rite in our noble land, to take to himself as my choice and my wish, a household and a bride. This one here who calls me '*Ya Bah*,' this son of the monkey, not of mine, has tried to dash my every bone to the water."

My poor brother interrupted again by running to where my father stood, and falling down before him, kissing his feet wildly, and doing the same to all the men present. Oh, what a trial! It was not of much importance at first, but it had developed into a tragic event. My father was compelled to stop talking from exhaustion.

Old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li rose and began to talk. He started slowly, but he became excited and screamed. He demanded that this affair be left to the "Circle." Now the "Circle" in my home is a bad thing. Any one who is accused in a "Circle" is always killed, in a horrible way, for the pleasure of the King. The "Circle" is an ancient cus-

tom seldom followed. Its purpose originally was to discover those who had evil in their hearts, and conspired against the King. The Witches and Witch-Doctors had charge of the "Circle," and it was their business to smell out guilty persons. This practice had been abolished but could be revived at any time, at the pleasure of the King, only. Now when old Chief O-Lou-Wa-Li called to the Chief Witch-Doctor to let the "Circle" decide the case, he surely had it in mind to have my brother killed.

The chief Rabbi of my people forced my father to oppose the terrible suggestion. My father said aloud, "Not a drop of my son's blood shall run."

[*"A Mating in the Jungle,"* by Ibn LoBagola, the account of the strange marriage ceremony and the fate of the beautiful Gooma, appears next month.]



The Southern Legend

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

SECOTIONALISM is defined to be devotion, especially when disproportionate, to the interests peculiar to a section of the country. It is supposed to be characteristically a Southern complaint. Yet when one views current Northern ideas about the contemporary South—ideas that in many cases are still as naïve and absurd as those movingly set forth in "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*"—one is at least sympathetic to Southern weaknesses. Professor Roulhac Hamilton points out that for over a generation Southerners have complained that their section has been given insufficient attention by writers on American history, and though, as he indicates, it is Southern carelessness and not grasping Yankee cunning which is

responsible for an undue emphasis, the undue emphasis remains. Because the classics of American letters are so frequently Northern products, Southern school-children learn about the barefoot boy and the over-soul and the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow; whereas, unfortunately for regional understanding, the scenes of Poe's stories are laid in the misty mid-region of Weir. The results are natural enough; but it is also natural that Southerners should relish Mr. Pattee's dry witticism that Barrett Wendell's "*Literary History of America*" ought to be renamed "*A Literary History of Harvard University, with Incidental Glimpses of the Minor Writers of America*." As the colored heroine of T. B. Campbell's amusing novel, "*Black*

Sadie," remarks, you "gits tired" of Yankee white folks—"they don't know how to treat niggers."

For, despite the good feeling between the sections, despite the increased migration and communication north and south, most Northerners know less about the former Confederacy than they do about any other section of the country. Characteristic of their hazy ideas is the opening of T. S. Stribling's latest book, "Bright Metal." When that narrative begins, John Calhoun Pomeroy of Tennessee is motoring home with his very new and very Northern bride. To her "the South in which she was going to make her home was a colorful region; a land of colonial mansions, of handsome men and beautiful dark-eyed women, of antique courtesy and overflowing hospitality," for such, says the novelist, are the "implications which the word 'South' always holds for Northern minds." "Pom," she asks on the first page, "are there any magnolias on our front lawn?" When Pom informs her that one hardly if ever sees a magnolia in Tennessee, Agatha's long disillusionment begins. Alas, the world of the colonial houses, the faithful darkey, the Southern belle, the duello, and perpetual moonlight has faded, if indeed it ever existed, and in Southern letters, at least, has left not a wrack behind.

It is to be hoped that most of us are better botanists than Agatha, but the tendency to read the South, not only in terms of its legend but also in terms of its failings, is well-nigh universal. There must be hundreds of persons who, on the basis of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the annual report of the Association for the Advancement of Colored People, believe that, anywhere south of Mason and Dixon's line, every negro, as soon as he

wakes up, begins the daily business of trembling for his life. Immediately upon the defeat of Al Smith the editor of a national magazine wrote me, requesting that I contribute an article on what he called "the domination of ignorant Methodist and Baptist clergymen over the minds of Southern people." He spoke of "the blight which Protestant priestcraft" has put upon Southern culture, and he said it would make a tremendous article. It certainly would. But having lived in the Middle West and having observed the smug morality of Gopher Prairie, not to speak of some curious religious phenomena in Los Angeles, I declined to confine my discussion of such blighting as may exist, to any particular region.

But the legends will not down. The wife of a Massachusetts professor who had moved to a leading Southern university, and who bought a house in a most respectable residential section of a little Southern city, having been told in Boston that it was unsafe for any woman to go out alone in the South, sat meekly at home all day long while her husband attended to his academic duties. What fearful calamities she anticipated I do not know; to date she is a disappointed woman. But is not the South the land of lynching, the Ku Klux Klan, the night rider, the shot from ambush, the feud, the voodoo murder, violence, passion, and sudden death—in short, a kind of immensely extended and rural Chicago? The good lady was merely acting on what many believe. She was as honest as the Italian who expects to find Tom Mix killing wicked cowboys immediately west of New York, or the Southerner who imagines that every one in the Windy City has to buy an armored car.

When the picture is not one of vio-

lence, it is one of primitivism, delightful or dreadful as the case may be. Let us take the delightful one first. It is a picture which a good many Southerners have helped to create—this legend of the folk. In many ways it does not lack charm. In a land that is always afternoon, platoons of perpetually grinning darkeys line up in the cotton fields, prepared to burst out with "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" the moment a white man appears. Others, in snug cabins, feast perpetually on the possum and the coon to the rollicking music of a banjo. Around the corner, in the shade of the persimmon-tree, Miss Sally's little boy listens forever to tall tales from Uncle Remus, while from a chain-gang up the road the lyrical voice of an undiscovered Paul Robeson croons the plaintive measures: "Water-boy, where are you hidin'?" All female negroes in sight are prepared at a moment's notice to dish up a meal of "Southern cooking"—food that I have never found satisfactory except in a Northern restaurant; and up yonder in the ditch by the road the colored laborers are so delighted with the opportunity to swing a pick and manipulate a shovel that they sing at their labor, while a collector of folk ditties in the shade takes down the words and music of their songs.

Meantime, in the mountains to the rear, the simple Southern highlanders converse among themselves in sentences impartially compounded of "hit," "you-uns," and "tote," a vocabulary which they find sufficient for all ideas. The cultivation of four rows of corn supplies their needs, and their babies cry out for moonshine as soon as they are born. By day their chief occupation is to sit; by night they sleep seven in a bed, though they will promptly vacate the bed on the approach of a "furriner," and migrate

to the floor, which they prefer. They wear nothing but sunbonnets and blue jeans, none of them has ever seen a train, and in the intervals of singing "ballets," they ejaculate from time to time, "Yeh ain't done right by our little Nell!" and immediately shoot everybody in sight with a rifle which saw service at King's Mountain. Delightful simplicity! Arcadian perfection! Elsewhere

"There is confusion, worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,"

but they, like the lotos-eaters, are content with "music centred in a doleful song," dancing all night to the music of a mountain fiddle, and spitting all day!

No doubt I exaggerate, though I sometimes think that nothing is too weird and wonderful for the Northern tourist to believe. Take the other side of the picture, for example—the dreadful side. The South is the land of ignorance, superstition, and hookworm. It denies its negroes the poor privilege of learning to read and write, and, on occasion, it burns them to death. Its average mentality is measured by the absurdities of the Scopes trial (wasn't the late William Jennings Bryan born and educated in Illinois?); and if you want further proof of its ignorance, isn't it true that Arkansas has just passed an anti-evolution bill by popular referendum, and that any Southerner, if you ask him the proper question, will immediately grow red in the face and retort fiercely, "Would you want your sister to marry a nigger?"

Well, I suppose there is little merit in bandying epithets back and forth. It might be interesting to weigh the stupidities of the Dayton trial in a little Tennessee town against the cruelties of the Sacco-Vanzetti case in cultivated

Massachusetts, just as it would be possible to balance the power of travelling evangelists to sway illiterate whites against the morbid hold of tabloid newspapers over the emotions of half-baked clerks and silly stenographers. The obvious truth is that ignorance and failure are peculiar to no region, just as the obvious fault is that the dust in your neighbor's eye is always a beam, while that in your own is always a mote. Against the current legends of the South let me set a despatch to the *New York Times* from Dallas, Texas.

But first, a word about Texas. When the Wrenn Library, that priceless collection of original editions and rare books, went to the United States, the late Edmund Gosse, the distinguished critic, lamented in a signed article in *The London Times* that this invaluable library should have gone to Austin, Texas, "a little town on the Mexican border," and, in Mr. Gosse's opinion, apparently an inaccessible and forbidding place. Mr. Gosse seems to have attributed the purchase to some eccentric insanity in a cowboy millionaire. The mere detail that the distance from Austin to Laredo (on the Rio Grande) is about the distance which separates Liverpool from Edinburgh, or that an army of invading Mexicans would have to travel nine hours on the train before setting fire to the library—these items merely contribute to the charm of Mr. Gosse's geographical fancies. Like most people he didn't bother to look up the facts. His literary judgment, however, was correct, and one of the finest university libraries in the country remains obstinately in Texas. To it have been added in recent years the Aiken collection of English literature; and, escorted out of Mexico by an armed guard, with a librarian sitting on top of a freight-car,

the great Garcia collection of Spanish-American literature. But to get on to my despatch.

Commenting on the wealth flowing into Texas, the writer of the article in *The Times* remarked on the extraordinary cultural activity which this wealth has brought to Dallas alone. In that city the Little Theatre, entering its eighth year, has just opened a playhouse in the Spanish style, equipped in the most modern manner, at a cost of \$100,000—all this for an "amateur" theatre. So far as he knew, Texas is the only State in the Union which supports a book club of its own—the Book Club of Texas, devoted to artistic printing. In Dallas is *The Southwest Review*, which, with *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, disputes the privilege of being the liveliest magazine in the South. Musically, Dallas is a flourishing metropolis; and it is now beginning actively to encourage the other arts. And the article concludes that "it is significant that here is being produced a native American art smacking of American spirit and pungent with the damp smell of fertile American soil."

On the other hand, when Mr. Philip Guedalla, the English historian, visited Texas a year or so ago, his description reached its climax in a fact that, he says, "thrilled beyond all others. Did we not feel for an incomparable instant the delicious proximity of the Southern gentleman," armed, it seems, with a shotgun? Yet a New York newspaperman recently found it profitable to write a column about the Dallas Little Theatre and its associated arts. Doubtless they both tell the truth, though personally, after living in Texas for five or six years, I must report that while I met a number of gentlemen, Southern, Western, and Northern, none of them, so far as

I know, carried a shotgun. The point for us lies in the remark of the witty Frenchman who warns us to beware of looking for anything, for we shall be sure to find it. I hope Mr. Guedalla saw his shotgun. I know the New York newspaperman saw his theatre.

The truth is that nobody in the North knows what is going on in the cultural life of the South to-day; and, for that matter, not many Southerners know either. The intellectual quickening which has accompanied its industrial development has resulted in a series of bewildering shifts of values. It is a Georgia newspaper, the *Columbus Enquirer-Sun*, which first effectively shattered the silence of the Ku Klux Klan. It is to Southern writers like Howard W. Odum, Paul Green, Julia Peterkin, and Du Bose Heyward that we owe our most illuminating studies of the capacities and incapacities of the negro. It is to the University of North Carolina Press that Southern social workers look for publications that will guide them in their labors. It is to Charleston and New Orleans that the inquirer must go to find cities where culture grows naturally and not as an artificial product. The State of Virginia has just reorganized and modernized its system of government. Louisiana recently rebuilt the entire physical plant of its State university and now supports it by a modern system of taxation. Three Southern States went Republican, and lo! the sun stayed in the heavens. A vast and vehement literature is coming out of the South. In short, there is a general stirring of dry bones; and the gibe of Walter Hines Page that the mummies are in the saddle has not been true for a decade.

This is, I think, the most remarkable development in contemporary Ameri-

can civilization—this renaissance of the South. But the North goes placidly on, ignoring the facts, and believing what it has always wanted to believe. Does this seem “sectional” on my part? Take the latest instance of Northern blankness which has come to my attention—the publication, under the editorship of Kirby Page, of “Recent Gains in American Civilization,” a book by “a group of distinguished critics of contemporary life” determined to find out what has been going on in the United States since the same publishers issued “Civilization in the United States” six and a half years ago. The only person in the South thought to be competent to contribute to the volume is Charles S. Johnson, of Fiske University. Mr. Charles A. Beard is cheerful about American government in this volume, but he displays no knowledge of advances made in Southern state affairs. Mr. Stuart Chase is optimistic about business, but he does not discuss the prodigious increase of business in the South. Mary Van Kleek thinks that industrial relations are improving, but mill villages do not come within her ken. Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdick has a chapter on religion, but if there is a religious problem in Dixie, he succeeds in concealing the fact. There is a chapter on literature by Mary Austin; and though, in the opinion of many, the most interesting literature being written in the United States comes out of the South, her chapter exhibits not the slightest familiarity with the work being done. Doubtless Southern sectionalism is deplorable, but in view of Southern accomplishment during the twentieth century, in view of the persistence with which Northerners misread or neglect the South, Southern sectionalism is about the only defense which the progressive can turn to.

Cassidy's Road to Rome

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

STRAIGHT as a transit line through the depths of the swamp stretched a moss-covered, irregular stone barricade. On either side of it reeds and grass had been frost-bitten to a burnt-umber shade and lay winter-brittle underfoot. Scrub-oaks and underbrush stood leafless and lifeless about pools of stagnant water. Mist shrouded the surrounding hills, and through the mist an east wind drove a fine, cold rain like myriad silver wires.

Behind the stone rampart, but scarcely sheltered by it, lay the enemy. The enemy was divided into two parts. The larger half was Terrence Cassidy; the lesser, Tom Riley. Beneath them were their slickers, stretched out upon the soggy turf.

Cassidy thrust a head and neck, not unlike a snapping turtle's, out from the shell which his upturned coat collar formed. He cautiously peered over the stone barricade at the open field, which his battalion of imaginary machine-guns were supposed to sweep.

"If this was decent weather, or if we was handy to a saloon or a woman, they'd never leave me and you be the enemy," growled Cassidy.

"I dun no. We might," retorted Riley. He disagreed on principle with everything the other sergeant said. Riley's happiness depended upon contradictions.

"Well, then," Cassidy spat, "why ain't they comin' to o-bliterate us?"

"They won't try it." Riley spat more loudly and forcefully than had Cassidy. "They'll try flankin' or turnin' our wing."

"Naw. Naw. That would take two hours. The old man don't like these-here-now war-games any better'n I do. Grenades and rush and get back to mess is his style."

Riley thrust his head and neck out of his coat collar, completing his resemblance to a smaller but even more savage snapping turtle. "What'd you know about tactics?" he demanded. "You can't grenade machine-guns out of a resistance line like this. Not with all these-here stone to lay in behind. If they can't bring up artillery on us, they got to flank."

"Who says so?"

"I say so."

"I was a sergeant when you was . . ."

"Yeah. And I was a corporal when you was in the guard-house."

That referred to an incident still fresh in the minds of them both. Cassidy tactfully turned the subject.

"I wan-na know who dumped these stone here, anyhow. Hewn stone, too. Must have been an old church or a castle."

"Yah." Riley laughed mockingly. "A church. Must of been a church, says you. Whoever heard of a church a mile long? They'd have to put the altar-boys on bicycles."

"What was it then?" demanded Cassidy. "You must be the guy that made the map. That signal-corps map that had the river runnin' up-hill."

"It was a road. A Roman road."

"Who says . . ."

"Th' major says so. Shows it to me on a map. 'There's your resistance line,'

he says. 'Back of them stones. The old Roman road. We attack you from the village without no artillery preparation an' keep your eyes open,' he says, 'because . . .'

"You flat-footed re-cruit. Don't you know Rome is in Italy, where the Pope is? This is France. It's further from here to Rome than it is to Chicago. Roman road. You'll be tellin' me it's part of th' Lake Shore Drive . . ."

"I'll tell you plenty."

"You can't tell me nothin', stock-yards Irish."

"Switch-shanty Mick . . ."

The enemy turned to do battle with itself. Cassidy, rising to strike manfully for the honor of his home in Ashtabula, happened to glance across the stone wall.

"Here they are. . . ." Cassidy hissed. "Gimme that signal-flag." He wig-wagged the advancing battalion violently. "What's our range, Tom?"

"Call it six hundred."

For twenty minutes theoretical rifle grenades, imaginary one-pound cannons, supposititious musket fire and non-existent bayonets annihilated, decimated, dissolved, dispersed, killed, mutilated, and wounded Cassidy and Riley. Rushes carried the attacking forces up within striking distance. Meanwhile the valiant Cassidy signalled and criticised the enveloping soldiery.

"Get a load of that Lieutenant Robbins's talk. He swears a mean war . . . Never mind, captain. If we was only firin', you wouldn't have-ta worry about them birds. They'd all be dead . . . That would take a load off from your mind . . . Save your voice, sergeant. They'll keep their heads down when the time comes. One shot over them and they'd stick their heads into the ground like fishin'-worms . . . Tom. Take a

look at that scout platoon. They waddle up like a lot of ducks . . . What a laugh the Dutchmen are goin' t'git out of them . . ."

On their right five hundred men with fixed bayonets clambered over the stones and made gestures at the under-brush. Just behind them a whistle blew four times. Cassidy put down his signal-flag and saluted.

"I didn't see the colonel, sir."

"Well, sergeant. Have a nice sleep?"

"We wasn't sleepin', sir," interposed Riley. "It was too cold."

"C'n I ask th' colonel a question?"

The officer looked at Cassidy, with a suspicion of a smile crinkling his mouth corners.

"No use, sergeant. No passes for anybody. No passes anywhere. There'll never be any more passes."

"That isn't what I was goin' to ask th' colonel." Cassidy's tone was grieved, for he disliked having his motives impugned. "What was all these-here-now hewn rocks dumped here for?"

"Road," said the colonel. "Roman road."

"Yah," Riley shouted. "What'd I tell you? Church says you. Yah. Church. You're ignoranter than a pig."

The colonel laughed until the silver eagles on his shoulder-straps seemed to flap their wings. "I guess Riley's right, sergeant. It certainly wasn't a church. Just part of the old Roman road that ran up from Marseilles to Calais."

The colonel turned to receive the report of his regimental staff. Cassidy spoke quickly, but feelingly, under his breath to Riley.

"One more 'church' crack from you and you're goin' on sick report. And not from nothin' that happened to you in the line of duty, understand?"

"Yah. Church," snarled Riley. Be-

cause of the proximity of the staff, nothing followed.

That evening Chaplain Brewster was reading in his quarters when there was a discreet tap at the door. "Come in," called the chaplain, expecting a budget of letters to be censored. But Cassidy stood before him. Cassidy had never been a member of his flock, but, rather, a jeering infidel.

"What was it, sergeant?"

"Why was them Romans buildin' roads up in this part of the world, father?"

There was no particular reason why the Calvinist chaplain should have been flattered when addressed as "father." Or at being questioned by the unruly Cassidy. But he found he was.

"Sit down, sergeant. I'll tell you." To his astonishment, Cassidy sat.

"You've heard of Julius Cæsar, sergeant?"

"Who was he?"

Taps was being blown when Cassidy rose from his chair. "Thank you, sir," he was saying. He obviously meant it. "And if the chaplain should happen to get that book for me I'd be much obliged to the chaplain, sir."

Instead of being ushered in with croupes and violets, spring arrived with a half-dozen offensives, a regimental casualty list, and a weedy mob of replacements. The battles and the casualty list were moderately welcome; the first was a change from perpetual drills, and an unpopular officer headed the latter. But to Cassidy, now First Sergeant Cassidy, the first respite from the front-line duty brought only distressful cares.

In a dirty village street, to the rub-a-dub-dub of distant gun-fire, Cassidy tore out his bristling hair as he tried to teach the recruits the school of the soldier. "You've heard tell of the three 'r's' in

the old grammar-school," Cassidy made oration to the attentive rookies. "In th' army, it's th' three 'l's'—liquor, lovin', an' lyin', within reason. Pay attention to them, an' do as I tell you, and you'll look like soldiers, even if you ain't. Dismiss."

At Cassidy's elbow stood Riley.

"Th' comp'ny clerk says you had mail come," began Riley belligerently.

"What if I did?" returned the first sergeant.

"It was a package, he says."

"That clerk'll get in trouble; he talks too much."

"That package," continued Riley, thrusting out his jaw, "was flat an' heavy. It hefted like choc-o-lat."

"Naw. It wasn't nothin' to eat."

"Anything to smoke?"

"Naw. Nothin' to smoke."

"What th' hell was it, then?"

"Book."

"What're you doin' with a book? You ain't never read a book. Why don't . . . ?"

"List'n." Cassidy tapped Riley's chest with his trigger-crooked forefinger. "Supposin' it was so, that I never took time off to read a book, I can read it, can't I?"

Riley shrugged. "How should I know?" he inquired, as he walked rapidly away.

"He don't know if I c'n read?" snorted Cassidy to himself. "Let's see what he knows."

It was afternoon a week later when the company found shelter in a ruined stone barn, from which its former occupants had been pried with bayonets and no little difficulty. A gaping hole made in the centre of the roof by a high-explosive shell had removed both tiles and laths. But the upright walls, quickly loopholed for rifles and machine-

guns, made a not-unworthy fortress.

Close against these walls, so as to be concealed from an enemy machine-gun that was still sputtering in the steeple of the village church, lay the members of the company. Riley posted his platoon and then threw himself down beside Cassidy.

"Pretty slick in here, Terry." Riley shifted his gas-mask from chest to back and used it for a pillow. "It makes a good cover, don't it?"

Outside bullets spattered against the stone, while in a street parallel with the one they dominated could be heard suggestive sounds of "mopping up" made by another battalion.

"It's like an a-trium," Cassidy said slowly.

"What?"

"A a-trium. You wouldn't know about that. A a-trium's the big front room in a Roman house. They're built with a hole in the roof like this here barn."

"I know." Riley wrinkled up his nose scornfully. "And when it rains they all run around the library table and say 'quack, quack.' "

Cassidy paid no attention to this scornful comment. He continued, as if he were repeating a lesson he had scanned many times. "The Romans loved sunshine. In city houses as in country villa they made adequate provision for basking in its warmth. Shielded by awnings when necessary . . ."

"Terry! Terry!" There was deep concern in Riley's tone. "Was you hit or somethin'? List'n, Terry. Was you shell-shocked by that grenade?"

"I ain't hit. I'm tellin' you about them Romans . . ."

"Turn over and lem'me look at you. I'll bring you back to the dressing-station. . . ."

"Take your mitts off me. Th' Romans . . ."

Riley swore, hoarsely and fervently. He raised himself upon his elbow and shouted across the barn to a nervous private. "Hey! You! Cusack, there. Quit playin' with them grenades before one of them goes off in your hands and you wake up th' major." His duty performed, he turned back to Cassidy. "Yeah, Romans. I mind them now."

"Th' Romans is the greatest people that ever lived," said Cassidy.

"Sure," agreed Riley. "They built that mile-long church you was tellin' me about, last winter."

Even that insulting recollection did not anger Cassidy. "Maybe they had churches a mile long and maybe they didn't. That'll be under 'C' and I ain't had time to read that far yet. I just read all of 'A' and into 'B' as far as bakeries."

"All right. Have it your own way. The Romans was all hellers." Riley's hand went into his pocket. "I'll roll you for high dice and we'll settle when we get paid."

"Not me," returned Cassidy, his hand going into the leather despatch-case he carried. But instead of bringing forth the company records he produced a thick volume entitled "Roman Life," and opened it to a page marked with a folded and unread divisional order. "I'm goin' to read a piece in my book."

"Where's your mornin' report?" demanded Riley, pointing to the case which should have contained it.

"Throwed it away. There wasn't room in this case for it and my book, too."

Riley was aghast. "How're you goin' t' make ration returns? Don't you think we wan'na eat?"

"List'n, rookie." Cassidy paused in his classical studies to glare at the pla-

toon sergeant. "When there's no mornin' reports made out th' company draws rations for full strength, two hundred and twenty men. Because, without mornin' reports they can't prove we ain't got our full strength. Th' mornin'-report book is lost in action, and we'll be eatin' better'n any other company in th' regiment. Now leave me be, to do my readin', and don't try tellin' me how to top-kick my company."

Riley's jaw dropped. "If I thought you learned that one out of your book, I'd read it myself."

First Sergeant Cassidy was, in all probability, the only non-commissioned officer in the American Expeditionary Forces to use a volume of "Roman Life" as a military manual. Riley, and indeed the rest of the company, grew to hate the very thought of it.

Worse conversationalist than the man with one child is the man with one book.

On night marches, or when the men were scantly sheltered in fox holes, waiting for the rocket signal to attack, it was army courtesy to talk of women, good jobs on the outside, liquor, gambling, home, square meals, and other professional matters. On such occasions Cassidy spoke unendingly of the Romans.

Sloughing along, at the head of the column, he would approach the captain.

"Capt'n. Could th' captain tell me if them Centurions in th' Roman army was commissioned officers? Or was they non-coms, like me?"

"I don't know, Cassidy."

"Well, if they was non-coms, how is it they was let in on councils of war and their opinions accepted by the generals in preference to . . ."

"Better drop back to the rear of the

column, sergeant. See if there are any stragglers."

And, obediently halting until the last file approached, Cassidy would swing in beside Lieutenant Chambers.

"Lieutenant. You was to college and you ought to know. How'd them Romans make out when they went over and tackled th' Irish?"

"Just keep track of the column, sergeant. I want to go up front and talk to the captain."

Such evasions were well enough for the officers, who could, when worst came to worst, peremptorily order Cassidy to cease his clatter. But for the men, over whom Cassidy reigned like a perpetual threat of ration-carrying and burying assignments, there was no escape.

"Did I ever tell you how them old Romans used to fetch water down-town from out in the country, corporal?"

The unlucky corporal, with a mental groan but a great fear of losing his chevrons, would reply: "Naw, serg., I guess you never did."

Again it might be a harassed private whom Cassidy found beside him. "Soldier. They got a great system in Rome for marryin' off people. The fella an' th' girl shakes hands and puts flowers on their heads and then everybody gets tight and they carry the girl over to the guy's house and call it a day. Ain't that better'n foolin' with a marriage license and such truck? And it ain't legal unless the Roman fella carries the dame into his front room himself. That's so as puny guys can't get married and breed runty kids. You can't have a woman unless you're strong enough to carry her."

Once Riley made a wild attempt to steal the book. He wore a black eye for several days thereafter, and only said,

when questioned: "If that half-wit had to take up readin' books at his age, I wisht it had been somethin' about love an' politics."

When the company changed fronts in August, Cassidy really came into his own. His book gave him a classical precedent for each and every thing which he chose to order done. They marched through the Marne valley, where, unscarred by war, fields blossomed and vineyards spread and where regulations against "borrowing"—an American soldier never steals or loots—were strictly enforced.

But the first night of the march, when Cassidy glanced at the cook's pathetically simple supper, he signalled to a hungry soldier.

"We passed a potato-field two kilos back. There ain't no house or nothin' near it. Take four men, corporal, and go back there an' dig us some Murphys. Bring enough for two or three days. My book says that th' Roman soldiers always added to their scanty field rations by levchin' contributions on the fields through which they passed."

The following afternoon found them billeted beside a muddy canal. The water was tempting, in spite of a coating of green scum in the shallows. But a hard-hearted medical officer had posted a conspicuous order. "Water Foul. NO SWIMMING. By order of So-and-so."

Cassidy pulled down the sign.

"Go ahead, fellas. Swim all you like. No Roman went through the day without his bath. I guess them Romans knew more about fightin' than any iodine swab we got in our army. What th' hell! That water won't hurt us. We's dirtier'n what th' water is."

Riley approved of the sentiment, but not of the authority which Cassidy

quoted. Riley, seated on the bank, had removed his shoes and unwound his puttees. On his tongue was a long-considered sarcasm.

"Cassidy, wasn't you tellin' me that them Romans captured France in two summers? Ain't that what your book says?"

Cassidy, entirely nude, and poised for a dive into the canal, nodded. "It's so. Th' book says . . ."

"Then, Cassidy," Riley grinned in malicious triumph, "why didn't they hang on to the country and put the Dutchmen out of it theirselves, without botherin' us?"

"I'll tell you, just like I read it in th' book." Cassidy grew very serious. "Th' Roman non-coms, well, they licked all of France in two years, an' most of Germany to boot. A guy named Julie Cæsar was C. in C. and Galba was his chief of staff. But then, after they'd got France they looked it over and seen it was no good. So they give it back to the Frogs. C'n you blame 'em?"

Cassidy dived into the questionable water.

Riley, half out of his trousers, nodded at the other's logic. "If he knew his Bible like he knows that Roman book, he'd make a good cardinal."

It is not difficult to understand why Cassidy was never court-martialled for his impudent high-handedness. Good non-commissioned officers were hard to find, and, when it came to placing effectives on the firing-line Cassidy was one in a thousand. He was like a horse that must be allowed to take his own gait, but at that speed is both willing and tireless.

The company was marching toward Verdun, one night, when a mounted orderly delivered an order. Their com-

missioned officers had been transferred to units which had no Cassidy to handle them.

"So the major says for us to hurry?" Cassidy mocked. "Go back an' tell th' major, First Sergeant Cassidy said the Roman legions marched three miles an hour, no more, no less. And that's plenty fast enough for us."

The message was delivered: "First Sergeant Cassidy reports that he's hurryin' as fast as possible, sir." It was really what Cassidy meant, and every one did a little paraphrasing for him, when military usages demanded it.

It must have been on September 29, three days after the opening of the new battle on the Verdun front, that a company runner came to Cassidy in a shocking state as to clothes. He had hurriedly, and in the line of duty, become entangled with much barbed wire.

"Got a minute, serg.?"

"If you just brought me another order from th' colonel, you c'n tell 'im you couldn't find me."

"It ain't th' colonel, serg. Honest. It's me."

"Well?" grunted Cassidy ungraciously.

"Take a look at my pants, serg. There ain't nothin' left of them. I can't go on like this, serg. Lem'me go back to division headquarters and see if I can't get me a new pair. I'd turn 'em around an' wear 'em hind side before, but the seat is worse'n th' front. List'n, serg. It ain't right not to give me no pants. If there was women around here I'd have to be wearin' a barrel. Look at 'em, serg."

Cassidy did not deign to glance at the man's legs.

"Th' Romans, young fella, always took off their togas and done their

fightin' in their underwear. And if you live to be a hundred you'll never be the soldier them Romans was."

Once Cassidy's erudition was immortalized in despatches.

On the outskirts of Corneville stood an elaborate stone smoke-house, in which, for generations, the villagers' hams and bacon had been cured, after hog-killing time in November. The battalion of which Cassidy's was the centre company took the place with a pretty exhibition of street fighting. Next day the Allied General Staff in the *Official Communiqué* reported: "The ancient Roman burial tomb north of the Meuse and the village near it was occupied yesterday by American infantry, who later held their position against strong counter-attacks."

Antiquarians were electrified by the news, for Roman relics had never been located near Corneville. Doctor Armand Jean du Plessis, of the University of Nancy, made a patient investigation, which required two years, and submitted his conclusions to the French Academy. "It seems most probable that, near the village, a long-lost Roman tomb was discovered during intrenching operations. It was later destroyed by shell fire."

The slight error was, of course, Cassidy's. He had noted the similarity between the cone-shaped roof of the smoke-house and the photograph of the Tomb of the Gracci, in the appendix of his book. In the absence of a commissioned officer, he had written the first report of the taking of the village, and a sleepy adjutant at regimental headquarters had passed it along to divisional and army headquarters, where the archaeology was not questioned.

About the 1st of November the com-

pany reached the banks of a little river. Ice crystals feathered over quiet pools, and opinion was practically unanimous that the stream should be crossed by a pontoon bridge, which the men could see a few hundred yards down-stream.

Cassidy, not heeding loud and pointed hints about the bridge, led his cohorts to the water's edge.

"It ain't very deep. Let's go," ordered Cassidy.

"Now, serg.," wailed one of the leading files. "There's a bridge over there an' . . ."

"We'll use no such bridge as that," retorted Cassidy. "I don't like the looks of it and it ain't built right, anyhow. If we had time we'd build a bridge our own selves, just to show them engineers somethin'. In my book I got a picture of a bridge Julie Cæsar built and it don't look nothin' like that."

"But, serg. Th' water's cold an' I can't swim."

"Then get drowned and be damned to you."

Riley elbowed a half-dozen men out of his way and faced Cassidy. The light of battle was in Riley's eyes.

"You c'n take your book and swim, Terrence Cassidy. An' if you gets drowned, it'll be for th' good of th' service."

"Says you."

"Says I," repeated Riley. "This outfit's fed up with you and your book. I'm goin' down and walk over the bridge."

"Refusin' orders in th' face of the enemy, Sergeant Riley?"

"Refusin' Roman orders, Sergeant Cassidy. Roll that up in a cigarette paper and smoke it, you, you, coal-stealin', lantern-bustin', crossin' watchman, Ohio bum."

"I could shoot you. I could have you

shot. I could put you under arrest, or I could wrap that-there machine-gun about your neck . . ."

"And I," shouted Riley, "could take th' pages of your Roman book and feed 'em to you for cabbage-leaves; and your own mother wouldn't know you wasn't a back-yard billy-goat."

"Shut up about me Roman book an' me mudder . . ."

A long whine, like a steamboat whistle, deepened into a roar like that of an express-train in a tunnel. The combative sergeants and their charges became like ostriches, burying their heads in the river mud. Then followed an explosion that rocked the neighborhood. Cassidy, Riley, and the company arose. The disputed bridge was gone.

"Whew!" gasped Riley.

"I told you that bridge wasn't no good." In his triumph Cassidy was even magnanimous. "You c'n just be glad you got me to look out for you, fella."

That night, in his fox hole, Cassidy gave an expurgated version of the affair to his acting captain.

"If Black Jack Pershing an' Bullard had studied up on them Romans, like I done sir, this war would-a-been over long ago. Julie Cæsar licked the Germans first, when they was fresh. Hadn't we ought-ta go after them th' same way, now that we got 'em on the run? In my book it says . . ."

The acting captain, who had been quite comfortable, rose stiffly.

"I'm going over and make sure that we've established liaison with E Company," he said, as he departed to sleep elsewhere.

The armistice was but six hours old when Cassidy sought Riley.

Riley was happy. Beside him was a canteen of captured schnapps, which had been taken from a German prison-

er. He was lying in a comfortable German dugout, talking to a pair of loaded dice. The dice, long inactive, were being promised much employment. Four months' back pay was due the company. Riley was practising rolling sevens on a blanket.

"Tom," said Cassidy, "do me a favor."

Riley looked up.

Below Cassidy's battered helmet was the first sergeant's worn and unshaven face. And below his face was his filthy tunic. And tied to the second button of the tunic was a white "wounded" tag, such as were filled out in first-aid stations and tied to the unfortunate who was being evacuated to a base hospital.

"Gawd, Terry. What happened to you?"

"Nothin'. Just you tell th' actin' captain I said you was to take charge of th' company. An' tell 'im to watch them cooks. They're stealin' bacon and tradin' it to the Frogs for red wine. They drunk up our breakfast, just now."

"I'll kill them grease balls."

"An', Tom. Half th' company needs shoes, an' you should try an' get more sugar for th' coffee. That's bein' stole down to regimental. Don't let Private Pitkin go on sick report. I looked him over and there ain't nothin' wrong with him. And Dunn ought-ta have three days' company punishment for talkin' back to his sergeant an'"

"Terry. What's wrong with you?"

"Nothin', Tom. I wisht you good luck with th' company. Oh, I most forgot. You should requisition blankets and tell th' men to go around and steal whatever ordnance equipment they're short. They can steal it easy off these here National Army guys. Some son-of will be along in a day or two and survey us for ordnance"

"Will you tell me what's happened to you?"

"I'm comin' to that," continued Cassidy. "You c'n report that I was hit yesterday, but I says nothin' about it, hopin' to stick it out with th' company. But while carryin' out th' orders of th' actin' captain with regard to burial parties my wounds was reopened"

"So help me, Terry, I didn't know it. I'd of done your work and glad to. Jeze, Terry, you had of ought to told me so's I"

Cassidy looked gravely at Riley. "One thing more, Tom. If that regimental supply sergeant don't honor your requisitions for shoes an' blankets, you tell him you know where he sold them ten pair of rubber boots"

There were tears in Riley's blue eyes. "Terry, I want-ta take back what I says that day, about feedin' you th' pages of your Roman book."

"Good-by, Tom. They'll give you your first sergeant's chevrons, next month, sure."

"But you'll get well an' come back, Terry. If you don't . . . so help me . . . I'll transfer out-a th' damned regiment. I'll transfer into this carrier-pigeon service or . . . or"

"I won't be back." Cassidy leaned over and whispered in Riley's ear. "You c'n write me at Rome, care of th' general delivery."

"Rome. What you mean, Rome?"

Cassidy nodded his head. "Goin' to live there. Enlist in the Roman army. You gotta enlist for twenty years, so there ain't much chance of me seein' you again."

"List'n, Terry." Riley grabbed his arm. "You can't do that. I wouldn't blame you for takin' an A. W. O. L. But desertin's desertin'. Some M. P.'ll

grab you and you'll be breakin' stones in Leavenworth . . . ”

Cassidy thrust the white ticket under Riley's nose. “Take a look at that card, kid. It says ‘American Hospital at Rome,’ don't it?”

“But some M. P.'ll know it looks more like your writin' than th' medical captain's.”

Cassidy laughed triumphantly. “They won't get no sample of my writin'. I'm goin' to bandage up both my hands and make people light my cigarettes and feed me, all the way to Rome.” Cassidy put out his hand and gripped Riley's. “So long, soldier. I'll send you a picture of me in Rome.”

The days that followed were comprehensive torments to Riley. Every time an official letter came for the company captain he feared it was notification of Cassidy's arrest. And, to add to his discomfort, there was a tendency in the regiment to make something of a hero out of Cassidy.

Nor were Riley's misgivings all on Cassidy's account. He had cheerfully reported the first sergeant's wounds, without realizing that the report, ipso facto, made him an accessory to the lie.

When first questioned, Riley had given gory descriptions of the wounds, repeating all of Cassidy's story and inventing more. The colonel, furious at his medical staff for obvious neglect of duty, made heroic efforts to learn to what hospital Cassidy had been taken.

“If he was bad as you reported, sergeant,” said the colonel to Riley one afternoon, during the march to Coblenz, “the poor fellow may have died by the roadside.”

“I hope not, sir,” Riley choked.

“Damned medics. Going out and getting drunk that afternoon,” growled the colonel. “Some one should have

been there to evacuate him. I'll make 'em sweat for it.”

Even his Roman-ridden company forgot Cassidy's faults and spoke of him as a square-shooter, the best top-kicker in the army, and compared Riley to him, much to Riley's disparagement. And the colonel, chiefly to annoy his medical staff, recommended Cassidy through military channels for a decoration.

And Riley himself, far from receiving his warrant as first sergeant in the deserter's place, was left “acting,” while the officers patiently waited for the wanderer to return.

“If I thought he ever really got to Rome,” said Riley to himself, the night Cassidy's citation for bravery was read to the regiment, “I'd go A. W. O. L. myself, go to Rome and beat his roamin' Roman nose in, for him.”

It was an afternoon in late December. In the streets of the little German village hobnailed shoes plunk-plunked in rhythmic beat, as the companies swung down the street from the drill-field, where the regiment had stood “retreat.”

“Squads—Right,” bellowed the captain, “acting captain” no longer. “Company—Halt.” One, two; one, two, three, in marching cadence, the rifles came down to order arms. “Sergeant.”

“Sir.” Riley stepped out from the line of the file-closers.

“Sergeant. Dismiss the company.” The captain with his lieutenants passed into the headquarters building.

“At ease,” droned Riley. “Th' followin' men are detailed for t'morrow. Kitchen police: Privates Adomoli, Kebala, Ponti, and Smith. . . . Fire guard: Privates Jamison, Linter, and Op-nop-a-zoff. . . .”

A gasp sounded in the three ranks of the company. Riley looked at them, in soldierly horror.

"ATT-EN-SHUN" he bawled.

Then, behind him, sounded a familiar voice. "Sergeant. Post." Riley whirled.

There stood First Sergeant Cassidy. His uniform was new serge, into which he fitted like a cartridge in a rifle chamber. First sergeant's chevrons and gold-leaf service and a wound stripe adorned Cassidy's sleeves.

"You. You . . . gold-brickin' . . ."

"Sergeant. Post."

A command is not lightly disobeyed, when on parade. Riley, his fists clinched, marched to his old post in the third

rank with the file-closers. Cassidy clicked his heels and addressed the unit.

"This company has got sloppy since I been in th' hospital. You'll do an hour's special drill a day until I get you back where you was when I left you. And one thing more. I don't want to hear nothin' . . ."

First Sergeant Cassidy paused and looked meaningly in the direction of Sergeant Riley.

". . . nothin' more about them Romans. I seen . . . I mean they tell me, them who knows, that the Romans has all died off, and left nothin' but a bunch of lousy wops."

"Inspection—Arms. Port, arms. Dismiss."



Death Watch

BY JOHN FRAZIER VANCE

THE hammers ring at sundown
Upon the Hangman's Tree,
And when the sun comes up again
The town will stare at me.

I shall not die a coward,
But those who gape will say,
"Oh, yon's a brazen rascal
That meets his death to-day."

And as the cap is lowered
I'll flash a parting grin
Down on the pallid watchers
Who have decried my sin.

And they will stop to think on theirs
And cast a furtive eye
Behind them as they go their ways—
And envy him who blithely sways
Against the morning sky.

Mad Anthony Wayne

STONY POINT

BY THOMAS BOYD

COMMANDING the Pennsylvania Line since the late spring of 1777, Anthony Wayne was finally superseded by Arthur Saint Clair in the winter of 1778-79, which sent him sulking back to Philadelphia; but not before he had written General Washington to suggest the formation of a light corps with himself at the head. In that, his Excellency assured him, he would very probably be accommodated. And when summer of 1779 began and action was once more to be expected Washington sent Wayne a hurried note: "Join the army as soon as possible."

III

ON July first, 1779, Anthony Wayne left General Washington's headquarters near West Point and rode down to Sandy Beach where the First and Second regiments of the American Light Corps were encamped. He went slowly, for his Excellency had informed him of a plan that needed pondering, a sheer piece of apparent recklessness that would require incessant caution, silence and foresight up to the minute it was carried to failure or success. But what he had been offered was no more than what he had asked for; also he may well have been flattered that Washington selected him and that the officers gathered under him down the river at Sandy Beach were chiefly those he would have chosen if given the pick of the entire army.

For the light corps had been formed; composed of four regiments of two battalions each, there were nearly 1,400 men in this special command, some from Wayne's Irish Pennsylvanians, others from Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina, a battalion from Mas-

sachusetts and another from Connecticut. Riding down to Sandy Beach Wayne found Dicky Butler in charge of the Second Regiment. Butler, he had often observed, was popular with his men, spirited in danger and an admirable friend. Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Fleury was next—under Christian Febiger, who had the First. Fleury had done well rallying the troops at the Battle of the Brandywine where a horse had been shot under him; later that same year when the British were lifting the blockade on the Delaware Fleury had continued for hours repairing the walls of Fort Mifflin under the destroying guns of Sir William Howe. Light Horse Harry Lee, a little jealous of Wayne, a little disapproving, but liking him then all the same, was to lead the scouts. Captain Allen McLane, who had knifed the sentries at Germantown, was one of the subordinate officers. Major Jack Steward, who had a name for gallantry in the Maryland Line, and Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Hay were Dicky Butler's immediate officers in the Second

Regiment. Those men Wayne had known in battle long before he had come to Sandy Beach on the Hudson.

The rest of his corps lay across the river, the Third Regiment under Colonel Return Jonathan Meigs, who had Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Sherman and Captain Henry Champion as battalion commanders; and the Fourth was under command of Colonel Rufus Putnam with Majors Hardy Murfree and William Hull. But for the Third and Fourth Regiments Wayne had no need as yet. Taking his quarters in the low-built farmhouse of Benjamin Jacques, around whose land Butler's and Febiger's regiments were encamped, he began walking observantly over the rocky hills that rose up from the river, trying the rugged passes, the narrow paths which led between the stone cliffs and the broad, swift Hudson.

Two days after he arrived Wayne climbed the heights of the Donderberg and looked down upon the surrounding hills. Jagged, dark with shadows in the summer foliage which covered their sides, they stood in a massive chain up and down the river. Below him, rising out of the water near the shore, he could see the bald head and craggy shoulders of Stony Point. Steep on all sides, it was almost perpendicular where it had been severed from the mainland. There it rose up in a perilous slant for one hundred forty feet above the water even when the tide was high. A few years before the Point had been entirely apart from the west bank; later American soldiers had built a causeway of dirt and stone to span the narrow channel. This had made a sand-bar until now the Point and the bank were joined by a slender beach which at low tide was passable.

General Wayne was impressed. The

Point was a hundred acres of solid rock; when the British had captured it a month earlier they had gone to work, as one of them said, like "a parcels of Devils in fortifying" it. Only six hundred and ten men made the garrison, it was true, but in their various breastworks they had two twenty-four-pounders, two eighteen-pounders, four twelve-pounders, half a dozen six-pounders, a ten-inch mortar, an eight-inch howitzer, two Royal Mortars, two cohorns and three one-pounders. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Johnston, who had taken one of David Frank's daughters from Philadelphia, was in command and spoke of the place as Little Gibraltar. And opposite the point, as a further guard, the war-sloop *Vulture* lay at anchor in the middle of the Hudson.

Yet it was to attempt the recapture of Stony Point that General Wayne had been called to headquarters and his Light Corps organized. Old King's Ferry, with its landing from Verplanck's in the cove on the north side of the fortification was useless so long as the British kept the garrison; and more important still General Washington had great need of making a tactical move. For the enemy were marauding along the Connecticut coast and Sir Henry Clinton was closely watching the American Commander-in-Chief, hoping he would detach several brigades to Connecticut's support, in which case Sir Henry meant to fall on his main body and destroy it. But Washington, sending no more troops than he could spare, had determined on an answer that would surprise the British and engage them in an unexpected direction—a daylight storming of Stony Point.

But now General Wayne had become doubtful. His Excellency, he said, had better look at the Point again. The

pickets, he would find, were placed well around it on all sides except the east, where the rocks were washed by deep water and within plain sight of the *Vulture*. He would see the two encircling rows of abatis which would have to be broken through before the summit could be reached. It was a generally accepted convention that all men had to die; Wayne minded the ordeal less than most, nevertheless he saw no pleasure in the image of himself sliding down one hundred and forty feet of jagged rock with a bullet or bayonet wound in his head. No, General Wayne had no faith in an attack by daylight.

His Excellency was persuasive. It was a necessary business and Brigadier Wayne was the man to accomplish it. And while an assault up the side of Stony Point might be impracticable in daylight there were, fortunately, other hours when General Wayne's Light Corps would be less conspicuous. His Excellency realized that it must be a surprise and that the result would hang on the thoroughness with which that element entered into the affair.

General Wayne had respectful memories of night surprises, but little liking for them. There was the so-called massacre at Paoli, almost within sight of the home he had so recently left, where Major-General Sir Charles Grey had put the Pennsylvanians to rout with only the sword, pike and bayonet as weapons. There was a more recent occasion when the same General Grey had come out of the night and stabbed most of Captain Baylor's detachment. And while a stealthy assault in the darkness was against Wayne's nature—which stood boldly open—there was much to be said for it now. Scheming with his Excellency, he interrupted fervently to exclaim:

"General, I'll storm Hell if you'll only plan it!"

It was agreed, then, on July sixth that the recapture of Stony Point was to be attempted. Wayne's moment of doubt was quickly gone; now he was confident and audacious again. He had, he discovered when he considered what his new command had brought him, nothing to complain of and everything to exult in. First, he was in the army and away from Arthur Saint Clair; second, he could not have hoped to find a better body of men in the army; third, the daring of the business to be engaged in gave him the right to forward one of the foibles which he had held long and dearly—it was his privilege to demand an elegant uniform for the Light Corps to wear; fourth, he would have for the first time since he entered the service a fight all to himself, free to act in any way within the bounds of sense; and last, every one of his men would be equipped according to his orders, each private would be fitted with a good bayonet, each non-com with one of those short-handled spears called espontoons and each officer with a cutting-sword. That was certainly more than he had ever had before.

The espontoons he wanted quickly, for many of the sergeants were unfamiliar in the use of them, which would have to be remedied. He also wanted all of his officers to be supplied with copies of Baron von Steuben's book of instructions in the manual of arms and field manœuvres. There was not enough concerted movement among the troops as yet.

He got the espontoons. They were parcelled out to the unsuspecting corporals and sergeants a week before the attack. A few copies of von Steuben's book also came. But as for the elegant

uniforms he would have to be satisfied with white feathers or bits of paper worn in the hats of the men.

Meanwhile the four regiments passed the days in swift and profitable drilling. Meigs's and Putnam's commands still lay on the east side of the Hudson and Butler's and Febiger's remained encamped at Benjamin Jacques's farm. For Wayne had left the Third and Fourth Regiments on the east bank so as not to excite an alarm which might be communicated by some spy or deserter to the British garrison at Stony Point. The surprise he intended to manage with thoroughness.

On July tenth the plans were completed. A party of riflemen from the camp at Jacques's farm were to be kept hovering about the point with orders to harass the outposts continually, worry the garrison and prevent any deserters from passing through to the enemy. On the eleventh Wayne rode forward on another reconnoitring party; taking Dicky Butler and Christian Febiger, he followed a footpath to the southwest end of Donderberg mountain which came out near the rocky farm of David Springsteel. From there he looked down on the steep-sided, bulky fortification of Stony Point. Water lay in the weedy marsh and over the sand-bar which he would have to cross on the night of the attack, but at low tide passage from the mainland to the point would be unobstructed, it was believed. Going down to the edge of the heavy stand of trees on the hillside he could see how a part of his men might make a deceptive move against the butt of the point where it was nearest the mainland while two small columns passed around the sides and climbed up to the top near where the point thrust farthest into the deep water. Each preceded by about twenty

men who would cut openings through the two lines of abatis, the columns would clamber upward, one to the left and one to the right and be upon the garrison with their bayonets.

A simple plan, but its success was imprisoned by a network of difficulties. The barking of a dog on the night of the attack, a rumor brought beforehand into the garrison by some countryman carrying vegetables or meats, failure to take the advance pickets without alarm, inability of the pioneers to make an opening through the lines of abatis quickly and noiselessly, a shot from the mainland before the columns were on their way to the top, lack of fortitude in any of the men—all those strands would have to be cut before victory could be free.

Wayne, Butler and Febiger rode back to Sandy Beach where the First and Second Regiments were at drill on the field. It was only a few days now until the assault. Wayne talked with young Light Horse Harry Lee, short and slender like Alexander Hamilton; with Captain James Chrystie and Allen McLane. A little while later Lee and Chrystie went out with a body of scouts to destroy every dog that could be found within three miles of Stony Point. McLane left with instructions to mark the positions of the pickets and arrest any persons who were about to go up to the garrison.

On the fourteenth Wayne ordered the Third and Fourth Regiments from across the river. Colonels Meigs and Putnam brought them to Sandy Beach and when they landed, the men of the First and Second, sweating for so long a time in apparently useless drills, began to suspect they were soon to move toward the British. By that time the young English Whig, Henry Archer, had ar-

rived and offered himself as a voluntary aide to the general. He would, he was assured, see action soon.

The soldiers' suspicion grew as Lee and Chrystie came back that afternoon with a string of dogs. A little later Allen McLane appeared with the widow Calhoun and another woman, each of whom carried a basket of greens and some dressed chickens hung on her arm. The provender had been meant for the table of Colonel Johnston; it now was cooked in the officer's mess at Sandy Beach.

The rest of the day passed quietly. By nightfall the Jacques farmhouse was dark and the impromptu tents of brushwood with bark roofs in which the soldiers slept were silent save for speculative whispering. Doubtless General Wayne was restive, for a night attack to his mind was a poor manner of waging war. Also the plans were a little finicky for so bold and emphatic a nature. They had been made after much zealously sought information had been gathered; time after time General Washington and he had discussed them. Now one night more and the two slender columns would be moving like long, wary arms to encircle Stony Point. Meanwhile if any of the British sentries moved their positions, if the garrison had had an alarm, if any of the attacking men lost heart or grew loudly flustered after the sand-bar had been crossed it would be death and failure. But against that event he proposed *esprit de corps* and the bayonet. He sat thinking of the general order which would be read to the troops on the following day.

Morning came. The drums beat reveille, but there was no call to drill after breakfast. The men, accustomed to rigorous manœuvres throughout the day, were surprised at the command to break

ranks and gathered about in rumor-breeding knots. Where were they going? What was Mad Anthony up to? Wherever he went there was sure to be a fight, that was certain. But what was there to fight around Sandy Beach? Nothing but the British garrison across the river at Fort Lafayette on Verplanck's Point and another opposite it at Stony Point. But the Third and Fourth had been drawn away from the side on which Fort Lafayette stood. Only Stony Point remained. And nobody with a pinch of sense, not even Mad Anthony, would risk an assault where it would take a cast-iron mountain goat to travel safely.

Rumor was quieted by excitement when at about eleven o'clock an order was passed for every man in the four regiments to fall in for inspection with full equipment. Muskets were to be cleaned, rations kept intact and each soldier was to be freshly shaved and powdered. Their readiness for service, the order said, was to be judged by General Wayne.

Formed in two ranks facing the Hudson, the Light Corps stood at attention while their commander, followed by Colonels Butler, Febiger, Meigs, Putnam, the adjutants and aides, walked slowly in front of them, scrutinizing their firelocks, the lively expectancy in their eyes. Wayne's own eyes changed swiftly as he passed from man to man; bright with scorn for the youth that came haphazardly arrayed, they became warm and congratulating before the soldier whose alert figure gave arrogance to his ragged shirt and buckskin breeches. It was that kind of man, Wayne felt, who would volunteer for the business at midnight.

At noon the long inspection was ended. Ranks were closed and the men be-

gan glancing furtively backward toward the rows of iron kettles from which they expected soon to be fed. But that, they suddenly discovered, was a delusion. Instead of being dismissed the two long lines were faced to the right and given the command to march. Their general leading, they tramped south to Fort Montgomery and passed in single file through the gorge between two humped and jagged mountains. For five miles they pushed through a wilderness that was marked only by a deer-path. They went quietly, for there had been an order from the General for them not to talk. Once they rested beside a brook from which they drank. It was by Clement's farmhouse. No man left the column. Soon they were marching on again; at eight o'clock, with shadows below and twilight above the trees, they wound into the clearing beside David Springsteel's cabin which lay half-way down the valley at the southwest end of the Donderberg. Stony Point was a mile and a half distant. The long line halted.

In the dim light that filled the Springsteel clearing Anthony Wayne stood watching Colonels Febiger and Butler form two columns as the filing men straggled up and stopped. The regiment under Meigs was joined to the tail of Febiger's and then came the men commanded by Hull. Back of Butler's troops moved Putnam's soldiers, while off to the side in the wood Major Murfree held his battalion motionless. As the last troops stepped into position the brisk voice of the adjutant sounded out, requesting commanders to call their units to attention. A final shifting of the four regiments was about to be made and the men were nervously wetting their lips and silent.

Three hundred men with determined

natures were wanted, half from each of the two main columns. Orders were spoken in small clear voices. Youths and their seniors began to fall out on the right and trail their pikes and muskets forward until they stood, one hundred and fifty men, heading either of the waiting regiments in the advance. One stopped in front of Febiger's troops and the other before Butler's column. Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury marched to the lead of the first and Major Jack Steward to the other.

Then as the sun went down and the ranks stood still the adjutant began peering at the paper which General Wayne had given him. He started reading. Stony Point, the Light Corps learned, was to be assaulted at midnight. Excepting those men who made up Major Hardy Murfree's battalion no soldier was to carry a loaded musket. By the fixed bayonets in the hands of the three hundred volunteers and by the espoons and swords carried by the officers the attack was to succeed or fail. Instant death was to follow any disobedience of orders after the march had begun. Rewards of from one to five hundred dollars were to be given the first five men who entered the enemy's works. Their General had the fullest confidence in the bravery and fortitude of the corps, but should there be any soldier so lost to the feelings of honor as to attempt to retreat one single foot or skulk in the face of danger the officer next to him was to put him immediately to death that he no longer might disgrace the name of a soldier or the corps or state to which he belonged. And, the adjutant's voice concluded, as General Wayne was determined to share the dangers of the night, so he wished to take part in the glory of the day, in common with his fellow soldiers.

There was not a false word in the order. Mad Anthony was determined to share the dangers of the night. So, then, was every man attached to the corps. When Dicky Butler and Febiger each began to pick twenty men from their advance columns to precede them and destroy the abatises with axes the soldiers were exultant enough to fear not that they would be chosen, but that they would be left out. And when the choice had been made there was a quarrel between the junior officers for the privilege of leading, which had to be settled by drawing lots. Two meals missed, a fifteen-mile march and now no sleep in sight, but that was all right, for they were going behind Mad Anthony Wayne.

The clearing darkened. A candle-light glowed weakly from a window in Springsteel's house. General Wayne took a few of his officers and stepped cautiously down the hillside toward the sand-bars over which the part of the Light Corps that took part in the action were to pass. He could hear nothing which showed that the British sentries were unusually alert, and could see no obstructions on the causeway except a few feet of water. After repeating the final details he went slowly back to Springsteel's house from which he was to lead Febiger's column at exactly half past eleven.

A beaver infantry cap beside him, which would soon sit jauntily on his white, powdered hair, General Wayne sat over a late supper in the Springsteel kitchen. He felt a little melancholy. Back of him were those recent days at Waynesborough from which he had been called. Polly had been so lovable and dear that spring; now if he were killed he was afraid she too might die. That damned Congress, supine, parsi-

monious, and full of folly. How badly they had prosecuted the war. He felt death close, for he would be in the vanguard of the column, but before he left he wanted it known what he thought of Congress; and he would like to have it written down that if ever a great and good man was surrounded by difficulties it was General Washington who, because of Congress, would be impelled to make other attempts with inadequate numbers to save his country. Well, he had had his supper, but where to breakfast . . . setting on his cap, trying his cutting-sword, he wondered as he walked from the Springsteel cabin down through the tall, wet grass to where the troops were waiting.

Half an hour before midnight General Wayne stood at the head of Christian Febiger's column and said: "Forward!" There was no more talking, there was scarcely audible breathing as the men followed eastward down the hill toward the marsh through the darkness.

Some yards away from the flooded marsh Wayne halted. Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury whispered to Captain Gibbons who came with twenty men each carrying an axe in his hands and a musket slung over his shoulder. Wayne saw them place themselves at the head of Dicky Butler's column and begin moving around to the left where they would cross the sand-bar at the north end of the marsh and then skirt the old ferry landing and push up the side to the point. Major Murfree's battalion stood fast, the broad face of the rocky hill rising directly in front of them. Wayne looked forward and to the right. Waiting for Lieutenant Knox to lead with his pioneers, he then joined at the head of Jack Steward's column and with Febiger and Henry Archer turned to the south to

make the long circuit that would end close by Stony Point's furthermost tip.

Winding cautiously downward, the one hundred and fifty men with whom Wayne was marching near the head turned to the left through the marsh. The soldiers stepped warily into the water, which grew deeper as they approached the hill they would have to climb. Soon they were holding their muskets and powder-boxes above their heads while the backwash of the tide came between their waists and armpits. There was a splash. A British sentry who watched on the low ground beneath the point heard the noise. He nervously called a challenge. The riffling of the water was the only answer. He called again, then snapped his musket quickly and the ball sang over the flooded marsh.

Secrecy was ended. "Advance, advance," Wayne bawled and scrambled to the island shore. The shot had been heard by Murfree whose men waited at the edge of the mainland with loaded muskets, ready to draw the British garrison's attention with their fire. Murfree's fusillade clattered furiously, red streaks slashing the night while Steward, Febiger, Wayne, Archer and the file of men pushed hurriedly around the foot of the cliff and up the side.

They came to the first abatis which Lieutenant Knox and his twenty pioneers had begun feverishly to demolish. "Advance, advance!" The words hurried the troops and they struggled through and upward. Up on the heights the drums were rolling and British sergeants shouting commands for the gunners to stand to their pieces. But the axes were cutting the trunks and stakes of the second abatis and Wayne's men were going through.

Now the British discovered that they

were being assaulted from both sides as well as from the front. A few minutes more and the result of the action would be known. If the British pitched Fleury's column down from the left, if there was any faltering . . . Wayne went on. Up above him the muzzles of Colonel Johnston's cannons became crimson rings in the night through which grape-shot and solid ball whirled down. At the abatis seventeen men sprawled on the rocks and lay with the lead inside them. General Wayne, climbing through the stakes and logs, felt himself grow dizzy and the blood run down from his infantry cap. Well, he had thought a bullet might strike and kill him and here it was. "March on!" he bawled to the men about him. His knees were sagging. He couldn't stand up. The column, scrambling like a nest of beavers, went on.

His aides took hold of him. He could feel their hands under his armpits and their grasp around his shoulders. Though he died nothing could prevent the corps from overrunning the heights and taking the British garrison with their bayonets. Fleury would come up, Steward would push on. . . . Lifting his blood-covered face, he ordered determinedly, "Help me into the fort; I mean to die at the head of my column." Supported by soaking, mud-stained legs that were not his own, he was carried up the side of the rocky hill. And as his bearers neared the top they could hear the cry that was Fleury's signal:

"The fort is ours! The fort's our own!"

It was a call of triumph like that from a brazen instrument, a shivering, echoing shout that travelled down the north side of the point, through Fleury's laboring columns, down the south side through Steward's men who were scrambling forward with eager bayo-

nets. British gunners were backing away from their redoubts, pleading "mercy! quarter!" The garrison's commandant, Colonel Johnston, stood inside a ring of American bayonets. Colonel Fleury was jerking down the enemy flag. Pennsylvanians, Virginians, Marylanders, soldiers of Massachusetts and Connecticut with bits of white paper in their hats to distinguish them in the darkness were running, stumbling and stabbing.

General Wayne sat between the ruins of a blockhouse and a lone farmer's cabin, ordering the bayonet work to be stopped. There was a bandage around his head and his beaver infantry cap, with its ornamental crest of white horse-hair, lay beside him. It was then about one o'clock in the morning of July sixteenth and with the vengeful spirit quelled by the officers the men were rounding up the British and taking charge of the fort. The General was feel-

ing better and the surgeon, when a light was brought and he was carried into the farmhouse, used probing instruments and explained how the bullet had struck the good, thick skull which, with the beaver cap, had doughtily turned it aside.

By two o'clock there were American sentries and an American officer of the day on guard. General Wayne held a quill pen over his old portfolio. He was making great, bold letters which would inform his Excellency of what had taken place: "The fort and garrison with Col. Johns(t)on are ours." That was one sentence, merely the beginning. But his head hurt and it was difficult to continue. However, "Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free." There was, for once, no more to say. Handing the despatch to an officer who would ride swiftly to General Washington, he put aside his pen.

[Wayne's fighting with Lafayette in Virginia and his gallant part in forcing the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown are told in the June SCRIBNER'S.]



Danger-Point

BY KATHARINE L. WARD

TO-NIGHT bewildered winds will shake the door
And make the silent candle-flames bow low,
And stir the drowsy falling fire to throw
A pool of crimson on the sombre floor.
And the old fires will wake in you once more.
 You'll leave the hearth, go pacing to and fro,
 Turn to the small dark windows, long to go
Where the salt tides are turning on the shore.

You will lean out across the window-sill,
 Searching with straining face the sea and sky.
Behind you all the home-things will be still,
 Playing me false, without a sound, a cry—
But the candle-flames will shine upon your hair
As though they called. . . . And I shall not be there.

Nine Weeks of Omnidiscience

BY KENNETH CARL WALZ

To conduct a group of strange women to Europe may be courageous. But to attempt it before one has himself been abroad is madness. I had never been east of Staten Island.

Nor were the deep, vibrant blast of an ocean liner and the shrill sirens of a hundred answering tugs particularly reassuring at the midnight hour of departure. I grasped the deck-railing for support. Witch fires from the waters of New York Bay winked up at me, until, growing dizzy, I closed my eyes. From behind, the steady tramp of passengers, the mingled babble of parting friends noisily recalled that somewhere in their midst were the members of my party, as anxious to meet their leader as I to meet my charges. Perhaps, even now, one was brushing by me. Perhaps that absurd laugh——!

To search them out, however, before the visitors had departed would be futile. Meanwhile I must circle the deck, swing my arms, and try to arrest the little nervous tremors that kept twinging my finger-tips. Around and around I tramped, looking hopefully yet fearfully into every face that passed. Nor could I help recalling the chance remark that was responsible for my present anomalous position. To relieve an awkward moment at my first faculty reception, I had casually stirred my tea and inquired: "What would you advise me to do next summer?"

My query was altogether proper, for among teachers the need for "doing something with one's summers" is so-

cially imperative. Hence it is that they never speak of loafing. Their travel, they will have you understand, is not for pleasure but for intellectual acquisition; their play is recuperation from an arduous winter in preparation for one still more arduous; and, if they intend to do nothing at all, they speak seriously of "getting some reading done." Such is the necessity of preserving the illusion of perpetual labor before a public ever envious of leisure.

My query not only relieved an awkward moment but opened up an exciting prospect. For "Why not go to Europe?" the suggestion which followed, though by itself ludicrous for one solely dependent upon the meagre salary of his first year's teaching, was happily amended with an outline of the means: I should join a travel bureau.

The plan had appeared capital. But the letter in response to my inquiry was not encouraging. For the position to which I aspired not only the strictest educational attainments but special temperamental endowments were necessary. But, in time, an interview was arranged in which the duties were faintly sketched, my temperament adjudged, and the confession extracted that I had never been abroad. Notwithstanding, after several months, I was informed of my acceptance. Then came a startling revelation: I was to conduct a group of girls, freshly graduated from a foremost women's college, to Europe and en route to acquaint them with the problems of travel and the "general phases

of English literature"—*all in three lectures*. The problems of travel I could better discuss upon my return. And I began to wonder why, at the university, I had required a full year to teach but a few of the phases of English literature.

The time had passed too quickly to permit much deliberation, and here at hand was the hour of departure.

More whistles announced that the last visitor had quit the ship and that the gang-plank was drawn. After several inquiries I met some members of my party in a corner of the deck, with their noses already pointing east in anticipation of Europe. Wrapped in the darkness of midnight, they partook of that vagueness of outline so characteristic of the whole enterprise. As the day had been intense with the busy activity of departure, I had ample excuse to retire. I did not go directly to my state-room, however, but stood alone on deck, watching the receding Jersey coast with gnawing apprehension in my heart. For by this time we had taken leave of the western hemisphere and had become an aura of light upon the inky sea.

On the following morning I met the remainder of my charges, whereupon it seemed definitely established that we were not to have a sentimental journey. Three middle-aged women were in the party, including the mother of one of the girls. Moreover, the girls themselves, though charming and amiable, were with few exceptions of the academic type, bristling with facts, eager for more. Could I teach them anything they did not already know? Frankly I was worried.

Though the teaching of English is, at best, deemed a vague business, the requirements fixed by the laity for one who would teach it are nothing if not

definite. Because his subject is so broad his knowledge should be exhaustive. He should be an authority on many tongues, history, religion, fine arts, philosophy; in short, everything. (Perhaps that explains why English teachers constitute the majority of failures in the teaching profession.) Moreover, it is assumed that he has read every book published and has definite opinions on all of them.

So it would never do to inform my party that nightly in my sleep I saw pyramids of unread books, and that the "general phases of English literature" sounded a bit formidable to one who had taught but a very few of them. I early concluded that the phases of English literature were all particular and that most of my voyage must be consumed in the intense study of them. I extended the lectures from three to six and feverishly began compiling notes from Chaucer to Browning. So incessantly did I labor, day by day, night by night, that finally a passenger seated close by threw down her cards in exasperation and demanded, "What are you writing?" and another shyly asked: "Is it a novel?" For by this time my notes were becoming bulky.

Meanwhile the lectures had got under way, for time has a way of making history of all things, be they pleasant or unpleasant. I had acquired the privilege of the smoking-room for one hour daily, locking myself and my party in with a gigantic, brass key, which on the morning of the first lecture seemed strangely like the key of Saint Peter with its power to bind and release in the regions above and below. The first lecture, however, passed with nary a sound of weeping or gnashing of teeth. I would not imply that the atmosphere of our lectures was to be balmy; on the

contrary, it was often so surcharged with the electrons of erudition that the air fairly crackled with brilliance. For several of the girls, having but recently completed a course in the history of English literature, sat bolt upright in their seats, their mental reactions to my statements transmuted into facial judgments. Nods of affirmation and bow mouths indicated agreement in text between their former teacher and their present one; raising of eyebrows and pursing of lips, scepticism; furrowed brows and wagging heads, violent disagreement. And not infrequently they interpolated my lecture with declarations of their own, recondite allusions to books they had chanced to read, whose names sounded dim and afar off.

In the last lecture I covered the ground from Swift through Tennyson in one grand leap, thereby establishing the world's record in the intellectual broad jump, and I celebrated the event with tea in the social hall, which, I suppose, was a genteel substitute for a rub-down.

But my worries were not alone of the lecture-hall. My party showed an un-holy curiosity about all things, which was downright perilous for a neophyte like myself. Was the ship behind schedule? How soon would a radiogram reach America? What were Wordsworth's dates? Were the English customs hard to pass? What were the habits of porpoises? Did I think socialism a panacea? At precisely what hour would we dock? And so on ad infinitum. Lunch-hours were often consumed, if not in questions, in debates between the girls, each of whom argued most loudly on the subject of her college major. To them dates, reigns, pedagogical statements all mattered so intensely that I christened my party the

classic coalition. Fresh from weeks of cramming for comprehensive examinations, they looked a bit wall-eyed and worried.

What a deal of nonsense is made to appear significant in schools! Verily they are the most optimistic institutions in the world, which in the face of wars, and rising rents, and changing morals still think it intensely matters that one keep his feet under the desk. Schools never for a moment entertain the notion of futilitarianism, else they would close down instantly. From the primary on upward through college, they blithely proceed on the assumption that everything matters; at the end of which time they invariably may boast of a few converts to their doctrine among the students themselves, whose watchword becomes *Facts*.

So it was that, for the scholastic members of my party, Europe was to be an animated text-book to which the voyage over was the preface.

In addition to the intellectual problems, I was burdened with the social problems, tact demanding that I dance with each one of the girls—of course, not entirely unpleasant. And the mother of one never quite forgave me for failing to introduce them all to "the proper young men," as she called them. I had undoubtedly lost caste, and in her parting words was no tender thrust. Having detected a mistake on my part in the name of a London street, she turned wearily to her neighbor and remarked, though quite erroneously, "And to think he's a Ph.D.!" quite as if graduate students were accountable for the topography of London. Was I falling short of omniscience?

Upon reaching England, however, I lamented the absence of such a graduate requirement, for the crooked Lon-

don streets, though quaint, are chaotic, and my didactic capacity was shortly to be exchanged for one of quite another kind with missions in all parts of the city. While aboard, I had read in a chatty guide-book that any attempt to comprehend the lay of London was pure folly, that one should merely board a bus and ride and ride and ride, with never a thought for getting anywhere. Fancy my doing that with a group of startled college girls! Fortunately I had to conduct but few of them in London, and could confine my efforts to burrowing through the subways single-handed.

Having arrived when the travel bureau, which employed me was experiencing a traffic-jam, I was shunted into a confounding maze of business detail. Daily I struggled amid the crowds of Oxford Circus, Piccadilly, Paddington Station, Charing Cross, and Victoria; so that each night I dropped heavily into bed with a strong feeling that Europe should be seen to, having on hand after all these centuries so much unfinished business. One momentous afternoon found me going unaccompanied to meet the *Leviathan* at Southampton. But few people were about as this huge hulk, so suitably named, loomed into sight and came noiselessly along the quay. In England, unlike America, liners often dock as unceremoniously as canoes, gliding directly and without tow into port. Standing there this July afternoon in the shadow of the *Leviathan*, I felt like a cartoonist's notion of John Doe *versus* Big Business. It was my task to extricate fifteen passengers from this mighty mass of metal, and to put them through customs. With the only clew to identification their regulation hand-bags, I boarded the ship and fought my way to tourist third, where, after some fruitless searching, I found

the members of my party huddled together in anticipation of my arrival. They broke the news at once: there was another group in second class, and one lone member in first! I must assemble these people. Over barricades I climbed and entered second cabin, where, after corralling my herd—a wording better suited to steerage—I led them single file across decks, where fast-shifting baggage imperilled passage, and into tourist third. And then for the lone member in first class. From passenger to passenger I went, peering hopefully at each one's hand-bag. No sign. Having learned her name, I resorted to calling, at first shyly, then boldly, and resumed inspection of hand-bags. Writing-room, dining-room, decks, salons, hallways, I scoured them all. When, finally, I stumbled upon my passenger, she refused to join the others. She would meet us on the quay. I rejoined the party, and herding them before me like a drove of sheep began to debark. Most of them had already done so, when the ship's officer detained me for want of a debarkation permit. After some disquisition he permitted me to pass, by which time part of my group had wandered into customs and must be recalled. Meanwhile the woman in first had taken matters into her own hands and disappeared. It was not until we were eating a midnight dinner and safely ensconced in our London hotel that I dared reveal that I was a novice. There was a simultaneous suspension of fifteen forks before fifteen open mouths.

I was soon to be demoted. A few days later I rejoined the *classic coalition*, and questions recommenced. It was in the crypt of Warwick Castle that one of the girls began worrying about the order of the Plantagenet kings. "What do you know about them?" she asked me

pointedly. It seems my notions of them were all wrong, and I was relegated to moron-land. From Warwick all the way to Kenilworth Castle she fretted about the Plantagenets, until I was sorely tempted to throw her into the moat; only it had been long since filled up. A nemesis was upon me, for that night we chanced to attend a Shakespearian performance in the Stratford Theatre. Why, oh, why, should it have been "Richard III" with all its bellowing about the Plantagenets? And can it ever be explained why I should have chosen to sit next to the same young lady at that performance? Between the acts she wrung her hands and sobbed: "I just can't get them straight . . . just can't . . . just can't, that's all." But it was not all; she kept it up until we reached the next town.

In Paris over three hundred people joined us, with as many questions; but on leaving for Switzerland our number was reduced to about forty, composing a combustible and thoroughly insoluble mixture; for to the *classic coalition* was added a bevy of dashing, non-scholastic creatures from another women's college, who were content to leave their learning in America. How incongruous they looked, peering from ancient porticos, capering in cathedrals, flouncing up the silent stairs of campanili! We were leavened by yet another group, some of them ironic school-teachers who with detached amusement watched the clash between these two factions.

Switzerland, of course, inspired everybody—*in different ways*: in the face of the imposing grandeur of the Jungfrau some one became preoccupied with the stratification of the rocks and the possible latitude of the mountain. Some people, ignorant of the latitude of their own towns, could not rest abroad

without knowing the latitude of every square inch whereon they trod.

In northern Italy the quest for art became intense; day after day to galleries, churches, museums, ruins, until everything seemed all of a muchness, a stage inevitable for the initiate.

In Florence there was confusion of terms outrivalling Babel itself. Talk of Michael Angelo, Botticelli, Giotto, Raphael, del Sarto, Ghirlandajo, Cimabue, and the della Robbias filled the air as with strange tongues. It was in this general turmoil that, upon coming from our *n*th gallery in Florence, one woman, wilting under the merciless Italian sun, became suddenly frank about these Italian painters.

"Now, some of them I have heard of before," she confided, "but others are quite unfamiliar. Who, by the way, was *baroque*?"

When I related her difficulty to our art leader, he conscientiously explained that *baroque* was the son of *rococo*. Indeed, I should not have winced at a repetition of the incident which Arnold Bennett records, that of two ladies standing before a work by Ghirlandajo and debating the pronunciation of *gor-gonzola*.

In this period of confusion questions multiplied, one begetting another even unto the thousands. Had all these questions, however, been prompted by honest curiosity, I should have felt bound to answer them more thoroughly. But too many people were now asking questions to evince interest and intelligence. They forgot that questions also betray ignorance. One elderly woman, standing before an ancient fountain still in operation, naïvely asked: "Is that water modern?" Nor was she routed by the peal of laughter that followed. In the English cemetery in Florence we were

standing with bowed heads before the grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, when a school-teacher bobbed up with: "Are those dates correct for Mrs. Browning? 1861 seems rather early for her death." And then, pointing at me, she added: "Now *you* should know that." Personally I am not in the habit of confuting tombstones; they have a dead certainty about them. But apparently what one "should know" extends even farther. In the museum atop the Capitoline Hill a breathless young lady whirled toward me with: "Who were coming to Rome when the geese were cackling? I just must know." I refused to answer, on the ground that she should have put her query in the more answerable form: "Who were cackling when the Gauls were coming to Rome?" That the party were often more concerned with the question than with the answer was convincingly demonstrated by the satisfaction with which they sometimes received my purposely ambiguous replies. "Where are the catacombs?" asked a lady who must certainly have known. "Oh, they're all underground." I assured her, and she seemed contented. For those who would aspire to omniscience, let me advise against being too definite. A note of vagueness creates the proper film between yourself and mere mortals.

By this time it must be evident that many were mistaking me for Karl Baedeker, though the only thing we hold in common is our Christian names. But to be merely a Baedeker would be not enough. Fortunately I was also an instructor in English. For one moonlit night, entrained for Milan, the girls demanded a story. Out snapped the lights and, almost before I had consented, I found myself relating a gripping ghost-story to a ring of rapt young ladies.

Over the Italian plains we sped, the story mounting with each mile and punctuated by shrill steam-whistles, until we reached Milan together with the climax, thereby ending one of the un-prescribed duties of a leader.

A leader must never fail to please. I have heard it said that there are some men on this planet who cannot please one woman. Fancy having to please fifty. As a veteran in this respect, I should say tact is the most essential qualification. Yet even *compliments* are sometimes subversive. For example, there was in our party a young woman who invariably devoted her evening to shopping and came home girded about with parcels, all of which she would open and put on general display. In the midst of one of these evenings of "collective bargaining" I said: "My, but you are like a character in a novel!" She brightened, and asked if I had reference to any particular novel. "Yes," I said; "you are quite like a character in a novel by Rose Macaulay." She went off, hugely pleased at the distinction of being like a character in a novel. Fancy being all of that. A few days later, however, she came toward me and indignantly demanded: "How dare you? I've inquired about Rose Macaulay's novels, and I hear all the characters in them are *idiots*." But in time she forgot that distinction.

At Rome I came up short at sight of my name on the hotel bulletin-board. I was to conduct two pilgrimages to the catacombs, the graves of Shelley and Keats, the Baths of Caracalla, and Saint Paul's without the walls. When one of the girls learned this, she wished to know if Shelley and Keats were buried in the catacombs. Poor girl, she had mistaken them for Christian martyrs!

For these pilgrimages I prepared diligently, and the first, composed of older and quieter members, was entirely successful. Beside the grave of Shelley I read Hardy's poem with practised unction, and all assumed an attitude of reverence.

But the second pilgrimage presented a marked antithesis. It was composed of about thirty of the dashing college girls of whom I have made previous mention. The major leader had left; the lid was off! For days in advance they were anticipating the time when I, so nearly their own age, should conduct a programme. Some went so far as to hope that I might forego the visits to the prescribed points of interest and with the price of admission take them to a café. So it was not surprising that, at three o'clock of an August afternoon, they were all assembled, thirty strong, in the hotel lobby in preparation for the event. When I stepped from the hotel to hire the taxis I was startled by a twittering sound in the rear, and turning about I saw the entire throng rushing from the hotel and emitting cooing sounds high in the register. With such speed did they whirl through the revolving doorway, that the concierge ran from his desk in alarm, as I later learned, and caught the spinning door. Across the street they tripped and into the waiting taxis. Catching their spirit of abandon, the drivers began racing each other through the streets of Rome. A taxi would disappear only to emerge presently from a side alley and go ca-

reening by us with a whoop from the hilarious occupants. The quiet enforced upon the girls at the Protestant Cemetery was promptly broken upon reaching the catacombs. As they trailed down the subterranean stairways with lighted tapers in hand they looked so very like angels descending from above that the young lady who resembled the character in the novel entreated Heaven that her mother might see her for this moment only. But a bit later, in a narrow passageway, they lost their seraphic semblance, when one of their number blew out the tapers and left them in total darkness. Being then in the lead with the Franciscan friar who was our guide, I could observe his amazement when he heard screaming in the darkened passageway behind him. He held his torch to the opening, and presently the girls emerged, babbling with excitement, only to be silenced at once by the outraged friar.

A few days later, owing to an earlier sailing, this effervescent element left us, and the "combustible mixture" was no more. I took them as far as Nice, where in a final sputter of lavish farewells they were off.

Upon reaching Paris I lay late abed each morning for a week. And, though on the return voyage I was officially in charge of the same group with whom I had come over, I sought out a steamer-chair apart on the hurricane-deck and communed with the silent ocean, which neither questioneth nor showeth shadow of reason.



Who Lives in Alaska—and Why?

BY MARY LEE DAVIS

Mrs. Davis is the wife of John Allen Davis, mining-engineer attached to the Department of the Interior, and has lived for many years in Alaska. Her previous articles, "God's Pocket," "What Does Alaska Want," and "The Social Arctic Circle," have attracted much attention.

OUR geographies call Alaska "the land of the Eskimo." This is a handy, simple generalization, picturesque and easy to plant in the youthful mind. Unfortunately, once planted there it stays planted, but, like most too-facile generalizations about this world we live in, the statement is neither accurate nor just.

The Eskimo does live in Alaska, but he lives in one sharply delimited section of Alaska only. And by far the major portion of this fascinating, Mongoloid, hyperborean sub-race lives elsewhere—in Siberia, along the Arctic slope of Canada, and in Greenland. To say, therefore, that Alaska is "the land of the Eskimo" is no more the truth than to say that Massachusetts is the land of the Irish!

At a luncheon recently, in one of our most cultured Eastern States, a lop-comb Black Minorca little woman ruffled up to me with a most embarrassing remark. "I have read your story about our missions in Alaska with such pleasure," she fluttered, and preened her dark feathers. "I am *so* interested in the dear Eskimos!"

When I denied authorship of any Eskimo story and assured her that I had never, ever, presumed to add to the literature of our missions in Alaska, we found that she had been reading "What Does Alaska Want?" in SCRIBNER's for June, 1927, an article in which the

word "Eskimo" and the word "mission" were not even mentioned, for it dealt exclusively with Alaska as a white man's land. But so ingrained was her long preconception of Alaska as the Eskimo land, she had simply taken for granted, as perhaps others have done, that in speaking of the people of Alaska one could only be speaking of "the dear Eskimos."

Now colonials must be understood, or colonies will be misunderstood, and Alaska is essentially a colony of the United States—the largest and far the most precious colony. Most Americans do not realize this, and undue emphasis upon the aboriginal elements in Alaska's population helps make these United States continue in their disregard concerning what happens to their own American colonists there—who they are and what they are thinking. If you had asked a Londoner of 1728 "Who lives in America—and why?" he would probably have answered, translated into eighteenth-century highfalutin terms, exactly what people say to-day when asked this question about Alaska: "Wild Indians mostly, of course, and a few rough traders, religious fanatics, and ex-criminals. It's not a white man's country."

If you care to face facts, here is bedrock about who lives in Alaska to-day, and why.

The total population of "The Great

Country," "The Continent," as the native word Alaska means, is fifty-five thousand; less than half are of the aboriginal Eskimo and Indian stocks and more than half are of our own white race. The Territory of Alaska to-day, in so far as it has political or social life, a commerce, or any potentiality as a future State of the Union, is a strayed colony of transplanted Americans, holding in thin and far-flung line a vast section of continental American soil that was bought and paid for honestly by American money. You may be amazed to hear it, for neither church nor school nor government apparently wishes to admit the fact, but Alaska is actually inhabited by Alaskans!

Who, then, are this strange race? I will tell you, though I admit at once that I write with prejudice, for the Alaskans are my own friends and neighbors, and, though perhaps I should blush to admit it (but do *not* so blush, for I am very proud of the fact!), I who am speaking to you—I too am an Alaskan.

We Alaskans should be a happy people, for there are ten square miles of elbow-room for each human being of us, white and brown alike, in the land we love to call "God's Pocket." Three-fifths of the unaboriginal stock are American-born, a large percentage being men whose fathers took the Oregon and Santa Fé trails back in the great days following '49. A full half of these American-born first saw the star-spangled light of dawn in the Mid-West States of the U. S. A., the maligned "Bible Belt," the home of 100-per-cent Americans. Of the Alaskans who are foreign-born, 41 per cent are, in round numbers, Scandinavian, 27 per cent are British, and 10 per cent Teutonic.

With no undue indulgence in the romantic sophistries of heredity, I ask any

cool-headed, unbiased observer to look at these official figures and tell me frankly: If you were going shopping for an ideal combination of long-term-investment family stocks, could you find any conjunction of elements better suited for colonial building? There are no unassimilable blocs here; but to a wholesome majority leaven of true home-country stuff, raised in the most stable and temperate American sector, by an ideal process of natural selection many other ingredients of the finest settler type have been added here—including traits of dogged self-reliance and necessary ingenuity in meeting unaided the difficult situation, quite as vital to the pioneer in this new America as in a former new England.

Under the Scandinavian I have included those from Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Denmark, realizing fully that, while the Finlander is of technically different ethnic stock, he must be grouped similarly as coming out from the same essential climatic home environment, and as bringing to us here the same high grade of citizenship, the same engrossment with the arts of peace, the same love of the adoptant soil. Two of my own very dearest friends in the North are sisters from Finland who, by their fine integrity and rich sense of craftsmanship, have taught, all unconsciously in our long years of close association, many a quiet lesson in loyalty, patience, and orderly, happy living in the midst of a disordered environment.

In addition to those actually born in Scandinavia, a large number of American-born Alaskans are also of Norse stock, but have come to us from Wisconsin or Minnesota. Many of those who were reared in Scandinavia proper became attracted here by the extensive

fisheries of the Alaska coast, where three-fourths have made a home. These men and women are ideal sub-Arctic colonists, inured to cold and exposure and the multitudinous hardships of both sea and mountain side, accustomed to the combined work of fishing, herding, and farming. They are racially toned down in psyche to withstand the electric atmosphere of our surcharged long winters, to which they have developed a natural resistance or a nerve-wrapped insulation. For there are many things which you, perhaps, might miss here and the Scandinavian does not. He is already at home in the High North.

Then, too, even the Scandinavian "first families" are always true democrats, with a wholesome regard not only for political liberties but with a rooted dignity and a truly pacific spirit which proves a sane balance in any civic body. In our North all Scandinavians are apt, without discrimination, to be termed "Swedes"—often, in some jealousy, "lucky Swedes"—for Swede luck has become proverbial within the Arctic. But it is no seductive god Loki which has brought these Norsemen their good fortune, but a something far deeper, a something which any close analysis of the careers of all our "Lucky Lindys" of the Nordland will show.

America's total debt to the Northmen is larger than we usually remember, until some Lindbergh incident recalls Leif Ericson. But in Rex Beach's day Nome had its own "Lucky Lindbergh," whom it was my own later good fortune to know—a "prospectin' fool" of the Arctic Sea, immortalized in "The Spoilers." Ben Eielson, of Northman stock engrafted in the Middle West, who last April piloted the Wilkins plane across an ice-blown polar sea, came first to Alaska as teacher in our

Fairbanks high school. He undertook the first Alaskan air-mail contract, several years ago, and his landing field then was the ball park just beyond our house. And we must not forget, in totting up the Scandinavian credit sheet, another fact which a thoughtful American historian has recently brought to my attention: the earliest undertakings of England toward the west started from Bristol, where many Norwegians had settled. Out of Scandinavia have come, like wind-blown pollen, not only a number of American emigrants, almost equal now, with their descendants, to the present home population of Scandinavia itself, but world-wide musical, literary, and cultural influences which have profound political significance. If we in Alaska can bring these dispositions, so forceful and effective in private life, into the service of the commonwealth, a forty-ninth State will in good time be safely and sanely established here, by citizens from the north end of the wide world's Main Street.

Canada supplies more than half of the British settlers in Alaska, but the Canadian contingent includes also very many of Scotch blood as well as a significant group who are descendants of the very earliest American colonists themselves, the Tories of New England who were dispossessed and ousted into New Brunswick and New Scotia by our own red Revolutionary forebears when on a rampage a sesquicentennial ago—an exodus which carried with it some of the most truly aristocratic American colonials. This fact was forced on my attention when I was assisting recently to organize an Alaskan chapter of the D. A. R. Many of the women I knew to be of "purest American stock" were born in the Bluenose Provinces of

Canada. Here is a reciprocity across old spiritual frontiers, of vital and untaxed values. Some of Alaska's best citizens to-day come from St. John, that most British Canadian colony; but, though their twice-great-grandfathers truly "fit" in the American Revolution, it was on the wrong side to entitle them to be "daughters"!

Our Canadian group includes also many who are of French blood, especially among the Catholic sisterhoods who teach and nurse here, as well as the fine old breed of French-Canadian prospector and trapper. It comprises too the generation of those Americans who went to Dawson in '98 during the Klondyke strike, became British citizens in "Y. T.," and when the Alaska gold-fields opened were later repatriated with us. While the number of these is unknown, I am personally acquainted with several Alaskans who bear this odd boundary-crossed escutcheon.

Of our strictly English-born, many are among the oldest timers of the early Yukon trading-camps of the Hudson's Bay Company and date back in Alaskan history and experience more than forty years, before even those stirring days of the Klondyke '98. Not a few of Alaska's most daring trail-breakers, most successful business and professional men, spring from that old bulldog breed—true to type here in the North as elsewhere—not always lovable but almost always making themselves respected. Nor will it surprise any one to learn that most of our English-born have come originally from Yorkshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall.

Although four-fifths of the total whites in Alaska live near the coast (and we cannot forget that Alaska has an enormous coast-line, longer than that of the entire United States), the

small Teutonic element is the one most evenly spread, while the Danes, the Irish, and the Scotch have shown a particular liking for the great interior, which is shut from the un-pacific sea by the highest mountains on our continent. It must be a psychologic reason that brings them here, for surely one would say offhand that these three near-sea peoples would remain close to the sea, and that the green and misty, bay-indented, island-strewn coast would most attract them. But no sooner do they strike Alaska, apparently, than they strike inland.

When I myself came first to Interior Alaska, it seemed to me that every other acquaintance I made was of Irish birth, a double score of colorful and picturesque personalities. There are more Irish in the far, vast, sparsely settled interior of Alaska than in any of its more populous sectors, not relatively but actually. This unnormal Celtic migration over the high, forbidding mountain chain must be due to the natural Celtic dislike of doing what the crowd is doing, a horror against belonging to the majority, however formed! I know no other way to account both for the cold fact of impersonal figures and the warmth of personal impressions. Ireland is unique as the one country which has sent more men to our difficult, austere, and to me most loved and lovely inland section, than to any other. It goes without saying that these Western-world sons of Erin are to a man deeply engaged in play-boy politics here.

The Russian element in Alaska, though numerically insignificant, is a subtle chemical trace because of historic association and geographic contiguity. Also it is much more truly pervasive than any mere census return will ever show, for in the early days of Alaska's

exploration period the Russian was for long the dominant factor here and he left his strain immingled with both French and native. While to the casual observer to-day there is but little residue of the Slav, a genetic, biographic, or psychoanalytic approach to Alaska would discover that Russian past, so hidden on the surface of events, moving ever from beneath. It is a yeasty bitter ferment, wholesome if not too little blent, too slightly baked. "In Russia," says Gorki, "even the fools are sometimes wonderful." Many of our Alaskan vagaries inherit that quality, back Asiaward.

They came here with less of geographical displacement, with more of historical continuity, than any of us Saxons. In a very real sense the land here was truly theirs. They pioneered it in the old, hard days, and they won it. At least they held a hand strong enough to bluff the empire-snatching British to a show-down! We Americans, so far, have merely paid our cash, have merely executed a legal real-estate transfer. We have not, to date, made the land spiritually ours.

For the elements of empire here are formless yet, but in ferment, and loyal Alaskans appreciate and favor all the diversity of this mixture. If we ourselves had cared overmuch for a homogeneous, a static world, we should not have wilfully become Alaskans; for to be an Alaskan to-day means as much implied non-conformity as being an American meant in the yesterday of two hundred years ago. We know now how very difficult it is to perfect a democracy, because it does demand just this freely acting, distinct contribution from each one of its component members. So we thank our lucky polaric star for all these our dissimilars, believing that a true force is the result of differing tensions

and that fresh psychic energy will be generated from them, here under the North, "looking to an indestructible nation composed of indestructible States."

A human and dramatic story of the ever-pushing-northward frontier is told by the distribution of population here, as well as by its make-up. Among the Indians and the Eskimos there are an even number of men and women, the normal natural balance of a people at home and adjusted to their chosen world. But we have only two thousand foreign-born white women to ten thousand foreign-born white men. Taking a long chance with fate, these men have come a very far journey in space and more or less recently in time. Many of them feel that they have not yet made for themselves a secure financial place here and so have not yet brought or sent for their kin.

But more than half of the American-born whites are women! This would seem to speak very well for the traditional American breed of foremother, as of old quite unafraid of the wilderness threat. Many of these women came to us first as teachers in white or Indian schools—and married, after perhaps one year of service, a good Norse or Scotch prospector. They have come as "missioners," as nurses, court stenographers, clerks to the various governmental agencies; and in all these professions the yearly turnover is tremendous, as any Alaskan bishop or school superintendent forcibly will tell you—not because these women return to the States in large numbers, but because they marry here and remain.

So the census figures tell a most romantic tale, if you will read in vision between their close-printed lines: a story of American women, with trained and intelligent minds, sailing up into the

High North each year on a *Mayflower* now named *S. S. Aleutian*, and finding here their new-old woman's place, taking up their always major pioneer burden in a voluntary archaism; a yet unwritten epic of others enlisting yearly to fill their empty professional places, fulfilling Revelation: "And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place." Here the truly American-eagle-borne woman is coming again into her own, upon this new and true American frontier. And I do not hesitate to say that there is fresh hope for a more stable, more moral, more sanely grounded social fabric here, with such a renewed and courageous coming. For while our men still largely make our laws, our women still largely make our *mores*; and the woman to whom the wings of a great eagle have been given is no flapper.

There are several thousand white children in Alaska to-day who are of school age, and many of these are Alaska-born, the real Sons and Daughters of the Golden North. Also the cold figures reveal how normally and naturally a balanced population is now being carved out by the old census tools of birth and mating and death; for while, of the white people over forty years of age, more than ten thousand are men and less than two thousand are women, in the group between twenty and forty years there are seven thousand young men and three thousand young women—just a good healthy balance for a working competition, the eugenist would say. And of the whites *under twenty*, 2,595 are boys and 2,364 are girls, to share with equal shoulders the new burden of the North.

The old pioneer story is repeating itself here and producing a fresh stem

and graft of our common stock, real Alaskans born and bred in the Nordanland, whose mind and character, for good or ill, are solely the product of this new frontier—the frontier where environment is ever too strong at first for heredity and will inevitably brand its mark upon them. Children of colonials and citizens to the soil—these are they who will in time truly master Alaska and make it theirs, in time united here possibly by some common antagonism, probably by a common tradition, but almost certainly by the pervasive infection of a great common undertaking—the settlement of the Great Country and its ultimate adaptation to the needs of men.

Among my own friends in the North are included a California college woman who came North to teach and later married a professional man who bears one of the finest old New England family names; a Philadelphia-reared Red Cross nurse who came as a missionary and married a Wales-born civil engineer of the new Alaska Railroad; a descendant of pre-Revolutionary loyalist family, born in New Brunswick, who married a Wyoming-bred attorney; their Alaska-born daughter, who in turn married a Swedish-named young scientist of the Middle West, come to our North with the Biological Survey; a clever Frenchwoman who pioneered as a physician in the early days of this camp and is now married to a German-born mining man; three Sisters of Providence and Mercy who nurse in the hospital across the river, but who were reared on the barren, wind-wrenched Laurentian banks of Lower Quebec; a negro from Georgia who is night watchman and also one of our very best neighbors; a Jesuit father of fine Old World tradition, a classmate of Mar-

shal Foch; an ancient Indian woman, in part Russian, who is one of the wisest, most sibylline persons I ever knew—perhaps because her mind has not clothed itself in any of the second-hand fripperies of thought which attract so many of those who can a little read, which she cannot. All these are of the people you would meet and know, if you should come with us to Alaska to-day. For it is a land of friendship, tried and durable against the sun and wind of hard-tested living.

As other companions we have had a most capable woman prospector of Bohemian extraction, born in the Middle West and living in Alaska for twenty-five years without a single trip outside; an old Scot from Aberdeen who has never lost his thick and purply-thistled burr; a giant Montenegrin whom Jack London put into a book; a Roman, once an artists' model, who with infinite kindness helped me nurse fifty men during the epidemic; a philosophical roving Englishman from Hull; a girl from Belfast and another from Dublin; a Russian miner who plays chess with my husband; and the little Eskimo woman who was so dear to me but was lost in the great flu. So, up and down my own short Main Street, our little village consensus helps make fast the big brass tacks of Uncle Sam's official figures; for all of these dear people are Alaskans, and Americans.

I have spoken here from my heart, as an Alaskan. It has been said that while we are not responsible for our relations we *are* responsible for our choice of friends. It is not of my own choosing that I happened to be born in one of England's revolted colonies (the one first pioneered by "lucky Swedes" and sober Dutch), of a paren-

tal plaid mixed Scotch and English and Irish. My chosen friend is the Alaska of my adoption, for I love its people, its space, its climate. Perhaps most of all I love the sense one has here of being an integer, a whole human unit, and not a cog. An Alaskan to-day is not a piece of something already manufactured. We ourselves are busy even now making that something, and we have the same feeling about it, I have no doubt, that the far-seen colonists in 1728 must have had. Certainly they possessed no very clear or prescient notion, then, of what the finished product was to look like; but, because they were fairly wide-awake individuals of a decent old stock, they enjoyed the job as they saw it, and dug in!

In writing of "who" lives in Alaska I find that I have also told you "why." Perhaps that is not surprising, for who is ever two-thirds of why. A thirst for the far-away, the old human land-hunger, the desire to be masterless, the wish to escape the crowding economic complex, a will set against regimentation, sheer and clear daredeviltry, a youthful love of new experience and adventure, "the urge that shot the first Norse prow beyond the home fiord"—all these and more have brought us here.

There remains but one question to be asked and for you, this time, to answer. Are you, by any chance, an Alaskan?

Since I wrote "God's Pocket" for SCRIBNER'S, in 1924 I have received more than two hundred letters from its readers which have been serious, personal, searching inquiries for more information regarding Alaska as a place to migrate to, to live in. Doctors, lawyers, nurses, farmers, stenographers, teachers, have written with revealing and sometimes poignant frankness:

"Thus and so am I. Is there a place for me there, in your country?" These letters have been more difficult to answer than I can tell you, for even with full knowledge of a grown tree's species and health, you cannot safely predict how it will stand the rough uprooting of transplantation, especially if that be into a partly frozen, though richly mineralized, new soil.

How could I know if you who wrote were of the stuff of pioneers? All I could do was phrase to you more fully and more accurately, *con amore*, what the conditions really are. "Everything you say to discourage me makes me more determined to go," one woman answered me. She did go, and is now making good in the North in a most constructive and vital fashion. But, as I learned when I came to know her better, she is a very unusual and self-reliant person, with all the modern built-in conveniences for doing her own thinking. No woman should come to Alaska who has a narrow-gauge or single-track mind. It is a broad country, in more than one meaning.

And do not come here seeking virgin gold. The hectic day of the great stampedes is fortunately long past and with it went the flaming dance-hall of the north and the woman of the dance-hall type. Gold is here, in plenty, but only for hard winning; and the gold-producer to-day sells the cheapest commodity upon the world's market, all else having increased in price and his product alone being fixed in standard value. Do not come here seeking the rainbow pot of fortune, but rather ask if there is in yourself the unrusting, enduring, ductile, and precious quality of that true golden mettle—to bear swift

hammer-blow forever, a foil to fate, without fear of any breaking. Are you willing to throw all that tests high of you into the fusion of the North, to submit yourself here to its acid, bitter, sometimes cruel and searching reagents?

O pioneers! If you are of that eagle's breed who busy ever with affairs of the wind, if your eyes have the far-away look and care most to rest on infinite space and unbroken time, if you remember well that "far countries are best sought out by him who is strong within himself"—then come.

And if your racial memory includes fiord, moor, and fen, proud highland or gravid valley, endless spruce forest, roaring canyon, or nameless rivers, then you too will be at home here. If your ancestors learned long generations ago to scorn mere cold, then you too will see a glory and a strength in the tense grip of a mid-Alaskan winter. You will be mindful of sea-roving, moor-faring, distant Beowulf kinsmen, whose heart laughed at the exaggerated peril of a crowding dark and a deep cold. And you too will come to praise that general misunderstanding of our climate which best serves to keep out mollycoddles.

Why envy the Pilgrim Fathers their "chance"? If by good fortune you have fallen heir to something more precious than authentic *Mayflower* furniture, then take your own chance, now. The *Mayflower* sails to-day from many a northward-facing port. Cast in your lot and covenant with this new colony of your race overseas, claim here your ten square miles of masterless space, and learn for yourself far the best answer to that question: "Who lives in Alaska—and why?"

As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

WHY is it that so many foreigners who come to this country to lecture or to gather materials for a book or to find a southern winter climate or to live in hotels and houses where central heating actually heats, why is it they consider it to be their God-given duty to criticise everything unfavorably or to attempt to correct our manners or to change our habits or to improve our morals? Why don't they withhold their advice until we ask for it?

No, I am not saying this with the intention of stirring up strife. I am saying this for the benefit of our visitors. I am sorry for them and I want them to learn something. Learning should precede teaching.

And I am talking exclusively about cultivated and intelligent people. We do not need to waste any time on ignorant, boorish foreigners who come hither; we are ourselves ashamed of the boastful, brainless Americans who behave offensively in Europe.

The chief object of foreign travel, unless one is an invalid in search of health, should be to enlarge and elevate the mind, by the acquisition of new or fresh ideas; by the accumulation of interesting or useful information; by the observation of foreign customs and ways of doing things; so that if such methods are an improvement on what we have at home, we may borrow or imitate or transfer, to our lasting advantage. Now if the traveller merely

criticises unfavorably or condemns or lifts his eyebrows, it is evident he will learn nothing. He will return home a complacent and self-satisfied patriot with a mind hermetically sealed.

It is certain that a considerable number of Europeans still regard us as if it were the year 1829. They look upon us as a kind of unlicked "kid-brother," not yet house-broken; and they were born to set us right. There is, I think, a real difference here between the attitude of Americans in Europe and the attitude of Europeans in America. We show admiration and appreciation when we feel it; when we do not, we reserve comment. Too often the foreign visitor to America is either didactic or querulous.

This is perhaps to a certain extent the fault of American hosts and hostesses. We gather around the lecturer or the literary visitor like adoring penitents. When he tells us we are materialistic, a nation of money-lovers, ruled by machines, with no individuality and no spiritual life, we fawn upon him.

Personally I never ask a foreigner what he thinks of our country, and for two good reasons. First, he doesn't know, and second, I don't care. I always ask him about people and conditions in his own country, because I want to hear him talk about something of which he has actual knowledge, and because I want to learn.

On the whole, perhaps the wisest visitors to our shores are the Japanese,

the most adaptable people in the world. They keep their eyes open, and their mouths shut. If pressed for an opinion, they are almost suspiciously polite. They are learning something all the time. What they find valuable, they imitate; what they don't admire, they probably discuss with their own countrymen.

S. S. Van Dine seems to have an inexhaustible power of invention. His latest romance of crime, "The Bishop Murder Case," is up to the high standard of its predecessors. It is full of ingenuity, baffling false clews, and cold chills of horror. Furthermore, the rhythm-motif in it is decidedly original. There is also a pleasure in meeting once more our familiar acquaintances—Philo Vance the amateur, and the professionals of the police department. It is curious when crime in real life is so horrible, it can in the pages of a book yield so much pleasure and satisfaction.

Other excellent thrillers are "The Man Who Never Blundered," by Sinclair Gluck; "Chipstead of the Lone Hand," by Sydney Horler; "The House That Whispered," by S. Emery; and "The Robbery at Rudwick House," by the Reverend Victor L. Whitechurch, who "makes it up as he goes along."

The English poet, Siegfried Sassoon, mainly known hitherto by his rather bitter poems about the war, has written a charming and delightful novel, "Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man." It is exactly the sort of book one would have thought he neither could nor would write. After the war was over, John Masefield wrote his beautiful "Reynard the Fox," which was a book of healing. It was a successful attempt to draw the tortured minds of the English people

away from the four years' obsession of tragedy to the good old English countryside and to the familiar pleasures of the chase. Well, this is a companion-piece in prose. Mr. Sassoon tells the story in the first person, as if it were an autobiography; in reality, the young English fox-hunter has a temperament singularly unlike his own. We are taken out over English fields, we share the pleasures of the winter morning, and the excitement of the chase. The different persons who make up the hunting parties are sketched with great skill; and when we come to the steeplechase, all I can say is that I have not been so stirred by a description since I first read the account of a similar event in "Anna Karenina." But the best character, from the artistic point of view, in Mr. Sassoon's novel, is neither the hero nor his aunt, though both are admirably done. The best character is the groom Dixon, who is portrayed with amazing skill. His knowledge of horses and men would put a psycho-analyst to shame; and his tact in dealing with both is infallible. Dixon is a character that will arouse the envy of any novelist. If this book is meant to be a satire, its claws are well sheathed.

Two books with the same title have appeared almost simultaneously, one by an Englishman, mentioned in the March issue of this magazine, the other by an American. "The Brownings," a book of 345 pages, by Osbert Burdett; "The Brownings," a book of 289 pages, by David Loth. One is written in English, the other in American. I have read every word of both volumes, and find them both valuable, with occasional *obiter dicta* of an arresting nature. Both books deal principally with the Browning love-letters, for those letters contain one of the greatest romances in history.

Even if neither of the Brownings had written a line for posterity, their love-story belongs with Romeo and Juliet, Eloisa and Abelard, Paul and Virginia, Aucassin and Nicolette, Lancelot and Guinevere, or anything you choose to name. Male and female created he them; Robert Browning was wholly masculine, and Elizabeth Barrett wholly feminine.

Both Mr. Burdett and Mr. Loth deal faithfully with that paternal maniac, Elizabeth Barrett's father; and both pay fitting tribute to that ideal parent, Robert Browning, Senior, whom Mr. Loth distressingly calls "Bob." Fortunately neither biographer adopts a disparaging or a patronizing attitude. Both regard Browning as a genius of the highest order; I suspect they have been rereading his poetry. It is only those who have never read him, or who have neglected him, who are unaware of his splendid creative power and of his subtle and beautiful art.

Mr. Burdett's book is filled with penetrating and valuable criticism; but in his estimate of Browning's personal beliefs and attitude his biography suffers by being founded on Mrs. Sutherland Orr rather than on Hall Griffin. Mrs. Orr had produced an admirable handbook on Browning's poems, still the best commentary in one volume; and, as she was an intimate friend of the poet during the last years, the family thought she would be the one best fitted to write his "Life." She made a dismal failure; it is one of the most unsatisfying biographies on record. Browning's son and sister were unspeakably disappointed. His son told me that Browning used to call on Mrs. Orr very often and read aloud to her; sometimes he had a bad cold or felt unwell (I also suspect she bored him) and

he did not go. She had come to look upon these attendances as obligatory; and his absence made her peevish, and her later attitude unsympathetic. Furthermore, she was an agnostic, and endeavored to prove against the facts that Browning was really an unbeliever. Her book has had a somewhat unfortunate effect on Mr. Burdett, who finally rather grudgingly admits that "He was, in truth, half a Christian." If that be true, I think we may safely say that in every sense of the word his better half was wholly Christian.

William Sharp, who knew Browning well, said that his *orthodoxy* puzzled many of his friends; Mrs. Orr made the mistake of denying it. Religious faith was the foundation not only of Browning's optimism but of his whole philosophy of life.

Mr. Burdett makes some admirable comment on Browning's mastery of common language.

Browning is the master of an enormous vocabulary used with ease. Who, since Shakespeare, has approached him in wealth, or fusion, or variety? It is not merely a matter of words. No turn of speech, no trick of idiom, seems to have escaped him, and these idiomatic turns were controlled by a fine ear, so that, instead of descending from poetry to parlance with a jerk, there is, for the most part, no question of the poetry of the whole. One effect of this naturalness has been to obscure the artistry of his style. He went further. He played with English. "The Pied Piper" is a riot of rhymes; rhymes not ardently contrived but pouring out, as if in spate, into the generous stanza that he fashioned for their reception. The consequence is that the lines and phrases which we remember are often moving because, while familiar, we had not noticed the fineness of their cadence before. When Wordsworth begins a notable sonnet with the phrase "It is not to be thought of," we are delighted because he shows us the beauty of a cadence that we have heard every day but not, till now, admired. This, I think, is the mark

of a great style, as distinguished from the majestic, the polished, or the ethereal. Browning is very rich in common treasure. . . . There is no poetic or unpoetic language to this poet, who was an artist so thorough that he could handle all materials with a like skill, and the wider his choice the more happy his conscience. In this idiomatic style there can be no patching, no slurring over weak places which a more selected and artificial vocabulary allows. To use it is a test that would trip many distinguished writers. Moreover from the same note struck with the finger of a single common word, Browning can soar or play as the mood takes him easily. "Day" introduces the splendid spurt of poetry with which *Pippa* opens, as "rats" heralds the most rollicking of his rhymes to the "Pied Piper." He did not despise the enchantments of the magicians, but, like another Shakespeare, he proved that the rarest height is less rare than the whole range, peaks and all. In other poets we have exquisite kinds of music: in Browning the living language of a people, which is splendid, sonorous, idiomatic, grotesque in turn, and sometimes at once.

If we may judge by Shakespeare and Browning, such a range of language is naturally accompanied by the widest human sympathy so that there is no character so commonplace or perverse, no point of view so shame-faced or casuistical, that escapes them. Both are draughtsmen of the human soul. Neither contributed much to the stock of human ideas. If many attempts have been made to formulate the philosophy of both, this is because their works contain immortal presentments of common experience. . . .

In addition to much excellent literary criticism, Mr. Burdett's comments often interest us in other things. Speaking of Miss Barrett's grief on the death of her favorite brother, "If grief could kill, it would have killed Miss Barrett, but only animals seem to die of broken hearts occasionally."

Mr. Loth's book is written in the novelized style so common at this moment, and while this mannerism is at times exasperating, as

At three o'clock Robert was gazing curi-

ously upon the front of the tall, narrow, dark house which bore the number "50 Wimpole Street." Unpleasant looking place, he thought it, even as he divided his attention between a last glance at his watch and an effort to control the sudden rush of blood to the head.

I particularly dislike this bedtime-story style, so familiar in American histories and biographies of our time. Mr. Loth and Mr. Burdett have practically the same estimate of the Brownings; both fully appreciate the genius of Robert Browning, and Mr. Loth seems to have a somewhat better understanding of his personality. He emphasizes his efficiency as a man, and householder, and his perfections as a husband; quoting Fanny Kemble who said of Browning, "He is the only man I ever knew who behaved like a Christian to his wife." He dwells on his brilliant gifts as a chronic diner-out, his versatility and charm as a conversationalist, and makes no mistake on either his religion or his optimism, when he says: "A firm believer in conventional Christianity, he could yet appreciate the pagan sceptic Cleon's fear of death."

I find in Mr. Loth's biography much entertainment, much wisdom, and much instruction. But his last paragraph certainly over-emphasizes the "neglect" of Browning.

Within a very few years, while Tennyson was still universally acclaimed, Browning was remembered only as a perennial dinner guest, as the hero of an unique love story and as a poet who wrote verses to be studied, not enjoyed. Sariana, who died at the age of eighty-nine, lived to see the day when her famous brother's anecdotes were no longer repeated in society, or at least no longer credited to him, when his too exuberant laugh and childish joy in parties were quite forgotten. Ten years later when Pen, too, was dead, the love story of his parents was a little dim in public memory. Today even the reputation for obscurity is rather vague. There remains but one

more step to complete the circle. Some day a bright young man is going to "discover" Robert Browning.

Furthermore, in his ridicule of the Browning societies (there are also Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Shelley societies), he seems to forget, while admitting they lasted longer in America than in England, that they are both numerous and active in 1929. The Browning Societies of Boston, San Francisco, New York, and Pasadena hold regular meetings; Baylor University at Waco, Texas, has one of the finest collections of Browning memorabilia in the world; while at Yale University more than five hundred undergraduates every year spend six months of study in a course exclusively devoted to his poetry.

Mr. Loth shows good judgment and penetrating criticism in the following passage:

It was a literary shibboleth just then that no man could write sincerely, convincingly, of any character without partaking to a considerable degree of that character's nature. Yet how, the poor puzzled devotees of this creed demanded, could Browning partake of so many and such diverse natures? Granted their premises, the obvious deduction was that he possessed a mind of such devious and tortuous complexity that normal men could not hope to understand. The truth, of course, was that Browning was an unpretentious, completely natural person, so unassuming that he did not know learning such as his was unique, so free of any perplexing dogmas of his own that he could reflect with photographic accuracy the most varied characters and yet absorb nothing of them. His own complete simplicity made it possible for him to portray more subtle natures. With all his masterly gift for words and for interpreting the workings of any human mind, he remained quite set in his own sober ways, cautious of innovation and so satisfied with his own make-up that he never bothered about introspection.

Browning's "The Ring and the Book" is an *allusive* poem. Mr. Lucien Esty, joint author of "Ask Me Another," wrote for his own amusement the following ballade, which he has kindly allowed me to print.

*On First Looking Into
A. K. Cook's Preface (p. ix) to his
Commentary upon Browning's
THE RING AND THE BOOK*

Poet, unriddle for us your codes:

Why should on Fénelon fall a curse?
What was the gold snow rained on Rhodes,
When did it fall, and whom immerse?
Where is Corinna, her book, and (worse)
Your frigid Virgil's fieriest screed?
What sort of verse is Bembo's verse?
And who was the Pope's sagacious Swede?

Who was the florid old rogue Albano?
Where is Thucydides' only jest?
How should a reader regard such guano
As "What's this to Bacchus?"—and all the
rest?
What's Tern Quatern, and what's *Est-est*?
What was Bianca's generous deed
In which Olimpia joined with zest?
And who was the Pope's sagacious Swede?

Who was responsible for *De Tribus*,
The essay which good St. John did *not*
write?
Those carilleras suggest a rebus;
Was the Brazen Head broken in a hot
fight?
On tarocs and scazons turn the spotlight.
Where of the Molinists did you read?
Can we be sure your stuff we've got right?
And who was the Pope's sagacious Swede?

ENVOY

Prince (of poets), we feel we're guyed;
We confess that you've got us treed.
One word more—all kidding aside,
WHO was the Pope's sagacious Swede?

Two medical works of quite general interest are "Appendicitis," by Doctor Thew Wright, a practical and informing little book, written for the layman, and a noble quarto, privately printed at Omaha, Nebraska, profusely illus-

trated, and written by Doctor Alfred Brown. It is called "Old Masterpieces in Surgery. Being a Collection of Thoughts and Observations Engendered by a Perusal of Some of the Works of Our Forbears in Surgery."

An original and sparkling book of travel is "The World on One Leg," by Ellery Walter, an American in his early twenties. He shows that the age of romance is not over, for there are as many adventures to be found in modern travel as in mediæval days. Poverty and illness could not quench this young American's courage; not even the loss of his leg, and the terrible sufferings and numerous operations that followed its amputation. Around the world he went on nothing a year. The variety of his adventures is astonishing. A hobo in Mexico, president of his class in the University of Washington, a stoker at sea, on the edge of death in Australia, drifting down the Nile, he seems to have tried everything once and many things twice. Under appalling difficulties, dangers, and discouragements, the man is an optimist and finds life very good!

Another original book of wildly exciting adventures and, like the preceding, abundantly illustrated, is "Roaring Dusk," by Eugene De Bogory, who with his son went to Africa and proceeded to lasso lions! He also fought crocodiles with his bare hands in the water, and did many other unusual things. He tells about his explorations and his fights with wild beasts with gusto, and seems to have had a ripping time.

To turn from savage wildernesses and untamable animals to city streets and London drawing-rooms, few literary biographies are more charming than "The Colvins and Their Friends,"

by the admirable E. V. Lucas. The Colvins "knew everybody" and so do we, when we have finished this narrative. We have an intimate view through conversations and hitherto unpublished letters, of Stevenson, Andrew Lang, Kipling, Barrie, and others; while the anecdotes of Browning and of Henley and of Henry James are full of interest. In her intellect, grace, and charm, Mrs. Sitwell (Lady Colvin) is worthy to stand with the great *salon* ladies of the eighteenth century.

I also heartily recommend two recently published lives of distinguished Americans—"Memories of a Sculptor's Wife," by Mrs. Daniel Chester French, and Mrs. Rush Rhees's biography of her father, Laurenus Clark Seelye, the first president of Smith College. Mr. and Mrs. French have had and are having a wonderfully happy life, and this chronicle is written with spirit and humor. The personality of the writer is irresistible, so full is she of human kindness, sympathy, curiosity, plain sense, and downright fun. The book abounds in good stories and anecdotes.

President Seelye, who lived to be eighty-seven, was a venerable figure. It was my privilege to know him well, which means that I had for his ability and character immense respect and warm affection. A genuine Puritan, a devoutly religious man, his talents for administration included extraordinary tact in dealing with individuals. He was the old-fashioned college president as Doctor Neilson is not; Smith College was and is most fortunate in them both. The introduction, contributed by President Neilson, shows that the best link between the old and the new generation is a compound of intelligence and sympathy.

Whatever faults and limitations clergymen may have had as college presidents, they were almost invariably admirable financiers. They showed remarkable skill in investments, in economical management, and in the disbursement of college funds. You see, nearly all of them were brought up in households where economy was not only a virtue, it was a necessity. These men knew the value of money, and did not waste it.

An important contribution to American history has been made by W. M. Robinson, Jr., in his book, "The Confederate Privateers." This book is accurate; it is well documented, and the story is told in a particularly interesting way. Mr. Robinson's separate booklet on the *Alabama* is a model of historical writing.

Ford Madox Ford's small volume, "The English Novel," is a soliloquy that will arouse violent dissent from many readers, which is perhaps its chief merit. It amuses me to think how the idolaters of Fielding will resent the decision handed down here.

The valiant, redoubtable, and always lovable William A. White of Emporia, Kans., has written an extremely good account of statesmen, politicians, and political bosses during the last forty years in "Masks in a Pageant," where his personal acquaintance with the heroes and the villains adds greatly to the value of the book. I gave a copy of "Masks" to a foreigner who had found our political history and system beyond his comprehension.

John Cournos, a novelist, historian, and biographer of unusual talent and distinction, and who has also translated many Russian novels into English, has hit upon an original scheme as ap-

plied to modern biography. He calls his book "A Modern Plutarch" and adopts and applies the method of comparison and contrast, taking his men in pairs. I strongly recommend this work, for I think it throws much light on the personality, character, and career of each important figure—and none is unimportant. The comparison of Mark Twain and Anatole France is alone worth the price of the book. But as one reads on, and sees how dramatic is the contrast between Latin and Anglo-Saxon, as repeatedly illustrated, how philosophical and unprejudiced is the writer's standpoint, and how full of distinction his style, one sees that "A Modern Plutarch" is an important addition to the literature of biography. Some of the characters in this pageant are Thoreau, Melville, Parnell, Balzac, John Brown, George Sand, Bolivar, Amiel.

If I were a different kind of a man from what I am, I should really enjoy reading Mr. Seabrook's "The Magic Island." It is of course fortunate that there are people of adventurous, pioneering, exploring blood, who love to go into deserts, trackless forests, appalling jungles, and mingle with savage or primitive races. Then they write and tell us about it, and we share their adventures without danger or inconvenience. I suppose there is no one who has less of the frontiersman in him than I. If I had all my expenses paid and a salary in addition, nothing would induce me to visit equatorial Africa or Mary Byrd Land. Hot jungles and trackless snows may be beautiful, but to me they are not so beautiful as the Grand Central Station illuminated, or the North River by night, or Fifth Avenue at sunset, or Park Avenue at any time. I am a man of the city, and I like theatres, music, newspapers, and cultivated men and women. It may

be that black savages have admirable traits, but I am sure they are not so agreeable or trustworthy, and certainly not so interesting as any number of men and women I know in New Haven, Conn.

Mr. Seabrook compared the orgies of The Magic Island with New York night clubs; this is hardly a fair comparison of savagery with civilization. I cannot tell which is the more deplorable of the two, for I have never seen either. From what I can glean from books and plays and gossip, I imagine that any night club is about the last yawn in unutterable boredom. The earnest women who compose the Ladies' Aid Society in the Baptist Church in Genoa, Nebr., are positively brilliant compared with their sisters who frequent the night clubs of New York.

By the way, I read a novel the other day where all the persons were white!

Inasmuch as the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism held a dinner in New York in honor of Voltaire, I quote:

I tell you, without repetition, that I love quakers. Yes, if the sea did not disagree with me, it should be in thy bosom, Oh Pennsylvania! that I would finish the rest of my career; if there be any remaining. Thou art situated in the fortieth degree of latitude, in the softest and most favourable climate; thy houses commodiously built; thy inhabitants industrious; thy manufactures in repute. An eternal peace reigns among thy citizens; crimes are almost unknown; and there is but a single example of a man banished from the country. He deserved it very properly, being an Anglican priest who turning quaker, was unworthy of being so. This poor man was no doubt possessed of the devil, for he dared to preach intolerance; he was called George Keith, and they banished him. I know not where he went; but may all intolerants go with him. (Voltaire's "Philosophical Dictionary.")

An interesting letter about Cooper from G. E. Reed, of Carmel, N. Y.

You say, "John Jay told Cooper the story of a spy, which Cooper turned into one of the most successful novels in American Literature." I want to say that "The Spy" John Jay told Cooper of was a real person, was a member of the church in which I am an elder, was an intimate friend of my father's, and is buried very near where I live. "The Spy's" name was Enoch Crosby and there are not a few of his descendants still in our vicinity.

If you are ever near Carmel I hope you will call and we will show you where "The Spy" is buried.

From Samuel H. Thompson, of Washington, D. C.

I have Howells' "My Mark Twain." Yes, and I am from Tennessee and have been to Obedstown (now Jamestown) where Mark's father was the first Postmaster and the first clerk of the Court. It is yet 22 miles from a railway and there is a splendid little hotel named MARK TWAIN. Three months longer and Mark would have been native to Tennessee. And that is Sergeant Alvin York's country, too—he who captured 132 Germans in the late "throw back."

Some time ago in these columns I expressed my enthusiasm for coffee, and said that I should never follow the English custom of drinking tea for breakfast so long as I could get American coffee. The Syracuse *Herald* gives some very interesting figures in commenting on my statement. It says:

. . . The appeal of coffee as a combined vegetable food stimulant and restorative can be judged by its popularity; and this, in turn, can only be measured by the cold statistics of coffee consumption. In the year before last, the latest year for which the official figures are available, the consumption of coffee in the United States was approximately 1,500,000,-000 pounds, or about 12½ pounds to every man, woman and child in the country. The average for tea in the same year was only about four fifths of a pound per quota.

This article in the *Syracuse Herald* and the cause of it were the subject of a long editorial in *The Mail*, Madras, India.

Remembering my tribute to the philosophical calm of the cow, a reader has sent me the following poem:

TO A COW

"Why, Cow! How cans't thou be so satisfied?
So well content with all things here below,
So unobtrusive and so sleepy-eyed,
So meek, so lazy, and so awful slow?
Dost thou not know that everything is mixed,
That nothing is as it should be on this earth?
That grievously the earth needs to be fixed?
That nothing we can give has any worth?
That times are hard, that life is full of care,
Of sin and trouble, and untowardness,
That love is folly, friendship but a snare?
Up, Cow! This is no time for laziness.
Get up and moo! Tear round and quit thy
dreams."

Edward Stevens Beach, of Ridgefield, Conn., sends me an interesting meditation on FANO.

Professor, what is Fano? Your friend calls it "a Hell of a dump." Therefore, it might be the name of a well-known theological place; or of any soft drink; or a nick-name for New York or Tennessee; or an East Side dialect; or anything "100 Per Cent American." A lady says it is the name of one of Spenser's sweet-peas, and a Yale freshman thinks it designates fairy queens on the Great White Way. It's ambiguous, anyhow; but I assume it's a new public service corporation security, and want to know how much it costs to get in on the ground floor and whether the bonds come before or after the founders' shares.

Nevertheless, if any of your folks think he or she has a monopoly of Spenser's "Faery Queene," be it known that there was a boy of thirteen who, sixty years ago could recite the first Canto from beginning to end. It was not so popular, however, as the rendition, "Of Man's First Disobedience." When "Him, the Almighty Power, hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky," et cetera, was reached,—before the old base-burner in the dry-

goods' store of our village of Hilltop,—good Deacon Carpenter used to thump his walking-stick on the floor and exclaim, "Glory to God, glory to God!" and Deacon Taylor would thump his walking-stick on the floor, and respond, "Amen, Brother George, Amen!"

P. S. Do you remember the title of that corking fine story in one of Beadle's Dime Novels,—or was it in one of Munro's,—where two scouts had their left arms lashed together and fought each other to a dual finish with Bowie knives? I'd like to recapture it for my library.

With reference to the Fano Club and the visitor who wrote me that it was "a hell of a dump," I hear from Bill Gillespie:

Anent the pilgrim to Fano who did not choose to be elected—and used bad words in describing the place—Eggleston, 1900, nominates him for membership in the

PRO-FANO CLUB

Adele D. Hessel of Escanaba, Mich., joins the Faery Queene Club, and is so enthusiastic that she has named her Chevrolet *Gloriana*.

Should this column ever come to the attention of professional proof-readers, I wish to call to their notice an excellent sonnet by Phelps Soule, published by Carl Rollins in the *New York Saturday Review of Literature*.

CCCXIV

(After proof-reading 313 sonnets of
George Henry Boker)

"Ah! Sweet, how long shall Time with his
black hearse
(I wonder if that "Time" should be in
Caps—
Lower case for mine, but lots of other chaps
Bespread tall letters over all their verse)
Shall Time drag on, grief-stricken, to immerse
His load of cares, and sorrow, and mishaps
In Lethe's flow! (That hyphen, now—per-
haps

Should be deleted— That em dash is worse!)
So Time drags on, and Life. What is it more
Than one damned sonnet following its mate?
(And here they run to nearly sixteen
score—
Four thousand lines of love, and pain, and
hate!
Grant Boker, Lord, eternal rest in Thee;
He wrote enough for all eternity!"

Mrs. Raymond E. Fenner, of Springfield, Mass., sends me the following head-line from the Providence *Journal*:

Famous Exploiter of Competitive Inanities Launches "Oral Olympic" "Professor" Crandall Starts Tongues Wagging in New York as 31 Adenoid Athletes Vie Vocally for

World's Long Distance Talking Trophy—\$1000

I wonder if United States Senators were barred.

The process of "debunking"—God forbid that I should ever use that word except between quotation-marks—goes merrily along.

Recently "Debunked"

Julius Cæsar, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Cardinal Manning, Thomas Arnold, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Carlyle, Florence Nightingale, Henry Ward Beecher, General Grant, Francis Bacon, Calvin Coolidge, Mrs. Gracchi.

Recently "Rebunked"

Charles II, James II, Jim Fisk, Judas Iscariot.



For current announcements of the leading publishers see
the front advertising section.

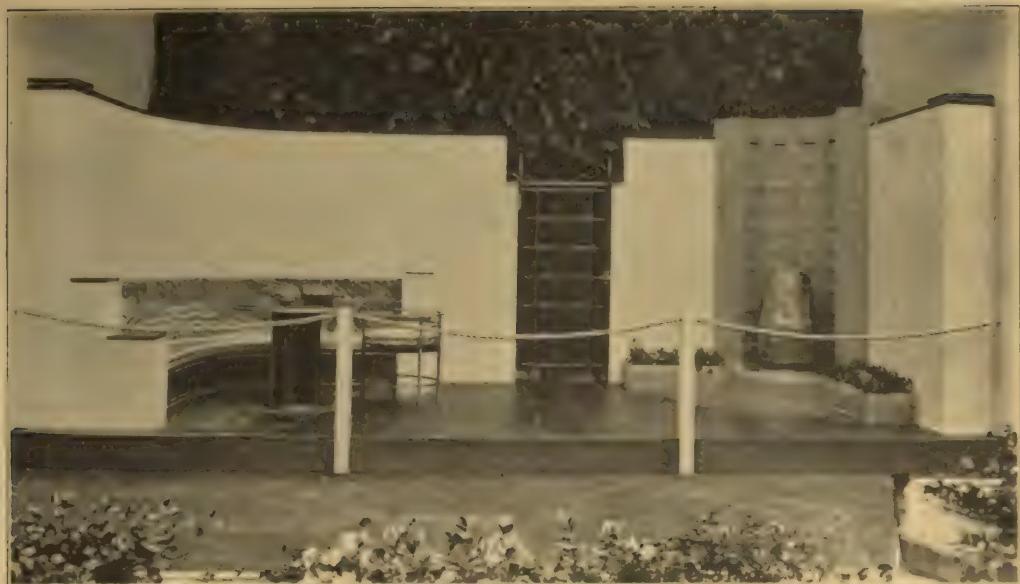
A Contemporary Movement in American Design

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

FOR a number of years one of the leading events of the art season has been an exhibition of the industrial arts at the Metropolitan Museum. Repeatedly it has shown the progress made in furniture, textiles, ceramics, silver and so on. I have touched upon the matter before in these pages, testifying to the healthy state of American design and the really extraordinary efficiency of American craftsmanship. The ten exhibitions hitherto presented have been, indeed, rich in material for the commentator. But the eleventh in the series, open from February 12 to September 2, has a significance differing from that of any of its predecessors. This one is given over to what is roughly known as "Modernism" and by the time these words are published it will have been visited by many hundreds who are discussing it. The public is still occupied in making up its mind as to whether in the construction of its home interiors it will be traditional or modernistic. It has been so occupied for several years past. Many of my readers will doubtless recall the modernistic exhibitions made not long ago by Lord & Taylor and the Macys, two assemblages of rooms and decorations largely designed by French and other foreign individuals. The fact is that this new story is, in a sense, an old one.

It must be twenty-five or thirty years ago that Europe was greatly agitated by

what was called "L'Art Nouveau." It was a fearful and wonderful affair, full of strange curves and weirder than a dream. I remember in those days going out to the Boulevard Berthier, near to the old fortifications, to see my friend Boldini. Near his house was one I always paused to contemplate, an amazing structure built for Yvette Guilbert, then at the height of her glory. I remember, too, at about the same time, coming across a prodigious set of dining-room furniture designed by Carabin. A goblin peeped up over the edge of the table. There were goblins climbing up the back of the big chair, perhaps on the backs of all the chairs. A spirit of adventure was abroad amongst the craftsmen responsible for the envelope of French life. It was daring to the point of eccentricity. Well, L'Art Nouveau went down the wind but the urge that developed it is perennial. Mankind from time to time tires of its accustomed environment. Tradition wearies it. It longs for something new. Then, besides, tradition sometimes has a way of running to seed. Our American passion for European antiquities, for example, led at last to the triumph of the interior decorator in that curious pastiche of all the schools which I have ventured to designate the Ecole de Park Avenue. It is no wonder that people in some quarters sigh for a change. It was the purpose of the exhibition just closed at the Metropolitan to



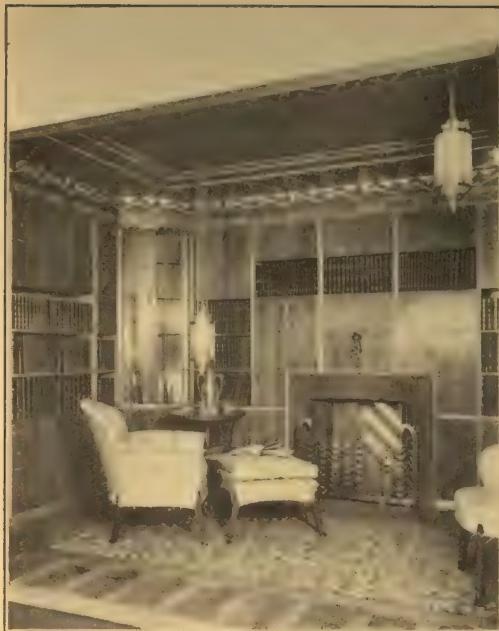
Back-Yard Garden.

From the design by Ely Jacques Kahn.



Child's Nursery and Bedroom.

From the design by Eugene Schoen.



Man's Study for a Country House.

From the design by Ralph T. Walker.



In the Library at Syon House.

From the room designed by Robert Adam.



Dining-Room.

From the design by Eliel Saarinen.



In the Chamber of Commerce, Perugia.

From the room designed in the Renaissance.



Business Executive's Office.

From the design by Raymond M. Hood.



Bath and Dressing-Room.

From the design by Ely Jacques Kahn.



Woman's Bedroom.

From the design by John W. Root.



Man's Den.

From the design by Joseph Urban.

display a certain type of design offered to supply the change.

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"Thorough" was the watchword adopted, the big room devoted to special exhibitions being handed over to a group of designers with permission to erect therein a number of rooms built exactly as they wished. One member of this "Co-operating Committee" was Mr. Armistead Fitzhugh, a landscape-architect. Another, Mr. Leon V. Solon, is a ceramic designer. The remaining seven are all architects, Raymond M. Hood, Ely Jacques Kahn, Eugene Schoen, Joseph Urban and Ralph T. Walker, of New York, John W. Root, of Chicago, and Eliel Saarinen, of Detroit. They had the benefit of an "Advisory Committee on Industrial Art," as well as of the services of the museum staff, and a goodly number of manufacturers rose to the occasion, so that the crafts might participate in producing a "richly bedight" ensemble. From the activities of this large company there emerged a series of exhibits which I enumerate for the sake of the record and to indicate the varied character of this demonstration of what one contemporary movement could do:

- A back-yard garden.
- A man's study for a country house.
- A conservatory.
- A show-window and a sales alcove.
- A woman's bedroom.
- A child's nursery and bedroom.
- A dining-room.
- A bath and dressing-room.
- A salesroom.
- An apartment-house loggia.
- A business executive's office.
- A central garden feature.

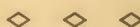
The catalogue proved an unusually interesting accompaniment to the exhibition, containing as it did remarks by each designer, to some of which I shall return, but I must quote first from the

pages written by Mr. Richard F. Bach, the museum's Director of Industrial Relations. I was especially arrested by certain questions that he asked:

What is the tempo of our day? What are the dominant elements of our culture, our activities, our thinking? Is this a speed age or are we sedate? Have we time to be dignified and stately about frills or are we air-minded? Do we wait for months, as once we all did, for the silkworm to complete his labors before beginning to make thread from his cocoon, or do we undertake, as many of us do now, to make a few bales of vegetable silk out of chemically treated wood-fibre between breakfast and lunch as a regular chore of a business week-day? And is this the mechanistic millennium which shrivels the soul and makes mockery of imagination, or are these fabulous industries, these automatic instruments of production, the means of bringing within range of vision the real potentialities of our crowded lives and of interpreting our aspirations and achievements?

Obviously this machine-gun fire of interrogations is no more to be answered with a curt "Yes" or "No" than the famous inquiry as to whether a certain person had stopped beating his wife or not. For example, this undoubtedly is "a speed age," but I dare swear that there are some thousands living in it who are naturally sedate and find plenty of time in which to be dignified. Still, there cannot be any doubt as to the fundamental "tempo of our day." It is unmistakably swift and as clearly there goes with it a sophistication characterized not so much by a surfeit of the past as by a voracious appetite for anything in the present that promises a sharp sensation. In the meantime, despite this trait, there would seem to be about our decade more of a transitional than a decisive mood. We are still choosing. We are, for example, still romantically inclined, however sophisticated we may be. The most piquant saying given by a designer to the catalogue was, for me, that of Mr.

Fitzhugh, who made the "central garden feature." That was an odd blending of formal line and mass with the freedom of flowers and, apropos of it, Mr. Fitzhugh said: "The value of music as a creative incentive in design has been recognized for its stimulating influence on our intellect and emotions. The design of the central garden group was freely developed from my own reaction to the Parsifal 'Amen.'" He found his guiding principle in "lyrical illusion." Is there anything of that in the tempo of our time? None at all, to judge from the bulk of the exhibits.



I conceive of the influences of a period manifesting themselves in an artist's work with the natural inevitability of leaves coming forth from a tree but the impression left upon me by the rooms at the Metropolitan was of so many fabrics put together from an intensely conscious, deliberately adopted point of view, and that point of view sprung from anything save the familiar movement of American life. There was the dining-room designed by Saarinen, the gifted Scandinavian whose architecture is a genuine addition to modern art. The angularities in the decoration of his walls seemed to me calculated to make the diner dizzy. His table, too, I found unduly cumbrous, its central support being especially disappointing. And in room after room, with only a single exception, I promptly felt a sense of strain. Is that what the American wants to feel when he goes home? Let us grant that the tempo of our time imports into the home something drawn from the night club and its saxophones. It nevertheless remains inconceivable that men and women do not want, somewhere, rest and serenity. It was delightful to pause

before the child's nursery and bedroom designed by Mr. Eugene Schoen. He embarked upon his task with all the practicality in the world. "Sanitation, caretaking, and equipment," he said, "have been given important consideration. The furniture is simple, and being constructed of aluminum it is easily handled by the child itself. It is adjustable, so that the pieces may be raised to accommodate the child's growth." That last touch is masterly, lifting foresight to the nth power. I repeat, I delighted in Mr. Schoen's room, it was so gay, so attuned to the spirit of a child—in any epoch. But elsewhere the bleak rigidity of the designs, expressive of our "tempo" or not, was terribly disconcerting.

I looked into the "man's den" by Mr. Joseph Urban and into the same architect's "conservatory." There seemed to be neither ease nor ingratiating welcome in either of them. Mr. Ralph T. Walker's "man's study for a country house" was equally incompatible with what the country-house idea suggests—relaxation, repose. One could never lounge idly with a book in a room like that; one would read as if on parade. Mr. John W. Root's "woman's bedroom" had a restless air, faintly suggestive of a kind of Hollywood de luxe, and the whole artificiality of this exhibition came to a climax in the "business executive's office" by Mr. Raymond M. Hood. Big business, I know, has gone in for all manner of rich settings. I have been in offices which were like private libraries. Something unquestionably has been done to mitigate the tyranny of the roll-top desk. But I could not see that Mr. Hood's solution of the problem was headed in the right direction. He, like his fellows, made too self-conscious, too muscle-bound, too "precious" a room. His words in the catalogue point, per-

haps, to the source of the trouble, so I must quote him at some length:

The task of the contemporary designer is first to search for the practical solution of his problem, and then to avail himself of every material, every invention, every method that will aid him in its development. He does not forget that it is his business to fashion the materials he uses into a beautiful form, but he realizes that only by this road can he hope to find the real beauty which will be the harmonious expression of modern life. Especially must there be acknowledgment of the fact that the machine, as a tool of the designer, has replaced the craftsman in contemporary production, and has, therefore, tremendously influenced modern design.

Perhaps I can best express my conception of the new movement by an illustration. If I were asked if I could build a more beautiful business office than Michael Angelo, I should say, "No, but I can build a better business office." My office would be better lighted, better heated, have furniture better suited to its needs, and so on, all for the simple reason that I have new materials, new processes, and new inventions at my command, of which Michael Angelo did not dream. The office might not be so beautiful, but it would certainly be more convenient, more comfortable, and better suited to its purpose. But it would not be as good, and would undoubtedly be less beautiful than Michael Angelo's, were I to limit myself to the materials, the craftsmanship, and the relatively simple contrivances of his period.

Two conclusions flow from this fragment and from the modernism which is practised by Mr. Hood and his colleagues. One is that they lean perhaps too heavily upon contemporary materials and contrivances. There is nothing talismanic about these in the world of design. Beauty lies more in the artist's imagination than in the stuff in which he works. What counts is the designer's creative invention. Mr. Hood is very candid. He admits that Michael Angelo might have made a more beautiful business office. He admits also that it is the business of the designer to-day "to fashion the materials he uses into a beauti-

ful form." Well, with equal candor, I must protest that I do not think he does this. That is the whole burthen of my criticism of the rooms at the Metropolitan. They were not, in my opinion, beautiful. It will possibly amuse the reader to turn to my illustrations and observe one or two contrasts there presented.



It was for the Peruvian Chamber of Commerce that the craftsmen carved and panelled the room for which Perugino made the decorations. They worked in a business building. But they, and their clients, had a sense of beauty. Bookshelving is inserted into the walls of the Adam room at Syon House with as keen a solicitude for decorative effect as Mr. Walker shows in his "man's study for a country house." But in the one case you have a kind of gracious elegance and in the other an unfortunate stiffness. Now I hope the reader will not think that I would ask Mr. Hood or Mr. Walker to substitute a slavish "period" motive for what they have produced. They are working—to fall into the key of Mr. Hood's pronouncement—not in the Renaissance or in the eighteenth century but in the twentieth. Only, to put it bluntly, I fear that they do not possess quite the feeling for beauty or quite the creative instinct of the Peruvians or the Adam brothers. My comparisons are not unfair. If Mr. Hood may drag in Michael Angelo I hope I may be permitted to drag in my other old exemplars of the principle I have in mind.

It is the principle which is being lost sight of in so much of our contemporary artistic activity. Painters, sculptors, architects, "go modern" as they might "take up golf," as though the interpretation of the tempo of their time were something to be got at from the outside and systematically developed through

study and practice. They behave also as if there were something necessarily inspiring in a motive that is contemporaneous. That is a fallacy. It has been proved before this. The baroque period in Europe produced much that we admire to-day for a certain full-blown energy and picturesqueness but nobody regards it as an age of gold. Our own period contains likewise elements frankly inimical to beauty. Modernism is content to express them, forgetting that it is the function of the artist, as he translates them, to correct them into something finer. He is mistaken if he thinks that he has fulfilled himself in taking things as they are, in being, if you like, "truthful." The camera is truthful but what it produces is not a work of art. The creation of that requires the intervention of a personality, of genius, or of something akin to it. There is a peculiar potentiality in the individual. One curious thing about the Metropolitan exhibition was what looked to me like the submergence of the individual in the "movement." Just as so many of the modernistic painters bear an odd resemblance to little Matisses, little Derains, so many of the modernistic architects apparently subscribe to a common denominator of design, to something very like a formula—with a savor of Paris about it.

The straight line, for example, dominates them to an extraordinary extent, a straight line which has the virtue of producing a clean-cut, crisp effect, very much in sympathy with the hardness of our era, but one from which nobody at present, in my observation, has extorted beautiful or particularly interesting effects. It would be thrilling indeed if modernism produced a quantity of fresh, individualized designs, making

one feel the force of true creative energy, of ideas pressing hard to be expressed. Instead we get a strange conformity. Particularly have I looked in vain for things racy, nationalistic, immediately distinguishable from the sort of decoration and furniture which we have had from abroad. On the contrary, the general effect is of the same fortuitous effort that is characteristic of Europe. The most significant passage in the catalogue aforesaid was written by Mr. Saarinen. "We have as yet no modern style," he said, "only tendencies toward such a style." He went on to assert, on the other hand, that "we do have the principles of development which have held true in other epochs." In a measure he is right. The architects at whose works I have glanced are endeavoring to keep in step with the tempo of their time. They are faithful to what I may call the genius of their materials. They are practical in, as I have indicated, a rather "precious" way, though even there they have still far to go, as in the important matter of lighting, which is about as contemporaneous a problem as you could find and on which they have very little profitable to say. In the broader aspects of their task, especially in that which embraces the question of making an interior reposeful and pleasing, the goal more distinctly recedes. Though with Mr. Hood the modernist may believe that it "is his business to fashion the materials he uses into beautiful form," he has the most surprising notions as to what constitutes beauty. It would be a merry joke if he threw the public back upon the very traditionalism he seeks to displace. For, after all, every one loves a beautiful thing, and beautiful things have a way of being dateless, meet to delight in in any epoch.

A Farewell to Arms

(Continued from page 504 of this number)

"Yes," I said. "And we have gotten away from the war."

She laughed. It was the first time I had ever heard her laugh. I watched her face.

"You are sweet," she said.

"No, I'm not."

"Yes. You are a dear. I'd be glad to kiss you if you don't mind."

I looked in her eyes and put my arm around her as I had before and kissed her. I kissed her hard and held her tight and tried to open her lips; they were closed tight. I was still angry and as I held her suddenly she shivered. I held her close against me and could feel her heart beating and her lips opened and her head went back against my hand and then she was crying on my shoulder.

"Oh, darling," she said. "You will be good to me, won't you?"

What the hell, I thought. I stroked her hair and patted her shoulder. She was crying.

"You will, won't you?" she looked up at me. "Because we're going to have a strange life."

After a while I walked with her to the door of the villa and she went in and I walked home. Back at the villa I went up-stairs to the room. Rinaldi was lying on his bed. He looked at me.

"So you make progress with Miss Barkley?"

"We are friends."

"You have that pleasant air of a dog——."

I did not understand the word.

"Of a what?"

He explained.

"You," I said, "have that pleasant air of a dog who——."

"Stop it," he said. "In a little while we would say insulting things." He laughed.

"Good night," I said.

"Good night, little puppy."

I knocked over his candle with the pillow and got into bed in the dark.

Rinaldi picked up the candle, lit it and went on reading.

VI

I was away for two days at the posts. When I got home it was too late and I did

not see Miss Barkley until the next evening. She was not in the garden and I had to wait in the office of the hospital until she came down. There were many marble busts on painted wooden pillars along the walls of the room they used for an office. The hall too, that the office opened on, was lined with them. They had the complete marble quality of all looking alike. Sculpture had always seemed a dull business—still bronzes looked like something. But marble busts all looked like a cemetery. There was one fine cemetery though—the one at Pisa. Genoa was the place to see the bad marbles. This had been the villa of a very wealthy German and the busts must have cost him plenty. I wondered who had done them and how much he got. I tried to make out whether they were members of the family or what; but they were all uniformly classical. You could not tell anything about them.

I sat on a chair and held my cap. We were supposed to wear steel helmets even in Gorizia but they were uncomfortable and too theatrical in a town where the civilian inhabitants had not been evacuated. I wore one when we went up to the posts and carried an English gas mask. We were just beginning to get some of them. They were a real mask. Also we were required to wear an automatic pistol; even doctors and sanitary officers. I felt it against the back of the chair. You were liable to arrest if you did not have one worn in plain sight. Rinaldi carried a holster stuffed with toilet paper. I wore a real one and felt like a gunman until I practised firing it. It was an Astra 7.65 calibre with a short barrel and it jumped so sharply when you let it off that there was no question of hitting anything. I practised with it holding below the target and trying to master the jerk of the ridiculous short barrel until I could hit within a yard of where I aimed at twenty paces and then the ridiculousness of carrying a pistol at all came over me and I soon forgot it and carried it flopping against the small of my back with no feeling at all except a vague sort of shame when I met English speaking people. I sat now in the chair and an orderly of some sort looked at me disapprovingly

from behind a desk while I looked at the marble floor, the pillars with the marble busts, and the frescoes on the wall while I waited for Miss Barkley. The frescoes were not bad. Any frescoes were good when they started to peel and flake off.

I saw Catherine Barkley coming down the hall and stood up. She did not seem tall walking toward me but she looked very lovely.

"Good evening, Mr. Henry," she said.

"How do you do?" I said. The orderly was listening behind the desk.

"Shall we sit here or go out in the garden?"

"Let's go out. It's much cooler."

I walked behind her out into the garden, the orderly looking after us. When we were out on the gravel drive she said, "Where have you been?"

"I've been out on post."

"You couldn't have sent me a note?"

"No," I said. "Not very well. I thought I was coming back."

"You ought to have let me know, darling."

We were off the driveway walking under the trees. I took her hands, then stopped and kissed her.

"Isn't there anywhere we can go?"

"No," she said. "We have to just walk here. You've been away a long time."

"This is the third day. But I'm back now."

She looked at me, "And you do love me?"

"Yes."

"You did say you loved me, didn't you?"

"Yes," I lied. "I love you." I had not said it before.

"And you call me Catherine?"

"Catherine." We walked on a way and were stopped under a tree.

"Say, I've come back to Catherine in the night."

"I've come back to Catherine in the night."

"Oh, darling, you have come back, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"I love you so and it's been awful. You won't go away?"

"No. I'll always come back."

"Oh, I love you so. Please put your hand there again."

"It's not been away." I turned her so I could see her face when I kissed her and I saw that her eyes were shut. I kissed both her shut eyes. I thought she was probably a little crazy. It was all right if she was. I did not care what I was getting into. This was better

than going every evening to the house for officers where the girls climbed all over you and put your cap on backward as a sign of affection between their trips up-stairs with brother officers. I know I did not love Catherine Barkley nor had any idea of loving her. This was a game, like bridge, in which you said things instead of playing cards. Like bridge you had to pretend you were playing for money or playing for some stakes. Nobody had mentioned what the stakes were. It was all right with me.

"I wish there was some place we could go," I said. I was experiencing the masculine difficulty of making love very long standing up.

"There isn't any place," she said. She came back from wherever she had been.

"We might sit there just for a little while."

We sat on the flat stone bench and I held Catherine Barkley's hand. She would not let me put my arm around her.

"Are you very tired?" she asked.

"No."

She looked down at the grass.

"This is a rotten game we play, isn't it?"

"What game?"

"Don't be dull."

"I'm not, on purpose."

"You're a nice boy," she said. "And you play it as well as you know how. But it's a rotten game."

"Do you always know what people think?"

"Not always. But I do with you. You don't have to pretend you love me. That's over for the evening. Is there anything you'd like to talk about?"

"But I do love you."

"Please let's not lie when we don't have to. I had a very fine little show and I'm all right now. You see I'm not mad and I'm not gone off. It's only a little sometimes."

I pressed her hand, "Dear Catherine."

"It sounds very funny now—Catherine. You don't pronounce it very much alike. But you're very nice. You're a very good boy."

"That's what the priest said."

"Yes, you're very good. And you will come and see me?"

"Of course."

"And you don't have to say you love me. That's all over for a while." She stood up and put out her hand. "Good night."

I wanted to kiss her.

"No," she said. "I'm awfully tired."

"Kiss me though," I said.
 "I'm awfully tired, darling."
 "Kiss me."
 "Do you want to very much?"
 "Yes."

We kissed and she broke away suddenly. "No. Good night, please, darling." We walked to the door and I saw her go in and down the hall. I liked to watch her move. She went on down the hall. I went on home. It was a hot night and there was a good deal going on up in the mountains. I watched the flashes on San Gabrielle.

I stopped in front of the Villa Rossa. The shutters were up but it was still going on inside. Somebody was singing. I went on home. Rinaldi came in while I was undressing.

"Ah ha!" he said. "It does not go so well. Baby is puzzled."

"Where have you been?"

"At the Villa Rossa. It was very edifying, baby. We all sang. Where have you been?"

"Calling on the British."

"Thank God I did not become involved with the British."

VII

I came back the next afternoon from our first mountain post and stopped the car at the *smistimento* where the wounded and sick were sorted by their papers and the papers marked for the different hospitals. I had been driving and I sat in the car and the driver took the papers in. It was a hot day and the sky was very bright and blue and the road was white and dusty. I sat in the high seat of the Fiat and thought about nothing. A regiment went by in the road and I watched them pass. The men were hot and sweating. Some wore their steel helmets but most of them carried them slung from their packs. Most of the helmets were too big and came down almost over the ears of the men who wore them. The officers all wore helmets; better fitting helmets. It was half of the brigata Basilicata. I identified them by their red and white striped collar mark. There were stragglers going by long after the regiment had passed—men who could not keep up with their platoons. They were sweaty, dusty and tired. Some looked pretty bad. A soldier came along after the last of the stragglers. He was walking with a limp. He stopped and sat down beside the road. I got down and went over.

"What's the matter?"

He looked at me, then stood up.
 "I'm going on."
 "What's the trouble?"
 "—— the war."
 "What's wrong with your leg?"
 "It's not my leg. I got a rupture."
 "Why don't you ride with the transport?" I asked. "Why don't you go to the hospital?"
 "They won't let me. The lieutenant said I slipped the truss on purpose."
 "Let me feel it."
 "It's way out."
 "Which side is it on?"
 "Here."
 I felt it.
 "Cough," I said.
 "I'm afraid it will make it bigger. It's twice as big as it was this morning."
 "Sit down," I said. "As soon as I get the papers on these wounded I'll take you along the road and drop you with your medical officers."
 "He'll say I did it on purpose."
 "They can't do anything," I said. "It's not a wound. You've had it before, haven't you?"
 "But I lost the truss."
 "They'll send you to a hospital."
 "Can't I stay here, Tenente?"
 "No, I haven't any papers for you."
 The drivers came out of the door with the papers for the wounded in the car.
 "Four for 105. Two for 132," he said. They were hospitals beyond the river.
 "You drive," I said. I helped the soldier with the rupture up on the seat with us.
 "You speak English?" he asked.
 "Sure."
 "How you like this goddam war?"
 "Rotten."
 "I say it's rotten. — — — I say it's rotten."
 "Were you in the States?"
 "Sure. In Pittsburgh. I knew you was an American."
 "Don't I talk Italian good enough?"
 "I knew you was an American all right."
 "Another American," said the driver in Italian looking at the hernia man.
 "Listen, Lootenant. Do you have to take me to that regiment?"
 "Yes."
 "Because the captain doctor knew I had this rupture. I threw away the goddam truss so it would get bad and I wouldn't have to go to the line again."

"I see."

"Couldn't you take me no place else?"

"If it was closer to the front I could take you to a first medical post. But back here you've got to have papers."

"If I go back they'll make me get operated on and then they'll put me in the line all the time."

I thought it over.

"You wouldn't want to go in the line all the time, would you?" he asked.

"No."

"—— ain't this a goddam war?"

"Listen," I said. "You get out and fall down by the road and get a bump on your head and I'll pick you up on our way back and take you to a hospital. We'll stop by the road here, Aldo." We stopped at the side of the road. I helped him down.

"I'll be right here, Lieutenant," he said.

"So long," I said. We went on and passed the regiment about a mile ahead, then crossed the river, cloudy with snow water, and running fast through the spiles of the bridge, to ride along the road across the plain and deliver the wounded at the two hospitals. I drove coming back and went fast with the empty car to find the man from Pittsburgh. First we passed the regiment, hotter and slower than ever; then the stragglers. Then we saw a horse ambulance stopped by the road. Two men were lifting the hernia man to put him in. They had come back for him. He shook his head at me. His helmet was off and his forehead was bleeding below the hair line. His nose was skinned and there was dust on the bloody patch and dust in his hair.

"Look at the bump, Lieutenant!" he shouted. "Nothing to do. They come back for me."

When I got back to the villa it was five o'clock and I went out where we washed the cars to take a shower. Then I made out my report in my room, sitting in my trousers and an undershirt in front of the open window. In two days the offensive was to start and I would go with the cars to Plava. It was a long time since I had written to the States and I knew I should write but I had let it go so long that it was almost impossible to write now. There was nothing to write about. I sent a couple of army Zona di Guerra post-cards, crossing out everything except I Am Well. That should handle them. Those post-cards would be very fine in America; strange and

mysterious. This was a strange and mysterious war zone but I supposed it was quite well run and grim compared to other wars with the Austrians. The Austrian army was created to give Napoleon victories; any Napoleon. I wished we had a Napoleon but instead we had Il Generale Cadorna, fat and prosperous, and Vittorio Emmanuele the tiny man with the long thin neck and the goat beard. Over on the right they had the Duke of Aosta. Maybe he was too good looking to be a great general but he looked like a man. Lots of them would have liked him to be king. He looked like a king. He was the King's uncle and commanded the third army. We were in the second army. There were some British batteries up with the third army. I had met two gunners from that lot in Milan. They were very nice and we had a big evening. They were big and shy and embarrassed and very appreciative together of anything that happened. I wish that I was with the British. It would have been much simpler. Still I would probably have been killed. Not in this ambulance business. Yes, even in the ambulance business. British ambulance drivers were killed sometimes. Well I knew I would not be killed. Not in this war. It did not have anything to do with me. It seemed no more dangerous to me myself than war in the movies. I wished to God it was over though. Maybe it would finish this summer. Maybe the Austrians would crack. They had always cracked in other wars. What was the matter with this war? Everybody said the French were through. Rinaldi said that the French had mutinied and troops march on Paris. I asked him what happened and he said, "Oh, they stopped them." I wanted to go to Austria without war. I wanted to go to the Black Forest. I wanted to go to the Hartz Mountains. Where were the Hartz Mountains anyway? They were fighting in the Carpathians. I did not want to go there anyway. It might be good though. I could go to Spain if there was no war. The sun was going down and the day was cooling off. After supper I would go and see Catherine Barkley. I wished she were here now. I wished I were in Milan with her. I would like to eat at the Cova and then walk down the Via Manzoni in the hot evening and cross over and turn off along the canal and go to the hotel with Catherine Barkley. Maybe she would. Maybe she would pretend that I was her boy that was killed and

we would go in the front door and the porter would take off his cap and I would stop at the concierge's desk and ask for the key and she would stand by the elevator and then we would get in the elevator and it would go up very slowly clicking at all the floors and then our floor and the boy would open the door and stand there and she would step out and I would step out and we would walk down the hall and I would put the key in the door and open it and go in and then take down the telephone and ask them to send a bottle of capri bianca in a silver bucket full of ice and you would hear the ice against the pail coming down the corridor and the boy would knock and I would say leave it outside the door, please. That was how it ought to be. I would eat quickly and go and see Catherine Barkley.

They talked too much at the mess and I drank wine because to-night we were not all brothers unless I drank a little and talked with the priest about Archbishop Ireland who was, it seemed, a noble man and with whose injustices, the injustices he had received and in which I participated as an American, and of which I had never heard, I feigned acquaintance. It would have been impolite not to have known something of them when I had listened to such a splendid explanation of their causes which were, after all, it seemed, misunderstandings. I thought he had a fine name and he came from Minnesota which made a lovely name: Ireland of Minnesota, Ireland of Wisconsin, Ireland of Michigan. What made it pretty was that it sounded like Island. No, that wasn't it. There was more to it than that. Yes, father. That is true, father. Perhaps, father. No, father. Well maybe yes, father. You know more about it than I do, father. The priest was good but dull. The officers were not good but dull. The King was good but dull. The wine was bad but not dull. It took the enamel off your teeth and left it on the roof of your mouth.

"And the priest was locked up," Rocca said. "Because they found the three per cent bonds on his person. It was in France, of course. Here they would never have arrested him. He denied all knowledge of the five per cent bonds. This took place at Beziers. I was there and reading of it in the paper went to the jail and asked to see the priest. It was quite evident he had stolen the bonds."

"I don't believe a word of this," Rinaldi said.

"Just as you like," Rocca said. "But I am telling it for our priest here. It is very informative. He is a priest; he will appreciate it."

The priest smiled. "Go on," he said. "I am listening."

"Of course some of the bonds were not accounted for but the priest had all of the three per cent bonds and several local obligations, I forget exactly what they were. So I went to the jail, now this is the point of the story, and I stood outside his cell and I said as though I were going to confession, 'Bless me, father, for you have sinned.'"

There was great laughter from everybody.

"And what did he say?" asked the priest. Rocca ignored this and went on to explain the joke to me. "You see the point, don't you?" It seemed it was a very funny joke if you understood it properly. They poured me more wine and I told the story about the English private soldier who was placed under the shower bath. Then the major told the story of the eleven Czechoslovaks and the Hungarian corporal. After some more wine I told the story of the jockey who found the penny. The major said there was an Italian story something like that about the Duchess who could not sleep at night. At this point the priest left and I told the story about the travelling salesman who arrived at five o'clock in the morning at Marseilles when the mistral was blowing. The major said he had heard a report that I could drink. I denied this. He said it was true and by the corpse of Bacchus we would test whether it was true or not. Not Bacchus, I said. Not Bacchus. Yes, Bacchus, he said. I should drink cup for cup and glass for glass with Bassi Filippo Vicenza. Bassi said no, that was no test because he had already drunk twice as much as I. I said that was a foul lie and Bacchus or no Bacchus Filippo Vicenza Bassi or Bassi Filippo Vicenza had never touched a drop all evening and what was his name anyway? He said was my name Federico Enrico or Enrico Federico? I said let the best man win, Bacchus barred, and the major started us with red wine in mugs. Half way through the wine I did not want any more. I remembered where I was going.

"Bassi wins," I said. "He's a better man than I am. I have to go."

"He does really," said Rinaldi. "He has a rendezvous. I know all about it."

"I have to go."

"Another night," said Bassi. "Another night when you feel stronger." He slapped me on the shoulder. There were lighted candles on the table. All the officers were very happy. "Good night, gentlemen," I said.

Rinaldi went out with me. We stood outside the door on the path and he said, "You'd better not go up there drunk."

"I'm not drunk, Rinnin. Really."

"You'd better chew some coffee."

"Nonsense."

"I'll get some, baby. You walk up and down." He came back with a handful of roasted coffee beans. "Chew those, baby, and God be with you."

"Bacchus," I said.

"I'll walk down with you."

"I'm perfectly all right."

We walked along together through the town and I chewed the coffee. At the gate of the driveway that led up to the British villa Rinaldi said good night.

"Good night," I said. "Why don't you come in?"

He shook his head, "No," he said. "I like the simpler pleasures."

"Thank you for the coffee beans."

"Nothing, baby. Nothing."

I started down the driveway. The outlines of the cypresses that lined it were sharp and clear. I looked back and saw Rinaldi standing watching me and waved to him.

I sat in the reception hall of the villa waiting for Catherine Barkley to come down. Some one was coming down the hall-way. I stood up, but it was not Catherine. It was Miss Ferguson.

"Hello," she said. "Catherine asked me to tell you she was sorry she couldn't see you this evening."

"I'm so sorry. I hope she's not ill."

"She's not awfully well."

"Will you tell her how sorry I am?"

"Yes, I will."

"Do you think it would be any good to try and see her to-morrow?"

"Yes, I do."

"Thank you very much," I said. "Good night."

I went out the door and suddenly I felt lonely and empty. I had treated seeing Catherine very lightly, I had gotten somewhat drunk and had nearly forgotten to come but

when I could not see her there I was feeling lonely and hollow.

VIII

The next afternoon we heard there was to be an attack up the river that night and that we were to take four cars there. Nobody knew anything about it although they all spoke with great positiveness and strategical knowledge. All I knew was the place and that we were to go there with four cars. So I got the first four cars on call and warned the others that they were moved up on the list. We left the villa and started out through the town. I was riding in the first car and as we passed the entry to the British hospital I told the driver to stop. The other cars pulled up. I got out and told the driver to go on and that if we had not caught up to them at the junction of the road to Cormons to wait there. I hurried up the driveway and inside the reception hall I asked for Miss Barkley.

"She's on duty."

"Could I see her just for a moment?"

They sent an orderly to see and she came back with him.

"I stopped to ask if you were better. They told me you were on duty so I asked to see you."

"I'm quite well," she said, "I think the heat knocked me over yesterday."

"I have to go."

"I'll just step out the door a minute."

"And you're all right?" I asked outside.

"Yes, darling. Are you coming to-night?"

"No. I'm leaving now for a show up above Plava."

"A show?"

"I don't think it's anything."

"And you'll be back?"

"To-morrow."

She was unclasping something from her neck. She put it in my hand. "It's a Saint Anthony," she said. "And come to-morrow night."

"You're not a Catholic, are you?"

"No. But they say a Saint Anthony's very useful."

"I'll take care of him for you. Good-by."

"No," she said, "not good-by."

"All right."

"Be a good boy and be careful. No, you can't kiss me here. You can't."

"All right."

I looked back and saw her standing on the steps. She waved and I kissed my hand and held it out. She waved again and then I was out of the driveway and climbing up into the seat of the ambulance and we started. The Saint Anthony was in a little white metal capsule. I opened the capsule and spilled him out into my hand.

"Saint Anthony?" asked the driver.

"Yes."

"I have one." His right hand left the wheel and opened a button on his tunic and pulled it out from under his shirt.

"See?"

I put my Saint Anthony back in the capsule, spilled the thin gold chain together and put it all in my breast pocket.

"You don't wear him?"

"No."

"It's better to wear him. That's what it's for."

"All right," I said. I undid the clasp of the gold chain and put it around my neck and clasped it. The saint hung down on the outside of my uniform and I undid the throat of my tunic, unbuttoned the shirt collar and dropped him in under the shirt. I felt him in his metal box against my chest while we drove. Then I forgot about him. After I was wounded I never found him. Some one probably got it at one of the dressing stations.

We drove fast when we were over the bridge and soon we saw the dust of the other cars ahead down the road. The road curved and we saw the three cars looking quite small, the dust rising from the wheels and going off through the trees. We caught them and passed them and turned off on a road that climbed up into the hills. Driving in convoy is not unpleasant if you are the first car and I settled back in the seat and watched the country. We were in the foot hills on the near side of the river and as the road mounted there were the high mountains off to the north with snow still on the tops. I looked back and saw the three cars all climbing, spaced by the interval of their dust. We passed a long column of loaded mules, the drivers walking along beside the mules wearing red fezzes. They were bersagliere transport.

Beyond the mule train the road was empty and we climbed through the hills and then went down over the shoulder of a long hill into a river valley. There were trees along

both sides of the road and through the right line of trees I saw the river, the water clear, fast and shallow. The river was low and there were stretches of sand and pebbles with a narrow channel of water and sometimes the water spread like a sheen over the pebbly bed. Close to the bank I saw deep pools, the water blue like the sky. I saw arched stone bridges over the river where tracks turned off from the road and we passed stone farm houses with pear trees candelabra-ed against their south walls and low stone walls in the fields. The road went up the valley a long way and then we turned off and commenced to climb into the hills again. The road climbed steeply going up and back and forth through chestnut woods to level finally along a ridge. I could look down through the woods and see, far below, with the sun on it, the line of the river that separated the two armies. We went along the rough new military road that followed the crest of the ridge and I looked to the north at the two ranges of mountains, green and dark to the snow line and then white and lovely in the sun. Then, as the road mounted along the ridge I saw a third range of mountains, higher snow mountains, that looked chalky white and furrowed, with strange planes, and then there were mountains far off beyond all these that you could hardly tell if you really saw. Those were all the Austrian's mountains and we had nothing like them. Ahead there was a rounded turn off in the road to the right and looking down I could see the road dropping through the trees. There were troops on this road and motor trucks and mules with mountain guns and as we went down, keeping to the side, I could see the river far down below, the line of ties and rails running along it, the old bridge where the railway crossed to the other side and across, under a hill beyond the river, the broken houses of the little town that was to be taken.

It was nearly dark when we came down and turned onto the main road that ran beside the river.

IX

The road was crowded and there were screens of corn stalk and straw matting on both sides and matting over the top so that it was like the entrance at a circus or a native village. We drove slowly in this matting cov-

ered tunnel and came out onto a bare cleared space where the railway station had been. The road here was below the level of the river bank and all along the side of the sunken road there were holes dug in the bank with infantry in them. The sun was going down and looking up along the bank as we drove I saw the Austrian observation balloons above the hills on the other side dark against the sunset. We parked the cars beyond a brickyard. The ovens and some deep holes had been equipped as dressing-stations. There were three doctors that I knew. I talked with the major and learned that when it should start and our cars should be loaded we would drive them back along the screened road and up to the main road along the ridge where there would be a post and other cars to clear them. He hoped the road would not jam. It was a one road show. The road was screened because it was in sight of the Austrians across the river. Here at the brick-yard we were sheltered from rifle or machine-gun fire by the river bank. There was one smashed bridge across the river. They were going to put over another bridge when the bombardment started and some troops were to cross at the shallows up above at the bend of the river. The major was a little man with upturned mustaches. He had been in the war in Libya and wore two wound stripes. He said that if the thing went well he would see that I was decorated. I said I hoped it would go well but that he was too kind. I asked him if there was a big dugout where the drivers could stay and he sent a soldier to show me. I went with him and found the dugout, which was very good. The drivers were pleased with it and I left them there. The major asked me to have a drink with him and two other officers. We drank rum and it was very friendly. Outside it was getting dark. I asked what time the attack was to be and they said as soon as it was dark. I went back to the drivers. They were sitting in the dugout talking and when I came in they stopped. I gave them each a package of cigarettes, Macedonias, loosely packed cigarettes that spilled tobacco and needed to have the ends twisted before you smoked them. Manera lit his lighter and passed it around. The lighter was shaped like a Fiat radiator. I told them what I had heard.

"Why didn't we see the post when we came down?" Passini asked.

"It was just beyond where we turned off."

"That road will be a dirty mess," Manera said. "They'll shell the — out of us."

"Probably."

"What about eating, Lieutenant? We won't get a chance to eat after this thing starts."

"I'll go and see now," I said.

"You want us to stay here or can we look around?"

"Better stay here."

I went back to the major's dugout and he said the field-kitchen would be along and the drivers could come and get their stew. He would loan them mess tins if they did not have them. I said I thought they had them. I went back and told the drivers I would get them as soon as the food came. Manera said he hoped it would come before the bombardment started. They were silent until I went out. They were all mechanics and hated the war.

I went out to look at the cars and see what was going on and then came back and sat down in the dugout with the four drivers. We sat on the ground with our backs against the wall and smoked. Outside it was nearly dark. The earth of the dugout was warm and dry and I let my shoulders back against the wall, sitting on the small of my back, and relaxed.

"Who goes to the attack?" asked Gavuzzi.

"Bersagliere."

"All bersagliere?"

"I think so."

"There aren't enough troops here for a real attack."

"It is probably to draw attention from where the real attack will be."

"Do the men know that who attack?"

"I don't think so."

"Of course they don't," Manera said. "They wouldn't attack if they did."

"Yes, they would," Passini said. "Bersagliere are fools."

"They are brave and have good discipline," I said.

"They are big through the chest by measurement and healthy. But they are still fools."

"The granatieri are tall," Manera said. This was a joke. They all laughed.

"Were you there, Tenente, when they wouldn't attack and they shot every tenth man?"

"No."

"It is true. They lined them up afterward and took every tenth man. Carabiniere shot them."

"Carabiniere," said Passini and spat on the floor. "But those grenadiers; all over six feet. They wouldn't attack."

"If everybody would not attack the war would be over," Manera said.

"It wasn't that way with the granatiere. They were afraid. The officers all came from such good families."

"Some of the officers went alone."

"A sergeant shot two officers who would not get out."

"Some troops went out."

"Those that went out were not lined up when they took the tenth men."

"One of those shot by the carabiniere is from my town," Passini said. "He was a big, smart, tall boy to be in the granatiere. Always in Rome. Always with the girls. Always with the carabiniere." He laughed. "Now they have a guard outside his house with a bayonet and nobody can come to see his mother and father and sisters and his father loses his civil rights and cannot even vote. They are all without law to protect them. Anybody can take their property."

"If it wasn't that that happens to their families nobody would go to the attack."

"Yes. Alpini would. These V. E. soldiers would. Some bersagliere."

"Bersagliere have run too. Now they try to forget it."

"You should not let us talk this way, Tenente. Evviva l'esercito," Passini said sarcastically.

"I know how you talk," I said. "But as long as you drive the cars and behave——"

"—and don't talk so other officers can hear," Manera finished.

"I believe we should get the war over," I said. "It would not finish it if one side stopped fighting. It would only be worse if we stopped fighting."

"It could not be worse," Passini said respectfully. "There is nothing worse than war."

"Defeat is worse."

"I do not believe it," Passini said, still respectfully. "What is defeat? You go home."

"They come after you. They take your home. They take your sisters."

"I don't believe it," Passini said. "They can't do that to everybody. Let everybody defend his home. Let them keep their sisters in the house."

"They hang you. They come and make you be a soldier again. Not in the auto-ambulance, in the infantry."

"They can't hang every one."

"An outside nation can't make you be a soldier," Manera said. "At the first battle you all run."

"Like the Tchecos."

"I think you do not know anything about being conquered and so you think it is not bad."

"Tenente," Passini said. "We understand you let us talk. Listen. There is nothing as bad as war. We in the auto-ambulance cannot even realize at all how bad it is. When people realize how bad it is they cannot do anything to stop it because they go crazy. There are some people who never realize. There are people who are afraid of their officers. It is with them that war is made."

"I know it is bad but we must finish it."

"It doesn't finish. There is no finish to a war."

"Yes, there is."

Passini shook his head.

"War is not won by victory. What if we take San Gabriele? What if we take the Carso and Monfalcone and Trieste? Where are we then? Did you see all the far mountains today? Do you think we could take all them too? Only if the Austrians stop fighting. One side must stop fighting. Why don't we stop fighting? If they come down into Italy they will get tired and go away. They have their own country. But no, instead there is a war."

"You're an orator."

"We think. We read. We are not peasants. We are mechanics. But even the peasants know better than to believe in a war. Everybody hates this war."

"There is a class that controls a country that is stupid and does not realize anything and never can. That is why we have this war."

"Also they make money out of it."

"Most of them don't," said Passini. "They are too stupid. They do it for nothing. For stupidity."

"We must shut up," said Manera. "We talk too much even for the Tenente."

"He likes it," said Passini. "We will convert him."

"But now we will shut up," Manera said.

"Do we eat yet, Tenente?" Gavuzzi asked.

"I will go and see," I said. Gordini stood up and went outside with me.

"Is there anything I can do, Tenente? Can I help in any way?" He was the quietest one of the four. "Come with me if you want," I said, "and we'll see."

It was dark outside and the long light from the search-lights was moving over the mountains. There were big search-lights on that front mounted on camions that you passed sometimes on the roads at night, close behind the lines—the camion stopped a little off the road, an officer directing the light and the crew scared. We crossed the brickyard, and stopped at the main dressing-station. There was a little shelter of green branches outside over the entrance and in the dark the night wind rustled the leaves dried by the sun. Inside there was a light. The major was at the telephone sitting on a box. One of the medical captains said the attack had been put forward an hour. He offered me a glass of cognac. I looked at the board tables, the instruments shining in the light, the basins and the stoppered bottles. Gordini stood behind me. The major got up from the telephone.

"It starts now," he said. "It has been put back again."

I looked outside, it was dark and the Austrian search-lights were moving on the mountains behind us. It was quiet for a moment still, then from all the guns behind us the bombardment started.

"Savoia!" said the major.

"About the soup, major," I said. He did not hear me. I repeated it.

"It hasn't come up."

A big shell came in and burst outside in the brickyard. Another burst and in the noise you could hear the smaller noise of the brick and dirt raining down.

"What is there to eat?"

"We have a little pasta asciuta," the major said.

"I'll take what you can give me."

The major spoke to an orderly who went out of sight in the back and came back with a metal basin of cold cooked macaroni. I handed it to Gordini.

"Have you any cheese?"

The major spoke grudgingly to the orderly who ducked back into the hole again and came out with a quarter of a white cheese.

"Thank you very much," I said.

"You'd better not go out."

Outside something was set down beside the entrance. One of the two men who had carried it looked in.

"Bring him in," said the major. "What's the matter with you? Do you want us to come outside and get him?"

The two stretcher bearers picked up the man under the arms and by the legs and brought him in.

"Slit the tunic," the major said.

He held a forceps with some gauze in the end. The two captains took off their coats. "Get out of here," the major said to the two stretcher bearers.

"Come on," I said to Gordini.

"You better wait until the shelling is over," the major said over his shoulder.

"They want to eat," I said.

"As you wish."

Outside we ran across the brickyard. A shell burst short near the river bank. Then there was one that we did not hear coming until the sudden rush. We both went flat and with the flash and bump of the burst and the smell heard the singing off of the fragments and the rattle of falling brick. Gordini got up and ran for the dugout. I was after him, holding the cheese, its smooth surface covered with brick dust. Inside the dugout were the three drivers sitting against the wall, smoking.

"Here, you patriots," I said.

"How are the cars?" Manera asked.

"All right."

"Did they scare you, Tenente?"

"You're damned right," I said.

I took out my knife, opened it, wiped off the blade and pared off the dirty outside surface of the cheese. Gavuzzi handed me the basin of macaroni.

"Start in to eat, Tenente."

"No," I said. "Put it on the floor. We'll all eat."

"There are no forks."

"What the hell?" I said in English.

I cut the cheese into pieces and laid them on the macaroni.

"Sit down to it," I said. They sat down and

waited. I put thumb and fingers into the macaroni and lifted. A mass loosened.

"Lift it high, Tenente."

I lifted it to arm's length and the strands cleared. I lowered it into the mouth, sucked and snapped in the ends, and chewed, then took a bite of cheese, chewed, and then a drink of the wine. It tasted of rusty metal. I handed the canteen back to Passini.

"It's rotten," he said. "It's been in there too long. I had it in the car."

They were all eating, holding their chins close over the basin, tipping their heads back, sucking in the ends. I took another mouthful and some cheese and a rinse of wine. Something landed outside that shook the earth.

"Four hundred twenty or minnenwerfer," Gavuzzi said.

"There aren't any four hundred tweaties in the mountains," I said.

"They have big skoda guns. I've seen the holes."

"Three hundred fives."

We went on eating. There was a cough, a noise like a railway engine starting and then an explosion that shook the earth again.

"This isn't a deep dugout," Passini said.

"That was a big trench mortar."

"Yes, sir."

I ate the end of my piece of cheese and took a swallow of wine. Through the other noise I heard a cough, then came the chuh-chuh-chuh-chuh—then there was a flash, as a blast-furnace door is swung open, and a roar that started white and went red and on and on in a rushing wind. I tried to breathe but my breath would not come and I felt myself rush bodily out of myself and out and out and out and all the time bodily in the wind. I went out swiftly, all of myself, and I knew I was dead and that it had all been a mistake to think you just died. Then I floated, and instead of going on I felt myself slide back. I breathed and I was back. The ground was torn up and in front of my head there was a splintered beam of wood. In the jolt of my head I heard somebody crying. I thought somebody was screaming. I tried to move but I could not move. I heard the machine-guns and rifles firing across the river and all along the river. There was a great splashing and I saw the star shells go up and burst and float whitely and rockets going up and heard the bombs, all this in a moment, and then I heard

close to me some one saying "Mama mia! Oh mama mia!" I pulled and twisted and got my legs loose finally and turned around and touched him. It was Passini and when I touched him he screamed. His legs were toward me and I saw in the dark and the light that they were both smashed above the knee. One leg was gone and the other was held by tendons and part of the trouser and the stump twitched and jerked as though it were not connected. He bit his arm and moaned, "Oh mama mia, mama mia," then, "Dio te salve Maria. Dio te salve Maria. Oh Jesus shoot me, Christ shoot me, mama mia, mama mia, oh purest lovely Mary shoot me. Stop it. Stop it. Stop it. Oh Jesus, lovely Mary stop it. Oh, oh, oh, oh," then choking, "Mama mama mia." Then he was quiet, biting his arm, the stump of his leg twitching.

"Porta feriti!" I shouted holding my hands cupped. "Porta feriti!" I tried to get closer to Passini to try to put a tourniquet on the legs but I could not move. I tried again and my legs moved a little. I could pull backward along with my arms and elbows. Passini was quiet now. I sat beside him, undid my tunic and tried to rip the tail of my shirt. It would not rip and I bit the edge of the cloth to start it. Then I thought of his puttees. I had on wool stockings but Passini wore puttees. All the drivers wore puttees but Passini had only one leg. I unwound the puttee and while I was doing it I saw there was no need to try and make a tourniquet because he was dead already. I made sure he was dead. There were three others to locate. I sat up straight and as I did so something inside my head moved like the weights on a doll's eyes and it hit me inside in back of my eye-balls. My legs felt warm and wet and my shoes were wet and warm inside. I knew that I was hit and leaned over and put my hand on my knee. My knee wasn't there. My hand went in and my knee was down on my shin. I wiped my hand on my shirt and another floating light came very slowly down and I looked at my leg and was very afraid. "Oh God," I said, "get me out of here." I knew, however, that there had been three others. There were four drivers. Passini was dead. That left three. Some one took hold of me under the arms and somebody else lifted my legs.

"There are three others," I said. "One is dead."

"It's Manera. We went for a stretcher but there wasn't any. How are you, Tenente?"

"Where is Gordini and Gavuzzi?"

"Gordini's at the post getting bandaged. Gavuzzi has your legs. Hold on to my neck, Tenente. Are you badly hit?"

"In the leg. How is Gordini?"

"He's all right. It was a big trench-mortar shell."

"Passini's dead."

"Yes. He's dead."

A shell fell close and they both dropped to the ground and dropped me. "I'm sorry, Tenente," said Manera. "Hang onto my neck."

"If you drop me again."

"It was because we were scared."

"Are you unwounded?"

"We are both wounded a little."

"Can Gordini drive?"

"I don't think so."

They dropped me once more before we reached the post.

"You — — —," I said.

"I am sorry, Tenente," Manera said. "We won't drop you again."

Outside the post a great many of us lay on the ground in the dark. They carried wounded in and brought them out. I could see the light come out from the dressing-station when the curtain opened and they brought some one in or out. The dead were off to one side. The doctors were working with their sleeves up to their shoulders and were red as butchers. There were not enough stretchers. Some of the wounded were noisy but most were quiet. The wind blew the leaves in the bower over the door of the dressing-station and the night was getting cold. Stretcher bearers came in all the time, put their stretchers down, unloaded them and went away. As soon as I got to the dressing-station Manera brought a medical sergeant out and he put bandages on both my legs. He said there was so much dirt blown into the wound that there had not been much hemorrhage. They would take me as soon as possible. He went back inside. Gordini could not drive, Manera said. His shoulder was smashed and his head was hurt. He had not felt bad but now the shoulder had stiffened. He was sitting up beside one of the brick walls. Manera and Gavuzzi each went off with a load of wounded. They could drive all right. The British had come with three ambulances and they had two men on each ambulance. One of their drivers came over to

me, brought by Gordini, who looked very white and sick. The Britisher leaned over.

"Are you hit badly?" he asked. He was a tall man and wore steel rimmed spectacles.

"In the legs."

"It's not serious I hope. Will you have a cigarette?"

"Thanks."

"They tell me you've lost two drivers."

"Yes. One killed and the fellow that brought you."

"What rotten luck. Would you like us to take the cars?"

"That's what I wanted to ask you."

"We'd take quite good care of them and return them to the Villa. 206, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"It's a charming place. I've seen you about. They tell me you're an American."

"Yes."

"I'm English."

"No!"

"Yes, English. Did you think I was Italian? There were some Italians with one of our units."

"It would be fine if you would take the cars," I said.

"We'll be *most* careful of them," he straightened up. "This chap of yours was very anxious for me to see you." He patted Gordini on the shoulder. Gordini winced and smiled. The Englishman broke into voluble and perfect Italian. "Now everything is arranged. I've seen your Tenente. We will take over the two cars. You won't worry now." He broke off, "I must do something about getting you out of here. I'll see the medical wallahs. We'll take you back with us."

He walked across to the dressing-station, stepping carefully among the wounded. I saw the blanket open, the light came out and he went in.

"He will look after you, Tenente," Gordini said.

"How are you, Franco?"

"I am all right." He sat down beside me. In a moment the blanket in front of the dressing-station opened and two stretcher bearers came out followed by the tall Englishman. He brought them over to me.

"Here is the American Tenente," he said in Italian.

"I'd rather wait," I said. "There are much worse wounded than me. I'm all right."

"Come, come," he said. "Don't be a bloody

hero." Then in Italian. "Lift him very carefully about the legs. His legs are very painful. He is the legitimate son of President Wilson." They picked me up and took me into the dressing-room. Inside they were operating on all the tables. The little major looked at us, furious. He recognized me and waved a forceps.

"Ça va bien?"

"Ça va."

"I have brought him in," the tall Englishman said in Italian. "The only son of the American Ambassador. He can be here until you are ready to take him. Then I will take him with my first load." He bent over me. "I'll look up their adjutant to do your papers and it will all go much faster." He stooped to go under the doorway and went out. The major was unhooking the forceps now, dropping them in a basin. I followed his hands with my eyes. Now he was bandaging. Then the stretcher-bearers took the man off the table.

"I'll take the American Tenente," one of the captains said. They lifted me onto the table. It was hard and slippery. There were many strong smells, chemical smells and the sweet smell of blood. They took off my trousers and the medical captain commenced dictating to the sergeant adjutant while he worked, "Multiple superficial wounds of the left and right thigh and left and right knee and right foot. Profound wounds of right knee and foot. Lacerations of the scalp (he probed) (Does that hurt?) (Christ yes!) with possible fracture of the skull. Incurred in the line of duty. "That's what keeps you from being court-martialled for self-inflicted wounds," he said. "Would you like a drink of brandy? How did you run into this thing anyway? What were you trying to do? Commit 'suicide'? Anti-tetanus please and mark a cross on both legs. Thank you. I'll clean this up a little, wash it out, and put on a dressing. Your blood coagulates beautifully."

The adjutant, looking up from the paper, "What inflicted the wounds?"

The medical captain, "What hit you?"

Me, with the eyes shut, "A trench-mortar shell."

The captain, doing things that hurt sharply and severing tissue—"Are you sure?"

Me—trying to lie still and feeling my stomach flutter when the flesh was cut. "I think so."

Captain doctor—(interested in something he was finding) "Fragments of enemy trench-mortar shell. Now I'll probe for some of this if you like but it's not necessary. I'll paint all this and—Does that sting? Good; that's nothing to how it will feel later. The pain hasn't started yet. Bring him a glass of brandy. The shock dulls the pain; but this is all right, you have nothing to worry about if it doesn't infect and it rarely does now. How is your head?"

"It's very bad," I said.

"Better not drink too much brandy then. If you've got a fracture you don't want inflammation. How does that feel?"

Sweat ran all over me.

"Good Christ," I said.

"I guess you've got a fracture all right. I'll wrap you up and don't bounce your head around."

He bandaged, his hands moving very fast and the bandage coming taut and sure. "All right, good luck and *Vive la France*."

"He's an American," one of the other captains said.

"I thought you said he was a Frenchman. He talks French," the captain said. "I've known him before. I always thought he was French." He drank a half tumbler of cognac. "Bring on something serious. Get some more of that Anti-tetanus." The captain waved to me. They lifted me and the blanket-flap went across my face as we went out. Outside the sergeant-adjutant knelt down beside me where I lay, "Name?" he asked softly, "Middle name? First name? Rank? Where born? What class? What corps?" and so on, "I'm sorry for your head, Tenente. I hope you feel better. I'm sending you now with the English ambulance."

"I'm all right," I said. "Thank you very much." The pain that the major had spoken about had started and all that was happening was without interest or relation. After a while the English ambulance came up and they put me onto a stretcher and lifted the stretcher up to the ambulance level and shoved it in. There was another stretcher by the side with a man on it whose nose I could see, waxy looking, out of the bandages. He breathed very heavily. There were stretchers lifted and slid into the slings above. The tall English driver came around and looked in. "I'll take it very easily," he said. "I hope you'll be comf'y." I felt the engine start, felt him climb up

into the front seat, felt the brake come off and the clutch go in, then we started. I lay still and let the pain ride.

As the ambulance climbed along the road, it was slow in the traffic, sometimes it stopped, sometimes it backed on a turn, then finally it climbed quite fast. I felt something dripping. At first it dropped slowly and regularly, then it pattered into a stream. I shouted to the driver. He stopped the car and looked in through the hole behind his seat.

"What is it?"

"The man on the stretcher over me has a hemorrhage."

"We're not far from the top. I wouldn't be able to get the stretcher out alone." He started the car. The stream kept on. In the dark I could not see where it came from the canvas

overhead. I tried to move sideways so that it did not fall on me. Where it had run down under my shirt it was warm and sticky. I was cold and my leg hurt so that it made me sick. After a while the stream from the stretcher above lessened and started to drip again and I heard and felt the canvas above move as the man on the stretcher settled more comfortably.

"How is he?" the Englishman called back.
"We're almost up."

"He's dead, I think," I said.

The drops fell very slowly as they fall from an icicle after the sun has gone. It was cold in the car in the night as the road climbed. At the post on the top they took the stretcher out and put another in and we went on.

In the chapters of "A Farewell to Arms" published in June, Mr. Hemingway develops a love story which is to play a major part in this powerful tale of a man seeking life in a world of death and destruction.



It is seldom that a magazine has the good fortune to publish three such interesting narratives as appear in the

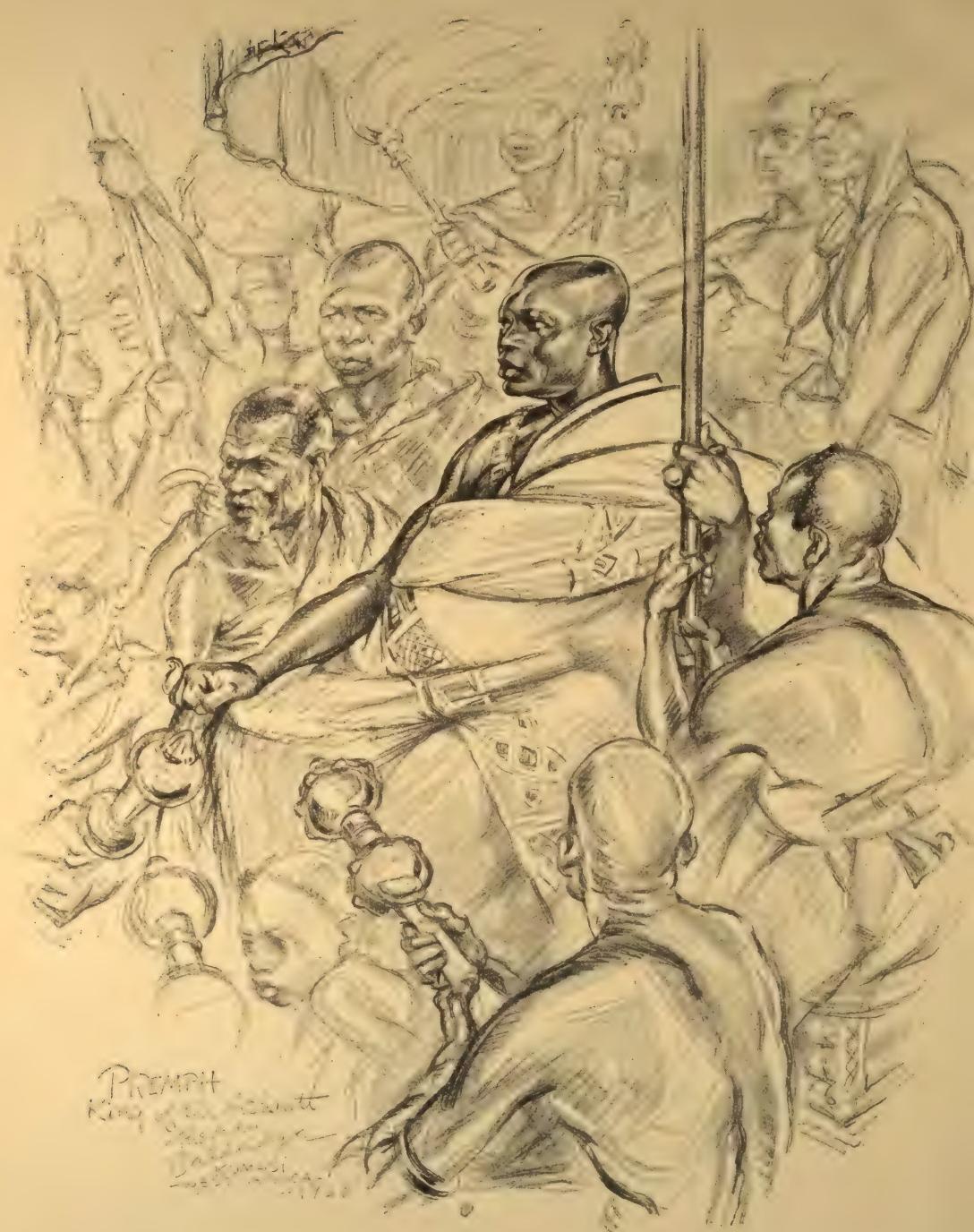
JUNE SCRIBNER'S

A FAREWELL TO ARMS, by Ernest Hemingway

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE, by Thomas Boyd

The fighting around Yorktown and Wayne's part
in Cornwallis's surrender.

AN AFRICAN SAVAGE'S OWN STORY, by Ibn LoBagola
A mating in the jungle.



An African King at a Ceremony of Ancestor-Worship.

At the court of Premph, King of the Ashanti, in West Africa, recently restored to partial power after twenty-five years of political exile, Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge made this drawing. The Adai is a periodical ceremony. The Ashanti chiefs with their followers approached the king through a lane of drawn swords, gold-hilted, to pay homage. . . .

—See page 627.

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The Every-Day Man's Approach to Faith

BY CHARLES FISKE

Bishop of Central New York

Can people go back to the Bible for a renewal of faith? What has the Christian apologist to offer to the ordinary mortal, who is often trying to correlate imperfectly understood scientific facts with imperfectly remembered religious truth? Bishop Fiske, in a personal confession of faith, sees a solution.

I

TWENTY years ago I was spending a vacation on the coast of Maine. My companions were a research physician, a professor of astronomy, and the curator of a museum of natural history who was something of an amateur geologist. The doctor had brought his microscope along for vacation time, and spent many fascinating hours showing us the mysteries of the beginnings of life. The astronomer had a small telescope and discoursed on the immense distances in the interstellar spaces. The geologist spent many hours climbing the Maine cliffs and tapping the rocks, meanwhile growing rhetorical over glacial periods.

Our guide, philosopher and friend was a Maine native. Let it be remembered that Maine is rock-ribbed in its Republican principles and that this was the summer when the late Mr. Bryan

was making his last desperate effort to win the presidency. One day our Maine friend was listening with gaping mouth and wide-open eyes to the conversation of my scientific companions. Finally, he burst forth upon them, one by one: "Do you mean to tell me that these rocks are that many years old?" "Yes." "And that we all come down, not from monkeys, but from some kind of sea worms?" "Yes, after a fashion of speaking." "And that this universe is so big that the light of some other sun than ours has travelled thousands of years to reach us?" "Exactly." "Well," came the response, with a sigh of resignation, "if all you tell me is true, and this universe of ours is as big as you say, and as old as all that—I guess it won't make a powerful lot of difference even if Bryan is elected president."

There had suddenly dawned on him the thought that this view of the universe, in all its immensity, old enough

for its physical history to stretch back over we know not how many millions of millions of years, with our world a tiny speck of sand on a section representing the Milky Way which would be about the size of Long Island on the map he had studied in school—the thought had suddenly occurred to him that, after all, this is a rather small bit of a big world and men and their affairs may not have the tremendous significance we have always assigned to them.

The story suggests one of the difficulties of faith in these days of diffused knowledge. Science and religion have often come to grips—from Galileo's day to Darwin's and our own. But the difficulty is only now seeping into the minds of the masses. Leaders in both spheres of study have, many of them, succeeded in correlating the two kinds of knowledge; men like Agassiz in his day; men like Millikan and Pupin; men like Lord Kelvin, Sir Joseph Thomson, and Eddington, among the scientists; men of religion who have dared to think as well as to worship and pray—these have long since labored over the problem and settled the issue with fair satisfaction to many educated minds. There are still difficulties, but such men are modest enough to remember that all about us are mysteries which human understanding has not yet unveiled, and they still believe—holding to scientific truth and at the same time believing in the Divine Companion.

The mass of people, however, have only just begun to see the difficulties. Probably many of them never gave much thought to the prehistoric world, for example, until Mr. Wells, who wrote more history than he ever read, put the problems before them in vivid

pictures. They knew, vaguely, something about evolution, but the Dayton trial impinged it upon their imagination and led them to some stumbling effort to think about it. Difficulties which, for theologians and scientists alike, have passed into history, are just beginning to puzzle plain people, even as they troubled greater men in former generations. And the trouble is all the more real when the problem is that of correlating imperfectly understood scientific facts and imperfectly remembered religious truth. It is, therefore, an age of necessary readjustment in the realm of faith. The questions men ask are as old as the everlasting hills, but they appear now in new form and they are troubling more people. The old difficulties of belief have filtered into the minds of the multitude, and faith is shaken. In a universe so large that our whole solar system is an infinitesimal part of it, with time rolling back into ages millions of years behind, and still other systems unthinkable "light years" distant, man seems lost in the vastness. We find it hard to think of God as a present, personal God, and harder yet to believe that we are of sufficient worth to merit His attention and care. It is interesting to discover that the now famous "Philo Vance" finds a clew to "the Bishop Murders" in the fact that the study of higher mathematics led its professors to regard with indifference the value of single human lives.

II

Once men thus troubled could go back to the Bible and renew their faith. That is, we think that they could and they thought that others did. As plain matter of fact, the religion of the ages of faith was not the religion of a book, but

a religion of tradition, taught in elementary form. With the Reformation and its enthronement of the Bible in the seat of authority, and with the later increase of education and the placing of the Bible in the hands of the reading public, men did indeed go to their Bibles for the renewal of faith. But now the Bible has been dethroned. The mass of folk do not read it, would not understand if they did, and would get little spiritual help from it, however faithfully they read.

This, again, is an old problem lately made new. Scholars have dealt with it for several generations. The Bible has not been discredited, it has been rediscovered. We know, now, that it is a library, not a book. We know that it is a very human collection of literary treasures; we are learning to read it "like any other book," and yet are finding that it is not quite like other books. Curiously enough (at least to those who are not familiar with the reasons which account for the fact) the Catholics, Roman and Anglican, are not specially troubled by the historical criticism of the Bible. They are quite ready to see that there has been an evolution of morals which its pages disclose, and, more important, an evolution of belief. We hear them speak, with calm assurance, of the earlier books of the Old Testament as embodying myth and legend; we know that they discount much of its history; we find them accepting whole-heartedly the newer criticism of the gospels. Their belief never depended upon any particular theory of inspiration, verbal or otherwise. They, also, have a traditional faith.

But the mass of religious Americans have been brought up for centuries on the belief that "the Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants";

they have thought of it as an inspired manual of science and a divinely dictated handbook of history; they have supposed that every word and syllable of the sacred writings has a meaning of its own. And now they are amazed to discover where this leads them—into embarrassing moral problems, into ingenious literary explanations, into disturbing historical inconsistencies. They imagine that the sentence of "falsus in unum, falsus in omnibus" holds true, always and everywhere, and they cannot read with the old peace of mind; so they do not read at all. This has affected their faith in Jesus Christ. Probably many would willingly cast away most of the Old Testament—what do we care, anyway, about the history of those old Jews? (And why should we care, indeed, unless we know that they were the world's religious experts, and naturally, therefore, the race out of which sprang the world's Religious Genius?) But the difficulty is, to cast away the Old Testament and keep the New. And some want desperately to keep that.

How can they? They know little of the story of Christ; indeed, they are amazingly ignorant of the simplest facts of His life—and that, because the men who have written most fascinatingly about Him have written most inaccurately. If they have read about the life of Christ, they have read Emil Ludwig, or the syndicated articles of Will Durant, or a dozen like literary absurdities—and even then have not been among those who could answer satisfactorily Philip's question to the Ethiopian eunuch, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" At any rate, every-day people are so mixed in their minds that they do not quite know what to believe about Jesus Christ—and sometimes they are afraid to find out. With this comes a

great loss in difficult days when we are most apt to turn to God—days of sickness, trouble, sorrow. The old comforting note is gone. It is hard to find the way of peace. Unless Christ's words come with definite authority, they cannot bring assurance—and this, too, in a generation succeeding the Great War, when the problem of suffering and sorrow still darkens life, and men feel keenly, whenever they are quiet enough to think and feel at all, what once they thought of with poignancy only when it touched them close in their own lives. Whether we like it or not, thousands of people are not sure that Christ's voice is a voice of authority, with an everlasting yea.

This, again, means that they feel that much of His teaching is discredited. They have, in large measure, ceased to think of His way of life as a possible way in a rough world like ours. His example is not real to them, in our complicated modern life, with all its social, political, industrial, and economic problems. He seems to many men a visionary—a dreamer whose dreams can never come true. Of course, out of these uncertainties has grown uncertainty, also, as to moral standards, with psychologists lending their influence to a view of life which recognizes no real moral responsibility. This in turn has led to a loss of ethical incentives. Men don't know where they are drifting—and they hardly seem to care. They have little thought of a future life. They don't like to think about it by way of warning. They don't know how to think of it as a splendid hope. They have never dreamed of regarding it as a great spiritual adventure. It is all cloudy, uncertain, vague, indefinite—a mystery nobody can solve—why worry over it? (Though it *will* intrude sometimes,

and now and again, in time of sorrow, it becomes a question of supreme urgency.)

Here, notwithstanding, is something about which people can never become wholly indifferent. Everybody has "views," though few seem to press on to definite decisions and convictions. People cannot help talking about religion, even those who never get to close enough grips with it to regard it as the most vitally important thing in the world. The papers are full of religious news; press associations syndicate religious topical columns; business men discuss these articles; national politics become entangled in religious side issues; college men hold "bull sessions" at which this always "live topic" inevitably looms up at the midnight hour as the final subject of discussion; magazines print religious essays; religious books are written and occasionally some of them are read.

III

It is the task of Christian Apologetics to present the case for Christianity in the language and logic of the day. The word Apologetics is unfortunate. It suggests a defense of faith, or an excuse for believing what is difficult of acceptance; whereas it really concerns the reasonable evidences on which we base our faith, and in such a day as ours it should be a proclamation of belief with triumphant certainty. Perhaps we may define Christian Apologetics as the statement of an individual and age-long experience which leads us to act toward Jesus Christ as Lord and Master and believe in Him as God and Saviour.

The grounds of such belief and practice must always be stated in the language of the present generation and by

a method designed to solve present-day problems and answer questions and difficulties uppermost in the minds of those who are living here and now. That will explain the great creeds of the church. They were not circles to keep men out, or fences to defend from attack; they were endeavors to express the faith that was already held and to give a reason for the hope that was in Christian hearts, in such a way as to strengthen the faithful and overcome the doubts of those who were departing from the fellowship. So, as the centuries passed, again and again men sought to find words in which to declare faith in the Christ of their tradition in such a way as to meet the needs of their day. During the Reformation, to be sure, the attempt was made to define everything, in every avenue and lane of thought, with meticulous exactness. It seems absurd to us, but it was quite natural in the period succeeding the schoolmen.

So the late Robert Keable, losing his faith, finding the loss a tragedy, trying to win it back, faced by the apparent heartlessness of nature and life and seeing the disregard, among professing Christians, of the essentials of Christ's teaching, endeavored to restore to the Master a shrine where we may adore Him. Finding this a day impatient of "dogma," practical and plain of sense; he says in effect: We need God; we need just such a God as the Christ of tradition offers us. We need ideals; we can never find better ones than His. We must worship and pray; let us worship Him, and labor and pray to walk His way of life, without asking too many questions. But with most people questions obtrude whether they will or not. Most people cannot worship myths; if they pray, they feel they must be sure they are speaking to a Real Divine Per-

son. Robert Keable does not help them much, but at least he tried to speak out his own halting belief for those who, like him, stumble and try to rise again.

So, again, the Modernists—sympathetic of modern difficulties over miracles, conscious of problems of religion raised by the current psychology, seeking to frame a religious philosophy for trained thinkers; or, on the other hand, to set forth the teachings of Christ as principles rather than precepts and so to show their application to our complex civilization; endeavoring to correlate religion and science, or to give a more reasonable interpretation of the Biblical narrative in the light of historical criticism—are making re-statements of the faith. These are frequently disturbing to the conservative, unsatisfactory to most of the theologically minded, unintelligible to the simple-hearted, disdainful of accepted traditional expressions of the faith which issued out of similar controversies in the distant past, over-confident in discarding "the form of good words"—yet men like Streeter and others of the English school have shown true spiritual adventure in the endeavor to translate into modern terms the essentials of faith, reconciling the new knowledge and the ancient beliefs. Remembering for whom they are writing, leaders of thought who may be real centres of influence, it behoves us to be patient of their efforts, sympathetic rather than critical, with understanding hearts, not a fault-finding spirit. Men have always rebelled against the doctrine of eternal punishment, for example; but they rebelled without making any serious effort to think through the problem. They had very much the attitude of the village agnostic who simply declared that "the American pee-pul would not stand for such a thing." Then

came Universalism, a doctrine which seems contrary to scriptural teaching and, to the minds of many, deals too lightly with the seriousness of the use of life. Now, we have some of the modern school postulating man's "immortality" rather than his necessary "immortality." This doctrine of conditional immortality, seeing that some men are spiritually awakened and alive to God, while there are others in whom no such awakened life can be discerned, suggests that only those who are alive to God really belong to the life to come. There is a resurrection and a new creation for them, but there may also be a dissolution for others. "Pieces of personality, or of 'soul stuff,'" as one writer puts it, "if not made into soul, or real personality, are dissolved; they fall to pieces, as many things in nature are dissolved, even though used in other ways."

All such theorizing about conditions which are really beyond human knowledge and understanding make some people impatient, or disturbed. I am only pleading that we are to regard such efforts toward a Christian Apologetic with appreciation of their purpose and fuller understanding of the difficulties they seek to meet.

IV

The task which most of us face, as Christian Apologists, is to suggest to the every-day person a pathway to faith. For not only are the religious beliefs of the conventional church member exceedingly vague and hazy and in consequence apt to end in the complete decay of faith; but the difficulties of the more thoughtful are also, as I have said, percolating into the minds of all of us, in and out of the churches, and this moral

scepticism is spreading so rapidly that there are signs of its leading to tragic degradation of national character. I suppose the man of average intellect, fair education, thoughtful and of a reasonably serious mind, might approach the problems of religious faith and Christian living in something this fashion:

After all, he would say, I am of importance. Everybody else feels also that his own life is vastly important. When he reads of some social diagnosis that deals with life in the mass, he says, Yes; but what about *me*? That is vital. It may sound selfish, but I am quite as much concerned about myself as I am about the progress of the race.

I am important, then, to myself—and I hope to my friends. All the science and philosophy in the world cannot make me feel that I am not. No matter how many worlds there are, here am I in this one—a person, living, loving, thinking, searching, finding, hurt or helped, honored or ignored, remembered or forgotten, colorful or colorless, a giver or a getter, a constructive social influence or one who is pulling down to lower levels. Here I am and nothing will persuade me that I do not count. Alpha Centauri may be four and a half light years away and this earth a speck in a comparatively small solar system. Mars may once have been inhabited by another race. I am not over-curious to find out. For here am I.

And I count. Count because I am not simply of the earth earthy. I have an inner self—call it soul, or spirit, or anything you will, but it is the real I. Never mind how you define it, or whether we can prove its existence; there it is, a great deal more real than the protons and electrons that scientists tell us make up the universe. If the scientists resolve material things into electrical energy, I

am doing the same thing in declaring that my inner self, a spiritual thing, is behind and working through the body by which I act.

There I am. And I know that there is purpose in my life. Dr. Watson and others may tell me that I behave as I do because of psychological reactions in the stuff of my material make-up. I know better. I feel sure that in some way nature is saturated with mind and that there is intelligence at the centre of the universe, so to speak; so I know that I have a will; my body is a "spirit-saturated" body. What is the purpose in life? To get comfort? Hardly, because the men who have made the most of life have not always been comfortable or well-to-do. To train the mind through education, and become a factor in the advance of civilization? No, again. Education often does little more than make clever rogues. Somehow I believe (and nothing will convince me that my belief is not correct) that the real purpose of life is the building of character.

Of course I know that I have failed in that task. You may tell me that I was "made that way" and cannot help it. Of course I know that I haven't had as good a chance as some other men, just as I know that others have not had my opportunities; but when I have failed something within troubles me. As yet I am not callous, as some men seem to be, nor do I want to become callous. What troubles me troubles the best of men and troubles them hardest. I am no philosopher, thank God, but I understand sufficient "science of self" to know that I *could* do better and yet do not. I am here to find myself, to make "soul stuff" within. I am here to satisfy needs which are more to me than physical comforts. My task is the realization

of myself—ought I not to say, my immortal self? Life was intended to be a school of character.

Again, let me repeat, I know that just here is where I have failed. I have missed the mark. Somebody tells me that "sin" is missing the mark; so I have sinned. Why? I feel, somehow, that it isn't altogether my fault; I am the latest "me" in a line of people who have blurred their better selves. You may call it "original sin," if you will; anyway, I am conscious of its pull. But I also know that I myself am partly to blame. Within me is that sense of self-obscuring which rests upon me as a failure for which I am the one who is responsible. Moreover, when I have "sinned," I have the desire to "get back to normalcy." Some may be so far gone, that the desire has vanished; but it is still there for me. I want to go straight—and this isn't straight.

When a man has reached this point, he is ready to listen to the distinctly Christian message. Is Christ's way of life impossible? Well, the mass of those who have believed in Him have never ceased to be touched and influenced by it and lifted. It haunts even the average man. He may think of it seldom, and think of it, even then, as a dream of impossible beauty; but he wishes it could come true. It may be an idealist's radiant vision of unselfish service and devotion; but, now and again, he wishes that the vision might not vanish, that somewhere, by some one, it could be embodied in a life like his own.

There is where Jesus Christ comes in. We have been told, times without number, that the Sermon on the Mount is the heart of the Gospel. It is not. Because if this is what we all ought to do and be, we are left in the depths of discouragement. Even in the Great

Sermon we read, "If ye then, being evil"—

We are. And although the real Gospel is, part of it, in the Sermon on the Mount, with its assurance of God as a loving Father who forgives and restores, in the main it is found in the other teachings of the Master, with the stories of the lost sheep and the prodigal son; it is in the promise of grace and help to those who have His life in them; it is in the mysterious drawing power of His self-sacrifice and death; it is in His statement about the many mansions of the spiritual realm; it is in the hope of His resurrection; it is in the assurance of the early followers that He declared what He surely knew, and spoke with the voice of God.

V.

The new Apologetic must be Christo-centric. It has not been. I preach very often in college chapels. Scores of times members of the congregation have come to me with an expression of thanks for "the first Christian sermon we have had this year." Friends tell me that college preachers come with fine philosophical addresses, or erudite scholarship, or occasionally with old-time evangelistic fervor (or a new-style anxiety to show familiarity with night-club life) to ring the changes on the prodigal son who fed on the husks that the swine did eat; but rarely, they say, is there a simple, sincere presentation of Christ as Master, Lord and Saviour, given with such straight-forward directness and sincerity and evident honesty of belief as to compel the students to see what the Christian Gospel really means.

The early followers of Christ had no doubt as to what it meant. They had walked with their Master through the

fields and hills of Galilee, had slept with Him under the evening stars, had talked with Him in the intimacy of daily life, had watched Him at His work of healing, had felt God's nearness as they listened to His teaching, had striven hard to understand. Only after what they believed to be His return in risen glory; indeed, only after He had left them again, could they think out the meaning of their experience. Then they declared that they had seen "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," that when their eyes had gazed into His, and their hands had touched His, they had actually seen and handled the Word of Life.

When I say that our teaching must be Christo-centric, I mean that we must endeavor to come face to face with the mystery of this experience, and ask whether we can find that which will justify a similar act of faith on our part. If we can, we are on the road to the full realization of God. The old theology centred upon Christ's sacrificial life and death—and of course that was essential, as has been indicated in what we have said about sin. The theology of the last half of the nineteenth century emphasized the true humanity of Jesus—it was a move back from excessive emphasis on creeds and dogmas about Christ to fuller recognition of the strong and lovable humanity of the Master. Then we came to the Unappropriated Christ—the teacher whose social gospel contains enough spiritual dynamite to blow our civilization to pieces, unless it shall become more closely moulded to the divine purpose. Now we need the Christ whose life is the unveiling of the heart of deity; who shows us what God is; who tells us that God can be known through Him; whose translation of the

thought of God into terms of human living makes it possible to think of God as a personality, to feel more confident of His love and to be sure of His presence. Many of us believe that this is the only sure access to faith in God. We want the God whom Jesus revealed, and we cannot be satisfied with any other. There seems to us no stopping place between this fulness of faith in Christ and blank agnosticism. We have, then, not only the Man Christ Jesus, or the Christ of the Cross, or the Unappropriated Christ, with His social teaching, or the Divine Christ; we have the Inescapable Christ. There He is. You cannot get rid of Him. Men cannot stop thinking about Him, trying to understand Him, making up their minds about Him. He is unique in human history. No other person has presented the problem He presents. No other religion was founded upon a person, as Christianity is.

And He is in no way pushed into the background of our thought by any new views of the Bible or any new discoveries about the probable origin of the gospels. Criticism does not destroy faith in Him; it brings new elements into that faith. The newer theology recognizes more frankly Christ's real humanity, even to the extent of predinating in Him ignorance of matters which had not in His day become a part of our human knowledge. It is frank to recognize that in becoming man He accepted the limitations of humanity and only so much of divine truth as could filter through a perfectly human mind could have been His. It suggests that the divine in Him is like the subconscious in ourselves; only so much of it could come to the surface as is consistent with true human development. He "grew in wisdom"; He was "made perfect through sufferings."

Certainly, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, the frank acceptance of the historical criticism does not invalidate the faith. The composite nature of its writings, the influences and purposes which animated the authors and subsequent editors, the fact that much of its so-called history has been built up from folk-lore and that the creation stories, the story of the fall, the account of the flood, and so on, are ancient myths which had their parallels in Babylonian legends, though as given in the Bible purged of their grosser elements—all this does not touch the Christian faith. Such a Catholic theologian as Bishop Gore can dismiss the story of Jonah with the remark that "of course there is not an atom of history in all this," and he edits a new commentary in which the Book of Esther is treated as a popular romance which "the unbiased reader will see moves in an atmosphere not very dissimilar from that of the 'Arabian Nights.'" The most orthodox of believers can speak thus of the Old Testament, because while he has been obliged to readjust his views of its writings he has also found that revelation in becoming less mechanical than a previous generation had conceived it to be has become more profound. We see a progress in thought, an evolution in the idea of God, a depth of moral meaning in the prophets, which ordinary literary canons cannot explain.

It is the same with the New Testament. The gospels are not what men once supposed they were. They are not verbally inspired, any more than are the older books. The primitive gospel is that of Mark. Matthew and Luke use his gospel, or another version of it, in the framework of their narrative, adding from a supposed document called Q (Quelle, or Source) and in the case of

Luke from another source called L. Mark is fearless in depicting the humanity of Christ, and bold in his treatment of the apostolic band—recording their dulness, the rebukes which Christ administered to them, the failure of Peter—while the other gospels show a tendency to spare the apostles because of the veneration in which they had come to be held, and to safeguard possible misunderstanding of some things about the Master where Mark displays more fearlessness. All this is, in fact, proof of the very early date of Mark and of its accuracy as re-creating the atmosphere in which the disciples lived and in presenting unmodified their early thoughts; yet it is not inconsistent with the later teaching.

In so brief an article it is not possible to go further into the synoptic problem, or to deal with the problem of the Fourth Gospel. The fact is that the fullest scrutiny of their contents has not affected the essentials of the faith in Christ. That does not depend upon accuracy in the minutiae of the records, or upon the lack of any verbal discrepancies, or upon the absence of a propagandist spirit in the writers. Faith is rooted in something vastly bigger: an impression of the Central Figure of the narrative almost irresistible, a feeling that there is still in all the narratives a coherence such as one who had not been a witness to the scenes could never have invented, something tremendous though tender, overpowering yet very natural. As we read, we feel that we are touching reality. We read again, and we cannot but feel that something amazingly moving and profound had happened to the disciples. They had passed through experiences the like of which can be found nowhere else. We read and discover in each of the gospels the same

impression of authority and power on the part of the Master, the same claim that “all things have been delivered to Him of the Father,” the same purpose in training His followers to trust Him so completely that He finally came to hold in their hearts the place which God alone can possess, the same attitude on their part which made them act toward Him according to this deliberate intent, as finding in Him “all the values of God.”

You can't get away from this. It does not depend upon theories of inspiration. It is quite as strong, in whatsoever sense we read the gospels. It is the belief which Paul expounded in his undisputed letters—which really antedate the gospel narratives. It does not depend upon stories of a miraculous birth; the apostles had come to believe in the deity of Christ long before they knew anything about Him save through their companionship with Him during the years of His ministry. When the birth story was told, it was something which came as an added assurance to men who were searching their simple, honest hearts in the effort to understand the mystery of their experience.

Nothing has shaken the essential truth of this picture of Christ. Let me make the statement a personal confession of faith by saying that last year in writing a Life of Christ for the new generation I went over the gospels again and again, in the light of modern criticism, with acceptance of most of its principles, with every effort to free my mind from previous conceptions or past prejudices—and still this same Figure dominated the scene. I read, with full appreciation of all its inconsistencies and seeming contradictions, the story of the resurrection, and there again the Figure stood still dominant. I ended the

search sure that something had happened and so sure of the One to whom it had happened that I can confidently believe in God through Him. I cannot understand how any one can be only mild-

ly interested in a thing so tremendous. I do not see how those who say they believe can fail to shout such a faith defiantly, jubilantly, with victorious purpose.



A Certain Mountain Chief

BY STRUTHERS BURT

Horace M. Albright, director of the National Park Service, "One of the most remarkable Americans alive."

I HAVE a ranch forty miles south of the southern border of Yellowstone Park, in what is known as the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming. Up until the war I lived there continuously, and since the war I am out there almost every summer. As a result I know a good deal about Yellowstone Park and am within its borders four or five times a year. I know most of the rangers; I know the hotel people; and especially I know the man, Horace M. Albright, who, until a few months ago, was the park superintendent. He is one of my best friends. I have ridden with him, stayed with him, talked and argued with him, and fought side by side with him for over ten years, and I haven't the slightest hesitation in saying that he is one of the most remarkable Americans alive. We will hear more about him as time goes on.

On January 12, last, this superintendent of Yellowstone Park was appointed director of the National Park Service by the secretary of the interior, Roy O. West, to succeed the Honorable Stephen

T. Mather, whose resignation, due to illness, had been accepted. This was an inevitable step because, ever since the inception of the National Park Service as a separate bureau of the Interior Department in 1917, Mr. Albright had been Mr. Mather's right-hand man and, besides being superintendent of Yellowstone, had been assistant director, field. This means that under Mr. Mather he had entire charge of all the field operations of the national parks. He knows all there is to know about his present job; there will be no need for adjustment.

Not long ago an Englishman, a very intelligent one, and one who has lived in this country twenty years and so has a sympathetic point of view, after a number of national compliments, made the inevitable complaint that perhaps the most serious fault of the United States was that the best men did not go into the government service. He meant especially into politics, but his remark was comprehensive. I did not challenge it. It is too common a remark to chal-

lenge, except possibly in print. It is a remark, as well, made by eighty out of every hundred Americans. Partly it is the result of ignorance, but largely it is the result of a tradition and the fact that most people see what they are looking for. Such premises are difficult to destroy unless you have plenty of time and space. Until recently the temper of the world has been tory and aristocratic; it stands to reason, therefore, that democratic governments have come in for more than their fair share of condemnation. They are bad enough, but they are not half so bad as people think them. At all events, whenever this remark is made, I laugh to myself, because I happen to know Albright and numerous other government men. Laying aside the truth that even the political side of our government averages fairly well up, both in performance and personnel, with the political side of other governments, when you come to higher endeavor, to a higher stratum of men—to wit, the expert, the scientist, the departmental chief—you have probably as fine a type of man as you can find and as unselfish a one.

It cost the late director of national parks, Mr. Mather, about forty thousand dollars a year of his private income to maintain his position. He did not have to spend this much, but, having it, he spent it to promote socially, internationally, and practically the influence of his bureau. Mr. Mather bought thousands of acres of timber-land to prevent their destruction. The present director, the Honorable Horace M. Albright, has proven himself such a distinguished executive that every year he is offered positions that would pay him twice as much as he is now receiving.

If you wish to restore somewhat your faith in your own country, go down to

Washington, or out into the field, and study for a while our government bureaus at work. Here are unselfish men, directed by clear and bright burning passions.

You remember the old saying that if you wish a sober son you should be a drunkard yourself? I always think of this when I think of Albright. His forebears, to be sure, were sober folk and hardworking, but one of them, his grandfather, cut trees and cut them ruthlessly. He was unaware what a service he was doing to his country. This story, it seems to me, is an important one and dramatic.

But first, let us have a look at this man—this new Director of National Parks—before we go on to tell where he was born and why he has such a deep-rooted aversion to the destruction of natural beauty; why he would rather have his present job than any other in the world.

He is a tall and stalwart Californian, and, unlike most Californians, nationally, not locally, minded; also, unlike most Californians, he is extremely modest. When he wears glasses, which he does a good deal of the time, you think him scholarly and shy. When he takes his glasses off you see about as sharp a pair of eyes as you can imagine, a great deal of humor in their depths. He is neither lean nor heavy, although he weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds. You do not think him so big, either physically or spiritually, until you come close to him. He is one of the youngest of departmental chiefs—he is only thirty-nine. He has a wife and two children—a son, aged ten, and a daughter, aged seven. He and Mrs. Albright were classmates at the University of California in 1912. He has an infinite amount of patience, an infinite amount

of tact; he is readily accessible, he will hear anybody's story, he is beautifully just, and he never loses his temper until there is nothing else to do. Then look out. He is a catamount. Also, he never fails to get what he wants. He is practically unbeatable. I have just seen him win a ten-year fight. Eight times at least during those ten years every one said he was defeated.

In thirteen years this new departmental chief and his predecessor, Mr. Mather, turned the National Park Service, from an experimental and unconsidered branch of the Interior Department—not even a separate bureau—into one of the largest and most powerful bureaus of the Interior Department. It is among the proudest achievements of the United States. The present director is one of the most adroit and human, if invariably honest, politicians I have ever met and one of the few first-class fighting men. For the last few years, during Mr. Mather's illness, and now even more so, he has been in control of thousands of square miles and of millions of people—for all the year, the hundreds of employees, rangers, clerks, and so on of the National Park Service; during the summer, the millions of tourists who frequent the parks—and I have yet to see him or hear of him using that power in any but a wise, just, kindly, and far-sighted fashion. He loves beauty and decent procedure in every way as much as he loves them where his beloved trees and mountains are concerned.

He comes of an old pioneer family, an Argonaut family. His maternal grandfather, Horace Marden, for whom he was named and who, innocently and in a reverse fashion, taught him his love of conservation, came of a ship-building clan near Belfast, Maine. This

grandfather, in 1852, when he was twenty years old, went to California by way of the isthmus of Nicaragua and became a miner in the California gold-camps on the Mother lode. Albright's mother was born in the little town of Mokelumne Hill just a short distance from San Andreas, Jimtown, and the other mining-camps made famous by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Ten years later the grandfather worked his way across the Sierra Nevada Mountains by way of the Sonora Pass and established one of the first sawmills on the Nevada side. For many years he was engaged in mining, milling, and transportation in western Nevada and in the mining-camps of California beyond the mountains. Eventually he moved into northern California and definitely entered the lumber business.

Albright's father, of a New York family, was born in Canada, near Montreal, and also emigrated to the West when he was only twenty years old, at first settling at Virginia City, Nev. Here he practised the profession of mining engineering.

Extraordinary to think that in this fashion so young a man as the present director of national parks links us up with all the roaring and searching life of the extreme Far West.

Albright himself was born in the little mining town of Bishop, Inyo County, Calif., on January 6, 1890. Inyo County is unique in that it contains the highest and lowest points in the United States proper—Mount Whitney, 14,496 feet above sea-level, and Death Valley, 276 feet below sea-level. Just over the range are the Yosemite and Sequoia National Parks. It was in those mountains that the future director of national parks spent his boyhood, and he was thirteen years old before he ever saw a

town or a railroad train. Then he went to Sacramento with his mother, and it took them three days to cover the five hundred miles. They went by means of the Carson & Colorado Railroad, a narrow-gauge railway that had the comfortable habit of stopping completely at night at a junction point called Hawthorne and putting the engine safely away in a roundhouse. Everybody went to the hotel and then, the next morning, went on. The conductor of the train was the present governor of Nevada, Governor Balzar.

But the really important event of this biographical tale—the point of it—was when, not long after the Sacramento trip, Albright went up to visit his grandfather, engaged in logging on the slopes of Mount Shasta. Occasionally he speaks of his first glimpse of that shining peak and the impression it made on him, and of how his grandfather's business decided for him his life-work. As he talks he becomes grim. He saw magnificent forests swept away, he saw green and beautiful places turned into deserts, he saw forest fires due solely to man's carelessness, he saw wild life destroyed and streams turned to dry rock-beds, and then and there he determined that if he could ever prevent such wantonness he would. He has been preventing it ever since—that is, ever since he graduated from the University of California. No wonder he's a dangerous man for the lumber-hog, the scenery-hog, the ruthless promoter everywhere.

During his boyhood, however, and during his college vacations he helped promote this destruction, so he knows all about it. He worked for his grandfather as a "swamper" and "big-wheel loader." His grandfather had a contract to put logs into the mills for the timber owners. The owners cared nothing for

the land on which their timber grew, they thought nothing of the second crop, and they would not pay for piling the brush or other forms of fire protection. The logging contractor bid on putting the logs onto the cars at so much a thousand, and naturally got his logs out as cheaply as possible. Limbs, tops, rotten logs, and so on were left where they fell. Inevitably, within a year or two, fire swept the country. Nor is this method of logging completely antedated even now, despite the rules of the Forest Service and the numerous lumbermen who have learned better, some of whom have become the most active of conservationists. There are still numerous private properties where this stupid waste goes on, and nowadays this stupid waste is even worse, for tractors and other machines destroy the underbrush as well.

In 1908 Albright went to the University of California and specialized in history, political science, and law. Afterward he took a post-graduate course in law at the University of California and Georgetown University. Upon graduating, he secured employment in the Department of the Interior and was assistant attorney dealing with national-park matters until, in January, 1915, Mr. Mather became assistant to the secretary of the interior, in charge of national parks, when he was assigned to him as assistant and legal adviser. Between them, with the help of one stenographer and the assistance of the chief clerk of the department and his staff, these two men inaugurated the national-park policies which are in effect today, and built, from the bottom up, this magnificent and triumphant service.

It is a large job Albright has had and has before him. I have called him "a mountain chief" and the term is no ex-

aggeration. Save for his inability to make war there is no Balkan king who, in power, extent of dominions, or number of subjects, can touch him. I once took a Dane through Yellowstone Park. We were there three days and all the while he was silent and constantly observant, as Danes are. At the end of those three days he remarked: "My God, here is a country bigger than Denmark, and not a custom-house nor a cent charged for admission!"

There are twenty-one national parks, and two in the making—the Great Smoky National Park, in North Carolina and Tennessee, and the Shenandoah, in Virginia. The national parks now functioning range in age from Hot Springs, in Arkansas, created in 1832, and Yellowstone, in Wyoming, created in 1872, down through Zion, in Utah, Lafayette, at Bar Harbor, Maine, and Grand Canyon, in Arizona, created in 1919, to Bryce Canyon, in Utah, created only a few months ago, in September, 1928, and the Grand Teton in western Wyoming, the bill creating which President Coolidge signed on February 26, 1929. Lafayette, I believe, has changed its name to Acadia in honor of the Evangeline country. These parks differ in size from the diminutive Hot Springs, already mentioned, and the equally diminutive Platt, in southern Oklahoma, and Sully's Hill, in North Dakota, the areas of which respectively are only $1\frac{1}{2}$, $1\frac{1}{3}$, and $1\frac{1}{5}$ square miles, to the huge Glacier, with its area of 1,534 square miles; Yosemite, 1,125 square miles; Mount McKinley, in Alaska, 2,645 square miles; and the giant of them all—Yellowstone—with an area of 3,348 miles, not counting about 80 square miles just added but not surveyed. A total area of 12,101 square miles, or a territory larger than the States of Massa-

chusetts, Rhode Island, and Delaware combined. With the accession of the two new parks, Great Smoky and Shenandoah, this area will be much larger. And this great territory is scattered in twenty-one administrative units from Acadia, in Maine, to Hawaii National Park, created in 1916.

Besides these twenty-one national parks there are thirty-two national monuments administered by the National Park Service, not counting the numerous national monuments and national military parks at present administered by the Department of Agriculture and the War Department, most of which will be eventually turned over to the Park Service. Indeed, from a small and despised bureau in 1917, this Park Service, as I have said, has become the greatest "pure" conservation factor we have. I use the term "pure" conservation because the Forest Service, whose splendid work must not in any way be minimized, is primarily a commercial bureau and not a strictly conservative, recreational, or monumental one.

As to the citizens, temporary or otherwise, of this huge domain, there were, in 1928, 2,522,188 visitors, or part-time citizens, about 200 permanent rangers, and the following natives: 25,000 elk, 18,000 deer, 7,500 sheep, 5,000 caribou, 1,000 buffalo, 600 black bear, 625 antelope, 650 moose, and 150 grizzly. The game figures are taken from a census of early 1928, and since then all these species have increased.

I have gone with Albright on his inspection trips through the clear, cool mornings of the Yellowstone. He can do more in a day and be at more places than most men. The speed laws in the national parks are very strict, but Albright breaks them. If he didn't break

them, he couldn't do what he does. I have said that he was tactful, but at the same time he is a fearless and precise executive. On one occasion last summer when I went up to see him, headquarters at Mammoth Hot Springs told me over the telephone—I was in the south of the park about a hundred miles away—that he was in Yosemite but expected back that day. I had hardly left the ranger station where the telephone was, when Albright, in his official car, came out of the forest road. "I've been away from this place," he said, "for a week, and things aren't going as they should. I'm covering all of it before I go home."

The next day I had an appointment with him at his office in Mammoth Hot Springs. The appointment was at ten o'clock in the morning, but I couldn't see Albright until noon. His office was crowded with men. When they came out I recognized the heads of the various departments and concessions of Yellowstone. They were chatting and smiling and calling back: "Good-by, Horace." They were in the best of humors. When Albright came out I asked him what he had been doing; "I've been giving them hell," he said; and he had, but the point was that he had sent them away smiling.

The first time I met Albright was many years ago, just after the war. My partner and myself had gone to Washington to protest against something Albright wanted. We had made a long and special trip for the purpose. Albright had just served his initial year as the first civilian superintendent of Yel-

lowstone since 1886—between 1886 and Albright's time the park had been administered by various cavalry colonels and their regiments. Being Far-Westerners by training, both my partner and myself were suspicious of Albright and the government in general. We went to see a man very much interested in national parks. "Look here," he said, "there's a young fellow in Washington for a few weeks you ought to meet."

"Who's that?"

"Albright."

Both my partner and myself said in the same breath: "He's the last man in the world we want to meet."

"But you ought to meet him—hear his point of view, anyhow."

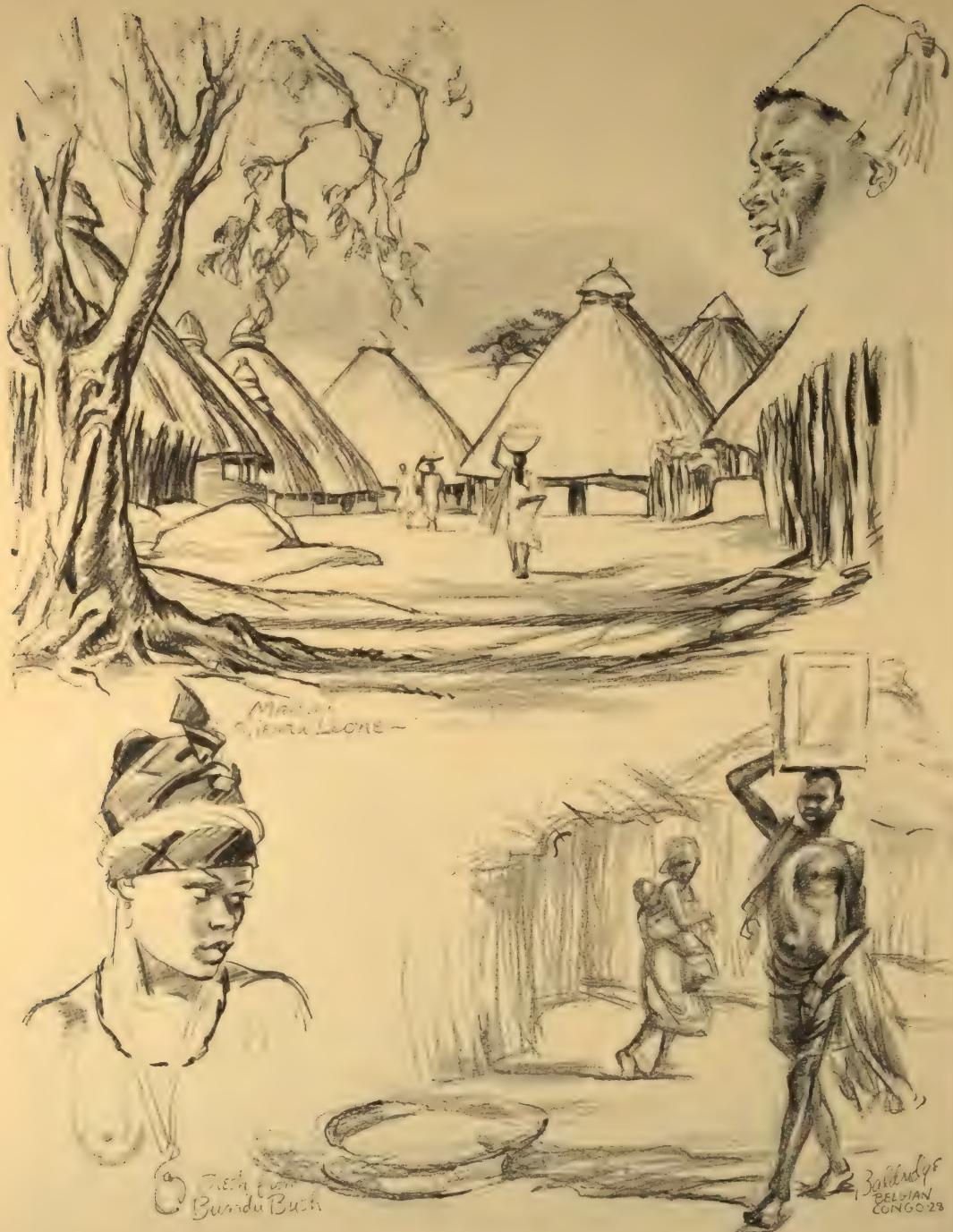
Finally we were persuaded. Sceptically we met him at his club at 2 p. m. We sat there all afternoon, we had dinner with him, we talked until nine o'clock, when he had to catch a train. When we left we were his henchmen and have been so ever since. Here was no mere bureau chief, no cheap promoter of government publicity, nor, on the other hand, a reforming crank or conservational fanatic. Here, instead, was a large, human, humorous, experienced young man with a passion for trees, animals, mountains, and beauty, yet, at the same time, with the common sense to try to find a happy medium between this solitary passion and the allowing of others to see trees, animals, mountains, and beauty too; and, in their turn, acquire possibly some share of his own love and knowledge.





Drawings made by Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge during a fourteen months' trip in the region described in "An African Savage's Own Story."

Of this set he writes: "In Zaria, Northern Nigeria, a walled city of 85,000 with houses of colored mud overlaid with Arabian designs, the Emirs have ruled since the fifteenth century. . . . There was a moment of embarrassment in the palace when the Emir, a Mohammedan, receiving us, had to decide whether he dared shake hands with my wife without being held in scorn by the True Believers. . . ."



"Two hundred and fifty miles inland, in Sierra Leone, we lived in the mud house of the chief, sharing accommodations with his seven wives. Amid primitive conditions of great severity, baked by continuous tropical heat, enervating for black and white alike, and with insufficient food-supply, these bush people live in pleasant decency and offer touching hospitality. . . . A village spotlessly clean . . ." writes Mr. Baldridge.

The artist and his wife went from port to port on tramp steamers and made journeys into the interior, finally following the equator across to the East coast.

An African Savage's Own Story

A MATING IN THE JUNGLE

BY BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

THE vivid narrative that follows takes the reader at once into the depths of the African jungle. There, while the tom-toms beat, and wild chanting fills the air, a strange marriage ceremony takes place. This is a barbaric mating, polygamous and rude, without pretense of affection of any kind, a mating whose brutality shocks the sensitivities of our race. Native superstition enters, and develops a human tragedy whose poignant memory remains to-day in the thoughts of the black author, whose civilization, he says, is still only a thin veneer.

In the earlier chapters of his remarkable story Ibn LoBagola, of the *Emo-yo-Quaim*, or "Strange People," told of his birth in unvisited jungle regions south of the Niger; of his journey at the age of eleven through the Bush and the open regions to the Gulf of Guinea; of his being kidnapped by accident and taken to Scotland; of his four years in Scotch surroundings; and of his return to Africa, where he found crude savage life and harsh fetich laws repulsive. Having been accused by his jealous brother, and a small boy who gave false witness, Ibn LoBagola managed, through his father's help, to escape condemnation by merciless witch doctors and fierce native courts of justice. To please his father he consents to marry six wives, one of whom, a girl named Gooma, had once saved him from a man-eating lion.

The "civilized savage" appends to the narrative one of the folk-lore stories he heard as a boy when he sat by the village fire in the heart of the Ondo Bush. That simple folk-lore tale reveals the wisdom and the idealism of man, the reaching toward self-sacrifice that characterizes the jungle as it does civilization.

FREDERICK HOUK LAW.

IV

THE statement of my father that not a drop of my blood should be shed meant that he did not wish that my case should cause the death of me or of any one else of his family.* In order that his demand to call a "Circle" might be carried out, O-Lou-Wa-Li, the old chief, had to obtain the consent of the King, and it was not likely that the King would revive an old custom, like the "Circle," unless he himself were di-

rectly concerned; and then another thing, the life of a member of the family of one of the King's noblemen was at stake, and that nobleman had opposed extreme measures. As O-Lou-Wa-Li knew all this, he contented himself by asking that the council have its wish.

The council did not take long in deciding the case. The result was that my poor brother had his beard plucked out in public, and the little fool boy had his tongue slit half way down the middle,

*See SCRIBNER'S for May, page 538.

for telling a malicious lie. My father held a three days' festival over the outcome of the case, because Gooma and I were vindicated and permitted to continue preparing for our marriage.

My back was still sore from the severe floggings that I had received in the ordeal. At that time I soon forgot it. Was not Gooma to be my bride? But now, I can never forget.

I was eager to leave my country again because everything offended me. The difficulty arose as to how I was going to get out safely. My father would never give me safe conduct, and I was sure that he would oppose any one who tried to help me go away, but I did not worry much about it then. I had to wait for marriage, at least, before I could even think of leaving home again.

I acted as if I were going on a picnic when the time came for my marriage, with its trials and feasts. Little did I dream that it was for a funeral that I was preparing. Yes, a funeral, indeed, for did they not murder the flower of womanhood? Was I not the innocent cause of breaking the heart of a true man, by proving, through a barbarous, brutal, heathenish, black Fetich custom, that his daughter had broken her virginity? I do not mean that she had been unfaithful. I mean that natural causes and not infidelity, as they all thought, brought the accusation. But you cannot convince the people in my country that nature does things: they are too suspicious to understand natural effects.

Gooma grew up to full maturity, and the time came for the nuptials.

When a boy takes a wife, he must prove her virginity in the open before the people. Now Gooma had no mother waiting at home for the familiar sound of rejoicing that all mothers love to hear, when their daughters have been

proved pure; no mother, to have a broken heart, if the report came that the girl had been impure and must be drawn and opened; no mother to allay her fears or to comfort her.

The fatal night came, after fourteen long months (a native year) of waiting and wearing the mask of chastity. Gooma passed the preliminary test of the match-makers, and so did I, but it was generally thought that the girl would be more than a match for me.

There was one strong reason why my father was anxious to get me married, and that was to save me from disgrace. According to my people, I had disgraced myself by going far away across the sea, and then returning, wearing clothes that came from another people. My father had a difficult task to convince the Fetich doctor that I was his son, and that I did not have evil spirits. So his first step was to get me married to my already betrothed wives, and he had set the beautiful Gooma as my last, called "The Bride."

Of course I went through the ceremony all right, but I hardly realized what it was all about.

I was too young to dispute with my father; in fact, too young to even ask why; so on with the show. The crowd gathered; then there were the beat of tom-toms and the chanting of old hags who had matched us, each one separately! It was all bewildering, so that I did not realize what I was really doing.

The young maidens stood waiting ready to hasten away to the girl's mother, who is not allowed to be present, but waits patiently at her own house for the welcome sound of the words, "The Spirit has given you a valiant daughter, Bravo!"

In the meantime I was being talked to by the old men, who praised me for

what I had done, saying *Okuruni*, meaning, "Big fellow!"

The girl was led out, with much ceremony and clapping of hands and singing. Then I was led out. The same old cry of *A-Kit-Chun-Day-O Ya Sukuo Kani* was heard, meaning, "The Spirit has given you a valiant daughter, Bravo!" We were taken away again, I by the old men, and the girl by the old wenches.

It is not always that a boy is given six girls to marry at the same time. In my case it was different, because I had been out of my own country, and my father was not quite sure about my intentions; therefore he was eager to tie me up in order to maintain the respect of the Fetich people. So my ordeal was quite a strain, considering everything.

The next three girls were led forward, and everybody stopped to eat and feast. Remember, I had still one more to wed, and she was like Katherine the Shrew, at least so many thought, or like a Queen. No one expected anything unusual or startling to happen; in fact, when the match-maker reported Gooma's condition, she said that the girl was very happy and was talking of what she was going to make for her husband's first meal, and how anxious she was to live with him. Gooma showed no sign of fear or embarrassment, which made every one respect her. The moment arrived. When the big gong and the tom-tom, covered with human hide, sounded, some rushed about the scene, while others kept on dancing.

Then the music and singing ceased, and the place was quiet; I remember distinctly, that a sort of fear crept over me, for I could not understand what it was all about. No speaking, no jokes. When some young fellow began to make a little fun, they all glared at him

for it. Just like a funeral! What had happened? what was going to happen? I couldn't understand.

But I soon found out; how, I don't know; but I found out just the same. It was the lovely Gooma who was being led into the circle. One old man said that she would attempt to kill me, so I would have to hit her to quiet her. They all tried to impress me how difficult it would be for me to rule her. As for me, I thought different; I don't know why, but I felt that I should be able to live with this flower better than with any other. I was inclined to be soft and tender with this particular girl, and always to treat her kindly. Perhaps I was inclined to love her; who knows? I was too young to know what it all meant.

Gooma leapt out, laughing merrily; in other cases like that, when a girl is so cheerful at that particular time, every one else feels good also, and they shout words of encouragement to the girl, such as: "That's a fine girl! Keep a good heart, my girl!" and such endearing remarks. But in this case, not one, no, not one remark passed. I noticed this, but I did not understand, and no one else understood either. There were no scowls nor scornful looks, but only looks of awe and bewilderment.

The old chief, O-Lou-Wa Li, had great things in store for his favorite child, that he claimed as his own, but who was nevertheless no blood kin to him whatsoever. He roamed about the compound, arranging to hear the welcome news of the child's marriage. He had to take the place of both father and mother, for Gooma had no mother. He was not present during the ceremony, but he was very happy. He had planned to set a precedent in the marriage customs in our country, by giving me a present, instead of letting me or my

father send one to him; as is the usual case.

Who would ever have dreamt that I, the black boy who was getting married, one day would be telling the whole world about Gooma? She had many names, some of which are: "The Evil One"; "The Enticer of Goodness"; "Kin to the Female Monkey"; "The Cunning One"; "The Temptress"; "The Bold"; "The Brazen"; "Faithful Enemy to Good"; "The Amazon," etc. These and other worse names had been thrown at this splendid girl.

She took her place as the other girl had done and waited for the ceremony. I can't say just what it was, but some force moved me on, and yet my cheerfulness was affected, for I was heavy-hearted. When I took my place with Gooma, why, the good girl actually embraced me! Now this action was against all rules of native etiquette. What other girl would do such a thing, even if she felt that way, except Gooma? This girl always did something different from other girls, but always before had kept within the bounds of the *taboo* laws. Then Gooma stood, and moved no more. To the people her act meant that in their eyes she could not be a wife. Gooma had fallen. Gooma, poor Gooma! the sweet, gentle, loving Gooma, was lost! at least, lost to me! When I learned it, I wept, I don't know why, but I cried hard.

Picture the scene, the people, the match-maker, who heaped curse upon curse on the head of the impulsive girl, barely eleven years old, so different from all the other girls of our race. All the women folk were bitter in denunciation, while the men contented themselves with this remark: "What is a woman, but a feather, beautiful to look at?"

The men took me back to the house and explained all that had happened, and how Gooma had broken the great Fetich law. I cried and repeated, and shall do so until I die: *Da Ke-Dep*, meaning, "It's a lie!"

The same yell went up as in all cases of this kind, only the people shouted louder than usual; *Wahada Situ Ko-Ra-Raha*, which means: "One girl has gone bad!"

It was a lie, Gooma had not gone bad; it was just the impulsive act of a girl of a different race, who had lived a wild natural life. Gooma had not gone bad.

I believe that I was the only one that kissed the hand of old chief, O-Lou-Wa-Li, at this hour of anguish for him. Of course, I was not able to do anything. I had to listen to the older men, who condemned Gooma. It never dawned upon those thick, ignorant, stupid heathens that they might be wrong. They were our leaders, our wise men. I did not know then, but I know now, that Gooma was as innocent and as pure as any girl that ever walked, but she was the unfortunate victim of circumstances.

At that time I was only thirteen, and I only knew what I had been taught by the older men and my father. I believed the men, and I believed my own father, but something within me impelled me to say out loud: "It's a lie. Gooma is a good girl for a wife."

The old chief killed himself, Gooma was unsexed, and put into the King's compound. She became one of the King's chief Amazon fighters and counsellors. I still say I had six wives, but only five lived in my compound, while Gooma lived with the King. Gooma was a Princess by birth, for her real father, the chief of his people, had fallen under the assegai of old chief O-Lou-Wa-Li.

My father did not live long after then; he felt that he had completed his share when he had me, his strange son, safely married. But he little knew what thoughts and aspirations were nursed in my bosom. He had not weighed in his mind the change that I was undergoing, and had undergone. He little dreamed that when I looked at his naked body, I felt a kind of disgust.

I had been out of my country for four long years among other people, and the change in me was noticeable. I wore clothes, scantily, of course, but clothes, nevertheless. These and many other habits made every one look on me with distrust and superstitious fear, and it was that superstitious fear that saved me in many disputes with the Fetich doctors, who tried to make it *taboo* to enter my compound, or to listen to my talk.

But after all, I am of my father, and he was a man of distinction, and of noble birth among his people, and I was also a part of the people of my country; therefore it was impossible to *taboo* me. I admit that I provoked hostile feeling, through indulging in my civilized habits, such as sleeping on a cot-bed, sitting on a chair, wearing trousers instead of a kaf-tan, and burning a lamp that I kept on a camp table. Most of the things I had brought with me from Europe, however, had been destroyed. I ate my food in the presence of my women, for I had become used to the company of women, having lived in Scotland where the woman is the head of the house. I ate off a plate, and used a knife and fork.

Being the youngest son of my father's bride, I have the birth-right of my father, and I am allowed to use his name, and may call myself "Chief," under native law. If I had never left my

country again, I should have become a community chief.

My brothers and sisters are all in Africa, and I am sure that they have no desire ever to leave there, but I am more of a stranger to them than I am to any one else. I have never regretted the loss of any of the wives that I married, except Gooma, who, I still feel, is my bride, my last and my principal wife. But the children of these wives are my chief concern, and I often yearn to see them. I am the father of fourteen boys. My children I love, but I never did love my wives: who could love six?

Sometimes, even now, my thoughts go back to the stories we used to hear about the village fires at night, with the wild light leaping up and making dreadful shadows. Here is one of them.

HOW A MONKEY SHOWED LOYALTY TO HIS TRIBE

Once upon a time, there lived far in the Bush, an old ape. This old ape had been a guard for the tribe for many a long moon. It was said, that he had once been chief of the herd, but through indiscretion, he had fallen from that high station. It was known among all the animal people, that he had no male offspring, and this was one of the reasons why he had lost his high place. Even the young monkeys treated him with scorn, because their parents had taught them to look down on him. To remedy the wrongs of this old monkey would have been like trying to pick up scattered feathers that the wind blew about. His age, no one could guess; he seemed older, and yet appeared younger, than anything else that lived in the Bush. He was able to do anything that another monkey could do, and do it without effort, although the others were

younger than he. He was noted for wisdom above all the elders in the tribe. His memory was like the rubber, going back farther than the memory of the elephant. Who really knew this fellow? No one did. Who ever knew as much as this chap? No one did. He was referred to in every dispute, and his opinions were taken as the final word. Yet he was the buff and sport of all the monkey people. When he tried to gain praise for some wise suggestion, it brought upon him abuse and ridicule from every monkey in the tribe. His names were many, such as, "The Wise Fool," "The Cunning Fraud," "The Make-Believer," "The Wicked One," "The Seducer," "The Liar," "The Friend of Man," and for a monkey to be a friend of man is considered, among the monkey people, to be in the lowest depths, because monkeys *hate* human beings.

After a time, the monkey people became so cruel to the old monkey that he had to find another place, but one monkey tribe will never show hospitality to a monkey from another tribe. So it was useless for him to seek a home with other monkeys. They drove him away, and some of the females tried to encourage the males to put him to death, because they said that no good could ever come out of anything so evil as that old deceiver. Every day the women spied on him or sent children to spy on him, so that they could report all his actions to the men in the tribe. If he was seen speaking with the elephant, or the lion, or even the innocent gazelle, they pretended to the tribe that he was plotting against them.

One day, out of despair, he wandered quite a distance away, and became so tired that he climbed a large vine and began thinking of his former state, and of all he had lost, and he be-

gan to weep. He felt as if he would like to give up all and die; but he said to himself that he would like to do something first, in order to prove to his tribe that he still loved them, and that he was not so bad as they made him out to be. While he was thus thinking, he heard some talking, and he lay quiet and listened. It was the voice of the snake, and by it he discovered that he was resting just over a house of horned vipers.

It appeared that one of the snake couriers had brought news and orders from the chief of their tribe, saying that all snakes should muster together and be ready to make a raid on the village of the great apes. He heard one snake say that it would be a good thing to drive these cowards from the Bush, as they were getting so bold that they began to think they were the owners of the Bush. And another snake said that this was the best time for the raid, because the great apes were unguarded, for one of the young snakes had said he had seen the old guard wandering away, far from his village, all by himself; therefore, if that were so, he must have been driven away, for no monkey would venture away from his people, alone, otherwise. Now was the time to strike, and to strike hard.

The old monkey, hiding up in the vine, heard all this, and wondered what to do; for he could not get away from his hiding place without being seen, and if he were seen by a snake, he knew that they would make short work of him. But he thought that if he could just give the alarm to the tribe, why that would be sufficient to save all his people from the horrible death that was planned for them. By this means, he could show his loyalty to them. So he made a dash to get by, but he was detected at the first move he made. In

his excitement to get away, his arm was caught in a vine, and he was overtaken by a young viper who struck at him. But when you are frightened, you know that your strength becomes double. The old monkey pulled and tugged until he got himself loose, but not before the young snake had struck him several times, which meant that he had to die.

When the old monkey had freed himself, from the vine, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him, screaming the warning, and yelping with pain. The warning, you know, is *Oo-Lou-Wi!* meaning, "I see danger!" Now he had to run far, and when he reached the camp, everybody had prepared themselves to flee, because they had heard the warning yells from afar. When the old monkey arrived, just at the opening of the village, he dropped down from exhaustion, and from the effects of the poison that had been sent through him by the stinging he received from the young snake.

In the meantime, the whole snake family came on the run, for they believed that they could overtake the old monkey before he arrived at his camp. On the other hand, all the other monkeys in camp derided and abused the old guard, and accused him of playing a trick on them to get back into the tribe for shelter and protection. One monkey said that if they had known that it was that base faker who had given the warning, they would not have prepared to break up camp and run. While this was being said, the snakes came near the monkey village, but no monkey cared to heed the warning of the faithful old guard.

Then the chief monk came to question him before he died, and the chief was inclined to believe his story about

overhearing a plot by the snakes. But as is always the case in such affairs, a woman must interfere, and so a female monk, who saw the chief interesting himself in the old guard, cried out loud to the chief: "Father chief, do come away from that friend to a man! What mother was it that gave birth to such a one, so full of devils? Why, he even tells you a lie without blushing!" This derision made the chief turn his back on the old guard; and the old chap bit his arm in anguish, until the blood ran, and he sprinkled it at the entrance of their village, which means a curse on those inside. This is customary among native people as well as monkeys. And the old guard died, without a friend, and in disgrace by his people.

The snakes came in upon the tribe from all sides, and not one of the monkeys escaped being stung, and all died horrible deaths. When the chief snake saw the old monkey guard lying in his own blood at the entrance to their village, he remarked: "It is just like a monkey, to cut off his nose to spite his face."

After my marriage I took my five wives to my compound and my father secured fourteen "followers" for me, according to custom in my home. I could not very well leave these five wives of mine before a month had passed, so I settled down to domestic life, as best I could. I longed now to get away from the horror of savage life, but I dared not tell my father of my intentions, and it was not safe to confide in any one of the villagers, because my father would have been called upon to make a feast in honor of my departure.

The only thing left for me to do was to confide in my wives. Giving such confidence is a thing that a man can do in

my country very easily, because he can trust his wives with a secret, trustworthiness being a redeeming feature among our women. I called my five wives together and told them that I had to make a visit to another community, and that I should not return before several moons, as the way was long and dangerous. One of the girls said: "I knew that he had wives somewhere else," and the other girls cried out: "Salute your other wives for us; we hope that you find your children well."

I was flabbergasted, because I had not imagined my wives thinking such a thing. However, that is the native way of thinking, and I was not sufficiently advanced to teach the girls anything different.

I asked my "followers" to guide me, but they were afraid at first. I explained that I had to go, and that I did not ask my father for an escort because he would be afraid of losing me again, and might refuse. So the "follower" whom I had made head-man in my compound volunteered to take me out of the country, as he said that he knew the Bush well, and that he would see that no harm befell me.

We started away from our village of huts in the morning. My head "follower" really did not know the way out. He planned to lead me to the border of our country, and then to let me pick up an escort from there to the coast, but he got his bearings all wrong. He first led me in the opposite direction to the coast because he did not want to arouse suspicion of my leaving. For that reason, too, I did not take anything with me, other than a mat to sleep on and one or two personal effects that I should need when I reached civilization, and my "follower" carried them all for me.

Now, in my anxiety to get away, I had

forgotten the time of the year, and it was only after we had walked two days away from the village that I thought about the weather. It was near the rainy season; in fact, the rainy season was only two days off, and then the rain would pour down in torrents, and flood the land as it does at that time of the year. The rain commences about the first of June and lasts till the end of August.

To turn back would have been absolutely stupid, because my father would have known by that time that I had intended to leave the country, and he surely would influence my wives to complain of my going away from them. A complaint of that kind would spoil my chances, perhaps, of ever leaving my country again, unless I sneaked out alone, and that would be more difficult to do then than now, for I was really sneaking out now, but I did have some sort of guide. It would have been impossible for me to interest any one, even amongst my own "followers," to accompany me after it had been officially ordered that I was not to go, and such an order would have resulted from a complaint. At the beginning of my flight I really did not know all this, but my "follower" explained it all to me, as he saw that I was half minded to turn back because of the approaching rain.

The rain did not frighten me so much, but the thunder and the lightning did. The thunder and lightning in my country are much more dreadful than here. After a rainy season a man may go only a short distance in the Bush and he will see what damage the lightning does. The lightning strikes often, and destroys large trees, and kills many animals, because the animals love to take shelter under trees and any cluster of bushes; and we are always able to find dead animals lying about through-

out the Bush after the rainy season.

So the rain came. I must say that my "follower" was very faithful to me, because he did all that was possible to make me half way comfortable. He collected and prepared food; he made my hammock in the vines for me to sleep in; and, in fact, he treated me as if I were his relative. The "follower" was a native, and he had his superstitions, like all other natives. He told me many stories on that journey, about animals and birds and fish. I was only a young boy and so I listened to his yarns with rapt attention.

Now whether it was because the "follower" did not know the way, or whether it was his eagerness to entertain me and keep me from crying and being afraid, which made him forget his direction, I cannot say, but I do know that he began to act very strange, and I saw that he was perplexed and appeared to be in a quandary. He stopped every now and then, and held his ear against a tall tree, and then he would put me away up on a vine and tell me to wait for him. He would climb ever so high up and look out far away at something. He would then descend to where he had left me, put me on his back, turn around several times, and then start out walking again, climbing over this and crawling under that obstacle. When he had to crawl under something he would put me down on a near-by vine or fling me, catapult fashion, across a heap of brush so that I landed on vines. Then he would crawl under some object and I would not see him for a good few minutes, and all of a sudden his head would bob up above the tall grass, some distance away, and he would be puffing and blowing, saying, as he approached closer to me: *Allah O Akbar*, meaning, "*God is Great.*"

I often wondered why he disappeared in this manner, so one day I asked him who it was that he was visiting on these journeys, and he replied: "The Spirits are angry with us for our acts, and I have to appease them before we can continue our journey."

In the meantime the rain poured down, and I was only half clad, but the "follower" had nothing on. I was drenching wet, as the rain poured through the clothes that I wore and soaked me to the skin, whereas the "follower" kept himself well greased with some stuff that he squeezed out of leaves, and the rain just bounced off of him. I was continually wet, because I slept in my wet clothes as well as walked in them. The consequences were that I became violently ill with fever, and could not go on any farther. The "follower" laid me in vines, and doctored me. He prepared some kind of hot potion, the very smell of which made me vomit, but he forced me to take it.

Oh, how terrible it was out there in the Bush! Lost! Yes, lost! My "follower" had lost his direction, but he was trying to keep on going until we could reach some habitation. Malarial fever is a most weakening sickness, especially when it is accompanied with ague. I shook my little body almost to pieces.

I remember on one occasion, when the "follower" left me alone and went away to find more medicine and to commune with the spirits, that he stayed away much longer than usual. I was still ill with fever, and the heavy rain was still pouring down. I lay up there in the vines where he had put me, because I was too weak to move. I called him and called him, in my weak way, but he did not answer. Then I became alarmed, for the thought came to my mind, like a flash, that he had aban-

doned me and left me in the middle of the Bush at the mercy of animals and reptiles. Up till that time I had not given snakes a single thought, but then the awfulness of my plight dawned upon me and I cried long and hard. I really wished that I had never started out on the journey. I became delirious. What I said while I was in that state, I cannot say, but I do know that when I did become rational, the first thing that caught my eye was a monster boa-constrictor, hanging from a branch of a tree, not a yard away from me. Now I could just see the thing, but that was enough for me. I screamed *Oo-Lou-Wi!* as loud as my lungs permitted, and then I heard a voice saying: *Yek-ras*, meaning, "Shut up." I could not move from my position because I was still too weak, but the voice was that of Enfiki, my "follower"; that was his name.

Enfiki said that when he returned he found me in a pitiful state of delirium, and that I was calling on everybody to save me. He said that it made him wonder a bit just why I should be asking to be saved, as he had seen no danger near me then. He said that he climbed up to where I lay, and then he looked up over me and saw that snake slowly uncurling itself; and he added that if he had not acted quickly, that creature would have dropped right down on top of me, and I should surely have been squeezed to death. But he had snatched me from where I was, and flung me over to the spot where I then found myself, and he had jumped away quickly before the thing could fall on top of him. Well, that may be so, or it may not be so, but there was the snake, hanging just where I saw it, twenty feet long, and it was dead. He said that he had killed it and had left it hanging there, so that

when I returned from the spirit world I should be able to see for myself, just how near death I had been.

I had been sick four days and we had not made a step of advance during that time, and it was still raining hard. I have often wondered how we ever escaped being struck by lightning. My fever was gone and I was still weak, but we had to move on, even though it was now well understood that we were lost.

After a time I heard a drum beat. I told Enfiki, and he laughed, and said that I was trying to make him the same as I had been, seeing and hearing things in the spirit world. After a while Enfiki stopped suddenly and asked me if I heard anything. I laughed loudly, for I was beginning to think and believe that Enfiki and myself both were losing our minds. We both heard the drum beat, but neither of us heard it at the same time. When I heard it Enfiki could not hear it, and when Enfiki heard it, I could not hear it. So Enfiki, although a very brave bushman, became afraid, and he began calling down the judgment of the spirits on my head for inducing him to help me deceive my own father. He began to rave, and I thought that his mind was surely unhinged, and I cried all the more. I implored him to take me back, but he said that he did not know how. He said that he thought that we were coming into a strange country, by the look of the trees. He could not guess where we were, but hoped that he should not fall into the hands of King Kof-fi's people, for if we did, it was good-by for both of us.

Just then a clap of thunder and a bolt of lightning made both of us jump up and scream. That bolt of lightning struck just behind us and tore a tree to pieces, and threw the parts crashing down into the forest. You would have

thought that it tore up nearly the whole earth, by the deafening noise that it made.

We were truly in a sorry plight. At

the mercy of storm, lightning, fever, frightened animals, and worse than all, in danger of walking into the country of a hostile king, because we were lost.

[“The Escape from Savage Life,” the chapters of LoBagola’s autobiography, which appear next month, brings him into the land of the little people, and a harrowing adventure with cannibals.]



Some Later Friends of Meredith

BY ROBERT ESMONDE SENCOURT

The last years of George Meredith were crowned with many friendships. Mr. Sencourt, from unpublished letters and other material, presents Doctor and Mrs. Plimmer, Alice Meynell, Admiral Maxse, and others.

I

THE printed page so far contains no record of George Meredith’s friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Plimmer. The Doctor was a Fellow of the Royal Society, his wife a native of Germany who had the great heart, the understanding of men, and the need for providing creature comforts for them which mark the best German women. With the one, he threw all his enthusiasms into the exchange of ideas; in the other, he relished the sweetness and goodness of a woman. “A kind heart and a sympathetic soul,” he often said to her, “are worth more than the brightest intellect.” He shared with them a favorite jest which referred to a friend who was deeply interested in Frau Cosima Wagner. Meredith had met Frau Cosima as well as her famous husband, and she was a personality worthy of his attention. The daughter of Countess Marie d’Agoult and Liszt, her magnetic personality, her clear profile, her noble gestures, her way of moving as though on clouds, her radiance, con-

trasted with the dissatisfied expression and the sharp strident voice of *Der Meister*. Yet it was to him that she was devoted, for him she loved and strove. After his death in 1883, she looked upon herself as the vehicle through which he was manifested to the world.

It was not until 1887 that, recovering from the blow, she assumed dominance at Wahnfried and Bayreuth. She radiated, she inspired, but she also commanded absolute devotion to the cause. At one moment she was all woman and all French, voice and smile aloof and yet alluring; at another, her fierce will would be enforcing unquestioning discipline in the style of a Prussian general, and all from the scene-shifter to the great stars would stand in awe at her displeasure. Richter, van Rooy, and lovely Rosa Sucher, all vied with one another to win a smile from her. Many came often to her house, but she was intimate with none except Countess Marie Wolkenstein who, as Countess Schleinitz, had persuaded the Emperor Wil-

liam I to come to Bayreuth in 1876 to inaugurate the *Festspiele*.

The memory of Frau Cosima delighted Meredith, and since Dr. Plimmer was a musician, Meredith loved when with him to speak of her: it was with a quite special gusto he referred to the devotion to her given by their common friend, Frederick Jameson, who had suggested that Meredith should resume *The Amazing Marriage** and to whom, when it was finished, it was inscribed. Jameson was an excellent musician, a devoted Wagnerian and had translated part of the *Niebelungen Ring*. He used to take sun-baths in Tyrol: and Meredith delighted in the idea that in that condition he might attract the attention of Wagner's ghost. Frau Cosima took him at one time for a reincarnation of Wagner, and his position with her became rather involved. But Meredith had no qualms for him, knowing him to have "legal assistance and the most innocent of souls."†

Mrs. Plimmer's son played the violoncello and from that Meredith named him. His mother he called after a verandah that she built to her house in St. John's Wood. He addresses his letters to her: "dearest Verandah." And he was charmed to go to their house to hear music, and summed up, in a little doggerel verse like those he used to make for Hardman:

To Plimmer, Verandah and Cello,
Who shine as the green of the land,
The thanks of a crippled old fellow.
Though why one so lost in the yellow
Is noticed, he can't understand.

Meredith was not fond of taking presents. He would accept only if they were things he liked to have, and only if giv-

*Serial in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, 1895.

†Unpublished letters supply the remainder of this material.

en by people who could afford to give them. But Mrs. Plimmer had the knack of giving things to him, and his letters to her are full of joking gratitude. In 1899 he had been "thrilled and alarmed by the arrival of a case of wine." "Remember," he added, "that it is ingratitude stirred in me by further gifts, but you will be honorable." When she sent him a box of apples, he wrote to her husband that their cheeks encouraged him to ruddiness. When, in 1908, she sent him a lamp for his bedside, he wrote:

"Why will our Verandah paint magnificence which is of its nature golden? And why pile St. John's Wood on wooded Box Hill? I am overdone with gratitude. The light works excellently. I marvel at the opportuneness of the gift just when I had raised the wish for it. Let me hear how things go with the Frankfurt scheme. It concerns all who love you. Remind the doctor of my existence and accept from me all that the years can condense into assurances of affection."

"Dearest Verandah," he wrote on the shortest day of 1904, "You will be astonished to hear that there was not an idea in my dull brain that the splendid rug you placed on my knees was another of your presents. I thought it was meant to keep me warm while you were with me, and after you had gone I called aloud to have it sent after you."

On Dec. 19, 1906, he wrote:

"Dearest Verandah,

"Don't think of coming in this weather. Your repeated presents have such an effect on gratitude that the delirious old wretch has nought but a gurgle in his throat. I am reminded of your two pots of caviare, left before you left us for Asia and Africa,—a terrible

story—who sold them to you should be prosecuted."

Three months later he was again addressing his "dear and most serviceable Verandah" as a cornucopia. "I have the feeling that I stand in a shower of fruits," he wrote. "No more or you lead me to think myself favored by a protecting planet."

And again, just before his death, he sends thanks through his Verandah, to her Cello. "Tell Robin that the gift of winter gloves was worth all the showers of cornucopia under which I have been smothered—excepting the grand music."

But when Mrs. Plimmer brought him down a translation of Montaigne, he refused it in the same uncompromising tone as he refused Lady Danesfort's offer of Norwegian egg-spoons. "I do not care for translations," was all he said, and as soon as he saw Mrs. Plimmer moving, he handed the book to his nurse to wrap up for the giver to take back.

For Dr. Plimmer he felt not only affection but admiration. "Give my love," he wrote once, "to the champion of the cause of science and humanity, to whom thousands are looking." And they thoroughly enjoyed the exchange of fiendish teasing with one another. With them all Meredith was thoroughly at home, and allowed himself to relax. He talked to them as he talked to Sir James Barrie or his daughter: the letters show no trace of the strained intellectualism in which he expressed himself to Mlle. de Longueil, and he enjoyed the relaxation. "I like to be alone with the family," he said.

II

When *The Amazing Marriage* was published in 1895, its author noticed

one review that particularly pleased him. It appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a column called "The Wares of Autolycus," which often attracted his attention. "Poetry is the conspicuous secret of the book," it said. "As in this great book, so in life, poetry is not hidden. It is unrevealed. And there are mystics who aver that all the now unrevealed secrets of this human life are obvious things that we daily and ignorantly use—things that we know, yet do not recognize." The review compared Carinthia with Shakespeare's Helena: it called her the "new Helena." An undaunted spirit, Carinthia claimed the environment of wind and cloud which Meredith gave her, and though the book was crowded with images wild as the flying clouds, this wildness was made to serve the writer's purpose, so that as a final result the readers were awakened, and compelled to another rate, and another way, of thinking them their own, in a stress of quickening surprise, which made them intimate with nature. "Always secret, always accessible, always present, nature is the simplest thing in the most intimate book in the world."

Meredith could not resist the mingling of prose of such distinction with an appreciation so intimately discriminating. Here was a spirit after his own heart. And this spirit was the spirit of a woman: a woman whom, when poets met her, they recognized as exquisite. "Her presence," said Mr. Le Gallienne, "radiated a peculiarly lovely serenity, like a twilight gay with stars."*

Around the name of Alice Meynell is the finest aroma. There was in all she wrote such finish and such fineness, her touch was so delicate and firm, that she will live among our classic essayists, and

**The Romantic Nineties.*

among her poems were some praised by Ruskin and the highest. "One of the most charming things that a writer of English can achieve is the repayment of the united teaching, by linking their results so exquisitely in his own practice that the words of the two schools shall be made to meet each other with a surprise and delight that shall prove them at once gayer strangers and sweeter companions than the world knew they were." So she wrote of the mingling of Saxon and Latin in our language, and this charm marked her own style. A sister of Lady Butler who painted "The Roll Call," she was married to Mr. Wilfred Meynell. Sargent has drawn her. She was a creature of pathos and delight. There was longing in her looks and her features were lovely; a fine kindness and a fine distinction marked her personality. Painted by Amy Rymer, she showed to Meredith something sepulchral in pathos, "eyes looking out of the underworld, breathing of grave-mould," but this was not herself. Herbert Trench wrote of her, in a delightful poem, that she was, as it were, woven of rapture.

In her article on Duse in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Meredith had said, before he met her, that it reached the high-water mark of the literary criticism of our time. He detected in it what he had noticed in her poems "an exquisite play upon the finer chords, quite her own." Clear, compact and pregnant with rare thought, they attracted yet more by the modesty of their style. "The surprise coming on us from their combined grace of manner and sanity of thought is like one's dream of what the recognition of a new truth would be . . . she achieves the literary miracle of subordinating compressed choice language to grace of movement." He counted that

she would one day rank as one of the great Englishwomen of letters.

Such were his views of her work before he had secured a meeting with her. She herself more than answered his hopes. Responsive as ever to the presence of women, at the age of sixty-eight, crippled by locomotor ataxia, he retained the ardor and the enthusiasm which found their rapturous expression in his poems of love. The homage of this he offered to Mrs. Meynell in the spring of 1896. "I shall teach you nothing that can be new to such a mind as yours," he wrote her, "but I shall be leaven to your deeper thoughts of earth and life." By April she had become the most absorbing of his friends, and a letter he wrote to her while staying with Lady Butler in the Constable's Tower at Dover Castle tells of his delight in silent communion with her. "I think of you gladly as with your sister, drawing strength from sea-breezes, out of the cage of brick, a visible universe about you, and those winged eyes of yours abroad in it. You write of your not being a talker. I can find the substance I want in your silences, and can converse with them. Your plea in excuse makes me ashamed of my prattle. Let me tell you that my mind is not always with my tongue in the act. I do it for the sake of sociability, and I am well disposed either to listen or to worship the modest lips that have such golden reserves."*

By June he was addressing her as his "dearest friend," and had found a symbol for her in an iris in his garden, golden at the heart, which he named after her, Alicia Cœrulea. He wrote her a series of sonnets, to be called "The Lady of the Time"; these, however, like so many other of the vessels of the love and beauty in him, were in an after-rage de-

*Letters of George Meredith to Alice Meynell.

stroyed: for she had demanded the return of a handkerchief which he had placed beside his heart. The sonnet that survives compares her to the Iris:

A stately flower in my garden grows,
Whose color is the dawn-sky's maiden blue;
The loveliest to my lady's thinking, too.
And when the Lord of June bids her disclose
Her very heart, all bashfully she throws
An inner petal o'er the orange hue,
As one last plea; submitting to his view,
Yet virginally majestic while he glows.
For reasons known to us we give the name
Alicia Cærulea to that flower,
Sweet as the Sea-born borne on the sea-wave:
That Innocent in shame where there is no
shame;
That proud Reluctant; that fair slave of
power,
Who conquers most when she is most the
slave.

After 1900 the letters grow rarer, and occasionally admiration is exchanged for criticism. The lady is blamed for being hard on Gibbon. Although at the very last he wrote to Mrs. Meynell that his religion of life was always to be cheerful, gloom and loneliness often assailed him. The death of Admiral Maxse was the hardest blow, shaking his stoic philosophy. "Friends are the leaves of the tree of life," he wrote, "and I am getting bare, fit only for cutting down."*

But apart from this warm personal relation with Alice Meynell, the letters are rich in appreciations of the winds and sky; and they have pronouncements on literature which cannot be overlooked. He felt the truth of the Brownings' mutual passion so strongly that not even the "tropical wildness of the amorous iterations" arrested him. "One sees the flower in each breast." When he published his "Napoleon," he sent it her "so that you may be under no complimentary compulsion to incur

the tedium of the journey hither and thither for the flashing visit,—though I so love to see you. If you find it goodish, you are the author. If otherwise, I am the culprit. Remember that is an Ode of History, which presents us with gross matter and I must deal it out to be true to the subject. I have been tempted by the rhetorical—History's pitfall for the Muse. I have avoided this as much as I could even in the Portrait, where antithesis invited strongly and was not always to be shunned." And lastly, he disclaims the aphorisms of Sir Austin Feverel as expressions of his own mind. "These aphorisms came in the run of the pen, as dramatizings of the mind of the System-maker. I would not have owned to half a dozen of them."*

Sincere in all things, even to the point of brusqueness, he once gave a shock to Mrs. Meynell. When she talked of writing a book on London, he burst at her with the words "You could not do it. It is beyond you." Such words are not easy to accept, and it would not be surprising if Mrs. Meynell winced.

III

There were three other ladies to whom Meredith was much attracted in his old age. There was first Mrs. Walter Palmer, a lovely young creature who had wealth through her marriage to one of the partners in the well-known Reading firm, a lady of culture who would take a *Schloss* at Bayreuth for the season,—"the round world's jewel." He called her "Queen Jean" and there was the warmest tone in Meredith's letters both to her and to her husband.

Then again there was the Duchess of Rutland (Lady Granby as she was then) who drew exquisite portraits of

*Letters of George Meredith to Alice Meynell.

*Letters of George Meredith to Alice Meynell.

women he admired, and one of himself. She drew Lady Ulrica Baring, Lady Lytton ("the sweetest of unfolding wild-rose buds"), her own daughter Lady Marjorie Manners and Lady Cromer. "With all the portraits of beautiful women from your hand," Meredith wrote to her, "there is more than the beauty. *On y voit l'âme dans les traits.*" And he was delighted with a letter that Lady Diana Duff-Cooper wrote to him a year before his death. "It showed the heart in the hand of the writer."*

He had in those later years another great new friend. A daughter of a Yorkshire Peer, this young lady was an intellectual, as well as a youthful beauty. Meredith delighted in her, and wrote her brilliant letters, like those he had sent to Mlle. de Longueil. He warned her very carefully against the egoism of the idealist. Just as he had said in *The Ordeal* that love of a lord was a form of self-love, so now he gives a warning against people looking at a flattering mirror of themselves in others. "We set up an ideal of the cherished object, we try our friends and the world by the standard we have raised within, supported by pride, obscured by the passions. But if we determine to know ourselves, we see that it has been open to us all along, that in fact we did but would not know, from having such an adoration of the ideal creature erected and painted by us."*

The letters cover almost the same ground as those he had sent to his French friend. The story of the errant wife returning is repeated, and we hear even that the old lady who said, "What are the man's family making such a fuss about? My son only had her for a fortnight," was an old Lady Vivian. Did his friend understand love? She

had been adored by a prominent prelate whom she accepted and afterward jilted. Later in life she married a member of a well-known family and bore him six daughters. She was heard to say after this that she had "warmed both hands beside the fire of life."

Meredith had intuitions as to her temperament. She had known, she must have known, something about love, but she did not confide it in him. He thought her capable of much liking, of warm liking, even wildish, but not passion. "Passion," he wrote to his daughter-in-law, "is noble strength on fire." And this he gave as the reason why his friend did not admire Diana. To do that, one should be more like a spinster of sixty whom he had once asked what she wanted from poetry. Turning her head, she shouted over her shoulder, "Passion."*

If this lady could have understood that, he would have admired her even more:

My Lady has Diana's brows,
Diana's deer-like step is hers;
A goddess she by every sign,
Then wherefore is she not divine?
She has no ears, for lovers' vows,
For lovers' vows she has no ears.

It was all very well to talk of Goethe: to go to India for the Delhi Durbar: to have the sanest views of politics and men: to understand the best English prose. But it was much better to have one's own happiness depending on another:

Ask, is love divine,
Voices all are ay.
Question for the sign,
There's a common sigh.
Would we, through our years,
Love forego,
Quit of scars and tears?
Ah but no, no, no!

*Letters.

And this is the thought that came also to him as he looked at nature in the serene summer morning:

We see in mould the rose unfold,
The soul through blood and tears.

But that, it seemed, was something more than he expected this brilliant young person to understand.*

IV

Admiral Maxse, until 1901, was alive, was seen, was loved. But his influence on Meredith had lessened. He and all his four children had allied themselves to the Die-hards, and Meredith under the influence of Lord Morley and Lord Haldane was certainly not becoming less of a Radical. Speaking of himself always as a Celt and not a Saxon, his sympathy went fully to Ireland. In 1887 he had written on Home Rule in the *Fortnightly* and this article pleaded more urgently for Ireland than he had done in the manuscript lying for years beside him which, as *Celt and Saxon*, was published after his death. He had long known Mrs. O'Shea (from whose bedroom Parnell escaped down a rain-pipe), and Dillon made much of him. He was the one great writer who threw himself into Ireland's cause, and with Ireland he gulped down the Church of her people.

Something of an imperialist, he was ruthless on jingoism. In 1896 he wrote for the *Daily Chronicle* a sonnet on the Jameson raid: it was called "The Warning."

We have seen mighty men ballooning high,
And in another moment bump the ground.
He falls: and in his measurement is found
To count some inches o'er the common fry.
'Twas not enough to send him climbing sky,
Yet 'twas enough above his fellows crowned,

Had he less panted. Let his faithful hound
Bark at detractors. He may walk or lie.

Concerns it most ourselves who with our gas—

This little Isle's insatiable greed
For Continents—filled to inflation burst.
So do ripe nations into squalor pass,
When, driven as herds by their old pirate thirst,
They scorn the brain's wild search for virtuous light.

He was with the Liberals in their criticism of the politics which led on to the Boer war. He protested up to the end against British excesses, and as Frank Harris has noted, persisted all through that there were faults on both sides. A letter to the papers pleaded for mercy to Kritzinger when the war was over, but with his keenness for soldiers, and all their business, Meredith watched the exploits of the British army with intense interest. No one who listened to his talk of how Englishmen were fighting imagined him anything but a patriot. It wrung his heart that they should fall in a war not unquestionably necessary.*

He had indeed taken up from Maxse one idea. It was the need of training the people for military service. He was heart and soul for conscription, as he was for a national training in boxing. Foreseeing a contest with Germany, he thought it vitally necessary that England should in no way be taken by surprise. Maxse's ideas were all passed on to Lord Haldane.

"I came to know him soon after I entered Parliament," wrote Lord Haldane, "and he was very good to me, inviting me to come and dine with him whenever I pleased and bring some one. I was accompanied on one occasion by Asquith, on another by Grey, on a third by John Dillon, on a fourth by Lloyd

*Letters. Poems, see "Fragment."

*Frank Harris, *Contemporary Portraits*.

George, on a fifth by Lord French. On the latter occasion the distinguished general and the distinguished author got into a violent controversy about the disposition of troops at the battle of Magenta,—Meredith certain that he knew, and French equally certain that he was quite ignorant. At last, French having said that no one with any military knowledge could have imagined that at that stage a whole division could have been brought up to the point which Meredith thought, Meredith retorted, ‘General, I have observed that Cavalry leaders however distinguished are bad judges of the operations of mixed troops.’” At this point Lord Haldane hastily ordered the motor, and took the General back to Aldershot.

On another occasion Lord Haldane was staying at Durdans, and Lord Rosebery asked him whether there was anywhere he would like to drive. Haldane asked whether Rosebery would drive over to meet Meredith. When they got to Box Hill, they were told that he was walking in the wood. “We went there and came upon him,” wrote Lord Haldane, “and I made two great men known. But I never saw two great personalities become suddenly and without reason so antipathetic to each other in so short a time. Ever after that Rosebery and Meredith were most critical of each other in their conversation with me.”

Meredith stayed with Haldane both in London and at Cloan. As he waited for the train on the station at Auchterarder, amazed railwaymen listened to a thunderous descant on the scheme of the universe. Meredith and the old Presbyterian minister at Cloan delighted in one another; as Meredith gave himself up to his exuberance, the minister would smile and pat him on the arm

with the words: “Ye’re still but a ladie.”*

V

Mr. Frank Harris was not the least of Meredith’s admirers. The two were invited to dine together in Elvaston Place, and conversation went on until late in the night. In the morning, his hostess pointed out that for once he had met a talker who outdid him in loquacity; his answer rolled off his tongue:

“But I was sober, my dear.”

Mr. Harris was a great friend of Oscar Wilde who was himself a discriminating appraiser of Meredith’s brilliance. No one who lived in England in the early nineties could ignore Wilde. Arriving at Oxford while Ruskin was a professor there, this unctuous, erudite and altogether elaborate young man immediately attracted question, and in some cases awoke emotion. The elderly Pater, who was generally so tranquil and so silent, had once knelt, white with passion, and kissed his hand. And Wilde had made an epigram: “One resists everything except temptation.”

When he was in Paris, this young man met everybody from Victor Hugo to Verlaine and M. Bourget. In London, he showed that he had a genius for pose. Of philosophy he had none, and he wanted none. His aim was to be an æsthete: to use his intellect to give a novel and delicious outline to rare experiences, and so to express himself as to make an exquisite sensation. He created the world of Patience, where not only young women but young men would “cling passionately to one another and think of faint lilies.” And at afternoon parties the tea grew cold

*Lord Haldane’s unpublished papers.

while the guests admired the form and pattern of their cups. "He seldom had very much to say," M. Maurois has written, "but he said it with such grace and charm."*

Now and again he did have something to say. For, when all is said, Wilde was not only a poseur but a genius. He said some admirable things in literary criticism. He had written in the *Fortnightly* in 1891 that Meredith was an incomparable artist: "To him belongs philosophy in fiction. His people not merely live, but they live in thought. One can see them from myriad points of view. They are suggestive. There is soul in them and around them. They are interpretive and symbolic. And he who made them, those wonderful quickly moving figures, made them for his own pleasure, and has never asked the public what they wanted, has never cared to know what they wanted, has never allowed the public to dictate to him or to influence him, in any way, but has gone on intensifying his own personality and producing his own individual work. At first none came to him. That did not matter. Then the few came to him. That did not change him. The many have come now. He is still the same. He is an incomparable novelist." Of his style Wilde had already written: "Meredith had planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns and red with wonderful roses."†

Such a novelist could not but meet such a critic. They were invited together to stay with the Walter Palmers at Reading in a large house-party, and Mrs. Jopling-Rowe, who was there also, had a photograph in which the two men appeared. Meredith of course appreciated

Wilde's brilliance: but between the figure of the one, now puffed and sensual, and the austere beauty of the other's face lined with its silver hair, there was a contrast which meant opposing attitudes toward life. The ideal of the one was experience: of the other it was high strenuousness.*

When Wilde's disaster came, there were, in spite of *Punch*, not a few intellectuals who looked upon his sentence as brutal. Inquiries were made, and it was found that the Government of the time was disposed to take into account the judgment of the intellectuals of England, whatever that might be. Frank Harris took up Wilde's case. He found that if Meredith (now Tennyson's successor as head of the Society of Authors) and a few others would address the Government in the prisoner's favor, his sentence might be remitted. Meredith, however, peremptorily refused. The issue seemed to him a central one in life. And Meredith was as inexorable as in the case of his first wife. "Abnormal sensuality in a leader of men," he said, "should be punished with severity: all greatness is based on morality." But if, at that period, the immorality had been a woman's, and this woman had been beautiful or witty, his judgment would perhaps have been more merciful.†

VI

After the death of his second wife, Meredith found his closest companion in his daughter. He delighted in seeing her grow up, and come out into the world. And the world was gracious to her. All the details of her movements

*André Maurois, *Etudes Anglaises*.

†*Nineteenth Century*, Jan., 1889.

*Louisa Jopling-Rowe, *Memoirs*. S. M. Ellis,
George Meredith.

†Frank Harris, *Contemporary Portraits*.

interested him. But not long after she had grown up she married Mr. Henry Parkman Sturgis, a widower of American parentage who lived at Givons Grove near Leatherhead. This was in 1894. His son had already in 1892 married Miss Margaret Elliot, the daughter of his friend, Mrs. Lewin, of Parkhurst on Leith Hill.

The departure of his son and daughter from Box Hill threw Meredith back more and more into the company of his servants, to whose society he had never been insensible. The choicest of his epigrams and the most opulent of his fancies descended upon their heads like rain upon the earth.

If he wanted his housemaid to take away an empty wine-bottle, he would address this sort of speech to her:

"Mary, you behold here a body from which the soul has departed. A body without a soul! Mark it there empty and useless, of no value to gods or men. Once full of genial fire, golden warmth for heart and brain, alive with inspiring ichor, Hymettean fount of noble talk and soaring thought, the elixir of wit, making of man's dull brain a thing of magic and dreams, lifting our dull mortality into the highest heaven of invention! But behold it now, a hollow echoing shell, a forlorn cadaver, its divine life all poured out of it, no laughter in it, no wisdom, no human kindness in it; any more forever. What shall be done with it, Mary? A body from which the soul is departed. What do we do with such? What is there to be done, but to bury it out of sight of gods and men, mournful reminder of feasts that are at

end and dimming candles. Mary, remove the bottle."*

He was never unconscious of servants, and in addressing the cook, he would begin a sentence on the spices of Arabia that went through equally many involutions of gorgeousness, eloquence and congestion. And the mystified woman could only ask "What does the master mean?" And Cole, the gardener, would reply, "He means put less pepper in the soup, you fool." Like other lovers of Meredith, he saw something perfectly practical in the sentences that to others were insoluble. Cole was Meredith's stand-by from 1878 to the arrival of his nurse, Bessy Nicholls. The great man gave him several of his books and wrote in one, "A good servant cancels the name of master." Cole, knowing his master's friends, was his defense against the importunate. No one who lived in close association with George Meredith could be immune from his bursts of anger, but Cole stayed with him till the end and was not ignored. "I have something of a great power and I must use it: I can put a glass to men's chests, and see what is working inside." Such was the novelist's account of himself to his gardener.

The gardener never quite forgave another being put in his place. But Bessy Nicholls was also a devoted attendant, and did much to make his last crippled years endurable. To each, Meredith gave as a legacy manuscripts of his novels.

Cole's own comment on their relation was: "There warn't a happier master and man in the whole kingdom."

*R. Le Gallienne, *The Romantic Nineties*.



A Farewell to Arms

BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY

THE quiet beautiful Italian country is contaminated by war. The dust raised by marching men has deadened the leaves of the trees. Artillery fire has levelled forests and illumines the night sky with ominous lightning.

The officers of an Italian ambulance unit, living in a pleasant town less than a mile from the fighting, find their principal amusement with the girls in the house reserved for officers or in baiting the priest in the mess. A young American lieutenant, the narrator, is introduced to an English volunteer nurse, Catherine Barkley, by his roommate an Italian doctor, Rinaldi. Catherine had been engaged for eight years to a young Britisher who was killed in the Somme. He had wanted to marry. She had refused. She carried his stick about with her. "He could have had anything he wanted if I would have known. I would have married him or anything. I know all about it now." Frederic Henry makes advances and is rebuffed because she resents the "nurse's evening-off" aspect of the love-making. She is immediately sorry and allows him to kiss her. The American, angry, continues the game of love, thinking Catherine perhaps a little mad.

The war intervenes. An offensive begins. The ambulances go to the front. The war seems grim, crude, mismanaged, pursued without enthusiasm or courage. The lieutenant seeks food for his men, and as they sit eating cold spaghetti and cheese, a trench mortar shell kills one of the drivers and seriously wounds the lieutenant.

X

IN the ward at the field hospital they told me a visitor was coming to see me in the afternoon. It was a hot day and there were many flies in the room. My orderly had cut paper into strips and tied the strips to a stick to make a brush that swished the flies away. I watched them settle on the ceiling. When he stopped swishing and fell asleep they came down and I blew them away and finally covered my face with my hands and slept too. It was very hot and when I woke my legs itched. I waked the orderly and he poured mineral water on the dressings. That made the bed damp and cool. Those of us that were awake talked across the ward. The afternoon was a quiet time. In the

morning they came to each bed in turn, three men nurses and a doctor and picked you up out of bed and carried you into the dressing room so that the beds could be made while we were having our wounds dressed. It was not a pleasant trip to the dressing room and I did not know until later that beds could be made with men in them. My orderly had finished pouring water and the bed felt cool and lovely and I was telling him where to scratch on the soles of my feet against the itching when one of the doctors brought in Rinaldi. He came in very fast and bent down over the bed and kissed me. I saw he wore gloves.

"How are you, baby? How do you feel? I bring you this—" It was a bot-

tle of cognac. The orderly brought a chair and he sat down, "and good news. You will be decorated. They want to get you the medaglia d'argento but perhaps they can get only the bronze."

"What for?"

"Because you are gravely wounded. They say if you can prove you did any heroic act you can get the silver. Otherwise it will be the bronze. Tell me exactly what happened. Did you do any heroic act?"

"No," I said. "I was blown up while we were eating cheese."

"Be serious. You must have done something heroic either before or after. Remember carefully."

"I did not."

"Didn't you carry anybody on your back? Gordini says you carried several people on your back but the medical major at the first post declares it is impossible. He has to sign the proposition for the citation."

"I didn't carry anybody. I couldn't move."

"That doesn't matter," said Rinaldi.

He took off his gloves.

"I think we can get you the silver. Didn't you refuse to be medically aided before the others?"

"Not very firmly."

"That doesn't matter. Look how you are wounded. Look at your valorous conduct in asking to go always to the first line. Besides the operation was successful."

"Did they cross the river all right?"

"Enormously. They take nearly a thousand prisoners. It's in the bulletin. Didn't you see it?"

"No."

"I'll bring it to you. It is a successful coup de main."

"How is everything?"

"Splendid. We are all splendid.

Everybody is proud of you. Tell me just exactly how it happened. I am positive you will get the silver. Go on tell me. Tell me all about it." He paused and thought. "Maybe you will get an English medal too. There was an English there. I'll go and see him and ask if he will recommend you. He ought to be able to do something. Do you suffer much? Have a drink. Orderly, go get a corkscrew. Oh, you should see what I did in the removal of three metres of small intestine and better now than ever. It is one for the *Lancet*. You do me a translation and I will send it to the *Lancet*. Every day I am better. Poor dear baby, how do you feel? Where is that damn corkscrew? You are so brave and quiet I forget you are suffering." He slapped his glove on the edge of the bed.

"Here is the corkscrew, Signor Tenente," the orderly said.

"Open the bottle. Bring a glass. Drink that, Baby. How is your poor head? I looked at your papers. You haven't any fracture. That major at the first post was a hog butcher. I would take you and never hurt you. I never hurt anybody. I learn how to do it. Every day I learn to do things smoother and better. You must forgive me for talking so much, Baby. I am very moved to see you badly wounded. There, drink that. It's good. It cost fifteen lira. It ought to be good. Five stars. After I leave here I'll go see that English and he'll get you an English medal."

"They don't give them like that."

"You are so modest. I will send the liaison officer. He can handle the English."

"Have you seen Miss Barkley?"

"I will bring her here. I will go now and bring her here."

"Don't go," I said. "Tell me about Gorizia. How are the girls?"

"There are no girls. For two weeks now they haven't changed them. I don't go there any more. It is disgraceful. They aren't girls; they are old war comrades."

"You don't go at all?"

"I just go to see if there is anything new. I stop by. They all ask for you. It is a disgrace that they should stay so long that they become friends."

"Maybe girls don't want to go to the front any more."

"Of course they do. They have plenty of girls. It is just bad administration. They are keeping them for the pleasure of dugout hiders in the rear."

"Poor Rinaldi," I said. "All alone at the war with no new girls."

Rinaldi poured himself another glass of the cognac.

"I don't think it will hurt you, baby. You take it."

I drank the cognac and felt it warm all the way down. Rinaldi poured another glass. He was quieter now. He held up the glass. "To your valorous wounds. To the silver medal. Tell me, Baby, when you lie here all the time in the hot weather, don't you get excited?"

"Sometimes."

"I can't imagine lying like that. I would go crazy."

"You are crazy."

"I wish you were back. No one to come in at night from adventures. No one to make fun of. No one to lend me money. No blood brother and room mate. Why do you get yourself wounded?"

"You can make fun of the priest."

"That priest. It isn't me that makes fun of him. It is the captain. I like him. If you must have a priest have that priest. He's coming to see you. He makes big preparations."

"I like him."

"Oh, I knew it. Sometimes I think you and he are a little that way, you know."

"No you don't."

"Yes I do sometimes. A little that way."

"Oh, go to hell."

He stood up and put on his gloves.

"Oh, I love to tease you, baby. With your priest and your English girl and really you are just like me underneath."

"No I'm not."

"Yes we are. You are really an Italian. All fire and smoke and nothing inside. You only pretend to be American. We are brothers and we love each other."

"Be good while I'm gone," I said.

"I will send Miss Barkley. You are better with her without me. You are purer and sweeter."

"Oh, go to hell."

"I will send her. Your lovely cool goddess. English goddess. My God, what would a man do with a woman like that except worship her? What else is an English woman good for?"

"You are an ignorant foul-mouthed Dago."

"A what?"

"An ignorant wop."

"Wop. You are a frozen faced—wop."

"You are ignorant. Stupid," I saw that word pricked him and kept on. "Uninformed. Inexperienced, stupid from inexperience."

"Truly? I tell you something about your good women. Your goddesses. All your goddesses. . . ."

"Don't get angry."

"I'm not angry."

"You were sweet to tell me."

"We won't quarrel, baby. I love you too much. But don't be a fool."

"No. I'll be wise like you."

"Don't be angry, baby. Laugh. Take a drink. I must go really."

"You're a good old boy."

"Now you see. Underneath we are the same. We are war brothers. Kiss me good-by."

"You're sloppy."

"No. I am just more affectionate."

I felt his breath come toward me. "Good-by. I come to see you again soon." His breath went away. "I won't kiss you if you don't want. I'll send your English girl. Good-by, baby. The cognac is under the bed. Get well soon."

He was gone.

XI

It was dusk when the priest came. They had brought the soup and afterward taken away the bowls and I was lying looking at the rows of beds and out the window at the treetop that moved a little in the evening breeze. The breeze came in through the window and it was cooler with the evening. The flies were on the ceiling now and on the electric light bulbs that hung on wires. The lights were only turned on when some one was brought in at night or when something was being done. It made me feel very young to have the dark come after the dusk and then remain. It was like being put to bed after early supper. The orderly came down between the beds and stopped. Some one was with him. It was the priest. He stood there small, brown faced, and embarrassed.

"How do you do?" he asked. He put some packages down by the bed on the floor.

"All right, Father."

He sat down in the chair that had been brought for Rinaldi and looked out of the window embarrassedly. I noticed his face looked very tired.

"I can only stay a minute," he said.
"It is late."

"It's not late. How is the mess?"

He smiled. "I am still a great joke," he sounded tired too. "Thank God they are all well."

"I am so glad you are all right," he said. "I hope you don't suffer." He seemed very tired and I was not used to seeing him tired.

"Not any more."

"I miss you at the mess."

"I wish I were there. I always enjoyed our talking."

"I brought you a few little things," he said. He picked up the packages. "This is mosquito netting. This is a bottle of vermouth. You like vermouth? These are English papers."

"Please open them."

He was pleased and undid them. I held the mosquito netting in my hands. The vermouth he held up for me to see and then put it on the floor beside the bed. I held up one of the sheaf of English papers. I could read the head-lines by turning it so the half light from the window was on it. It was the *News of the World*.

"The others are illustrated," he said.

"It will be a great happiness to read them. Where did you get them?"

"I sent for them to Mestre. I will have more."

"You were very good to come, Father. Will you drink a glass of vermouth?"

"Thank you. You keep it. It's for you."

"No, drink a glass."

"All right. I will bring you more then."

The orderly brought the glasses and opened the bottle. He broke off the cork and the end had to be shoved

down into the bottle. I could see the priest was disappointed but he said, "That's all right. It's no matter."

"Here's to your health, Father."

"To your better health."

Afterward he held the glass in his hand and we looked at one another. Sometimes we talked and were good friends but to-night it was difficult.

"What's the matter, Father? You seem very tired."

"I am tired but I have no right to be."

"It's the heat."

"No. This is only the Spring. I feel very low."

"You have the war disgust."

"No. But I hate the war."

"I don't enjoy it," I said. He shook his head and looked out of the window.

"You do not mind it. You do not see it. You must forgive me. I know you are wounded."

"That is an accident."

"Still even wounded you do not see it. I can tell. I do not see it myself but I feel it a little."

"When I was wounded we were talking about it. Passini was talking."

The priest put down the glass. He was thinking about something else.

"I know them because I am like they are," he said.

"You are different though."

"But really I am like they are."

"The officers don't see anything."

"Some of them do. Some are very delicate and feel worse than any of us."

"They are mostly different."

"It is not education or money. It is something else. Even if they had education or money men like Passini would not wish to be officers. I would not be an officer."

"You rank as an officer. I am an officer."

"I am not really. You are not even an Italian. You are a foreigner. But you are nearer the officers than you are to the men."

"What is the difference?"

"I cannot say it easily. There are people who would make war. In this country there are many like that. There are other people who would not make war."

"But the first ones make them do it."

"Yes."

"And I help them."

"You are a foreigner. You are a patriot."

"And the ones who would not make war? Can they stop it?"

"I do not know."

He looked out of the window again. I watched his face.

"Have they ever been able to stop it?"

"They are not organized to stop things and when they get organized their leaders sell them out."

"Then it's hopeless?"

"It is never hopeless. But sometimes I cannot hope. I try always to hope but sometimes I cannot."

"Maybe the war will be over."

"I hope so."

"What will you do then?"

"If it is possible I will return to the Abruzzi."

His brown face was suddenly very happy.

"You love the Abruzzi!"

"Yes I love it very much."

"You ought to go there then."

"I would be too happy. If I could live there and love God and serve Him."

"And be respected," I said.

"Yes and be respected. Why not?"

"No reason not. You should be respected."

"It does not matter. But there in my

country it is understood that a man may love God. It is not a dirty joke."

"I understand."

He looked at me and smiled.

"You understand but you do not love God."

"No."

"You do not love Him at all?" he asked.

"I am afraid of Him in the night sometimes."

"You should love Him."

"I don't love much."

"Yes," he said. "You do. What you tell me about in the nights. That is not love. That is only passion and lust. When you love you wish to do things for. You wish to sacrifice for. You wish to serve."

"I don't love."

"You will. I know you will. Then you will be happy."

"I'm happy. I've always been happy."

"It is another thing. You cannot know about it unless you have it."

"Well," I said, "if I ever get it I will tell you."

"I stay too long and talk too much." He was worried that he really did.

"No. Don't go. How about loving women. If I really loved some woman would it be like that?"

"I don't know about that. I never loved any woman."

"What about your mother?"

"Yes I must have loved my mother."

"Did you always love God?"

"Ever since I was a little boy."

"Well," I said. I did not know what to say. "You are a fine boy," I said.

"I am a boy," he said. "But you call me father."

"That's politeness."

He smiled.

"I must go, really," he said. "You

do not want me for anything?" he asked hopefully.

"No. Just to talk."

"I will take your greetings to the mess."

"Thank you for the many fine presents."

"Nothing."

"Come and see me again."

"Yes. Good-by." He patted my hand.

"So long," I said in dialect.

"Ciaou," he repeated.

It was dark in the room and the orderly, who had sat by the foot of the bed, got up and went out with him. I liked him very much and I hoped he would get back to the Abruzzi some time. He had a rotten life in the mess and he was fine about it but I thought how he would be in his own country. At Capracotta, he had told me, there were trout in the stream below the town. It was forbidden to play the flute at night. When the young men serenaded only the flute was forbidden. Why, I had asked. Because it was bad for the girls to hear the flute at night. The peasants all called you Don and when you met them they took off their hats. His father hunted every day and stopped to eat at the houses of the peasants. They were always honored. For a foreigner to hunt he must present a certificate that he had never been arrested. There were bears on the Gran Sasso D'Italia but it was a long way. Aquila was a fine town. It was cool in the summer at night and the Spring in Abruzzi was the most beautiful in Italy. But what was lovely was the fall to go hunting through the chestnut woods. The birds were all good because they fed on grapes and you never took a lunch because the peasants were always honored if you would eat with them at their houses. After a while I went to sleep.

XII

The room was long, with windows on the right hand side and a door at the far end that went into the dressing-room. The row of beds that mine was in faced the windows and another row, under the windows, faced the wall. If you lay on your left side you could see the dressing-room door. There was another door at the far end that people sometimes came in by. If any one were going to die they put a screen around the bed so you could not see him die but only the shoes and puttees of doctors and men nurses showed under the bottom of the screen and sometimes at the end there would be whispering. Then the priest would come out from behind the screen and afterward the men nurses would go back behind the screen to come out again carrying the one who was dead with a blanket over him, down the corridor between the beds and some one folded the screen and took it away.

That morning the major in charge of the ward asked me if I felt that I could travel the next day. I said I could. He said then they would ship me out early in the morning. He said I would be better off making the trip now before it got too hot.

When they lifted you up out of bed to carry you into the dressing-room you could look out of the window and see the new graves in the garden. A soldier sat outside the door that opened onto the garden making crosses and painting on them the names, rank, and regiment of the men who were buried in the garden. He also ran errands for the ward and in his spare time made me a cigarette lighter out of an empty Austrian rifle cartridge. The doctors were very nice and seemed very capable. They

were anxious to ship me to Milan where there were better X-ray facilities and where, after the operation, I could take mechanico-therapy. I wanted to go to Milan too. They wanted to get us all out and back as far as possible because all the beds were needed for the offensive, when it should start.

The night before I left the field hospital Rinaldi came in to see me with the major from our mess. They said that I would go to an American hospital in Milan that had just been installed. Some American ambulance units were to be sent down and this hospital would look after them and any other Americans on service in Italy. There were many in the Red Cross. The States had declared war on Germany but not on Austria.

The Italians were sure America would declare war on Austria too and they were very excited about any Americans coming down, even the Red Cross. They asked me if I thought President Wilson would declare war on Austria and I said it was only a matter of days. I did not know what we had against Austria but it seemed logical that they should declare war on her if they did on Germany. They asked me if we would declare war on Turkey. I said that was doubtful. Turkey, I said, was our national bird but the joke translated so badly and they were so puzzled and suspicious that I said yes, we would probably declare war on Turkey. And on Bulgaria? We had drunk several glasses of brandy and I said yes, by God, on Bulgaria too and on Japan. But, they said, Japan is an ally of England. You can't trust the bloody English. The Japanese want Hawaii, I said. Where is Hawaii? It is in the Pacific Ocean. Why do the Japanese want it? They don't really want it, I said. That is all talk.

The Japanese are a wonderful little people fond of dancing and light wines. Like the French, said the major. We will get Nice and Savoia from the French. We will get Corsica and all the Adriatic coast line, Rinaldi said. Italy will return to the splendors of Rome, said the major. I don't like Rome, I said. It is hot and full of fleas. You don't like Rome? Yes, I love Rome. Rome is the mother of nations. I will never forget Romulus suckling the Tiber. What? Nothing. Let's all go to Rome. Let's go to Rome to-night and never come back. Rome is a beautiful city, said the major. The mother and father of nations, I said. Roma is feminine, said Rinaldi. It cannot be the father. Who is the father, then, the Holy Ghost? Don't blaspheme. I wasn't blaspheming, I was asking for information. You are drunk, baby. Who made me drunk? I made you drunk, said the major. I made you drunk because I love you and because America is in the war. Up to the hilt, I said. You go away in the morning, baby, Rinaldi said. To Rome, I said. No, to Milan. To Milan, said the major, to the Crystal Palace, to the Cova, to Campari's, to Biffis, to the galleria. You lucky boy. To the Gran Italia I said, where I will borrow money from George. To the Scala, said Rinaldi. You will go to the Scala. Every night, I said. You won't be able to afford it every night, said the major. The tickets are very expensive.

I will draw a sight draft on my grandfather, I said. A what? A sight draft. He has to pay or I go to jail. Mr. Cunningham at the bank does it. I live by sight drafts. Can a grandfather jail a patriotic grandson who is dying that Italy may live? Live the American Garibaldi, said Rinaldi. Avviva the sight drafts, I said. We must be quiet, said the

major. Already we have been asked many times to be quiet. Do you go tomorrow really, Federico? He goes to the American hospital I tell you, Rinaldi said. To the beautiful nurses. Not the nurses with beards of the field hospital. Yes, yes, said the major, I know he goes to the American hospital. I don't mind their beards, I said. If any man wants to raise a beard let him. Why don't you raise a beard Signor Maggiore? It could not go in a gas mask. Yes it could. Anything can go in a gas mask. I've vomited into a gas mask. Don't be so loud, baby, Rinaldi said. We all know you have been at the front. Oh, you fine baby, what will I do while you are gone? We must go, said the major. This becomes sentimental. Listen, I have a surprise for you. Your English. You know? The English you go to see every night at their hospital? She is going to Milan too. She goes with another to be at the American hospital. They have not got nurses yet from America. I talked to-day with the head of their reparto. They have too many women here at the front. They send some back. How do you like that, baby? All right. Yes? You go to live in a big city and have your English there to cuddle you. Why don't I get wounded? Maybe you will, I said. We must go, said the major. We drink and make noise and disturb Federico. Don't go. Yes, we must go. Good-by. Good luck. Many things. Ciao, Ciao, Ciao. Come back quickly, baby. Rinaldi kissed me. You smell of lysol. Good-by, baby. Good-by. Many things. The major patted my shoulder. They tiptoed out. I found I was quite drunk but went to sleep.

The next day in the morning we left for Milan and arrived forty-eight hours later. It was a bad trip. We were side

tracked for a long time this side of Mestre and children came and peeked in. I got a little boy to go for a bottle of cognac but he came back and said he could only get grappa. I told him to get it and when it came I gave him the change and the man beside me and I got drunk and slept until past Vicenza where I woke up and was very sick on the floor. It did not matter because the man on that side had been very sick on the floor several times before. Afterward I thought I could not stand the thirst and in the yards outside of Verona I called to a soldier who was walking up and down beside the train and he got me a drink of water. I woke Georgetti, the other boy who was drunk, and offered him some water. He said to pour it on his shoulder and went back to sleep. The soldier would not take the penny I offered him and brought me a pulpy orange. I sucked on that and spit out the pith and watched the soldier pass up and down past a freight-car outside and after a while the train gave a jerk and started.

XIII

We got into Milan early in the morning and they unloaded us in the freight-yard. An ambulance took me to the American hospital. Riding in the ambulance on a stretcher I could not tell what part of town we were passing through but when they unloaded the stretcher I saw a market-place and an open wine shop with a girl sweeping out. They were watering the street and it smelled of the early morning. They put the stretcher down and went in. The porter came out with them. He had gray mustaches, wore a doorman's cap and was in his shirt sleeves. The stretcher would not go into the elevator and they discussed whether it was better to

lift me off the stretcher and go up in the elevator or carry the stretcher up the stairs. I listened to them discussing it. They decided on the elevator. They lifted me from the stretcher. "Go easy," I said. "Take it softly."

In the elevator we were crowded and as my legs bent the pain was very bad. "Straighten out the legs," I said.

"We can't, Signor Tenente. There isn't room." The man who said this had his arm around me and my arm was around his neck. His breath came in my face metallic with garlic and red wine.

"Be gentle," the other man said.

"——— who isn't gentle."

"Be gentle, I say," the man with my feet repeated.

I saw the doors of the elevator closed, and the grill shut and the fourth-floor button pushed by the porter. The porter looked worried. The elevator rose slowly.

"Heavy?" I asked the man with the garlic.

"Nothing," he said. His face was sweating and he grunted. The elevator rose steadily and stopped. The man holding the feet opened the door and stepped out. We were on a balcony. There were several doors with brass knobs. The man carrying the feet pushed a button that rang a bell. We heard it inside the doors. No one came. Then the porter came up the stairs.

"Where are they?" the stretcher bearers asked.

"I don't know," said the porter. "They sleep down-stairs."

"Get somebody."

The porter rang the bell, then knocked on the door, then he opened the door and went in. When he came back there was an elderly woman wearing glasses with him. Her hair was

loose and half falling and she wore a nurse's dress.

"I can't understand," she said. "I can't understand Italian."

"I can speak English," I said. "They want to put me somewhere."

"None of the rooms are ready. There isn't any patient expected." She tucked at her hair and looked at me near-sightedly.

"Show them any room where they can put me."

"I don't know," she said. "There's no patient expected. I couldn't put you in just any room."

"Any room will do," I said. Then to the porter in Italian, "Find an empty room."

"They are all empty," said the porter. "You are the first patient." He held his cap in his hand and looked at the elderly nurse.

"For Christ's sweet sake take me to some room." The pain had gone on and on with the legs bent and I could feel it going in and out of the bone. The porter went in the door, followed by the gray-haired woman, then came hurrying back. "Follow me," he said. They carried me down a long hallway and into a room with drawn blinds. It smelled of new furniture. There was a bed and a big wardrobe with a mirror. They laid me down on the bed.

"I can't put on sheets," the woman said. "The sheets are locked up."

I did not speak to her. "There is money in my pocket," I said to the porter. "In the buttoned-down pocket." The porter took out the money. The two stretcher bearers stood beside the bed holding their caps. "Give them five lire apiece and five lire for myself. My papers are in the other pocket. You may give them to the nurse."

The stretcher bearers saluted and said

thank you. "Good-by," I said. "And many thanks." They saluted again and went out.

"Those papers," I said to the nurse, "describe my case and the treatment already given."

The woman picked them up and looked at them through her glasses. There were three papers and they were folded. "I don't know what to do," she said. "I can't read Italian. I can't do anything without the doctor's orders." She commenced to cry and put the papers in her apron pocket. "Are you an American?" she asked, crying.

"Yes. Please put the papers on the table by the bed."

It was dim and cool in the room. As I lay on the bed I could see the big mirror on the other side of the room but could not see what it reflected. The porter stood by the bed. He had a nice face and was very kind.

"You can go," I said to him. "You can go too," I said to the nurse. "What is your name?"

"Mrs. Walker."

"You can go, Mrs. Walker. I think I will go to sleep."

I was alone in the room. It was cool and did not smell like a hospital. The mattress was firm and comfortable and I lay without moving, hardly breathing, happy in feeling the pain lessen. After a while I wanted a drink of water and found the bell on a cord by the bed and rang it but nobody came. I went to sleep.

When I woke I looked around. There was sunlight coming in through the shutters. I saw the big armoire, the bare walls, and two chairs. My legs, in the dirty bandages, stuck straight out in the bed. I was careful not to move them. I was thirsty and I reached for the bell and pushed the button. I heard the

door open and looked and it was a nurse. She looked young and pretty.

"Good morning," I said.

"Good morning," she said and came over to the bed. "We haven't been able to get the doctor. He's gone to Lake Como. No one knew there was a patient coming. What's wrong with you anyway?"

"I'm wounded. In the legs and feet and my head is hurt."

"What's your name?"

"Henry. Frederic Henry."

"I'll wash you up. But we can't do anything to the dressings until the doctor comes."

"Is Miss Barkley here?"

"No. There's no one by that name here."

"Who was the woman who cried when I came in?"

The nurse laughed. "That's Mrs. Walker. She was on night duty and she'd been asleep. She wasn't expecting any one."

While we were talking she was undressing me, and when I was undressed, except for the bandages, she washed me, very gently and smoothly. The washing felt very good. There was a bandage on my head but she washed all around the edge.

"Where were you wounded?"

"On the Isonzo north of Plava."

"Where is that?"

"North of Gorizia."

I could see that none of the places meant anything to her.

"Do you have a lot of pain?"

"No. Not much now."

She put a thermometer in my mouth.

"The Italians put it under the arm," I said.

"Don't talk."

When she took the thermometer out she read it and then shook it.

"What's the temperature?"

"You're not supposed to know that."

"Tell me what it is."

"It's almost normal."

"I never have any fever. My legs are full of old iron too."

"What do you mean?"

"They're full of trench mortar fragment, old screws and bed springs and things."

She shook her head and smiled.

"If you had any foreign bodies in your legs they would set up an inflammation and you'd have fever."

"All right," I said. "We'll see what comes out."

She went out of the room and came back with the old nurse of the early morning. Together they made the bed with me in it. That was new to me and an admirable proceeding.

"Who is in charge here?"

"Miss Van Campen."

"How many nurses are there?"

"Just us two."

"Won't there be more?"

"Some more are coming."

"When will they get here?"

"I don't know. You ask a great many questions for a sick boy."

"I'm not sick," I said, "I'm wounded."

They had finished making the bed and I lay with a clean smooth sheet under me and another sheet over me. Mrs. Walker went out and came back with a pajama jacket. They put that on me and I felt very clean and dressed.

"You're awfully nice to me," I said. The nurse called Miss Gage giggled. "Could I have a drink of water?" I asked.

"Certainly. Then you can have breakfast."

"I don't want breakfast. Can I have the shutters opened, please?"

The light had been dim in the room and when the shutters were opened it was bright sunlight and I looked out on a balcony and beyond were the tile roofs of houses and chimneys. I looked out over the tiled roofs and saw white clouds and the sky very blue.

"Don't you know when the other nurses are coming?"

"Why? Don't we take good care of you?"

"You're very nice."

Afterward I lay and looked out the open doors onto the balcony.

"When does the doctor come?"

"When he gets back. We've tried to telephone to Lake Como for him."

"Aren't there any other doctors?"

"He's the doctor for the hospital."

Miss Gage brought a pitcher of water and a glass. I drank three glasses and then they left me and I looked out the window a while and went back to sleep. I ate some lunch and in the afternoon Miss Van Campen, the superintendent, came up to see me. She did not like me and I did not like her. She was small and neatly suspicious and too good for her position. She asked many questions and seemed to think it was somewhat disgraceful that I was with the Italians.

"Can I have wine with the meals?" I asked her.

"Only if the doctor prescribes it."

"I can't have it until he comes?"

"Absolutely not."

"You plan on having him come eventually?"

"We've telephoned him at Lake Como."

She went out and Miss Gage came back.

"Why were you rude to Miss Van Campen?" she asked, after she had

done something for me very skilfully.

"I didn't mean to be. But she was snooty."

"She said you were domineering and rude."

"I wasn't. But what's the idea of a hospital without a doctor?"

"He's coming. They've telephoned for him to Lake Como."

"What does he do there? Swim?"

"No. He has a clinic there."

"Why don't they get another doctor?"

"Hush. Hush. Be a good boy and he'll come."

I sent for the porter and when he came I told him in Italian to get me a bottle of cinzano at the wineshop, a fiasco of chianti and the evening papers. He went away and brought them wrapped in newspaper, unwrapped them and I asked him to draw the corks and put the wine and vermouth under the bed. They left me alone and I lay in bed and read the papers a while, the news from the front, and the list of dead officers with their decorations and then reached down and brought up the bottle of cinzano and held it straight up on my stomach, the cool glass against my stomach, and took little drinks, making rings on my stomach from holding the bottle there between drinks, and watched it get dark outside over the roofs of the town. The swallows circled around and I watched them and the night hawks flying above the roofs and drank the cinzano. Miss Gage brought up a glass with some egg-nog in it. I lowered the vermouth bottle to the other side of the bed when she came in.

"Miss Van Campen had some sherry put in this," she said. "You shouldn't be rude to her. She's not young and this hospital is a big responsibility for her."

The Professor in Poplin Land

BY JAMES H. GREENE

A professor makes the jump from college campus to department store and finds interesting facts about hard-boiled business people.

“BILL MOORE has taken that job as vice-president of the Liggett Construction Company, Mary told me this afternoon at the tea.” I began to squirm in my chair and lose interest in the educational journal, for I knew what was coming. “Jane wrote that Willard’s salary has been increased twice since he became vice-president of the Mutual Insurance Company,” continued my wife. And then it came: “Why can’t you get a job of that sort? I believe you are smarter than either of those men. It just makes me sick to think of you wasting the best years of your life at the salary you are getting and see these friends of ours sail past us.” I saw that Julia was sewing harder than usual on her old coat she had cut down for our daughter, and knew that I could not get by with the usual arguments. “Well, Julia, if I get a chance I’ll take it. It isn’t fair that you should have to skimp all the time.” “Now, John, you know I am not thinking of myself. We love this place, you enjoy your work; and I don’t know where I could get a pipe-organ and choir that would suit me better. I wasn’t exactly serious.” There was more talk, of course, not as the comic-strip artist puts it “far into the night,” but we talked of it many times before that memorable week. But I am getting on too fast.

In the days of graduate study and later faculty membership, my wife and I had seen several colleagues leave the

university to go into business. Such instances had always furnished interesting topics of conversation and debate, and there had been much gossip at the president’s afternoons, over the chess-board at the University Club, and on the links, of the triumphs of the erudite when up against the question which must be answered to-day. In some cases the interest centred in the beautiful city home, servants, and social opportunities; in others, on the opportunities for unlimited research. The debatable question remained in every instance: “Did it really mean opportunity?”

It was at that time a comparatively new academic question, this challenge of the practical to the theoretical, which has drawn the academic philosopher from his comfortable armchair, his books, his friends, and his classes to what?—to an office with hours and routine, assistants and clerks and questions which cannot be put off, and an opportunity to see if his theories and practices can be put into columns and added up to spell profit. As each one left these comfortable scenes, his friends regarded him curiously, much as one might regard an old resident setting forth for Timbuctoo. Frequently these travellers returned for a visit, full of the jargon of business and often with expensive automobiles as proof of their prosperity.

All of this panorama had passed before us and we had talked about it as did others until Willard Buskirk went into

the insurance company and became a vice-president, and then Bill Moore, one of the best men on the engineering faculty, finally accepted the offer the construction company had made annually to him for the last five years. Reports from the land just beyond the horizon began to hold a more personal interest. It was no longer an academic question. Were we making a mistake? Were there opportunities for service? Was it merely a matter of money, which after all had to be spent to keep up appearances?

And then it happened, as I have said. I remember I had just received my doctor's degree and was looking forward to some new work and classes. Julia handed me a telegram as I entered the door and she wasn't smiling. "I opened it and I don't want you to go." Good old Julia, she has always been a brick. I read the message and learned that, thanks to the efforts of an old colleague, a department store was willing to take a chance on an agricultural-college professor—on me! Well, the opportunity had come. Lightning had struck *our* house now, for so it seemed while we were discussing it for a week. Some of my friends were unkind enough to speak of it as a descent from shearing fleece to fleecing the sheared. Others pointedly wanted to know of what possible use I could be to a department store. I was asking myself the same question. It occurred to no one to speak of a bull in a china-shop, but some who claimed to know the inside workings of business hinted at a possible lamb-among-wolves situation.

In spite of this gloomy talk and in spite of Julia's eleventh-hour repentance, I resolved to see what was back of that "brick in the chimney." In order that there could be no turning back, I sent in my resignation, packed up my

household goods, and with my plucky but tearful wife said good-by to the dean and set forth like the small boy who goes West to fight the Indians.

I made one resolution—to keep my past a secret. For the most part I was successful, although one fellow worker, a German, called me Doctor. It was evident that I had not succeeded in getting the campus bag entirely out of my trousers, or perhaps my Teutonic friend had developed the ability to nose out Ph.D.'s in the Fatherland. Just how much curiosity there was at the beginning I never knew and perhaps it was just as well. By the time that members of the firm wanted to know if I thought I could handle their "merchant princes," I had developed enough of the assurance of the trade to retort that I did not believe they would be any more difficult than the "landed barons" I had left behind me.

Beyond the trials of living in a whitened sepulchre tinted by the hand of time, three walk-ups, our home life was not unpleasant. Or was it that I was too tired at night to know or care? I said that Julia was a brick. She endured it all wonderfully, considering the fact that she could not find a church that wanted an organist. Of course she had to "bust out" once in a while. There was the time that she selected a busy afternoon to come down and cry on my shoulder in my glass-enclosed office. "Oh, John, let's go back to the university, even if you can't get anything better than a janitor's job." As I patted her shoulder and shooed her out of the door, I heard one chap say: "That must be the wife of somebody he just laid off."

My campus was now twelve large floors and two warehouses. I recalled how I used to think that Prexy and the deans must have soft snaps. Now I

wanted to sympathize with them. I can remember well the first time I had to fire a man. When you told a student that he had failed or was taking too many cuts, it was received meekly. To get boisterous or even remonstrate mildly was just not done in the university circles to which I had been accustomed. I was therefore unprepared for the man who deserved to be fired and yet said he wouldn't be. In fact, he followed up his statement with an invitation to settle the matter on the field of honor, the alley back of our building. What did business men do under such circumstances? Throw him out, call the police, or leave the office? I had not covered that point in the reading I was doing in the evening. While I was trying to recover my scattered wits, an associate who had been a great help on many occasions passed the office. I rushed outside and unburdened myself. Under his instructions I returned to my office, where the following scene took place.

My telephone rang. I answered it. "Yes, he is right here in my office." Pause. "Yes, I'll tell him," I said, as I hung up the receiver and turned about to face my would-be opponent with a new light of battle in my eye. "That was the chief of detectives, and he said that if you did not get out of the store right off, he was coming up after you." It worked, and I was once more alone and conscious of the fact that on a twelve-floor campus there are many things to be learned which are not included in the curricula of those covered with grass.

I lost twenty pounds the first six months, but gained a ton of experience. Among other things I found out that there are kinds of competition other than that which you enjoy with competitors. You had to sell your ideas and plans in competition with smart associ-

ates who had only read of college campuses. When I had an idea in the old days and went into the dean's office with it, he always complimented me, and if it was not approved, I went out with the feeling that the old place wasn't just ready for it. Not so in business. There was little time for compliments, and all of the holes had to be plugged up before you got a chance to be heard. Sometimes the first question was enough to send you out scurrying for more data.

There were those monthly executive dinners. How I had enjoyed the first one—good food, fine service, prosperous-looking table companions, and a welcome for me, a newcomer. But those that followed lost that first flavor. I did not have any appetite. When the demitasses were pushed aside, that crowd went into action (literally and not figuratively). They overlooked nothing in their insatiable appetite for criticism. I used to think dreamily of the few cases mentioned in whispered tones, when the president or a dean had talked a little louder than usual because some one had smoked on the campus or had left for the summer without turning in his grades. The past was very far away, for in the present the verb "to pan" was being demonstrated to me in all its voices, moods, and tenses. The methods of avoiding hazing and freshman training in the fraternity house seemed so futile.

But it was a wonderful education. My first concern, when I found time to have one, centred around the question, could I ever learn to fight and then forget about it when I had gained my point? On one occasion I remember losing my temper and firing a minor executive because of insubordination. I had tasted blood. But he beat me up to the president's office, where I was advised to go in order to prevent any back-fire. The

president, to whom I owe more for tuition than I have ever paid to any registrar, opened up without preliminaries and gave me his opinion of my value to the firm, and ended by telling me that my job was to keep people from being fired. "We don't have you on our payroll to fire a man; we can do that ourselves." It was on the tip of my tongue to ask him about the last three men I had kept him from firing, but I decided that there was a bigger issue at stake and I didn't propose to be diverted. The blood of some old Yankee trader ancestor must have rushed to the proper physiological centres, because I waded into the man who was feared as well as beloved by the whole institution. Just what I said is gone now, although I remembered saying that I was through being a door-mat, had tried to be a gentleman and found it didn't pay; and then as an earnest of my new resolve I threw in a few choice expressions I had picked up in the store garage. I do remember pounding his desk (a trick I had rehearsed privately for just such emergencies).

He didn't exactly give me the grip and password of the fraternity, but I can still see the grin on his face as he realized that perhaps I was worth saving after all. At any rate, he began to talk about something else, and I knew that I had scored. From that day on he never ceased to go out of his way to give me some of the best training I ever received. To me it was a demonstration of the fact that temper if controlled is a valuable business asset.

My education in the field of applied psychology continued. The college hard-luck story is more generally accepted than those of other brands, else how would our kitchens ever be so bountifully supplied with aluminum-ware!

Two students purporting to come from a near-by university applied for work during the holiday season. Their clothes, manner, and deportment were as characteristic as their story. Their lack of references was easily explained and the need for immediate employment stressed. I gathered the brethren to our institutional bosom, and learned later in the day from the firm and chief of our secret service that I had employed two notorious thieves.

Then there was the problem of the floormen. What department store has not had it? What would the humorists of the past generation have done were it not for the department-store floor-walker? The task of getting bigger and better floormen was turned over to me. The answer seemed absurdly easy to a trained mind. Devise a psychological test which would automatically select this bigger and better variety from the current offerings. With the help of some "real" professors such a test was devised. All that remained was to standardize or test it; that is, to see if it would select the best floormen now in the store. It was necessary to get these men to take the test. I thought I did a very neat job in presenting the matter, but I was soon to be disillusioned. They flatly refused.

I had some difficulty in checking the open rebellion and learning the cause. At last one of the group was persuaded to talk. "We don't mind being asked how many holes there are in a golf-course, although I don't see why a floorman outside of the sporting-goods department should know that, but we do object to having you find out how we spend our evenings by asking what will beat three of a kind." A great light suddenly dawned and I felt that I had completed another graduate course.

Gradually I became one of the crowd.

Here and there an associate called me by my first name. One man didn't like it and christened me himself—a name that still sticks in certain quarters. The rank and file came to me. Joys, sorrows, humor, and pathos flowed in and out of my office in a continuous stream. There was poor Bill Myers, that pathetic, droopy floorman who was always eating worms in somebody's garden. His wife was his sole trouble, but he didn't seem to want to enjoy relief. She was always locking him out, and neighbors were continually telling him tales of rival admirers. The fact that she worked too lessened his hold on her. All of these things and many others were poured into my sympathetic ears. For some time he had suspected that she was sharing her wages with other men. Certain of his personal effects disappeared and he believed that they had gone the same way. One Monday his tale had a new note. He was planning to leave town the following Saturday. There seemed to have been a crowning offense which he was reluctant to tell. A few questions, however, revealed the delinquency in all of its hideousness. "I didn't exactly mind when she gave away my ties and socks, but oh, Mr. Yates, she has given away that little gold pocket-knife that the girls in the underwear department at Cohen's gave me when I left there. It is more than I can stand and I will have to go away and try to forget it." Thinking of the weekly recitals, I did not discourage him from carrying out his resolution.

My mail was one of the high spots in my daily round of duties. Surprise packages at a church fair could not compare with it. One morning brought a letter from a man who threatened to make trouble for the store if I did not discharge his wife. Wishing to avoid a

scene, I wrote to him to come in to see me. In the meantime an interview with his wife threw no light on the difficulty. A few days later a little moth-eaten man appeared in the doorway and proved to be the author of the letter. A half-pathetic, half-humorous story of a neglected husband, neglected home, and step-children, and a wife who yearned for the bright lights was poured out. Undarned socks and meals prepared by himself were also featured. Sordid details of waiting on corners at the close of working hours, only to see her walk past with averted face on the arm of a male companion, were thrown in. Would I restore the wife to the bosom of her family or would I for commercial gain wreck a home? It was a poser and had not been covered in any college course I had ever taken or given. I finally decided on procrastination, but promised to talk to the woman in the case.

This interview proved more productive. There was another side—a parent-made match with a widower, an older man, a mid-Victorian conception of faithful Penelope at the fireside, no money for the things normal women want. A second interview with the middle-aged widower followed in which I tried to give advice on the necessity for allowing modern women considerable latitude. Would he rather have a wife who worked for the things he could not or would not provide, or no wife at all? She left him, but not before he called me on the telephone and asked me to come out to their home and sit in as a referee in marital bankruptcy. Even though my scientific leanings tempted me to follow up the case, my practical experience warned me to keep to the safety of my glass-enclosed office.

I learned that the department-store buyer was of necessity a combination of

Charles Schwab and Mary Garden. Temperamental he must be if he would understand the needs of his changeable clientele; a shrewd bargainer with his resource agents if he would secure his merchandise at a price. Quite naturally he carried these traits into his dealings in the store. At times unreasonable in his demands upon his subordinates, no one knew how many times his hand dipped into his private purse to allay suffering.

There was the dashing Miss Abrams who bought the millinery. Loud talking in her section usually meant that a weeping or belligerent girl would shortly appear at my office with a tale of "being bawled out in public." I regarded Miss Abrams as a distinct liability from a personnel view-point, a matter which we debated often and without a decision. Then one day she called me on the telephone and asked me if I would go to one of the hospitals in her place that evening. One of her girls who was ill there had asked for her, but it was necessary for her to catch a train for market. As I sat beside that hospital bed and saw the wan face light up as the girl talked of her boss, showed me the flowers and fruit that had come, and told of money for rent at home, I saw this forceful woman in a new light.

Never have I known a more sympathetic, open-hearted, open-handed group of people. Fighting you one moment to gain a business point and counselling you in the next as to how one of your problems could be solved. No game of business has more enthusiastic, hard-working players than are to be found within the walls of a modern department store.

Many of my socialistically inclined friends had warned me that business was hard-boiled and that its personnel activi-

ties were largely a gesture. There were many other demonstrations of the falsehood of this view. I recall that one Christmas the usual plan of encouraging Santa Claus letters for publicity purposes was inaugurated. When Johnnie wrote "please bring me an automobile," Santa was to reply in an encouraging but not promising vein, and it was hoped that father and mother would see the letter and the results would show in the financial statement of the toy department. I never knew what prompted the "big chief" to have some of these cases investigated. Perhaps some of the letters described previous Christmases when Santa had disappointed, or perhaps it was just his ability to interpret situations which baffled or meant nothing to others. At any rate, he changed the whole campaign. There was the fatherless family who lived in a little shack on top of a steep hill. Many executives in that store puffed up that hill with baskets after he had told in an executive meeting of the ragged hungry kids, the empty cupboard, and the sick mother. While all Santa Claus letters were answered, the force of investigators was increased, and I really believe he got more kick out of the reports of what was found and what was given than he did out of his daily reports of what was sold.

In those caveman days of business, there was little sympathy in certain quarters with men who talked about the human element and employee welfare. This was regarded as soft stuff. The brand being peddled at that time was very soft, and fortunately is off the market now. I was surprised, however, to find that some of the men who enjoyed the biggest reputations for being hard-boiled had a human side which they did not let their associates see. I believe now

that their success was due as much, if not more, to it than to their trading methods. Ben Turner belonged to this group. Known from coast to coast as the biggest operator in his line, he was reputed to be worth a million dollars. He could get the gold out of the teeth of the manufacturers with whom he traded and sell anything to anybody, any time. He had started his business career selling crayon-portrait enlargements and had studied for the ministry somewhere along the way.

"Ben," I said one day after I believed I had won his friendship, "what is the most worth-while thing you have done in your business career?" Somehow I must have caught him with his guard up, because his hand instinctively strayed toward a drawer in his desk from which he pulled a cloth binder. As he opened it up on his desk I leaned over his shoulder and noted as he turned the pages letters on the stationery of some of the biggest stores in the country. Those letters revealed a Ben Turner whom none of us knew, for they were from boys in his department who had gone out to bigger jobs and had written back to give him credit for it when they had made good. Not a word of wealth, volume of business, reputation in the trade, or standing with the firm. Just a bunch

of intensely human letters from some old salesmen of his. I felt like saying: "Ben Turner, you're an old fraud. Are you showing me this because you feel it is what I want to see and that I won't tell on you?" But I didn't try to joke, and I was glad I didn't, because there was moisture in his eyes and huskiness in his voice when he swung around and said: "You know, whenever I get blue I like to take these letters out and read them." Good old Ben, you fooled the rest of the gang and you almost fooled me, but you couldn't fool those boys.

I am still peregrinating in poplin land, but the funny thing about it is that I am back in a university too. Neither crowd regards me curiously, and I do not have to change clothes or manners when I pass from one to the other. Whether this is indicative of the progress of education, business, or both, is an interesting question. I am an optimist and like to give both some credit. This business of being a liaison officer is great fun, and I believe that I now have it all over Bill Moore and Willard Buskirk. Julia thinks so too, but adds that she wishes that the twenty pounds I admit I got back hadn't been applied in one place. She has two organ jobs now, and I threaten to retire if she gets a third.



Freed

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

SINGLY, by twos and by threes, they hobbled into the dimly lighted lodge-room, moving with the creaking, rheumatic gait of age. Their backs were bent, their hair gray; their brown faces were wrinkled.

With one mind they sought places near the carpeted dais on which Jasper Benbrook stood. They pulled their chairs closer, leaned forward, holding cupped hands behind half-deaf ears. Jasper was as stooped as any of them; his hair was white and he leaned upon a cane. Very like them he was, yet peculiarly different.

"My frien's," he said, "as yo' tempora'y puhsidin' officer, I greets you—de culled a'istoc'acy o' dis gran' ol' State."

There was a ripple of applause, such as one might expect from the clapping of wrinkled palms and the stamping of half-palsied feet.

He reminded them that they had met to form an ex-slaves' association. . . . Their generation was passing. . . . But their ideals should be preserved. . . . How should they go about the business of organization . . . ?

One of those ancient ones rose creakily to his feet. "Mistuh Cheermun, I—I moves, suh, dat you 'point a committee to draf' a constitootion an' by-laws—an' so fo'th."

The motion carried.

"I names on dat committee . . . Brothuh . . . Yerby"—Jasper bowed toward the one indicated—"Brothuh . . . Dismukes"—another bow—"an' . . .

Brothuh Whitesides. Will de committee please retire?"

Then memory painted pictures for old Jasper Benbrook. . . .

A brown boy went with his slave father hauling a load of cotton to town. That section was in the midst of the most bitter political campaign it had ever known. But the boy understood nothing of such matters. With his father absent on an errand, he sat in the rear of the wagon, dangling brown legs contentedly, feasting his eyes on strange sights. He did not even notice that there were two distinct groups of men, keeping, each, to its side of the street, until he saw two swiftly drawn rows of horse-pistols spitting fire across the market-place. And then . . .

Old Ca'line, bending over her tub on the Benbrook plantation a mile from town, turned at the sound of thudding bare feet. In a moment the boy was beside her, panting, his face ashen, clutching at her skirt, screaming:

"Mammy, de white folks is fightin'! Dey killin' one anothuh!"

Ca'line drew him to her to quiet his hysterical sobbing. "Hush, chile! Dey won't hurt you—no mattuh how mad dey gits wid one anothuh—long's you's outen dey way. You's plum' safe—at home."

Another picture: The boy, Jasper, at eighteen. A night in July: a pine torch stuck in the swamp earth. Brown faces in a circle, lighted weirdly. Spraylike leaves of cypress, gray-green in the fire-

glow. A cadaverous-faced white man, thin body swaying at the hips. His rasping half-whisper: Freedom, man's heritage. . . . Slavery, a thing accursed. . . . And something . . . about an underground railway . . .

Jasper felt a sudden contempt for the other Benbrook slaves who had not ventured to the trysting-place. Fool niggers!—to brag about belongin' to the Benbrooks! S'posin' the old judge didn't hardly ever let one of 'em be whipped. That make 'em free? Could they choose their work? When the judge said chop cotton, didn't they chop? An' if he said pick, didn't they pick . . .?

Dawn found him in the field behind a leisurely gaited mule, his bare feet crushing clods of the soft delta earth. Strange thoughts haunted him as he came to where the cotton rows ended at the bank of a wide yellow river.

Ol' river, he mused, was free—plum' free. He'd like to see somebody try to keep it in one place! Rose 'way up yonder somewhere an' rambled on to 'way down yonder somewhere. . . . If it wanted to loaf, it loafed. Sometimes, in eddy places, it stopped dead still. . . . An' when it got ready to get out of its banks, it got out . . . an' stayed out—if it wanted to. . . .

He saw some of the other negroes, with pointing forefingers, counting the first few pink and white blooms. He recalled the saying that if a man, standing in his field on the Fourth of July, could count anywhere within sight a dozen blossoms, he was assured a good crop. Something like rage against those laughing, perspiring slaves surged within Jasper. Fool niggers! Countin' somebody else's cotton blooms! Jokin' with one another! Singin' . . .!

Then one night he eased himself into the yellow river. Three weeks later he stepped from a steamboat in Cincinnati.

He wished those Benbrook niggers could see him—here in a big city—free. And they? Still slaves. Doin' the same work, day in an' day out. Goin' to the same cabins every night. Listenin' to katydids in the live-oaks, and hound dawgs—always the same hounds!—bayin' the moon. . . .

Since a freedman chose his tasks, he decided that he would be a house-boy. But residents whom he visited demanded references. To one of these he gave an answer that might have furnished a psychologist with a problem, for he said brazenly:

"Marster, I's one de Benbrook niguhs—f'm Mis'sippi." And, as a clincher: "Eve'ybody knows de Benbrooks."

This man, though, had never heard of the family. Moreover, he chided Jasper kindly.

"Remember," he said, "that you are *not* a 'Benbrook negro' now. You're a colored man—a free colored man."

"Yessuh, marster." Jasper's bosom swelled. "Dat's whut I lef' foh: to git free. I ain't forgot."

Although he failed to get a position, he strode with a lighter step down the street. He was no slave: he was free. And free folks were all equals. That made him as good as anybody. As good as the white man who had just given him advice. As good, even, as—as—he looked about for a fitting comparison. As good as that gentleman yonder across the street in his high silk hat and swingeller coat. He imitated the man: his slow, dignified stride, the poise of his head. He even imagined himself twirling an ebony cane just as

debonairly as the gentleman twirled his.

But he failed to get work as a houseboy. At last, he went to work at the docks.

Presently he began blaming the city for an otherwise inexplicable restlessness that gripped him. He lay awake at nights, listening for katydids, the baying of hounds. Then he scorned himself. *He was free!* He'd go to the country—to a plantation.

There were no plantations, as he learned, but farms, where people raised grain and hay. And the white people who worked them were so long-faced! Looked at a boy kind of funny, too, when he sang or laughed at his tasks. And when, at the end of a well-hoed row, he paused to cut the pigeonwing, they seemed to think he was loafing. Didn't everybody know that a good field-hand sang and danced at his work?

He wondered why they were all so serious. Rarely did they smile. Perhaps it was because he was becoming so intensely introspective that he was not awake to what was going on about him. Vaguely, he heard people talking of things about which he knew nothing, things of which he had never even heard: the Union . . . abolition . . . secession . . . Sometimes, too, he noticed that a group stared at him questioning—almost accusingly. But he had so many other things to think about that he paid slight heed to this.

He spent a year on the farm. Sometimes he found himself, quite unintentionally, visualizing brown faces in an adjoining row—brown faces shining with perspiration—flashing an ivory-toothed grin of fellowship. He caught himself listening, in fancy, to voices raised in threats, terribly vicious out-

wardly, but made in the best of humor:

"Looky here, nigguh! You poke yo' black hoof ovuh in my row ag'in an' I'll chop yo' big toe off! Den whare would you be at?"

But he thrust the visions from him. Nigger talk! Slave foolishness. . . . Tryin' to act like they were happy . . . ! Those Benbrook niggers didn't know what it was to be really happy—and free. They ought to see him: a colored man choosing his tasks . . .

But presently, even had he tried to occupy himself with his thoughts so that he would have shut out everything else, he could not have done so, because of the things the white people were talking about. He heard with increasing frequency one of those strange words: secession. Secession . . . ? What did it mean? He began to worry.

One morning the farm-owner came hurrying from the house brandishing a newspaper. The hands gathered about him. Jasper came up last. They were talking excitedly. A young man, his face flushed, turned to Jasper.

"It's come, Benbrook," he said.

"Whut's come?" Jasper asked indifferently.

"War—man!—war!"

"Wah?" Jasper frowned with the effort of thought. His mind began trying to piece together fragments it held of the talk he had heard half-consciously. "Whut . . . wah?"

"The war that everybody's known for more than a year was bound to come!" was the impatient answer. "Don't you know the Southern States have been seceding? Now they've fired on Fort Sumter."

"Whare . . . whare is de wah at?"

Eager voices began explanations. Opinions as to the spread and duration of the conflict differed. It would be a

long war. . . . It would end shortly. . . . They'd drive those Southerners back into the Union. . . . The area affected would be small. . . . No; the entire country would be involved, and every able-bodied man . . .

They stopped talking to gaze in wonderment at this strange brown boy. Jasper dropped his hoe. He turned for a fleeting moment to the east, toward the sun, half-way up in the sky. He might have been some wild thing that had been trapped, loosed suddenly, in that instant that it casts a harried look about it to get its bearings before taking flight. Then long, hurrying strides took him directly across the corn-rows. His impatient feet trampled upon or brushed aside the young stalks. His eyes were on the distant horizon. When he came to the fence, he cleared it with an effortless leap.

Thought had not been necessary. One thing he knew above all other things: when the white folks started fighting among themselves, a negro's place was at home. Nowhere else! At home, where, huddled with others of his kind, frightened, even deathly afraid, he could draw comfort from association, even though it were only that of a community of misery.

Later, as he hurried along, he began to realize that fear of what might happen to him away from home while the white folks were fighting was not the only thing that speeded his feet southward. He knew now why he had missed the katydids, the baying of hounds. He admitted the thing which for a long time he had obstinately denied: that he was, perhaps, the most unutterably lonely, the most unbearably homesick, brown boy on earth.

Thoughts of the reception he would receive at home intensified rather than

lessened his eagerness to get there. First, there'd be the old judge. He'd heard other negroes tell how he made them feel:

Ol' judge, settin' on the front veranda, stiff-backed, when ol' Pompey took you before 'im. An' there he'd set—just lookin' at you—not sayin' a word. But . . . *that look!* Turned you wrong side out to see what it was inside you made you ack thatta way. Made you feel like —like you'd been caught stealin' somep'm you didn't have any right to steal. Fine'ly, though, he'd motion Unc' Pomp to take you away. That would be all—excep' that next time you started to do somep'm real low-down, you remembered how the judge looked at you—an' you shivered all over—an' didn't do it. He'd sure be glad to see the judge.

And the bantering of the other slaves: "Wel-l . . . Lawd bless my soul, if it ain't Jaspuh! Runned away, did you, Jaspuh? An' den you up an' runned back ag'in. Bet you made better time comin' dan you did goin'."

He hurried down a road, its dust laid by recent spring rains, getting his bearings from the sun, taking the forks that pointed southward. He saw neatly kept farms with houses and fences newly painted; fields in which his practised eyes showed him the fence corners were clear of weeds. Winter wheat, well started, carpeted stretches of earth. Occasionally he saw the purple stems of spring oats, just sprouting. Pigs grunted as they rooted in the soft ground. The green of young pastures showed above the dead growth on sloping meadows. He knelt to drink where a brook bubbled over a pebbly bed.

A calf, nibbling at the tender young grass, advanced mincingly almost to a paralleling fence. Big ears cocked forward, it gazed at Jasper with question-

ing brown eyes; it sniffed at him suspiciously. Then, for no apparent reason, with a raucous "um-blah-h!" it pirouetted on its front feet, kicked its hind legs into the air, and romped away in a sort of sidewise, buck-jumping lope, its tail upright.

Momentarily Jasper forgot that the white folks were fighting among themselves. He wanted to laugh—and he did laugh, throwing his head back, opening his mouth, and just letting the sound roll out. He felt like singing—and he did sing, the words of a hymn he had learned on the plantation coming with what struck him as peculiar appropriateness:

"We're go-o-o-in' home, no mo-o-o-re to roam,
No more to sin an' sorruh;
No mo-o-o-re to wear the brow-w-w of care,
We're goin' ho-o-o-me . . . tuhmorrow."

At a bend in the road he saw a man pacing to and fro with a gun on his shoulder. At sight of Jasper the man whirled, dropped the muzzle of the gun toward him with an abrupt "*Halt!*"

Jasper only slackened his pace. "Suh?" he asked.

"*Halt!*" The command came with more emphasis.

"Yessuh." Jasper stopped. "I's halt-in', marster, but I's in a pow'ful hurry——"

"Where are you going?"

"Home, suh." Jasper observed now that the man wore a blue cap and a blue suit with brass buttons. "Jus' as fas' as my two foots kin ca'y me, an'——"

"Where's your home?"

"Mis'sippi, marster. Got a long ways to go an' mighty short time to make it in. 'Cause de white folks is fightin', an' a nigguh's place——"

"You can't get to Mississippi."

"Cain't . . . git home?" For a moment Jasper's brain refused to function;

he could only mumble stupidly: "But . . . I's got to git home. I's got to git home!"

The man shook his head. "I'll have to call the corporal of the guard." He faced about and bawled something that was unintelligible to Jasper.

Gripped by an unreasoning terror, Jasper placed on the situation the only interpretation of which he was capable: here was one man with a gun evidently summoning other men with guns . . .

Instinct moved him. With a bound he was out of the road; he cleared a fence and raced madly for the nearest covering. But he had gone in precisely the wrong direction, for he ran squarely into the guard relief. They seized him, refused to listen to his terrified excuses, and hustled him to headquarters of the detachment guarding the road.

The officer in command looked at him sternly. "What's this about your trying to break through the lines?" he demanded.

"Marster, I wuzn't tryin' to bu'st no lines!" Jasper was now tearful. "I wuz jus' tryin' to git home. I got to git home. 'Cause de white folks——"

Then the officer, understanding, explained why travel southward, unless one bore a passport, was impossible. The South was at war with the Union; Federal troops were guarding roads, lest spies get through with information to the rebel army.

Jasper understood enough of what was being said to read the pronouncement of his own doom. "Den whicha way, marster," he asked hopelessly, "kin I go?"

"Back where you came from."

It was this that brought the *wanderlust* to Jasper Benbrook. He travelled, seeking to leave his thoughts behind. Although he learned the trade of a bar-

ber, he never stayed in one place long. Many persons remembered him as a quietly industrious young colored man, always preoccupied, yet who served them faultlessly—and respectfully.

On a day in July he approached on foot a town in southern Pennsylvania. At the first outlying houses he slackened his pace, stopped, incredulous. Could this be true? Up North? Branching from the single main street, wide, tree-bordered lanes led to great estates. White palings enclosed neatly clipped lawns. He saw, heart-achingly, familiar flowers. And white-walled houses with stately columns supporting the roofs of two-storied verandas sat in spacious grounds.

He fought back something that threatened to strangle him. He entered one of the lanes, laid a hand reverently on one of the fences, peered over it expectantly. But no brown faces flashed an answering look. Still, he cocked an ear, listening for the chanting of familiar songs.

A Sabbatical stillness enveloped everything. It seemed to him like a benediction. Here, he told himself, he would settle down; his wanderings were ended.

He began working in the barbershop. Here he heard names that had become increasingly familiar: Lee, Jackson, Longstreet. The townspeople, eyeing him queerly, asked questions: Wasn't he afraid to remain there?—Why should he be?—Because, should Lee and his rebel horde come, he, a runaway slave . . .

Here Jasper kept his own counsel. But he had laid a definite course.

One day a farmer's boy rode his sweat-lathered horse into town. The rebels were coming! was the word he spread. They were as thick as bees

swarming on the bough of an apple-tree.

Jasper told himself that he would surely be captured. When that happened, he'd tell those rebels he was one of Judge Benbrook's niggers—I'm Mississippi. They'd send for the judge. (Jasper felt intuitively that the judge had joined the Confederate army.) The judge'd come—an' give 'im that look. Fine'ly, though, he'd turn to Gen'al Lee an' say:

"Yes, gen'al; he's one o' my niggers. Old Ca'line's Jasper. He ran away, but I reckon he's ready to run back. I'll send 'im home."

While they were still a long way off, he saw the cavalry of the advance-guard, the hoofs of their horses kicking up the dust. They entered the town at a brisk trot, the long black plumes in the hats of the riders bobbing up and down with the steps of their mounts.

An officer barked a command: "Draw-w-w . . . sabres!"

From that moment Jasper carried one mental picture of which he could not have rid himself had he tried: a thousand flashing swords—as he saw them — whipped from scabbards, gleaming in a swift upward arc, to drop to rest at the *carry*. A thousand shining blades, held unwaveringly, points upward, at the sides of a thousand gaunt-faced men, who sat slenderly erect in saddles that creaked of new leather.

He saw infantrymen in new gray uniforms, with shining muskets, and canteens and haversacks, the spoils of recent battles. Their feet seemed to scorn the feel of alien soil. Then came field-pieces of brass and bronze, polished until the sheen of them hurt Jasper's eyes.

But . . . he wasn't being captured. Puzzled, he ventured into the street; moved to where the stirrups of the

riders almost grazed his body. Still, no one paid him any heed.

Suddenly he shouted aloud. With one of the wagon-trains he saw several negro cooks and body-servants. He ran up to them.

"Howdy, folkses!" He waved his hat in greeting. "Howdy!"

An elderly negro regarded him stonily. "Whut you wants, boy?" he demanded.

"Nothin'—much." Jasper laughed in his face. Cross-talkin' ol' nigger couldn't scare him—now. "'Ceptin' I's gwine climb on dat waggin an' j'ine yo'-all's rebel ahmy——"

"Rebel ahmy?" The light that flamed in the old man's eyes withered Jasper. "Whut you means, callin' dis de rebel ahmy? Dis is de *Confed'ate* ahmy—Gen' al Robbut E. Lee's *Confed'ate* ahmy—you blue-bellied Yankee nigguh!"

"I—I ain't no Yankee!" Trotting beside the wagon, Jasper's denial sounded pitifully unconvincing, even to himself. "I's f'm Mis'sip—"

"Den whut *is* you?" The old man's eyes bored through him. "Is you . . . a runaway?"

Jasper's head drooped. He couldn't answer the question. As he stumbled away to hide himself, he heard a taunting chorus from those other negroes:

"Runaway nigguh! Tuck de freedom mis'ry. Tried to turn hisse'f inta a Yankee!"

After Gettysburg he saw the gray army again. As the advance-guard of retreating cavalrymen came in sight, it was with a sudden, sharp pang that he missed that gleaming arc of swords. Then he saw the reason: the sabres were sheathed.

The field-pieces were foul with mud

and dust, their muzzles grimy with powder-smoke. The wheels of the carriages, with many of the spokes splintered or missing, wobbled their protest. The horses stumbled along; their heads, hanging low, swayed dejectedly from side to side. Their flanks and hocks were caked with mud, formed of the dust and their own sweat. Their riders slumped listlessly in service-stained saddles.

The men on foot, many of them with heads bandaged and arms in slings, limped as they marched. Their muskets were a dull, rusty brown, their uniforms so stained with dust that the original gray was indistinguishable.

Then Jasper Benbrook came wholly to himself. He shed the last vestige of his dream. The thing that had been born in him was bred in his bone. He was not, he told himself—he *never could be!*—a free colored man. He was just a plain nigger, a plantation nigger, a *Benbrook* nigger—always and forevermore a Benbrook nigger—f'm Mis'sippi. . . .

The column halted. At the head of a decimated infantry regiment an elderly mounted officer, his gray mustache drooping, sat listlessly in his saddle. His gaze was fixed moodily on his horse's ears.

Jasper hurried up to him, crumpling his hat nervously in both hands. "Mars' ter," he begged, "lemme j'ine you-all, please, suh. I kin clean guns an' saddles an' curry hawsse an'—"

For just a moment the man's dull eyes shifted to Jasper; dwelt upon him fleetingly, as though he envisioned a future in which the gray army might be hard put to look after its own without picking up stragglers. Even then he spoke no word; he only shook his head slowly, and his eyes returned to their

moody contemplation of his horse's ears.

Jasper understood only the gesture. It left him stunned. A little thing—just the negative shake of a white man's head. But to Jasper there was finality in it. It closed definitely the road that led home.

He left the town. More than ever, now, the *wanderlust* gripped him. The end of a decade—when he was thirty years old—found him travelling aimlessly. And at forty he was still a wanderer. But with the coming of his fiftieth birthday anniversary he decided to settle down. He chose a small town in northern New York, where he opened a barber-shop.

Ten years passed—fifteen—twenty. At the end of thirty years he still lived in the town. His hair had turned gray, then white; he had grown a patriarchal beard. He was an old man, with a round-shouldered stoop, who walked with a cane. He was known as Mr. Benbrook, the colored gentleman who ran the barber-shop. Had he sought it, he might have attained to eminence, for he was sober, industrious, and possessed of an impeccable dignity becoming to his years. People liked, too, his old-fashioned air of deference toward them. But they observed that, while he was never rudely taciturn, he was given to living within himself; that beyond the demands of his trade, he had few associations.

One day a flock of wild geese honking overhead drew his attention. Due doubtless to the burden of homesickness that colored all his thoughts, he had formed a bizarre conception of their annual migrations. They did not live in the North, he assured himself, and go South for the winter. No; the opposite was the case. They belonged

in the South, and only came North—as now—to spend the summer. And every winter they went back home.

Before the flock passed from sight he saw the downward swoop of their pinions catch the sunlight to reflect it on the upward arc in flashing rays. His thoughts flew backward sixty years: a thousand sword-blades gleaming in a semicircle over the heads of a thousand mounted men . . .

Then, without explanation, he sold his barber-shop. When he left town he travelled in the direction whence the wild geese had come.

In a city in Pennsylvania he saw posters announcing the annual reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic. He joined the crowds but watched the parade apathetically, for he saw only squads of old men in blue suits walking along the street. Presently he found himself forced back from the curb by the press of cheering throngs about him.

He noticed, though, that the shouting suddenly fell off in volume, ceased entirely. People were craning their necks, looking down that oncoming line of marchers. And then some of them found themselves jostled unceremoniously, felt the digging of elbows in their sides. They heard a voice:

"Lemme git th'ough, white folks!
Lemme git th'ough—please!"

They made way for a colored man—a very stooped and very old colored man—who emerged just as a handful of men uniformed differently from the others came abreast of him. It was the local post of the United Confederate Veterans, invited as a courtesy to take part in the parade.

A policeman laid a restraining hand on Jasper. "You can't cross the street here, old man," he warned.

"Ain't aimin' to cross no street, mars-

ter," Jasper panted, and wriggled free.
"I's gwine to j'ine 'em."

The crowd saw him shuffle into the street; noticed that he carried his hat in one hand and a cane in the other. But no one could have known what his thoughts were when, just as he fell into line behind the last of those gray-clad men, he whipped the cane over his head in a segment of a circle and brought it to rest, tip upward, by his side.

One of those in the rear rank saw the gesture. For a moment he seemed to hesitate; then he beckoned Jasper to a place beside him. When Jasper shook his head, the other reached behind him, caught him by the hand, and drew him alongside. A long-drawn-out cheer, that swelled into a sobbing roar, voiced the crowd's tribute to the act.

But Jasper was too busy thinking—and feeling—to listen to a lot of folks yelling. His feeling had to do with a white man's gesture, sixty years earlier, that had closed a road. And of another gesture by another white man—just now—that opened the road. His thoughts were terribly jumbled. Something about . . . runaway niggers—up Nawth . . . the reb—no!—the *Confed'-ate ahmy . . . ol' river that couldn't flow in but one direction (but he wasn't a river!) . . . wild geese, flyin' home . . .*

The committee shuffling back into the lodge-room broke the train of Jasper Benbrook's musing. The chairman, by way of preamble, reminded those present that it had remained for one who had come among them only re-

cently to inaugurate the movement for an ex-slaves' association. This one had gone about the State at his own expense arousing their interest, seeking no honors for himself.

"An' now, breth'en"—the ancient chairman came to the meat of his report—"yo' committee segests dat we be called de Mis'sippi 'Sociation o' Formuh Slaves——"

Former slaves? Former . . . ? Jasper heard the chairman's voice again:

" . . . an' dat we 'lects as our fu'st president . . . Brothuh . . . Jaspuh Benbrook."

Somehow Jasper came erect. Something seemed to have straightened the kinks in his back, for he faced them almost upright.

"My frien's," he began, "feelin' my unwo'thiness—" He stopped for the simple reason that he could not go on. Yet there were things—a thousand things!—that he must say. He must loose that flood of emotion within him. He opened his mouth again—and his tongue failed him. Still again—but he was wordless.

What could he do? What should one do when he must express himself, yet finds that he is speechless? Should he sing? Why not?

At any rate, old Jasper Benbrook felt like singing—and he did sing, thrusting his shoulders back, his head up, as a freedman should do when standing in the presence of those whose equal he is:

"We're go-o-o-in' home, no mo-o-o-re to roam,
No more to sin an' sorruh . . ."



Mad Anthony Wayne

YORKTOWN

BY THOMAS BOYD

DURING the three years between that hot, exhausting Sunday of 1778 on the plains of Monmouth and the summer of 1781 there were two peaks in Anthony Wayne's career. One was his successful midnight assault up the side of Stony Point, the other the mutiny of the Pennsylvania Line when its regiments rushed out on the grand parade and, with a sergeant-major at the head, began a march on Congress at Philadelphia to demand their back pay, blankets, and discharges for those whose enlistment period had expired. Wayne overtook them, becoming a popular prisoner until their grievances were acknowledged and they were promised redress by the Philadelphia politicians. Both the soldiers and the civilians were sickened of so long a war; there had been no battles in the north and the French Alliance had worked no miracles.

IV

AFTER the mutiny of the Pennsylvania Line the armies of General Washington and Sir Henry Clinton lay supine as before. But in the south was action. Already two American divisions had been destroyed below the Potomac, one under Major-General Benjamin Lincoln, who had surrendered at Charleston in the spring of the year before, the other under Major-General Horatio Gates, who had lost to Lord Cornwallis at the battle of Camden. Later Nathanael Greene had been ordered sent down; though enemy defeats had followed at Cowpens and Kings Mountain, the British still controlled the Southern States. Now in June of 1781 Cornwallis was leading five thousand troops through Virginia; Lafayette, whom Washington had sent down to engage him, was anxiously watching him, while Anthony Wayne, with supplies and wagons long delayed

by the commissary, was on his way to join the youthful marquis.

Skirting down along the Blue Ridge Mountains, Wayne found Lafayette at Fredericksburg, Va. While the men rested, the two chief officers talked. It was a relief to know that General Wayne had come. He was greatly needed. For Lord Cornwallis, a dangerous man, lay directly south, his army encamped at Richmond. That stocky little Banastre Tarleton and his flashy cavalry were also there, beating up the banks of the James for forage. Why Cornwallis hadn't attacked before Wayne arrived Lafayette didn't know, but the mystery was a lucky one. Lafayette felt safer now; his force increased, and Wayne at hand, his lordship might gain a victory but would have to pay for it.

But Lord Cornwallis had gone as far west and north as he meant to go. His

supply base was at Williamsburg, toward the sea. Leaving Richmond two days after Wayne joined Lafayette, he marched along the north bank of the James, which flowed southeast to Norfolk and Portsmouth.

When Lafayette and Wayne heard Cornwallis had withdrawn, both men were impelled to follow after him. That they would be trailing him to the siege of Yorktown neither was aware. It was their object merely to keep close contact, and if an opening for attack appeared it would not be obscured from their eager eyes. Rousing the Pennsylvanians from sunny Fredericksburg, they began to march south toward Richmond and along the James.

Several days later as the troops plodded over a dusty road where the tracks of Cornwallis still remained, word was brought to Wayne and Lafayette that the British would cross the river at Greenspring and go on to Portsmouth. Wayne gathered his eight hundred Pennsylvanians and, leaving the main body which marched under Lafayette, hastened along the James toward Greenspring, where he hoped he might at least cut off the British baggage-train or fall successfully upon the rear-guard as they made the crossing. Lieutenant-Colonel Mercer rode ahead with a scouting-party.

Early in the morning of July 6 Mercer and a few scouts rode up to Greenspring mansion, a great brick house where Sir William Berkeley had lived. Going up toward the outbuildings he saw a negro servant who was carrying a soldier's knapsack. Mercer stopped him with a question: Who was in the big house, some officers?

Kunnel Tarleton, the calv'ry man, was inside, said the servant.

And where was Lord Cornwallis?

Lord Cornwallis? He was down by the Greenspring church.

And the soldiers?

The soldiers were down by the river-bank, waiting to go across.

Mercer wheeled his horse and rode back toward Wayne, whom he met advancing late that morning. Lafayette was coming on behind.

Whether the British between Greenspring and the James was merely a covering-party or nearly all of the five thousand under Cornwallis was not known. Before Mercer's return it had been believed that the bulk of the British had crossed over and were waiting to form and march on to Portsmouth. Now that assumption was persisted in. The reason for that, Light Horse Harry Lee was later to suggest, was that Wayne was always disquieted by the chance of losing a battle and preferred to accept what he wished to be true. Whatever the cause of his going forward Wayne must have felt that to meet the enemy in a skirmish so soon after coming into Virginia and after so many inactive months in the north would be agreeable. He went forward with his eight hundred Pennsylvanians.

The white columns of Greenspring mansion fronted a long marsh that was nearly a quarter of a mile wide. On the other side of the marsh ran the road to Williamsburg on which Cornwallis marched. To reach the road, which it was necessary for Wayne to do, was possible only by crossing a corduroy stretch that Sir William Berkeley had built some time before. That causeway, a ridge of dirt and crosswise logs, made a narrow path on which there could be little turning. Beyond, the James River flowed, hidden by clumps of trees.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Wayne arrived in front of Green-

spring. With a patrol of dragoons under Mercer in front of him and also a small rifle-corps, he began to make the crossing. Lafayette remained in rear with the main body.

Reaching the end of the corduroy road, Wayne turned left in the direction of Williamsburg. His men, in their sweaty linen overalls and light coats, had marched about a mile and a half, and the rifle-corps had drawn back to his flanks when the dragoons riding ahead discovered the British. They drew a scattered fire and retreated. Then the rifle-corps joined on the road and trailed forward through the dust. They came within sight of the British camp and swiftly attacked the pickets, who turned and ran back upon their own cavalry, which stood in an open field about three hundred yards in rear.

At the firing Wayne had marched the advance into a wood close by and to the left. He stood motionless. Watching keenly, he saw the rifle-corps gain lodgment in a ditch behind a rail fence which would protect them from Tarleton's cavalry. Their muskets were clattering spiritedly. Wayne sent two battalions of infantry forward to help maintain the rifle-corps' position. Now the British foot-troops were seen on the flank of Tarleton's cavalry. Wayne had a couple of fieldpieces rolled up to the ditch to cut swaths in the enemy ranks. Smoke from American gun-barrels rose in languid wisps over the clearing beyond the rail fence and merged with the gray of twilight.

Then the harassed British turned. Under Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke a line of them came forward with three cannon dragging in their rear. And the American skirmishers behind the rail fence dropped back, losing a number of men from the first fusillade. Colonel

Mercer, extricating himself from the saddle of the horse which had just been killed under him, mounted another and led his troops back toward where Wayne waited at the edge of the wood.

Meanwhile Lord Cornwallis had been waiting for some such position of the American troops. The impetuous character of Wayne was a byword and to be taken advantage of if possible. The eagerness of Lafayette for distinguished victory was likewise known. And anticipating an attack, Lord Cornwallis, instead of crossing the James that morning, had held his troops encamped on the north bank, compact and ready to charge as soon as his rear-guard drew the skirmishers into his main body. For they could not retreat except over the narrow causeway through the marsh. That time now had come. In two heavy columns, Yorke leading the right and Colonel Dundas the left, Cornwallis began his quick advance. Himself in front and the marsh in rear, it was almost time to start counting rebel prisoners.

During the earlier skirmishing Lafayette had ridden across the causeway with a few troops, had stopped and had gone alone down to the river on his right, where from a point of land that extended out from shore he could see British boats lying in the James and British troops massed in an open field. Obviously Lord Cornwallis was there in strength and waiting for Lafayette and Wayne to attack. Sending word to the brigadier, Lafayette warned him to fall back.

The messenger broke through the wood and came up to Wayne. So Lord Cornwallis had turned around full strength! That was regrettable. Wayne would have to retreat. But he would do it in his own fashion. And in the meantime, though Dundas sidled in from

the right and Yorke from the left, there was no reason to be alarmed. He glanced up and down the line that stood at the fringe of the wood, then ordered them out into the open ground. There they were to stand, with silent muskets, he told them, until the British were close as seventy paces. Wheeling his horse, he drew up at front and centre of his men and sat watching the enemy come on.

The enemy came on, manœuvred to a halt, and raised their muskets, which clattered furiously. The plume which made a crest for the general's infantry cap fell aside and tumbled slowly to the ground. Young Ensign Denny, who had joined the corps that year, looked from the front rank where he stood, his eyes moving toward the general's face. Wayne, regarding first the plume and then the enemy, seemed amused.

Then Pennsylvania musketry blazed into the gray evening. "Forward . . . charge . . . bayonets!" The eight hundred men of the Pennsylvania Line jerked up their pieces and began to jog over the ground toward the British.

Lord Cornwallis was surprised. He could not tell what was happening, but it seemed likely that Lafayette's entire detachment was close at hand. In that case Dundas and Yorke should not be so widely separated. Cornwallis drew back both his wings to mould them into a formation better fitted to withstand a force of more equal size.

That manœuvre gave Wayne the time he needed. Though his right and left were almost wholly enveloped, he began to step back in good order, going for half a mile to the second line which had waited in the rear. The June shadows were merging into darkness as the Americans marched in column across the treacherous causeway while the puz-

zled Cornwallis still paused, his purposeful and crushing blow now hanging over thin air.

Pitching camp six miles in rear of Greenspring, the Marquis Lafayette was as pleased that night as if he had won a famous victory. Wayne's use of his eight hundred Pennsylvanians when they were nearly surrounded, when a safe retreat seemed impossible, had amazed and delighted him. Here was a man who, being able neither to hold his ground nor fall back, had saved himself by driving into the enemy with his bayonets! General Washington would have to be told about that; and Nathanael Greene, who commanded the Southern Department. Himself and Brigadier-General Wayne, the young marquis thought, would now keep the offensive against Earl Cornwallis and harry him every step of the way to Portsmouth.

The British crossed over the James and Wayne followed after them. But from the beginning there was no opportunity of further skirmishing. Wayne's wagon-train was a heavy one, but even though he had stripped his men to knapsack and cartridge-box, he would have been unable to meet the enemy, for there was always Banastre Tarleton with his mounted infantry in front of Wayne. With men on foot against men on horseback Wayne could not have overtaken the rear-guard unless, as Light Horse Harry Lee later remarked: "Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton had improvidently thrown himself in his lap."

Wayne rode on down the river after Lord Cornwallis. Passing great, silent houses set back among the trees, burned corn-fields and straggling furrows where rich crops of tobacco had recently grown, he went on through the hot July days toward Portsmouth. A letter

came from Nathanael Greene. The marquis, Greene informed him, gave General Wayne great glory for his late conduct; "but," Nathanael warned him, "be a little careful and tread softly; for depend upon it you have a modern Hannibal to deal with in the person of Lord Cornwallis." Greene, he knew, wanted him down in South Carolina and tried to entice him with: "O that I had had you with me a few days ago, your glory and the public good might have been greatly advanced." Earlier, he had been supposed to go, but General Washington had shunted him off into Virginia to act with Lafayette. But it would have been good to join Nathanael Greene. Some weeks before, when Cornwallis was farther south, one of Lee's pets had brought him a note from Greene, who said he hoped they soon would meet, and in meeting take opportunity to give the "noble Earl a southern breakfast." But Cornwallis was in Virginia now and Wayne was on his heels. And while Lafayette's name was not to be spoken with that of Nathanael Greene, he was likable enough for a boy-general who owed his rank to the French Alliance, his worship of Washington, and his engaging manners.

Cornwallis, moving to the sea, selected York and Gloucester for his army and began at once to fortify those posts. Wayne on one side, Lafayette on the other, marched slowly toward him. When Cornwallis stopped, his followers stopped, for there was no chance to strike him, particularly after he had concentrated his army about the York River bluffs and was using Tarleton's swift cavalry to control the ground before him. The hot August days passed by and there was nothing, it seemed, for Wayne and Lafayette to do.

For Lord Cornwallis failed to attack. And, while he waited, Wayne thought facetiously that the reason his lordship remained inactive at York was because he was awaiting the arrival of John Murray, alias Earl Dunmore, who, Wayne satirically suggested to William Irvine, "had been ordered out by Lord G. Germaine to restore peace and order in the *subjugated colony of Virginia*, of which State he is their titulary governor."

But then one day toward the latter part of the month an express came to Lafayette's headquarters with a message from General Washington. The Count de Grasse, wrote his Excellency, was bringing his whole fleet, the troops of the Marquis Saint-Simon, siege-guns, fieldpieces and mortars—all toward the Chesapeake capes. Washington was to bring his own army south. General Heath was to stand before New York, where Sir Henry Clinton still sat idly. And while Clinton waited, unsuspecting Cornwallis was to be attacked by land and sea, besieged until he was compelled to surrender. Meanwhile it was the business of Lafayette and Wayne to hold the British at York and Gloucester, fighting them back if they attempted moving toward the south.

Lafayette sent word to Wayne, who had his quarters in the Byrd mansion on the James. It was a matter of deepest secrecy and great importance, the marquis said; and would General Wayne please come to him so that they could settle their plan of operations and name the place where they should form a junction with their respective troops? The express was waiting to guide him over the ten miles to Lafayette's camp.

Wayne made ready to go. Shaved and powdered, doubtless wearing his

cocked hat and dress sword, he went down through the hall of the great brick mansion, bowed his good night to Mrs. Byrd, and joined two officers and a servant who were waiting with his horse near the door. So at last, he would have been thinking, more than two years after Stony Point, another campaign was offered: two years of level dulness in the north peaked by a foray fit for ridicule, two mutinies and Arnold's treason. And Wayne, now with his troops posted at Westover, where he was to attempt to stop Cornwallis if he endeavored to move southward, again was happy. For there was, he thought, the greatest certainty of shortly obliging Lord Cornwallis and all his army to surrender as prisoners of war.

It was about eight o'clock on the evening of September 2 when Wayne set out from Westover and nearly two hours later when the horses of his small party carried him in to the neighborhood of Lafayette's encampment. Out of the darkness came a picket's challenge. The voice sounded scared and quavering.

Wayne answered with the countersign and prepared to ride on. Lafayette would be sitting in his billet by candle-light and a servant would be standing ready to open a bottle for the visiting general. A pleasant, engrossing evening was at hand.

But the frightened sentry had Lord Cornwallis, Tarleton, and British raiders in his mind. They made a panic of his feelings, which had not been calmed by Wayne's reply to his challenge. Lifting his musket in the night, he pointed the muzzle in the direction which the voice had come. He fired.

Wayne saw a streak of red and felt his left leg burning dully. A pain sped like an electric shock from his thigh to his foot. He gritted his teeth and sway-

ed a little in the saddle. Meanwhile the whole advance-guard was in a hubbub and he had to shout and plead to save himself from being riddled. Finally he got into Lafayette's quarters, doubtless swearing no end, for to be shot by one's own sentry made a caitiff wound which, with momentous days ahead, was hard to bear.

Earlier in the day he had pointed out Burwell's Ferry as the landing-place for three thousand French troops. It was his last military act for ten days. Meanwhile he lay in bed, perplexed at the intense pain in his left foot. The ball had entered his thigh, grazing the bone and lodging back of it, his surgeon told him. Yet the agony was concentrated in his foot. Damn! Damn! Damn! General Washington would soon be landing at Williamsburg with his two thousand men and the harbor below York and Gloucester would be jammed with French war-ships. Interim he was sprawled out on a bed. It was infuriating; and ordering pen and paper he burst out to Dick Peters:

"Your damned commissary of military plays false. He had put too little powder in the musket cartridges. . . . If the damned cartridge had a sufficiency of powder the ball would have gone quite through in place of lodging."

He would also have to write to Polly so that she would know how it had happened and that it wasn't dangerous. Rumor travelled so and grew so monstrous. That night at Paoli she had thought he was killed. He would have to tell her that he was nearly recovered—and the news of his glorious certainty that Cornwallis would soon have to surrender, that the French were the finest body of troops he had ever seen, and that harmony and friendship pervaded

the officers of both countries. That ought to make her somewhat cheerful.

He would also have to get up. No man could stay in bed with Williamsburg crowded with troops and so many war-ships in the harbor back of Cornwallis. And twelve days after his wound, apparently with the slug of lead still inside him, he limped out of his room into a carriage and rode to attend the supper of the commander-in-chief. Guns had boomed out a salute all day, and now at night he and Dicky Butler sat at table with General Washington, the Count de Grasse, Rochambeau, Lafayette, who had the ague and ate very little, Major-General Benjamin Lincoln, and a host of other Allied officers. And afterward Dicky Butler spoke of what an elegant entertainment it had been, his Irish face beaming because all the "great personages and officers supped together in the utmost harmony and happiness."

The plans for the siege were continued. Even before Washington arrived the French ships under the Count de Grasse had forced Admiral Graves to leave the neighborhood of Yorktown and had been joined by the squadron of De Barras and the convoy which it guarded. Now the French fleet blocked the sea, and on the ground about Williamsburg the Allied troops and guns were being massed. Meanwhile Lord Cornwallis drew his army close and worked night and day fortifying Yorktown to withstand the siege. From New York Sir Henry Clinton had promised him that by October 5 "above five thousand men, rank and file, shall be embarked on board the king's ships, and the joint exertions of the navy and army made in a few days to relieve you, and afterward co-operate with you," and that the fleet would consist of "twenty-

three sail of the line, three of which are three-deckers."

That letter was received by Lord Cornwallis on the evening of September 28. At dawn of the same day the Americans and French, under the supervision of General Washington, were formed in long columns at Williamsburg and marched within two miles of Yorktown, where they encamped at four o'clock in the afternoon. Thus with the Allies moving nearer and with Sir Henry's assurance that he soon would start, Cornwallis withdrew from his outer fortifications and prepared to hold his last position with little loss of men until help arrived. Then, he believed, there would be a general engagement, but not until then.

Cornwallis gave up his outer fortifications in the night; the next day detachments of Allied light infantry moved into them, using the abandoned positions to protect the pioneers who were making a breastwork in a half-circle that completely covered Yorktown by land from the west. With more than twelve thousand Allied troops in front of him and the hostilely guarded sea at his back, Cornwallis now had less than two miles of ground from which to draw his supplies and forage. More than ever he could assure Sir Henry, as he had written him on receiving his promise of aid, "that there is but one wish throughout the army, which is that the enemy would advance."

The enemy would advance, but not quickly enough to please Cornwallis. Until October 6 there were only the lightest encounters between the two forces. Limping about in the front line's right, which was held by the Americans, Wayne had observed that only two men had been killed on October 2, four from a drop-shot on the 3d, none on

the 4th, two from ricochet bullets on the 5th. But on the next day six regiments, one drawn from the right of each brigade, were marched forward under the command of Benjamin Lincoln, George Clinton, and Wayne. It was they, with the French moving up on the left, that opened the first parallel, a trench with earthworks five hundred and fifty yards from the enemy lines. Moving forward a little before sundown, their muskets slung and picks and shovels in their hands, the men worked quietly throughout the night. When dawn came, a ridge of fresh dirt curved within a quarter of a mile of the British works.

The British saw the new and menacing position, but, though it was as yet unfinished, they made little effort to dislodge the Americans or French. A scattered fire from their muskets wounded a few of Rochambeau's soldiers, and one officer lost his leg. Their artillery, Wayne thought, was feeble.

On the next day it was the same—the parallel was completed with only two men killed: they were of Wayne's Pennsylvanians and died from ricochet shots. Meanwhile the Allies had hauled their heavy cannon from Williamsburg and were placing it close to the front line. And before dawn of October 9 there were twenty-two guns behind the French and three batteries with about nineteen guns behind the Americans. Cornwallis, about to be bombarded, looked anxiously to the sea for the promised sight of Sir Henry Clinton's warships and transports. Excepting on his own few boats, including the *Caron*, only French flags were to be seen drooping from the rigging of the ships that hemmed the harbor.

The morning and early afternoon of

October 9 passed quietly, but at three o'clock the French opened a twelve-gun battery, and two hours later ten American guns smashed into Yorktown. The enemy guns answered, and during the daylight the men in the town and those before it could see black balls crisscrossing through the air, by night, fiery meteors with blazing tails, rising majestically, then falling with a whirling movement and bursting with terrific sound.

At daybreak of October 10 the French and Americans began to bombard the middle of Yorktown with twenty-seven guns, and at five o'clock that afternoon two ten-inch American howitzers were added. Wayne, near the front line, found the noise of the Allied batteries so great that the answering fire from the enemy could scarcely be heard. And as the sun went down behind the American lines he could see one of the British ships in Yorktown harbor—the *Caron* of forty-four guns—grow bright with flames running over her sails and masts and sides. The blaze had come from red-hot cannon-balls, and as darkness gathered, the sky became a blinding red above the water. After a while the great flame died away and all was black again.

It was time to open the second parallel, two hundred yards nearer Yorktown. During the night of the 11th while the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders gathered their picks and shovels, Wayne led two battalions forward as a covering-party and lay quietly down on the shell-torn land. His men, crouching with loaded muskets, could hear the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders digging in behind them. Before dawn they crept back again, not to return until the next night.

Still waiting for Sir Henry Clinton,

Cornwallis saw on the morning of October 12 the new front line before him. It was within musket-shot, no more than three hundred yards distant. But he was undismayed by that. Even when two of his redoubts, by which his communication with Gloucester was kept open, were attacked in the dark of the 14th, he continued his policy of saving unnecessary casualties to his troops while waiting for Sir Henry Clinton. Both redoubts fell, one to Frenchmen led by Baron de Viomenil, the other to Lafayette and a detachment of Americans supported by two Pennsylvania battalions led by Wayne. Meanwhile Walter Stewart completed the work of digging the second parallel. The bombardment continued, heavier from the trenches and more hopeless from Yorktown. Sir Henry Clinton might come, but he would come too late.

Cornwallis determined to make a final and violent effort. It was no use waiting longer for Sir Henry. As for attempting to hold out against the Allies, that was impossible. Leaving every man except his ablest, and those in light marching order so that they might move swiftly, Cornwallis determined to escape to Gloucester. He had made his last effort at Yorktown: Before daybreak of October 16 he had sent Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie with three hundred and fifty guardsmen to capture two of the closest Allied redoubts. Abercrombie had stormed and taken them after bitter fighting in which he lost a third of his force. But they had barely spiked the cannon when the Allied support drove them out again, withdrew the spikes, and opened the batteries. Now, in desperation, Cornwallis determined to free himself by the only feasible way that remained. Leaving his sick and wounded under Lieutenant

Colonel Johnson, he would cross the river the next night, attack whatever stood in his way, capture every horse he could get hold of, and hurry northward from this fatal trap to meet Sir Henry Clinton.

But expedient and bold and possibly successful as was his plan, it was destroyed by a piece of irony from the skies. Early in the night Cornwallis marched the first division of his army to the wharf and embarked them for Gloucester. Overhead in the blackness was a feeling of restless movement and gathering storm. Under the unseen clouds the British general waited for the ship to pass over and return for the rest of the troops. Beside him his men were nervous and eager. The urge to fight was never stronger in them, for they felt that victory was their right and the incessant cannonading of the last week had been more infuriating than dispiriting. Tarleton, Simcoe, Dundas, Abercrombie, and the rest, how they would charge when their backs were no longer to the wall!

But as Cornwallis waited, the sea began to grow rough. Waves lashed up out of the dark and sent fine salt spray on scarlet tunics. Overhead the skies seemed to crack, resounding louder than the most heartily exploding guns. There were fiercely singing winds that swirled the water triumphantly. And the transports, shaken out of human control, went careening through the darkness down past the Gloucester landing and were still away from shore when the sun rose up from the east next morning.

Cornwallis, doomed, turned once again to his dismantled position, piling up his remaining shells to fling them at the slowly approaching Allied army. The town was no longer his. At ten

o'clock that morning of October 17, Wayne, in the second parallel before Yorktown, distinctly heard the British drums begin to beat the chamade. And at the expectant sound the thoughts of

the wounded brigadier turned back toward Waynesborough, where, with Polly and the children about him, he hoped to rest his unhealed leg for a little while at least.

[“The Fight for the Northwest,” a spirited account of Wayne’s Indian fighting, revealing more of the impetuous general’s character, his triumphal return to Philadelphia, and his death in the wilderness, is in the July SCRIBNER’S.]



Selina and the Church

BY BEATRICE BARRY

A YELLOW envelope lay on the table as I entered. I shivered as I tore it open:

WANT TO SEE YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SOMETHING INTERESTING DONT KNOW WHAT TO DO SELINA

“*Selina!*” I breathed a sigh of mingled relief and exasperation. “But why does she telegraph? Has she left town?” I knew she had not, for I had seen her earlier that afternoon in a printshop on Madison Avenue as I passed. Impatiently I picked up the telephone. When I heard Margaret’s voice I said: “Miss Martin, Margaret. Is Miss Sarsfield in?” I learned that she was out but expected at any minute. Having also learned that no one else was expected, though Heaven knows it’s the unexpected that come to Selina’s, I said I’d be over right away.

And I went over, and there was Selina, just come in, looking as usual provokingly like a stained-glass angel, with her lovely, pointed, delicate face and merrywinkle blue eyes—you don’t see the “winkle” part until you know her

very well—and a halo of golden-gleaming hair, and perhaps she didn’t have on a purple, stained-glass, velvet robe with a golden girdle, but she looked as if she had.

“Well, Selina,” said I shortly, “what is it *now*, and, since you appear to be in your usual good health, and the house is not afire, and apparently there has been no accident, *why* did you telegraph?” Selina knows how I feel about telegrams.

“Oh, Martinet, darling, I’m *sorry*”—and her eyes grew bluer than ever—“I didn’t *think*; that is, I thought I’d love to see you, and I was standing by the window and I just saw a messenger boy pass and I said to myself, ‘The very thing!’ and I called up the Western Union right away and phoned them the tele-e—”

She had the grace to falter.

“Selina,” said I, “why did you not telephone *me*? ”

That just shows you how Selina’s mind works! Charles says it doesn’t work—it strikes—and he thinks he’s said something funny; but I never did

think much of Charles's jokes — and Charles knows how I feel.

Margaret came in just then, so Selina escaped answering my question by ordering tea.

When we were again alone I began: "Now, what *is* it, Selina? Don't keep me in suspense." For with any other woman "something interesting" would mean only a man, but Selina isn't a bit that kind.

"Well, Martin, dearest, you know—it's—well—it's——"

"Selina," said I, "it's the house!"

I thought she looked relieved.

"Oh, no! it's not that, the house is still there——"

"It would be," said I. "I can't imagine any one taking it."

"Don't be unkind, Martin," she pleaded, "but I'll tell you when—when Margaret has gone." And then I knew it was something pretty bad, for Selina is mortally afraid of Margaret. But while Margaret is arranging the tea-table perhaps I'd better tell you about the house.

Now, I've known and loved Selina since she was a very young girl, and I'm fonder of her than of almost any one else on earth, but she is lacking in judgment. That her scrapes usually have a happy ending is simply her good luck, and I warn her that a day will come! Selina, though she hasn't, as they say, a penny in the world, has a few thousand a year of her own, enough to keep her from starvation but not enough for extravagances. Last year we planned a trip to Europe, and Selina, in order to economize the better, went up to Smallfields to stay with Praise-Be, where, as I thought, there wasn't a chance of her getting into mischief. When she returned and came to see me I knew at once that I had been too op-

timistic. But I asked no questions and began to talk of our European trip. Selina, generally so enthusiastic, was now lukewarm. She had to confess. She had bought a house.

"A house, Selina! What do you want a house for?"

"Oh, but it's such a little one, Martin"—as if that were an excuse!

"I suppose you have to pay for it just the same."

"Well, yes," she admitted reluctantly, "and Martin, darling, I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I can't go to Europe with you, after all. You see, the house cost just about what I'd planned to spend—and I've paid for it already."

"Selina Sarsfield!" I hissed. I couldn't help it. "This is the last straw. I'll go to Europe alone—and I wash my hands of you forever." But of course my curiosity was aroused, so, after Selina had made abject apologies, I said in as businesslike a manner as I could: "Let's hear about your house. Where is it? You mean to live in it, I suppose—though what Margaret will say——"

"Oh, no, Martin," she interrupted eagerly, "I don't, really; besides, it's hardly fit to live in."

"Then why did you buy it?" I asked, with my usual common sense.

"Oh," she began to enthuse, "it looked so enchanting, nestling down under the side of the hill, all covered with creepers and the prettiest red chimneys—" She stopped—I suppose my silence was impressive—then went on, but rather dashed: "And it has *such* possibilities, and it was so much the best of all the abandoned houses——"

"Say no more, Selina," I interrupted; "I can't imagine a better reason for buying a house than because it has been abandoned and isn't fit to live in, and the only possibility that interests me is

the possibility of your being able to get rid of it."

"But, Martin, I don't want to get rid of it! I'm not going to get rid of it. I'm going to put it in repair—when I get some money—and then—later on (she was beautifully vague)—when I get some more money I'm going to furnish it most originally, and everybody will want to live in it, and I'll get lots of rent for it, and *then* we'll go to Europe. But, of course, you will go this year anyway, as we planned."

Now, I would not think of going to Europe without Selina, for she does make life interesting, and I never enjoy anything as well without her, but it really suited me better to postpone the trip. For one thing, Charles was looking awfully tired and forlorn—he has never been the same since his sister died away off in China last year—and of course Charles is perfectly well able to look after himself, and I certainly am not the woman to concern myself about *any* man—still, as I say, I was just as well pleased not to go to Europe this year—but I wasn't going to let Selina off so easily.

"We won't talk about Europe just now, Selina." I spoke with dignity. "I suppose I am permitted to ask how much it will cost to repair your abandoned house and *where* you are going to get the money for that?"

Selina replied that she would very soon receive her Cousin Kate's legacy, and the abandoned house could, it appeared, be reclaimed for about the very sum that Cousin Kate had obligingly left her. She therefore planned to spend the summer in Smallfields supervising the work and living "with the greatest economy"—an unlikely companion for Selina!—and as for the furnishing, "Well, we'll see," she said hopefully. "Something is sure

to turn up. And when you return from Europe, Martin, the house will be all repaired, and I can begin to look about for nice old bits of furniture, and you'll help me, won't you, Martin?"

Selina knows my taste for these things and took advantage of it. So, of course, I forgave her—as I always do.

Then my sister Caroline decided to spend a few months in the East, and, as I undertook to chaperon her two girls while she went visiting old school friends, I saw very little of Selina for a while, and the abandoned house was consigned to my mental attic until this telegram arrived.

Margaret came in with tea, and I noticed that Selina tried on any pretext to detain her, but we were soon alone again.

Then I said pleasantly, if with a spice of malice: "I saw you in Haliburton's this afternoon, Selina; were you 'looking' or 'buying'? I hope some one has left you another fortune if you are going to set up as a patron of the arts?"

"I was really only looking, though at last the lawyers have paid over Great-uncle Harold's bequest, but of course —"

"Selina," I interrupted ruthlessly, "now you can really begin to furnish that abandoned house of yours. And by the way"—and now I *was* excited—"Garret Burton's old house at Mascott is going on the market, with all the furnishings, and there I'm sure we'd find treasures, especially if we look at once, for it's not generally known yet, but Carol had it from the Burtons themselves when she was visiting Mascott this summer, and I know they would let you have first choice."

Selina was strangely irresponsive. "Ye-es, Martin, dear, I know what de-

licious things there are, and I'm sure we would—but you see—the fact is—well, I've already bought the furniture."

"Bought the furniture for the abandoned house!" I cried incredulously. "Why, when did you buy it? You *might* have asked me, Selina."

"I am asking you, Martin; that's just what I wanted to see you about, but I'm afraid you won't like it—because—"

"But you didn't furnish the house at one blow, Selina? Surely you didn't go out and buy things by the dozen?"

She looked almost serious. "But that's just what I have done; and I want you to come with me to Smallfields over the week-end, Marty, for they've just written me that they have to deliver the things next Saturday, and I must be there to receive them."

"Who have written you?"

"The church people, of course."

"What church people? Selina!" I cried joyously, "you don't mean to say that you've been able to get the Gladwyn-Church things? Oh, but of course you couldn't; why, they're worth a fortune!"

Selina always looks like a saint, but now she looked like a martyred one. She went to her desk, took from it a paper clipping, and handed it to me with a "do-your-worst" air.

I looked.

I read:

FOR SALE

THE FURNITURE OF A CHURCH

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR SMALL MISSION OR
PRIVATE CHAPEL

- 1 Marble Altar
- 2 Communion Services (one plated)
- 12 Oaken Pews, handsomely upholstered
- Organ with 12 Stops (*Birch & Maple, Boston*)
- Marble Altar-rails, with Brass Gates
- Hymnals, Hassocks, Brass Sconces, etc.

I reread. I sent a questioning glance at Selina. She was still serious.

"We were speaking of an *abandoned house*, Selina," said I with quiet emphasis; "what has that to do with a sale of church furniture?"

Selina answered never a word.

Then my mind leaped to the preposterous solution.

"Selina, you *haven't!* Selina, my dear child, you didn't! I conjure you to tell me! It isn't possible! No, even you wouldn't— Selina, *answer me!* Have you bought this church furniture for the abandoned house? Is *this* what you meant by 'the church people'?"

Selina nodded. "I have," she said.

Hours seemed to pass before either of us spoke. We simply sat and gazed and gazed as if we had never seen each other before—and perhaps we hadn't—as we must have looked then.

"Selina," said I at last, and I spoke not unkindly but with unmistakable firmness, "there is just *one* article of church furniture for which I can imagine your having the slightest use—as it happens I do not see it mentioned here (I allowed my eyes to rest for a moment on the advertisement I held)—and that is—a collection-basket."

Then Selina broke down; she buried her face in her hands, her slender frame shook, and my heart smote me, for never have I seen Selina weep. And I didn't then.

"Oh, Mars, Mars," she gasped, "it's too funny, but there wasn't a single collection-basket in the place, though I never thought of it before. You see," and she began to get hysterical again, "it's a private chapel and there were never any collection. Oh, Marty dear, forgive me, but it *is* funny, and I was just beginning to feel the wee-est bit

miserable about it, but you've made me quite happy again!"

I rose and arranged my hat. "Since you seem to have taken leave of your senses, Selina," I said coldly, "I will take my leave of you. I shall send Margaret to you—you are unstrung," and I had my finger on the button when the door opened and Margaret announced:

"Mr. Cathcart, miss—and ma'am."

Never was I so glad to see Charles as at that moment. Selina sprang up, flung her arms around my neck, said, "Don't be cross, old dear," and released me to give a hand to Charles.

Charles Cathcart greeted us both suitably, and if he noticed anything tense in the atmosphere, he was not the man to betray it.

"Saint Selina," said he then, "what's new in your celestial sphere?"

"The new is, Charles, that Martin has been plunging most uncelestial spears into me, and had cast me off forever when you arrived. You tell him, Mars; I haven't the courage."

Charles looked at me inquiringly.

"Selina has just purchased a set of church pews, a marble altar and altarrails, two oaken altar-chairs, a chime of bells, a quantity of hassocks, and five dozen hymnals—to furnish her abandoned house." I made the statement, I flatter myself, dispassionately.

Charles's eyebrows went up ever so slightly. "There wasn't a curate thrown in, I suppose, Sally?" he asked gravely, but his eyes were twinkling; he never will be serious with Selina.

"This is not, Charles, a matter for jest," I said reprovingly. "Do you realize that the girl has purchased this preposterous furniture for her abandoned house?" (We had never called it anything else.)

"It seems to me, Miss Martin, a most

estimable and logical purchase. What better way to reclaim an abandoned house than to bring the church to it—since it, I assume, cannot be brought to the church?"

He looked at me sedately, but as Selina turned to get the advertisement he said quietly: "This *is* rather a facer, but as our young friend seems a trifle disturbed let's hold our horses."

Then spoke Selina. "Listen to *me*, Charles. That isn't true at all, and it's too bad of Martin to exaggerate! There isn't any chime of bells, and I haven't bought the organ or the altar. As a matter of fact, the man said they were 'bespoke,'" said Selina honestly, "but of course I couldn't afford them in any case. I just got the twelve pews—and they're so lovely, a glorious rich color, and the cushions are the most wonderful deep blue—one *should* have stained glass, of course, to get the best effect—and the people didn't want to sell them to me a bit—said they were not suitable for an individual—but that only made me the more determined, and of course the hassocks and the curate I can send to—now, you see, Charles, how exasperating you are!—I mean the cassocks and the hurate, *no!* I mean—well, you *know* what I mean—and the marble rail I can put—somewhere or other, marble is always good—and the brass gates I thought would be lovely at the top of the stairs, just outside the nursery door, so the children won't tumble down——"

"Stop, Selina!" I commanded. "You have no children—at least you never had before. Have you no decency?"

Charles shouted. Selina had another fit of hysterics—it's nothing else.

"I shall lose my reason, Selina," I said when I could make myself heard, "if you talk like this. It is unbecoming

—it is scandalous—it is licentious!” Of course that wasn’t what I meant, but I was distracted by her frivolity and it was hopeless trying to explain to that howling mob.

When their laughter had subsided Selina began again.

“Not *my* children, Mars. The people-who-live-in-the-house’s children.”

But I was nearly losing my patience with Selina.

Charles saw how I felt; he became grave at once—there’s really a good deal to be said for Charles—and turned to Selina.

“You know, my dear, I believe you *have* been a little imprudent and reckless this time. Mind, I’m sure you had a perfectly good reason for buying the things; and probably I would have sanctioned your purchase had I been present (you must tell us some time what made you do it, Sally, for I’m sure it would be worth hearing); but, if you have bought and paid for these furnishings, had you not better decide what to do with them?”

“That’s just what I asked Martin to come over for,” said Selina, “but she’s awfully cross with me now and I don’t know what to do.”

Charles has a certain knack of organization, and it was thanks to him that we ever arrived at a definite arrangement. Selina and I were to go to Small-fields on Friday evening and stay with Praise-Be; Charles would motor over early on Saturday and drive us to the abandoned house (which neither he nor I had yet seen) and be on hand to help Selina receive “the pews and psalters,” as he said. He wisely suggested that, as we didn’t know when the furniture would arrive and we might have to wait a long time, Praise-Be put us up a luncheon. So it was settled.

Praise-Be (her name was Bertha Praise but Charles reversed it, and she became too devoted to him—as people often do, I admit—not to agree willingly) was delighted to see us and, hearing that a “pignick” was proposed and that her beloved Mr. Charles was to be of the party, she outdid herself in preparations. She was a wonderful cook, and indeed her delicious supper, the pure country air—or something—were so invigorating that I was unusually pleased with my morning reflection in Praise-Be’s mirror, and could not help thinking that for a woman of—that is, a woman who is not—in short, a woman who is, naturally, not a *girl*, I looked remarkably, shall I say, attractive?

Charles arrived in holiday mood. He complimented Saint Selina on her churchly tastes, joked with Praise-Be, and faithfully promised to eat every crumb of the luncheon but for the land’s sake to bring back the basket.

We were off! The morning air was delicious, the car slid like a swift brook between the flower-starred fields, all was bright in our world. We admired every view, each little river and stream, the bewitching bends and turns of the road. A particularly charming little white house, which seemed to have tucked itself like a cushion under the elbow of a soft green hill, received our special approval, and it was only when we were actually speeding past it that Selina, with a very “winkle” look, said: “*Do* stop, Charles, at that abandoned little house, won’t you?”

“Selina!” we cried in a breath. “Why, it’s not abandoned a bit!”

“Never by me,” said that saint; and we all scrambled out of the car and followed her across the grassy field that wandered up to the door.

It was a most deceitful house, much bigger than it looked from outside, and it had been enchantingly reclaimed. We entered a square hall; a deep, wide fireplace with a broad mantel-shelf faced us as we stood on the threshold. On one side a staircase led up to a gallery off which some bedrooms opened—as we discovered when we explored later. On this side the windows were set high in the wall, on a level with the gallery, and the sunshine flooded down on the hall, the walls of which were stuccoed a rich cream. Sconces held sturdy candle-lamps; the wide old boards were stained a rich brown and waxed and polished until they glowed; the whole effect was subdued, mellow, restful. One needed little imagination to see it transformed into a delightful retreat for summer or winter, for richer or poorer, till death do us—I caught myself suddenly; I was being bewitched by Selina and her ecclesiastical influences!

She, delighted by our unreserved approbation, was expatiating to Charles on the essential fitness of oaken pews and blue cushions for these surroundings.

"You see, I'll put a pew—they're the loveliest wide things—on each side of the fireplace. The two big chairs will go beautifully in the dining-room; they are rather big, but they can be the father and mother chairs and I'll get some little slender children chairs to sit between them. Two pews will make a nice corner seat here near the door—the high backs will keep out the draft—for reading or anything, with a big, golden mellow lamp"—"a dim religious light," murmured Charles, but Selina was far from Charles in spirit now—"and then another pew piled with the blue cushions will be placed invitingly at the top of the stairs to the gallery——"

I admit that Selina's plan was beginning to look amazingly attractive, and we were listening with deep interest when the sound of wheels followed by shouts brought us to the door. At the edge of the field a furniture-truck had drawn up. There were a couple of men with it, but instead of dismounting they talked and turned and pointed to the house. Finally one of them came toward us.

"Excuse me, sir," he said politely to Charles, "but is there a church anywhere near here?"

"Yes, indeed, but it's not built yet," said Selina pleasantly. "But if those are pews and things for 'Sarsfield,' just bring them in, please."

The youth smiled all over. Selina's usual effect on men.

"Well, if you say so, miss, but it's rather an *unlikely* place, if you'll excuse *me*; and we wanted to be sure—because the boss says he's very sorry but he can't only deliver six of them pews and two chairs to-day, because the big truck is broken, and if it's all the same to you, miss, we'll onload now because it's a long ride back and we has Saturday afternoon off—when there's any of it left."

He left us breathless, and returned to his "boys" and directed them to unload.

They put the high-backed chairs one on each side of the mantel, then set the pews down the centre of the room between the fireplace and the door. Selina was obviously longing to rearrange them, but was too considerate to take the boys' time. Then they brought in two big bundles of seat-cushions, obligingly cut the strings, bestowed a last admiring glance at Selina, a very grateful one at Charles—as they had every reason to do—and went out. Turning

to survey the scene as he left, the leader said amiably, evidently having had doubts of it: "Don't look so bad at that!"

Now Selina fell upon the cushions—the blue was indeed lovely—placed them in the pews, and stood back to survey the scene. Great bunches of wild flowers and leaves which we had gathered on our way over filled the deep fireplace and were thrust between the sconces on the mantel, and in the mellow afternoon sunshine the effect was unusual, and wholly charming.

"Isn't it perfect!" murmured Selina. Caught in the golden glow of the sunshine, her slender form and lovely face were those of a veritable saint. "It *is* rather churchy," she admitted. "Martin, wouldn't it be lovely to have a wedding here? If we only *could* have a wedding!" Then, as if struck by a sudden thought: "And we could, too, if only you and Charles——"

"Stuffensense!" said I, a little embarrassed, and turned to close the door. "*Good fortune!*" I cried inelegantly. "Here's a clergyman! Whatever can *he* want?"

"That is good fortune," said Charles instantly. I ignored him.

"What is it, sir?" I addressed the breathless and flushed but good-looking young clergyman who hesitated on the threshold.

"The church pews," he began; "if I might have a word with the purchaser."

"Selina, they have been *stolen*—you've been buying stolen property! Oh, I always knew there was something fatal about this affair!" I cried.

"You alarm yourself needlessly, I assure you, madam," said the young man earnestly. "May I speak to the purchaser?" and he looked at us inquiringly.

"You may, and it's me," said Selina, coming forward, and once more we had an example of the effect of Selina on her fellow men. The newcomer lost his senses completely—except that of sight.

"I suppose there isn't the slightest chance that you would be willing—that you would care to part with the——"

"It's providential," I whispered to Charles.

"Well, hardly! You see, I've just bought the things," said the rash girl.

"If I may explain?" said the victim. "Though, of course, I won't try to alter your decision."

Then he told us, and very modestly and simply, of his efforts to find some furniture for the services which he held in a small hall. His parish was a poor one, his parishioners chiefly foreigners, and the struggle had been hard. Some benefactor had promised him a small sum of money for the purpose if he could raise an equal sum. This had been accomplished, but where to find anything for the price at his command? He had heard of the opportunity of which Selina had availed herself, but first had to secure the benefactor's consent to the purchase. Meanwhile, enter Selina. When he arrived on the scene the furniture had been sold. Evidently the seller had been struck with the incongruity of Selina as a purchaser and had held out hope to the young clergyman that the day might yet be saved, and here he was, hot-foot on the trail of his prize.

"I hoped I might not be too late," he ended, with an enchanted smile, "but I see I am—though, indeed, it has been a great pleasure," he added most illogically, with a charming little bow to Selina.

That young woman's interest was obviously aroused. Left to herself, she

might—! I looked at Charles. I saw that he had the same idea. He acted instantly.

"Suppose we leave you, Selina, to discuss matters with this gentleman, while Miss Martin and I explore the—ah—grounds?" he said discreetly.

She smiled abstractedly, quite taken up with his, or indeed her, reverence.

Charles and I walked into the lovely outdoors.

"It is a delightful little place," I began; "one can almost forgive Selina——"

"I can quite forgive her," he said. "Selina has splendid ideas. For instance, I thought the idea she had just now was a capital one."

I looked an inquiry, though I knew perfectly well.

"About the wedding, I mean. Nell, dear, why don't you marry me? I've asked you often enough. Perhaps I've asked you too often?"

"It isn't that, Charles, but, you know, I've already told you. I am a woman of strong and independent character and I can not see myself being taken care of by any man, even——"

Charles was silent. I was surprised, for I confess that a little persistence might have—However! At last he said: "Perhaps you're right and, after all, I don't want to take care of you."

My surprise grew. This was not the Charles I thought I knew. Presently he added:

"You know how fond I am of Selina?"

"Yes," I said rather taken aback, for of course Selina is devastating, but I had always considered Charles as—well, as—Occupied Territory.

"Well," went on Charles, "when I see how fond you are of her, and how well you look after her, I can't help

wishing that you'd consent some time to take care of me."

"Charles Cathcart," said I (for, I repeat, I am a woman of much sense and little sentimentality), "you are the most helpless creature I ever met and, since you really should have some one to take care of you, I suppose it had better be me."

A horn honked vigorously. We turned. There was the clergyman stepping into his car, and Selina, apparently now the patron saint of motorists, hovering round him. He waved us a hat of farewell, and we responded handfully and watched him out of sight before we joined Selina on the door-step.

She sprang to meet us. "Don't tell me, you two!" she cried joyously, flinging her arms about us. "Well, of all the perfect things! I'm so glad you've come to your senses at last. You look as guilty as a pair of cats that have eaten the cream. And, speaking of cream, do come in and let's have lunch. I'm starving. And you'll tell me all about it, and I'll tell you——"

"No, you tell us first," we said.

Just as we thought! Selina couldn't resist the opportunity for another extravagance. So she'd persuaded the devoted clergyman to take the pews and things for half what she'd paid for them—"so as to keep within his limit"—and he had insisted on her retaining the two high chairs, to make things even. And Selina had promised to attend the first service in his church when everything was installed. She ended inconsequently:

"So you see, old wiseacres, the abandoned house has brought you together, and you must love it as much as I do."

"We will, Selina, and, if you'll let us come and spend week-ends here

sometimes, Nell and I will furnish it as our wedding-present to you."

"Charles, dear, of course you'll have it! And I promise you I'll never buy any more hews, or passocks, or cur—" She stopped, a little pink-cheeked.

"Well, my dear, it looks as if you're already provided with a curate," said Charles teasingly.

Selina suddenly became most hospitable and insisted on passing sandwiches. Finding we wouldn't have any more food, she took the greatest trouble to remove the remains of the feast and leave everything in order.

Then it was time to leave. So we shut the windows, and we locked the door, and, as we sat in the car for a moment before starting to look lovingly at the never-to-be abandoned house, Selina uttered an exclamation and, jumping down, ran indoors again. She came out a moment later, her hands behind her, face alight with mischief.

"The *one* thing you said I'd need, Martin, and after all we nearly forgot—the collection-basket!" And tucking Praise-Be's hamper under the seat, she ordered majestically:

"Home, Charles."



To the Old Frigate "Constitution"

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

A HUNDRED mightier battle-ships,
Of steel from side to side,
Have struck their flag to Captain Time
And vanished on the tide.
Their marvellous machines outworn,
Their batteries out of date,
The newness of their day was done,—
They went the way of fate.

But thou, our wooden Ark of Hope,
Bold frigate of the free,
Art still upon the flood afloat,
A veteran of the sea.
For loyal hands have braced thy knees
And healed thy battle-scars:
The ensign at thy peak is bright
With eight-and-forty stars.

What keeps thee up and bears thee on,
O ship of olden fame?
The memory of thy victories won!
The meaning of thy name!
And while America keeps faith
With fathers and with sons,
No storm can sink her ship of state,
Nor twice ten thousand guns.

Incident

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

HE heard the violin across the garden when she first came in. It was a tormenting thing he was playing, that man with the violin, wherever he was, beyond the garden, and these stupid people. She heard it across the greetings, above all the words, "*Enchanté*," "*Cara signora*," the silly extravagances the men were speaking. It was a waltz, but it went out of the waltz-time into something quicker, as if some immediate and terrible desire had come suddenly into the heart of it and then, softly, the desire was satisfied; the time went slower, like calmer heartbeats when a storm of passion is past. And then, she thought, if it had ended there, if only it had ended there, drifting off into nothing, but it went on into something very complicated and dull.

She heard applause after it and "*Bravo*," polite, unenthusiastic.

"Who is playing?" she said to some one.

"Oh, the violin? That is Ridot. You've not met him? He has just come from Paris. That is his own piece."

"Oh," she said and went on.

They were boring people, these guests of the Whites, but the garden was lovely and the old walls of the villa were nice in the moonlight. The moon was so bright that it cast black shadows of the palm-trees on the striped stucco walls, and the windows, with yellow light coming out of them, were warm and happy-looking. But anything would be lovely this night; it was a miraculous kind of night and a frightening kind of

night; you were afraid of the bold moon, searching out your wants and your weakness.

However boring it all became, she thought, there was the night and there was the memory of that thing he had played, that Ridot, from Paris. What sort of person would he turn out to be? Mannered, arty, French, lascivious? What was that piece? "Does it mean what it meant to me?" The ending was meaningless, dull, stupider than these people saying "*enchanté*" . . . It was prolonged, superfluous, but before the end—before the real end—then—it was part of the night.

II

Ridot smiled at the people, bowed, and refused to play any more. "Ah, but you must!" "But it was exquisite!" "What is it called? '*Incident*'? Perfect!" He laid his violin in its case and snapped the case shut. "Tank you so moch," he said and went out the door into the garden. "He's a temperamental chap," said Harry White, apologizing to his guests.

Ridot went into the garden and looked across it to the black mountain behind. Then he moved across to the wall and turned to look at the villa. Most of the people had shivered and gone inside, because there is a chill in the night on the Ligur even in March. But there was a woman looking up at the mountain with the moon full on her face. Ridot saw her as he turned. She stood with her back to the wall of the villa

with her hands out, touching the wall; her palms were against the wall. She stood so an instant, looking up at the mountain; then she turned and went into the villa.

Ridot stood, after she had gone, looking at the place where she had been. He was trembling. He could hear his heart pounding against his side, hurting him. He was unnerved, as if he had seen a vision. He stood so for a few seconds, then lowered his head in a sort of obeisance. "That," he said reverently, "is the most beautiful woman in the world."

III

She went in among the people. There was supper spread on the table, elaborate, American, for all the Italians who had prepared it, and stood, in white coats, to serve it. There was champagne and the kind of laughter that comes with champagne, and talk in several languages. Three Italians, looking like pirates, with gaudy handkerchiefs about their heads, were playing guitars. People were sitting against the walls on divans, eating and drinking, and behind them were the windows with damask curtains drawn back so that you could see the blue-black sky and torn clouds across it. If you could push these people aside and look out a window, you would see the little shut-in harbor of Delfino, with its lights and the revolving red light in the lighthouse, far down below.

It was hot. Harry White was talking. "I've got some Russians to dance. Do you like my place at night? You've never been here at night. I've bought it, you know. Have you met the Princess Bosnokoff? They've lost everything, you know, like all the Russians."

Yes, yes, charming, very sad. You could see the harbor, couldn't you?

Then she had to go out on the terrace in front with Harry White, but the harbor did not look the same as it would have looked from the window if all the people had been pushed away and the lights inside all put out . . . What was this devil that possessed her? . . . Harry looked very handsome out there with his clean American features against the sky and his easy, graceful figure. She wanted to say: "Go and put out all these people and this food and this music and then go away yourself and leave me here alone. And have that Frenchman play that waltz thing again." Harry White said: "Aren't you glad I've bought it? You'll come often, won't you, when you can spare time from your music?"

My music, she thought. She wished people would not say "your music" that way, as if the music belonged to her, as you might say "your villa." "Yes, I'm glad you bought it," she said. "In a way. I wonder if you can buy things like this?"

"What?" said Harry.

IV

The Russians danced and God knew what else. Every one was having a good time. But it was awfully hot. If you could only break away and get out in that garden . . . Out there, or outside anywhere; anything might happen tonight; there was a kind of devil abroad, and one inside her, a wicked little devil that kept saying: "There goes the night, wasting, going away laughing at you, because you were afraid of it. Sitting here and saying '*bravo*' and clapping your silly little hands." It might well laugh. See the grin on the face of the moon. Fool! Will you never learn to live?

She edged nearer the door and then broke away, running out the door into the garden.

V

Ridot walked for the hundredth time the length of the garden wall. "There, that's a hundred," he said. What now? Begin all over again. Go away? Escape from this damnable thing? Why hadn't he gone away hours ago? Where to? He was all alone in this horrible Italian Riviera except for the Whites. They expected him to stay all night. Well, why not go to bed instead of walking this garden over and over? What made him put his ridiculous feet one before the other until he had paced out this thing a hundred times? It was about thirty metres long, a hundred times thirty metres. Good God, he'd walked three kilometres! And he must go on. Would she come? Why? She was enjoying that nonsense, *enjoying it!*

No one had liked the waltz particularly, or understood it. She hadn't heard it. A woman like that, a woman with a face like that, could she fail to see what he meant by it, "miss the point" as they said? Yes, the world was full of dull, beautiful women. But a woman with a face like that, eyes that even understood the night? This night?

Then he saw her running out into the garden. She saw him and stopped.

"Oh," she said.

"I'm sorry," said Ridot.

"It's nothing. Oh! Why, is it you who played the violin?"

"Yes. Did you hear it?"

"Yes, so I can talk to you although I have not had the pleasure——"

"Ridot, madame. Enchanted . . ."

"Oh, yes, I know. You are a Frenchman. Do you think me rude? I heard

you playing . . . It did something to me. What is it you call that waltz?"

"*'Incident,'* madame. It pleased you?"

She looked down. There was faint disappointment in her face.

"Oh," she said. "I thought——"

Ridot waited and then said: "Madame thought?" His voice was caressing, like all Frenchmen's voices when they were talking to women. But there was an emotion below the caress, something powerful that made his voice sound not quite under control.

"Nothing," she said.

He waited again as if he were trying to command and quiet his feeling.

"Intelligent criticism is valuable to me," he said at last.

"Criticism?"

"You know music."

"Yes. But this is not music. I mean, I had thought there was—forgive me—I thought there was love, or the desire of love, in the conception . . . I'm talking like a fool."

"No, no," he said, "it is, indeed, love. I had called it '*Incident d'Amour*'. That is trite, like a popular song. But that is what I meant. *Incident d'Amour*."

"But, my dear young man, there is no such thing."

"I do not understand."

"Why, simply, that *un incident d'amour* does not exist. I mean an isolated, single incident. Yet that was what the thing suggested." She was speaking half to herself now, as though arguing against herself. "No. It does not exist." And then, very low, she added: "I wish to God it did." Was it herself that had said that? Or the devil that so possessed her this night? She heard herself saying it and was shocked. She wondered if Ridot had heard it and turned away from him.

"You go, madame—I do not know your name . . ."

"I'm better without a name. Your composition would have been better without a name."

"But please don't go. This discussion interests me."

"I can't discuss it. There is nothing to discuss. I say an 'incident' of this kind, with nothing before and nothing after, is impossible. All the discussion in the world won't make me believe it."

"It is the woman that says that."

She was angry at that, but she controlled her anger and looked at him. His face was delicate, his arms and hands powerful. There was none of the athletic grace, none of the good proportion that made Harry White look like the statue of a discus-thrower—to her a sterile beauty. She looked at him, and the devil in her reached out to him.

"No," she said quietly. "The idea has always pleased me. I have heard men speak of it, and men have told me that only a man can know it, but I don't believe it. Really, I don't."

He was young, younger than she. His face was emotional; it was moving with emotion now; not the emotion of the artist. There kept coming into it that thing which he could not quite control, that force that nearly broke his voice, sometimes, when he spoke. It swept his face, now, in waves. It called to something in her; it was pitched far below their words, like the instruments of percussion marking the time in an orchestra, like drums that you feel in your chest.

"You don't believe it yourself," she said, "or you couldn't have gone on into that complicated thing at the end of your '*Incident*.' Why did you do that?"

His face changed, weakened. It became the face of the artist. A shadow of

pain passed over it, the twinge of the artist at the touch of a rude hand on his work. She saw it and was sorry, put her hand on his arm and said:

"I'm sorry. It merely makes the thing more true, after all. If only you had not called it by that name. But, you know, until the end, I believed that the other was true; if it had stopped just before that succession of arpeggios—you remember? Then I should have believed it. It gives the perfect illusion of that thing I should like so much to believe in."

"You wish to believe?"

"Yes, yes. It seems beautiful to me. I can't explain why. This night seems beautiful to me and it will be gone soon and to-morrow night it will rain. Yes." She stopped and smiled at him, and her smile faded. "I am a dull, conventional woman. I have lived in the strictest conformity with my Amercian social customs. I have never done anything in my life to compromise my position. I have loved, really, deeply loved—that is different, do you see? I have been unhappily married. But this other love, of the moment, as beautiful and isolated as this night . . . No, there is no such thing, except in dreams—and in your waltz."

She turned and looked at the villa. Some of the lights had gone out; in the kitchen, perhaps, where the servants were through for the night. The guitars had stopped and were tuning up. Italian musicians were always tuning; their ears were so exact. Then, suddenly, a tenor began—some Neapolitan air in the Caruso manner. It was very near and loud. She winced at the sound and said:

"I should like to go up the mountain a bit, where I could see over the villa and hear that tenor a little more remotely. Will you come?"

They went up the cobbled path between the terraces that had been made with so much labor for the little olive-trees. She stopped once. "The stones are so hard," she said. "Will you help me?" And at last they were on a broad terrace high above the villa. The turf felt soft and pleasant under her feet after the cobbles.

They looked across to the hill beyond Delfino harbor with its sky-line of wild rock pines, a ragged fringe. The one light in the old castle on the hill went out. The song of the tenor came up faintly from the villa and stopped, the applause died away, and they could hear the waves beyond the point.

She turned to Ridot and said:
"I am a little afraid of the night now.
Are you?"

And then his arms were round her, her head bent back under his kisses, and she looked full into the face of the moon.

At the foot of the path where the Margherita road comes by she left him.
"I will go home alone."

And she ran away from him down the dark road.

VI

Ridot sat at the upper window of Harry White's villa watching the dawn edge the ragged line of pines on the hill across the harbor. The fishermen along the curved water-front were whistling and calling to each other, launching their little boats and throwing in their nets. Ridot could hear every small sound acutely: the turning of the oarlocks, the dip of the oars, the falsetto of a child calling out "*Va bene*," the rich voice of a boy up in the shrouds of a ship.

He had not slept or moved from his chair by the window. When the sun be-

gan to show over the hill, he went out of the room, down-stairs, through the great cold rooms of the villa. He found a servant and asked for coffee. He could not drink the coffee and went out into the garden. It was full of sunlight and spring flowers. He put his hand over his eyes and went back into the house, went out on the terrace in front, down the countless steps to the path, that led, at last, into the Margherita road. The motor omnibus slewed round the corner; he jumped to the side of the road and swore after the bus in French. He stumbled on, nervous, irritated at the people he passed. He went on to the square of the town that slopes down into the water, sat at a table outside the café and ordered a mixed vermouth. But when the waiter brought it, it was Italian and he could not drink it. He talked to the waiter for a while in French. Then he walked back up the steep, cobbled slope to the post-office.

"You go up the steps, always up the steps," said the woman in the post-office in slow, difficult French, "to the church San Giorgio, and then on the little path to the right and again down the steps, and then up many steps, and you will hear the pianoforte. Always it plays, the pianoforte," and she repeated it all, rapidly, in Italian.

VII

Ridot rang at the gate. He heard the bell ring far off; heard the piano stop. A young Italian girl with a gaudy red silk handkerchief about her head and knotted behind looked through the gate. She looked at Ridot, startled and afraid. He handed her a card through the gate, which she made no motion to open, and waited. The Italian girl went and came back and said:

"The signora says she does not know the signore."

"But she must! But she must! Tell her—" He tried a stammering, absurd explanation in Italian. The maid went again and came back.

"No, signore, the signora says she does not know you. She has not met the signore. She cannot see him."

Ridot stared at her and his vision clouded. He saw her face soften, there was pity in her eyes.

"I regret myself, signore. But I can do nothing. She does not know you."

Ridot went back down the steps and along the path. As he turned, at the church, he heard the piano begin again and then the church shut off the sound.



Van Buren's Coach

BY WILSON MACDONALD

VAN BUREN's Coach is on the road;
It strangely moves from town to town.
At every stop pale folk step down—
A pale and shadowy folk;
And pale and shadowy folk step in—
Whose hands are long and white and thin:
Tragedian, knave, and harlequin
In ghostly cap and cloak.

If you should wake on windless nights
You'll hear Van Buren's Coach go by;
And if the moon is in the sky
You'll see unearthly horses,
In silver costumes dominoed,
Straining along the dustless road
As though they pulled a heavy load
Instead of grinning corses.

Van Buren drives the Coach himself:
His legs are like transparent mull,
And every hair upon his skull
Most carefully is parted.
Black orbs, that hold his sunken eyes,
Are filled with moonlight from the skies:
He was a man beloved and wise
Before his soul departed.

Van Buren loved and loved in vain;
And when he died his spirit grieved
For all who thus had been deceived—

Whose faithful hearts were broken.
 And every night his gaunt ghost takes
 These mourners in his care, and wakes
 Wild echoes on the hills and lakes
 A mile above Hoboken.

And no one rides by dark with him
 Save those who loved and loved in vain,
 And who could never love again
 So ardent was their passion.
 He takes them back to gate and door
 Through which their amours passed of yore,
 And here they plead for love once more
 In the old, hopeless fashion.

To-night the wind is weird and chill;
 A ghostly ring is round the moon:
 All morning and all afternoon
 A tempest has been brewing.
 The lake is wild with crying waves,
 And from the churchyard's grassy graves
 I hear above the wind, that raves,
 A low and sweet hallooing.

And to the road a maiden comes
 With wildness in her haunted eyes:
 The wind is caught and, strangled, dies
 In her ungathered tresses.
 She hails Van Buren's Coach: "I came
 To tell you, sweetheart, of my shame;
 I am alone, alone to blame,"
 The lovely maid confesses.

Too late! The ponderous Coach goes on:
 It strangely moves from town to town.
 At every stop pale folk step down—
 A pale and shadowy folk;
 And pale and shadowy folk step in—
 Whose hands are long and white and thin:
 Tragedian, knave, and harlequin
 In ghostly cap and cloak.



As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

“DODSWORTH” is Sinclair Lewis at his best. It is not satire, it is not exaggeration, it is not burlesque. It is a realistic novel of an American business man and his wife, and of what happened to them in Europe. This book will perhaps not score so sensational a success as that achieved by either “Main Street” or “Babbitt.” They struck the public with all the shock of a surprise, and their wonderful mimicry gave hundreds of thousands of readers the pleasure of recognition. They added two proverbial expressions to the wealth of nations; in any part of the so-called civilized world to-day, the words Babbitt and Main Street are instantly understood. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Lewis and his work, it is a remarkable thing to have added two pieces to the world’s current coin.

In the course of a conversation with a distinguished visitor from India, he told me that he thought every one who lived in India ought to read “Mother India” and no one else should read it at all. So I have sometimes wished that every American would read “Main Street” and “Babbitt” and that every foreigner would read something else. But of course foreigners read these two novels with peculiar gusto, because they confirm their secret hopes and wishes. They have always wanted to believe that Americans were as moronic as this, and now they have what they regard as the highest authority for believing it. It is no good to point out that the Main

Street mind and the Babbitt mind are to be found everywhere in Europe; these labels have been definitely affixed to the concept American.

The denunciatory power of satire and its natural tendency to exaggeration reached a *reductio ad absurdum* in “Elmer Gantry” where the leading character not only failed to resemble any clergyman, it resembled nothing human. The best thing that book accomplished for its author was to cleanse his bosom of much perilous stuff. He got an enormous amount of black bile out of his system.

In “Dodsworth” his truly remarkable gifts are in evidence. The wife is a silky hellcat, but a real person; even the foreigners seem real; and Dodsworth himself can never become such a type as Babbitt because he lacks the over-emphasis of caricature. He is a man, with the limitations of his class, experience, and temperament.

Once upon a time I stood on the banks of the Savannah River, when it was in flood, over thirty feet higher than the normal level. The huge, swollen stream boiled along, turbid and turgid, carrying on its surface old hen-coops, parts of cottages, branches of trees, and every imaginable flotsam and jetsam; it was not a pretty sight, but it gave the impression of rude power and of reality. Well, the prose style of Mr. Lewis in “Dodsworth,” as elsewhere, reminds me of a muddy river in flood. It sweeps irresistibly along, carrying everything

with it. It lacks the grace and concision of the studiously chiselled style of stylists, but it is as real as life itself.

Nearly all Mr. Lewis's people appear to be unhappy; they are always trying to escape from themselves. His men seem to want to put on old clothes and run off somewhere in the woods, like small boys; and at other times, their only relaxation is to get drunk. Within the limits of the ordinary, confining himself to stupid, gross, sensual men, resourceless and dense, and with women who are fundamentally unintelligent and conscienceless, Mr. Lewis shows the hand of a master. But how about that whole world of men and women who are neither priggish nor coarse? Where in these remarkable novels does one get a glimpse of a society composed of intelligent, charming, unaffected, kindly people who live in the spirit? A stranger from Mars who obtained his idea of earthly society from the complete works of Mr. Lewis would hardly believe in the existence of such persons, for the only character in "Dodsworth" who seems unreal is the second Mrs. Dodsworth.

But now, in view of the prodigious improvement of "Dodsworth" over "Elmer Gantry," it may be that——

And I have immense faith in Mr. Lewis's natural endowment and creative power. He has sharp eyes, a photographic mind, an unrivalled gift of mimicry, and no end of vitality.

The kind of man whom one never meets in Mr. Lewis's novels, one has the privilege of living with in Lord Haldane's autobiography. He was a brilliant member of the intellectual aristocracy. This is a splendid book and will delight intelligent readers.

I first became acquainted with R. B. Haldane's writings, when, more than

forty years ago, I read his translation of Schopenhauer. I never saw him, but I followed his career afar off; and his spiritual guide, the philosopher Lotze, I studied with ardor for three years.

Lord Haldane was a lawyer, a statesman, and a philosopher. I suppose there is no country in the world that contains so many eminent men in public life as Great Britain and Ireland. They are exactly the kind of men that our United States Senators ought to be. Think of a twentieth-century group like Haldane, Morley, Balfour, Bryce, Birrell, Baldwin, MacDonald, Asquith, Grey, all practical statesmen, dealing with fresh emergencies, and yet writing books on history, philosophy, economics, and classical and modern literature! These men are not merely well-informed; they are solidly grounded in the best scholarship and true culture. Americans in professional life, like the practice of the law, seem to devote all their energies to getting on in their profession; very few of them are the lights of the world in broad scholarship and culture. And as for our leading men in politics, while they are hard workers in committees, not many of them command the intellectual respect of the world.

Although Haldane wrote much in philosophy and metaphysics, and could converse easily and intelligently with Einstein, he was a successful lawyer. In the midst of a career filled with absorbing public duties and scholarly research, he had no difficulty in earning between seventy-five and one hundred thousand dollars every year at the bar, which seems sufficient.

He had an enlightened mind, and did his best to prevent war between England and Germany; as a result of this, and of his knowledge of German, and acquaintance with the Kaiser, Chancel-

lor and others, he was hounded out of office by British public sentiment during the war, which, it seems, could be just as stupid and as cruel as the mob-mind in any other country. Now Haldane had done more to get the army in condition before the war than any other man; his services were invaluable to England; but he suffered insult and ignominy. One of the most eloquent passages in the autobiography is where he describes the celebration in the London streets at the close of the war, with King George and Lord Haig riding side by side, and the city filled with enthusiastic throngs. Lord Haldane sat alone in his solitary house, when late in the evening Lord Haig called to tell him the truth.

Haldane's mother must have been one of the most wonderful women in the world. She lived to be one hundred years old, and her mind and judgment were so clear and weighty that her son consulted her on the most difficult and perplexing problems of statesmanship. And here is an astonishing fact; for the last fifty years of her life, her son wrote her a letter every day! except, I suppose, on those days when he was with her.

His sister, Miss Elizabeth Haldane, who has prepared this volume for the press, and who persuaded him to write it, is herself worthy of the best traditions of her remarkable family. A few years ago she published a book on George Eliot which is a model of its kind.

No one can read this autobiography without feeling inspired. It is well to know that such men exist; men of profound scholarship, of the highest ideals, of strict devotion to public service, of sheer nobility of mind and heart.

Here is a quotation from the last chapter.

We little know our own limitations. Our

duty is to work without turning our eyes to the right or to the left from the ideals which alone can light up our paths.

André Chamson's novel, "The Road," translated from the French by Van Wyck Brooks, is a work of art that leaves in the reader's mind an afterglow. It is a quiet, static book, like "Death Comes for the Archbishop"; one page and one man are about as important as another. The story does not move forward in leaps; it rather unfolds itself slowly, deliberately, until we feel that we are ourselves living in this place, and that all the characters are our neighbors. It takes skill of a high order to reveal life, environment, village people with such detachment. Yet although the work is purely objective, one feels that the author regards his men and women not with scorn or with irony, but with profound sympathy. It is remarkable that in a novel of such restraint, reserve, self-repression this affectionate sympathy is so unmistakable.

Charles Morgan, the young dramatic critic of the London *Times*, who was appointed to the difficult task of taking the place of the late A. B. Walkley, and who has given such general satisfaction, told me last summer in the course of several talks, that he was writing a novel. It has just appeared and is called "First Love." I do not hesitate to say that it is a noble and beautiful book. A boy of nineteen falls fathoms deep in love with a woman a few years his senior. Now why this perfectly natural, serious, and ideal passion should so often be treated with vulgar ribaldry, is not altogether easy to explain. I have sometimes wondered if the furtive grins that greet a "case" of first love do not often rise from a kind of nervous embarrassment that goes with immaturity. That is to say, the really serious and ma-

ture person is the one in love, not the man who laughs at him. The bashfulness of boys, the self-consciousness of girls, is often treated by older people with unmeaning brutality and a cruelty that is mainly stupid. Isn't it sometimes a way people have of shifting a kind of instinctive embarrassment from themselves; just as, if a man announces that he is an undertaker, the statement arouses laughter?

If a group of people are discussing others, and some young man is said to be in love, the remark is received with grins; and many writers treat the subject with jocosity. Whatever the reason for this may be, there is no irony in Mr. Morgan's story; it is an idyl. As Goethe said:

"Every youth for love's sweet passion sighs,
Every maiden sighs to win man's love;
Why alas! should bitter pain arise
From the noblest passion that we prove?"

This novel, however, is not a sentimental tragedy like "The Sorrows of Young Werther." It is far too serious to be sentimental. There is a sad sincerity in the style, a dignity and distinction, that will leave the reader deeply impressed.

"From his power to see children in men sprang that unique quality in Christ's judgment which was not what we call justice nor what we call mercy," I thought. "And it is this power of imagination which, if an artist possesses it, separates him from other men so that they can see nothing from his point of view. They are not to blame; they must conduct the world as it is; they are its administrators, not the givers of truth to it. When a judge sends a murderer to be hanged, he does what he must. If the prisoner's mother come to plead on his behalf, the judge dares not regard her. He and she are at cross-purposes—she pleading for a child in a man's shape; he 'protecting the community,' as he is bound. She is a sentimentalist, remembering what is not. He must harden his heart against her, for

she speaks to the truth of innocence, and his justice is concerned with the accident of experience. Did the prisoner kill? the Court asks. Is her baby a murderer? asks she. It is a fact; yet not truth. So that we may pass sentence upon him, so that we may, in our own justice, be just to any human being, we must forget what it was of the essence of Christ to remember. Yet so it must be while we are what we are," I reflected, allowing my eyes to move slowly over the room, "for if each criminal stood his trial in his own nursery there could be neither prison nor gallows."

I could not see any escape from this paradox, but I was not made unhappy by it, "for," I said, "I am beginning to understand what it is that gives moral, as well as æsthetic, beauty to a great painting or a great poem, however debased its subject may be. A great artist perceives beneath all concealments that innocence of life which is the only background capable of exhibiting the truth of pain, of joy, of each human experience. In the criminal he perceives one who formerly was guiltless; in the harlot, maidenhood; in age, youth. Portraying the flesh, he discovers the origin and the journey of the soul."

David Hamilton, who was graduated from Yale in 1915, and who is a professional painter, has produced his first novel "Pale Warriors." Can you guess from what famous poem the title is taken? It certainly applies. The story centres around one woman, who is originally planned and created, and whom it is difficult to forget. This reader thanks God that he never knew her in real life; for while it is easy to condemn and even to despise the men whom she changes into swine, one has an uneasy suspicion that no man is safe in her presence. Her methods are direct rather than subtle; she has only one trump, but it takes every trick. Her absolute confidence in her physical allurement seems so well justified by results that I think we might pardon her if she held men in absolute contempt. She is well worth knowing (in the pages of a book) and I would

not have missed meeting her for a good deal. The particular pale warrior who tells the story loses his heart irrecoverably at the first interview; but the one and only moment when he loses his head is even more interesting. If there is any character in fiction who is absolutely egocentric, this is the one. Don't miss her; she is worth knowing; in a book. If there could be any ring contest between seductive women, I mean events akin to cockfights, I should like to be the manager and backer of this Beatrice; I feel confident she would defeat all opponents; and how the other women would hate her!

G. K. Chesterton has produced a shortish book containing forty-two brief essays, called "Generally Speaking." It is well named, for the subject covers everything from theology to beer. His pages are full of sudden surprises, but the surprise is like a revelation of sudden truth. His paradoxes do not bewilder so often as they convince.

In the essay on American morals, he makes a pertinent and significant inquiry into certain conceptions, perhaps more common in America than elsewhere, of right and wrong. One reason for his poking fun at us on ethical questions arises from the fact, I believe, that Americans as a class are more anxious to be right than the people of any other country. That leads us no doubt into some absurdities. Here is what G. K. C. says about an American attitude toward smoking.

. . . I remember once receiving two American interviewers on the same afternoon; there was a box of cigars in front of me and I offered one to each in turn. Their reaction (as they would probably call it) was very curious to watch. The first journalist stiffened suddenly and silently, and declined in a very cold voice. He could not have conveyed more plainly that I had attempted to corrupt an honour-

able man with a foul and infamous indulgence; as if I were the Old Man of the Mountain offering him the hashish that would turn him into an assassin. The second reaction was even more remarkable. The second journalist first looked doubtful; then looked sly; then seemed to glance about him nervously, as if wondering whether we were alone, and then said with a sort of crestfallen and covert smile: "Well, Mr. Chesterton, I'm afraid I have the habit."

As I also have the habit, and have never been able to imagine how it could be connected with morality or immorality, I confess that I plunged with him deeply into an immoral life. In the course of our conversation, I found he was otherwise perfectly sane. He was quite intelligent about economics or architecture; but his moral sense seemed to have entirely disappeared. He really thought it was rather wicked to smoke.

Now it is just possible that these two men were misunderstood by G. K. C. They were in the presence of a great man; they had never seen him before; they were naturally awkward and embarrassed. I am certain that if Bernard Shaw should offer an American reporter a cigar—which he would not do—the stranger would be in some confusion. I well remember my first interview with Maurice Maeterlinck; he offered me a cigarette; I lit it and stuck the lighted end in my mouth.

But I agree with Mr. Chesterton that there is more often in America than in any other country a misconception of morals which has done a great deal of harm. Excessive smoking for the very young and for certain invalids is probably not hygienic; just as coffee is bad for people who suffer from heart disease. But that smoking in itself and for the average person should have a flavor of wickedness is unfortunate; it confuses standards of morals and actually makes some people who enjoy smoking feel that they are indulging in some secret vice. There should be no flavor

about smoking except the flavor of tobacco; and yet I was brought up to believe that smoking was wrong, "inconsistent with a Christian life." A great many years ago I was surprised and then pleased by a little after-dinner incident. I was dining with a devout Congregational clergyman, and after the meal he lit a cigar. Feeling certain that he must have an apologetic attitude, though he gave no sign of it, I said idiotically, "I suppose you feel that a cigar has a quieting effect after a day's serious work." "Oh, no," said he, "I love the nicotine." That taught me a much-needed lesson.

While the daily consumption of even a moderate amount of alcohol is undoubtedly injurious to the majority of persons, and we should probably be better off if no alcohol were obtainable, I am convinced that the idea that to taste wine or beer is a sin has wrought immense and wide-spread injury. If we could regard wine as it was regarded by the early Christians, indifferently, as we regard tea or coffee, that is, without a shade of wickedness, it would probably be better for the morals of the human race, and there would be a fewer number of hip-pocket flasks and excessive, swinish drinking.

I remember how shocked and bewildered I was when first reading "*Tom Brown at Oxford*" to find that the most serious and most spiritually minded men drank together as naturally as they ate. When the late Mr. James B. Reynolds went forty years ago to a certain town in Belgium to form a Y. M. C. A. among university students, their meeting, opened with prayer, was liberally supplied with beer.

Professor Howard W. Haggard, M.D., has written a lively, interesting and valuable book called "*Devils,*

Drugs, and Doctors." It is the "story of the science of healing from medicine man to doctor." It is abundantly and quaintly illustrated by many old pictures. The book, in addition to astonishing instances of human folly in the past, contains a large amount of important and helpful advice on the care of the health as it is understood to-day. I think, though, that the hostile attitude taken toward Christian Science, Osteopathy, and Bone-setting is unnecessarily sweeping. When I am sick, I send for a "regular" physician; but I know so many cases of persons who have been cured by Christian Science, by Osteopathy, and by Bone-setters, that although I feel they cannot help me (because of my unbelief?) they have helped others; thus I am unwilling to join in the chorus of condemnation.

Doctor Haggard's book shows that the history of medical science is just as full of superstition and error as the history of religion; in fact, the history of the human race is the long, slow disengagement of man from error. Nor will it do for a medical man to say that religion, with its insistence on virtue and continence, has done exclusively harm; the ancient exaltation of celibacy over married life may have had some evil results; but it is probable that religion and religious belief have kept more people healthy, by causing them to live decently, than any other one thing. Diseases that come from a vicious life are surely more frequent outside the church than in it. A hearty, sincere religious faith is as good for the body as it is for the soul.

But, with these reservations, I recommend Doctor Haggard's book because it is emphatically worth reading, and contains a vast amount of valuable information. The author commands a

sprightly, wholly unprofessional and non-technical style.

The publishers have got out a new, freshly illustrated limited edition of Hardy's masterpiece, "The Return of the Native," a sumptuous volume, worthy of its contents. The illustrations are original and particularly interesting.

Arnold Bennett's new novel, "Accident," will interest especially all readers who have travelled on sleeping-cars in Europe. His detailed observation of every feature of those *trains de luxe*, the sleeping compartments, the restaurant cars, the behavior of typical tourists, is accurately realistic: so realistic, that one feels the joggle of the train.

Waldo Frank's intensely serious book, "The Rediscovery of America," would be better if it were written a bit more informally. Dignity of style does not necessarily require the use of words that must be looked up in a dictionary. But although I feel that his strictures on Americans apply equally well to the men and women of other nations, his book contains much food, on which it were not amiss to chew the cud of bitter reflection. What he says on the conflict between the will to power and the principle of love is particularly well said. Waldo Frank was graduated from Yale in 1911, and attracted my attention by his precocious mind, developed far beyond that of the average undergraduate. In his freshman year he wrote an essay on Zola, which was deeply thoughtful and contained much penetrating criticism. Since his graduation, he has become both a philosopher and a novelist, and has lived much abroad, especially in Paris, where he feels as much at home as a fish in water. He is a remarkable writer, and if he gets rid of all pretentiousness, and writes in a simple, natural manner, he will produce a greater

effect. It is only people who lack brains who have to pretend. Waldo Frank is abundantly supplied with brains.

The Reverend Doctor Edwin M. Poteat, of Atlanta, has written a small book on religion, called "The Scandal of the Cross," which I recommend to all clergymen who devote themselves entirely to the *teachings* of Christ, and seem afraid or reluctant to mention his sacrificial death.

Our beloved and popular American novelist, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, leaves the ranks of the clever providers of entertainment and gives us a genuine high-class work of realistic art, in her new novel "This Strange Adventure." This is a powerful book, full of stark truth, told in a relentlessly grim and sincere fashion. I salute her! I knew all the time she had works like this inside her mind and that some day one of them was bound to come out. I must not spoil the story by telling the ending; but be sure that you make no mistake in seeing exactly how it does end, for I know some readers who missed it altogether.

In the next issue, I hope to say something about a number of good books for children. I am pleased to notice now "Little Robin Stay-Behind and Other Plays in Verse for Children," by the admirable Katharine Lee Bates. This is a volume of delightful imaginative fanciful short dramas suitable for children. I know of no better animal books for the young than the following works by Julius King. They are all illustrated in color, and are not only charming and entertaining—they will certainly make boy and girl readers familiar with singing birds and increase their affection for animals. "Birds in Rhyme," "Familiar Birds in Rhyme," "Dogs," "A B C of Birds," "A B C of Animals," "Animal

Frolics." An admirable work of nearly three hundred pages and copiously illustrated is "The Young Folk's Book of Polar Exploration," by E. L. Elias; this is just what it ought to be. "Down in the Grass," by Harold Kellock, illustrated by Kurt Wiese, is a pleasant collection of animal fables with an original twist. "The Girl of Tiptop," by Wilhelmina Harper, is an excellent collection of stories from the *Youth's Companion* selected especially for girls. "Buddie and Blossom," by Nathalie F. Moulton, is a series of tales for very little children, charmingly illustrated, and "Plain Jane," by Molly Harrower, also well illustrated, is a series of verses for tiny readers, which they will certainly enjoy.

Since writing this paragraph the news came of Katharine Bates's death. She played an important part in education.

St. John Ervine, the Irish fighting critic of the New York *World*, has come and gone, after staying here from September till nearly April. He has stirred up a fearful row in many quarters and purlieus of the stage, but for my part I hope he will accept the editorial invitation and spend another year with us. He has savagely attacked the contemporary theatres in New York but has always taken pains to say that the London stage is even worse. His comments and criticisms have provoked an enormous amount of discussion, the result of which must, I think, be mainly beneficial.

The season that has just closed has been remarkable for the managerial, business, financial success of a man of letters, Christopher Morley, who in the midst of daily writing, found time somehow to go across the river to Hoboken, open a theatre, which, in a disastrous

epoch, has been filled with such an eager throng that seats have been selling for weeks ahead. By the way, can you correctly pronounce Hoboken?

The best new play of the period is probably "Wings over Europe" written by Robert Nichols and Maurice Browne, and produced by the Theatre Guild, with not a woman in the cast. Goethe suggested that three persons were necessary to the successful production of a play; the manager, representing the box office, the poet, representing idealism, and the clown, representing entertainment. Well, in this play we have two of the elements, for Robert Nichols is a poet and Mr. Browne a practical man of the theatre. The play is devoid of humor in the ordinary sense, but it is thrilling.

The Metropolitan Opera House closes its usually successful season, with its standard of singing and production up to its naturally high level. The most sensational novelty was the jazz light opera called "Jonny Spielt Auf," beautifully sung and mounted. Many seemed afraid either to enjoy this or to say they enjoyed it. I am bold to say that I found it full of diverting amusement and enjoyed every minute of the performance.

A thrilling murder story is "As a Thief in the Night" by R. Austin Freeman, where, in addition to some delightful murders and policemen, we learn how to make an omelet. The best omelets in the world are made at Mont St. Michel; but then, every Frenchman knows how to make that delectable dish. The ordinary American omelet, whether eaten domestically or innwardly, is either one thing or the other and both bad. It either swells up like a lot of dirty seafoam, and you bite it with the same satisfaction with which

you would fletcherize a soap-bubble, or it settles down on the plate like a portion of asphalt. But in this murder story, explicit directions are given how to make an omelet; we followed these commands slavishly, and behold the result was perfect, and for the first time in my life I tasted a good omelet made by an American.

Here is a statement for the Faery Queene Club, from George H. Tripp, librarian at New Bedford. "Your Spenser class should hide their diminished heads. In the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers we are told that Southey told Rogers that he had read Spenser through about thirty times."

Well, I move that Southey's membership be transferred in good and regular standing from the F. Q. Club to the Ananias Club.

Isabel Fiske Conant of New York writes a sonnet in the Spenserian form.

PATTERN

"I used to pray to do good. Just from college One does, and oozes with activities.
Then years pass and with deepening pain of knowledge,
One sends another prayer up to the skies . . .
Not to do harm; to make one's action wise.
Then more years pass; one lessens one's alarm,
And realizing more of destinies,
Observes the planet is a place for harm,—
At least, for strengthening the muscled arm
By struggle and collision of contact,
Not for illusive dream, mistaken charm,
But for the yet less stable matter, fact.
Why strive to pattern your life as you please?
The robe is fingered over mightier knees. . . ."

Paul H. Storm of Minneapolis was led by the reading of Philip Sidney's "Apologie for Poetrie" to take up the F. Q., every word of which he has read with enthusiasm. He receives an abundant entrance into the club.

Happening to mention the name of Herman Melville in a lecture in Brook-

lyn, a member of the audience gave me this personal recollection, which seems to me of general interest.

The mention of his name revived memories. His daughter, Elizabeth Melville, was my most intimate friend during my school days and until her death, several years ago, I was a frequent guest in the home. Although a little in awe of his dignified presence, I found him always kindly and most cordial. Bessie so often referred to their ancestral home at Pittsfield, Mass., where the children were born. The home "Arrow Head" is still in possession of some of the family, I think the daughter of Capt. Thomas Melville, who was a well-known Captain, living at Governor's Island, or at Staten Island, in the early seventies. I visited "Arrow Head" a few summers ago and saw with deep interest Herman Melville's library, and his old desk, with books everywhere. His city home, then in 26th St., near Fourth Ave., contained a wonderful library, at which I gazed with wonder and respect. Books to the right of you, books to the left of you, books all above you, and on the long table. I can see him now, in memory's picture, sitting in his big arm chair, a fine specimen of manhood. He was quite a well-known figure on the avenue, as he walked to and fro from business, cane in hand, with tall, stately, and dignified. My father who admired Mr. Melville greatly, often spoke of "Omoo," and "Moby Dick." At that time Mr. Melville's books were appreciated in England—"A prophet is not without honor."

His contemporaries, extending over some years, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott, were often topics of conversation in his home to which I enjoyed listening, for in our studies at school we were studying the same in literature.

Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, the military authority on the London *Times*, and author of the book on the late war called "Reputations Ten Years After," on which I commented in this column, and on which I had the privilege of quoting a valuable letter from General J. G. Harbord, writes me a letter of such interest and importance that I am sure my readers will be glad to see it.

I have read with great interest your comments in the January SCRIBNER'S—as I always read with keen interest as well as most appreciatively your comments on my writings. And in this case I am the more interested because of the quotation of the letter from General Harbord, a man for whom no student of the war can help feeling great admiration. Indeed it was because of my impression of Gen. Harbord in the light of what I heard of him from all quarters that in "appreciating" Pershing I attached special weight to Gen. Harbord's own comments. For in writing upon Pershing I was more handicapped than in other cases, having less intimate evidence and knowledge than when dealing with the leaders of the European armies. As regards Gen. Harbord's two points of criticism of my essay I would say that my suggestion was that he underestimated the paralysing power of machine-guns rather than "he was not fully aware of the effect." My opinion was based not merely on the results in the Meuse-Argonne but on the frequent reiteration of the view among his associates and himself that grenade and trench-warfare had paralysed the offensive spirit of the French and British, without qualifying reference to or suggestion of the part that machine-guns had played as the primary cause.

I feel that the method adopted in the U. S. Army to counteract this paralysis would have failed against the Germans of 1916, and I see Gen. Liggett rather endorses such a view, and even against the Germany of early 1918. If . . . November 1918 partially justified this training doctrine it was, at the least, tending to extreme optimism to base a training doctrine on the hypothesis that the fighting morale of the Germans—half-starved, stricken by sickness, and bombarded by wailing letters from home,—would sink so rapidly as it did between July and September 1918. As regards the second criticism, this is evidently based on a lapse of memory—as Gen. Harbord suggests may have occurred owing to a lapse of time since he read the *Atlantic* article. I nowhere criticised the excessive loss of officers compared with enlisted casualties. Indeed, I specially refrained from doing so. For I agree most emphatically with the penetrating comments which Gen. Harbord makes in this connection. An excessive toll of officers is an inevitable price which must be paid for unpreparedness and for democracy.

I hope that these observations may interest and not bore you. Once more with warm thanks, and cordial regards, I remain

Yours very truly,
B. H. LIDDELL HART.

I have received from Jas. Melvin Lee, director of the Department of Journalism, of New York University, a very interesting note on the establishment by Otsego County of a prize to honor the memory of James Fenimore Cooper and Samuel F. B. Morse, both of whom were students at Yale University. I quote from the statement enclosed with Mr. Lee's letter.

A movement has been started to raise among the citizens of Otsego County a fund to establish the James Fenimore Cooper Prize in the city of New York—to recall the life-long friendship between Cooper and Morse. The latter, with his telegraph, put the news in the newspaper, and the former, with his criticisms of the press, did much to reform personal abuses of public men in the press. The prize very appropriately will be awarded to the journalism student at New York University who each year submits the best critical article on the press. The time thus to honor Cooper is most appropriate because this year a bust of him will be unveiled in the Hall of Fame which stands on the campus of the University. . . .

Contributions may be sent either to Owen C. Becker, Oneonta, New York, or to James M. Lee, 100 Washington Square East, New York City. All contributions will be acknowledged officially by New York University.

Professor W. H. Wilcox of Muskingum College, Ohio, writes to *As I Like It* about "As You Like It."

I have just been going over *As You Like It* with my classes again, and have been wondering again about a possible interpretation of one of the songs in the play.

Come hither, come hither, come hither! The movement is exactly that of the call of our Carolina wren, which the Carolinian says calls,

Free nigger, free nigger, free nigger!
Was Shakespeare imitating a bird's call?

For the Ignoble Prize, S. F. Houston, of Philadelphia, makes the following nomination:

I would like to call attention to the last paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, which reads:

"We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, etc."

There is another instrument, also drafted in Philadelphia, which by some persons nowadays is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The preamble of that instrument ends with this statement:

" . . . , do ordain and establish this CONSTITUTION for the United States of America."

Having before us these official statements, it is, I suppose unnecessary to remind one that the question of the proper adjective descriptive of the embassies of our nation was definitely settled some years ago. The then Secretary of State, I believe it was John Hay, ordered all Ambassadors to immediately place suitable tablets upon their respective offices, reading: "The American Embassy."

As far as I am aware, no country other than ours includes the name "America" in its title. Our neighbors in the Western Hemisphere are the "Dominion of Canada," the "United States of Mexico"; the "Republic of New Granada" has become "Colombia"; there are also the "United States of Venezuela," the "United States of Brazil," the "Argentine Republic," "Chile," "Bolivia," "Peru," etc. etc.

With this lengthy preamble, I now nominate as candidate for the Ignoble Prize any person who refers, even in a joke, to our native land as the "United States of North America."

Miss Elizabeth Dana Marble joins the Fano Club. She was there in Janu-

ary and found the streets of the old Roman town crusted with ice.

I learn from my friend Hudson R. Hawley, better known as Boz, the representative of the Associated Press at Rome, that the distinguished chief of the bureau of the A. P. at Rome, Signor Salvatore Cortesi, is an original life member of the Fano Club.

. . . He is the real, fine type of Italian gentleman that you knew when you were combing Florence and the rest of the Browning country for the wherewithal to make the poet palatable to carnal-minded Yale juniors. He has probably known more pontiffs, princes, potentates, and powers in the course of his long journalistic career than even you and I put together. If you doubt it, his book, "My Thirty Years of Friendships," published a couple of years ago by Harpers, will speedily convince you.

Above all, he is a life member of the Fano club! His daughter, Betta, now Signora Rossi, lives there, and he revisits your friend, the other Guardian Angel, in Sant' Agostino, regularly every summer. He has a gorgeous sense of humor, and could give you the latest tidings of all your old pals in Italy, from Fra Lippo Lippi up to the bishop who ordered his tomb at St. Praxed's church.

Ambrose Bierce was not noted for his amenity. I read the following item in a newspaper:

. . . A California authoress sent a manuscript to Ambrose Bierce with the request that he give her "a criticism in one sentence, and drop further comment." Something was heard to drop all up and down the Pacific Coast when he replied: "The covers of your book are too far apart."



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The Mystery of the Leonardesque

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

WALTER PATER once described Platonism as a habit of mind. The phrase is not inapplicable to Leonardo da Vinci. That unique quality in art which is known as "the Leonardesque" is a habit of mind, a state of soul, an imponderable and elusive thing. That is what was always coming back to my imagination during the long Hahn-Duveen trial last winter, revolving around a question of authenticity. In this celebrated case the plaintiff insisted upon it that her picture of "La Belle Ferronniere" was by the master. The defendant saw Leonardo's hand only in the portrait which hangs in the Louvre. Posed by the problem as to which painting was to be given the palm, the jury disagreed. In and out of the court-room discussion went on as though the matter were susceptible of decision on some basis of measurable truth. All the time, as I have said, I mused upon the curious, uncapturable nature of the Leonardesque, upon the controversies that have raged over this or that enigma in his cosmos, on the terrific task which would confront any body of men, expert or otherwise, asked to say, bluntly, whether Leonardo had or had not painted a work seriously challenged.

"La Belle Ferronniere" as we see her in the Louvre supplies a perfect instance of the baffling front which Leonardo presents. Bernard Berenson, who has singular authority in these matters, did not list the picture as the master's when he published his "Florentine Painters"

in 1896, and, on a later occasion, describing it as Milanese, of the school of Leonardo, he added parenthetically that "one would regret to have to accept this as Leonardo's own work." Yet when the Hahn-Duveen conflict was developing in Paris in 1923 Berenson spoke of the Louvre picture in this wise:

There was a time when I was just ignorant enough to doubt its authenticity, because a little knowledge makes one extremely skeptical and it seemed to me to be not in the character of the other things of Leonardo's that I was prepared to accept. I found from my examination that certain other critics were equally skeptical with myself and I was in that state for a number of years. Then, I think as early as the publication of my "North Italian Painters," I was already saying that it was extremely difficult to think of any other person designing and painting in this formula who was great enough to achieve such a masterpiece, and in that direction I have been moving ever since. And now, after some fifteen years from that date, I scarcely have a shadow of a doubt but that it is a picture of Leonardo da Vinci himself.

I quote the passage as an example of critical open-mindedness and as an instance of the mobile, evasive spirit in the art of Leonardo. The divergence of the critics in regard to this particular work still goes on. Mr. Edward McCurdy admirably summed up one batch of opinions in a long letter to *The London Times* following the recent lawsuit, and after him came Captain Langton Douglass with another batch. Oswald Siren, whose volumes published in Paris last year make an interesting contribution to the subject, flatly designates "La



The Virgin of the Rocks.
From the painting by Leonardo in the Louvre.



St. Jerome.

From the unfinished painting by Leonardo in the Vatican.



Study for the Head of a Warrior.

From the drawing by Leonardo in the British Museum.



The Last Supper.

From the painting by Leonardo at Milan.



Isabella d'Este.

From the drawing by Leonardo in the Louvre.



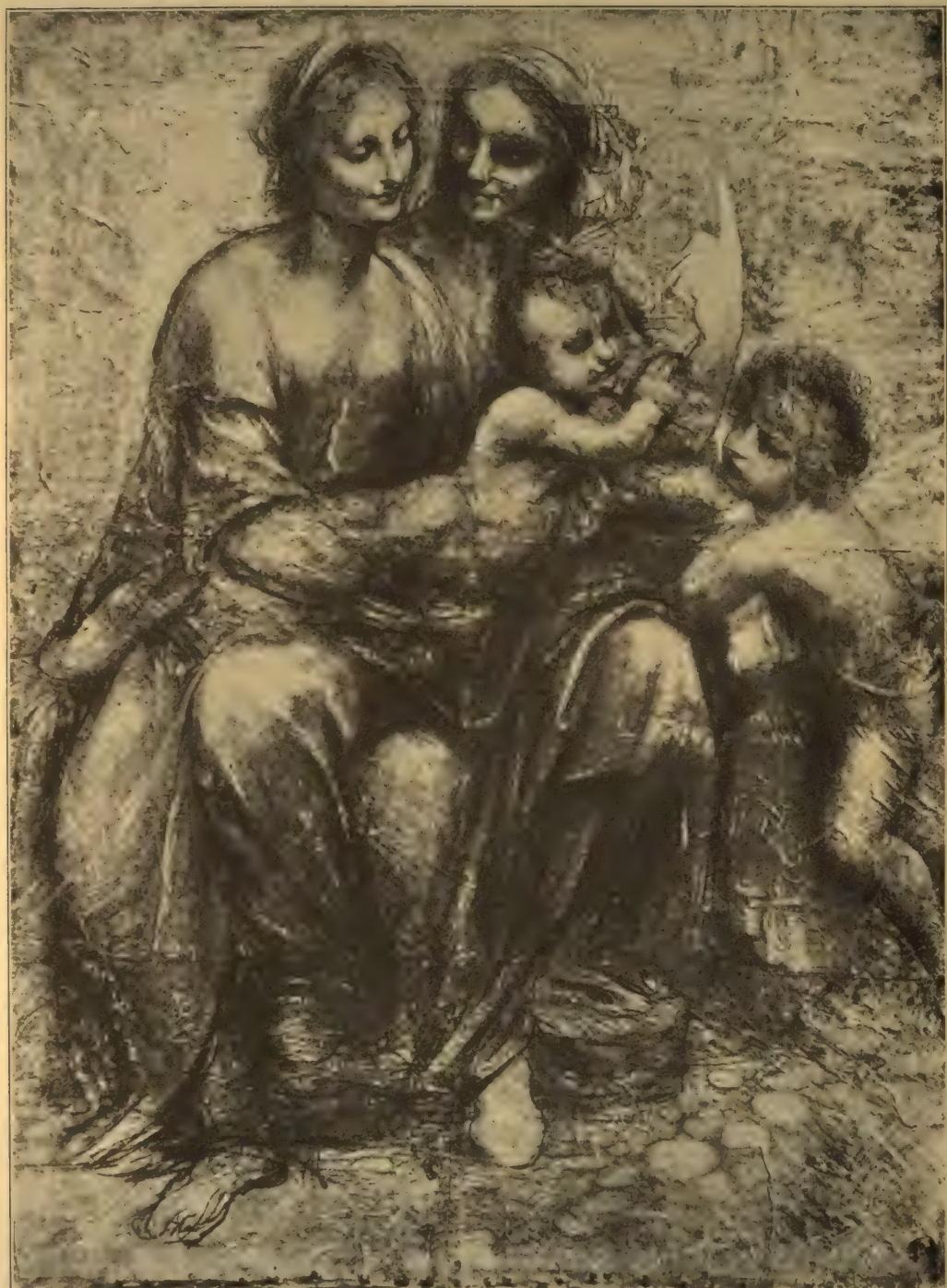
Mona Lisa.

From the painting by Leonardo in the Louvre.



The Adoration of the Magi.

From the unfinished painting by Leonardo in the Uffizi.



St. Anne and the Virgin.

From the cartoon by Leonardo in Burlington House.

Belle Ferronnier" as of the "Ecole Milanaise." Others are as confident of Leonardo's authorship. What is the layman to do in the midst of a cloud of contradictory judgments? Possess his soul in patience and, meanwhile, look at the unquestioned paintings—and drawings—and do what he can to form an idea of the Leonardesque, a mystery by itself alluring.



The wisest approach, as it seems to me, is one taking account of the broad foundations of Leonardo's art. They included primarily the traits of the pure craftsman. "The first object of a painter," he said, "is to make a simple flat surface appear like a relief and some of its parts detached from the ground; he who excels all others in that part of the art deserves the highest praise. This perfection of the art depends on the correct distribution of lights and shades called chiaroscuro." He knew his trade if ever a man did. It is important to conceive of him, at the outset, as a finished technician. Also it is important to observe how strong he was on the close alliance of workmanship with nature. Though the painter, he believed, had "two chief objects to paint, man and the intention of his soul," he never went after the soul, if I may so express it, until he had thoroughly mastered the man, all the visible elements of form through which the intangible was to be expressed. I love this admonition of his on the importance of making sure of your facts by coming to close quarters with them: "I say to painters never imitate the manner of another, for thereby you become the grandson instead of the son of Nature. And truly models are found in such abundance in Nature that it is far better to go to them than to masters."

The drawings show how incessantly he "kept his eye on the object," scrutinizing all manner of phenomena, pausing in one moment over the loveliness of a flower and in the next over the fearsome visage of some roadside hag. There is a picturesque episode which shows how this seer, this mystic, this sublime adventurer in the things of the mind, stood firmly on the earth and grasped at every fragment of the truth that could be, so to say, seen and touched and handled. It belongs to the time of the Pazzi conspiracy, when Leonardo sketched one of the traitors, Baroncelli, hanging at the rope's end. That he should have drawn such a subject at all is itself a proof of his insatiable interest in mankind. There is a deep meaning also in the words he scribbled along with his sketch, these notes on the costume of the corpse: "Small tan-colored cap, black satin doublet, lined black jerkin, blue cloak lined with fur of foxes' breasts, and the collar of the cloak covered with velvet speckled black and red; Bernardo di Bandino Baroncelli; black hose." Meticulous accuracy in realism could no farther go.

It is one factor, and an important one, in the composition of the Leonardesque. He knew men's bodies inside and out, frequently dissecting them and tracing back to the last elements of anatomy those truths revealed by movement and gesture. An apposite illustration of his interest in structure is the "St. Jerome," in the Vatican. The value of this unfinished work resides above all in its powerfully realistic delineation of the great frame of the bony hermit. In our modern jargon it is a superb "academy," a superb study of form. The mystical painter is in abeyance. The recorder of the thing seen comes directly into the foreground. The important thing to re-

member, of course, is that with Leonardo the thing seen was always indispensable to him, that nature was the unfailing support of whatever dreams he ever came to dream. And here, in pursuit of the Leonardesque, one never ceases to wonder why artistic dreams did not more often hold him. He left a rich mass of drawings but only a handful of paintings. Life, and by this I mean emphatically the concrete issues of his day and place, was always distracting him from the analyses and reveries of the studio. He had, too, a Goethean passion for knowledge for its own sake, a passion that made him a student of optics, astronomy, geology, botany and so on. The philosopher in him easily became merged in the watcher of the flight of birds, a fifteenth-century anticipator of the science of aviation. There was no limit to his range. He would, like Omar Khayyam, send his soul through the invisible. The travellings of his mind only add further swathings to the secret of the Leonardesque and make it the more difficult to find out. But it is helpful to hold fast to a conception of him—for which there is ample warrant—as an intensely human creature, turning in practical mood to the job at hand.



There is nothing more like him than the famous letter in which he offered his services to the Duke of Milan:

I have a method of constructing very light and portable bridges, to be used in the pursuit of, or retreat from, the enemy. I have also most convenient and portable bombs, proper for throwing showers of small missiles, and with the smoke thereof causing great terror to the enemy, to his imminent loss and confusion.

Words like these, which abound in his writings, confirm the drive at actuality which I have been at pains to under-

line as full of meaning for the searcher after the Leonardesque. But, I repeat, it has to do with the scaffolding on which the works of art were reared rather than with the animating genius of the works of art themselves. In the "St. Jerome" the scaffolding is vividly exposed. In the "Adoration" of the Uffizi, in the "Last Supper" at Milan, in the four canonical masterpieces in the Louvre, the "Annunciation," the "St. Anne and the Virgin," the "Virgin of the Rocks," and the "Mona Lisa," you rise into the pure ether of the master's imagination, you see nature raised to a higher power. Richter's precious volumes of "The Literary Works of Leonardo da Vinci" contain a vast pell mell of thoughts and to turn to them for clues is to face an embarrassment of riches. Certain of the "Philosophical Maxims" are peculiarly suggestive:

Our body is dependent on heaven and heaven on the spirit.

The senses are of the earth; Reason stands apart in contemplation.

Wisdom is the daughter of experience.

Nature is full of infinite causes that have never occurred in experience.

Truth was the only daughter of Time.

Those gnomic fragments all point to a loftily groping, spiritualized intellect. You feel its force in the drawings and paintings and, to draw closer to the mystery of the Leonardesque, you need to comprehend in these productions what I can only describe as the capstone to all of his resources, a prodigious ardor for beauty. In that consummation the truth of the realist and the creative invention of the mystic are fused, and it is in his apprehension of that dual splendor of the painter that the student is put upon his mettle, For him to *see* the beauty in the Leonardesque is only half the battle. He must *feel* it, clairvoyantly,

if he is really to know it, it is so subtle, so impalpable, so profoundly spiritual.



The master was predestined to "see beautifully" and if he had such unerring art in setting down what he saw it was in great measure because of one power that he had as a craftsman, supreme power of line. The drawings at Windsor and elsewhere offer overwhelming testimony to this. Some of them are extraordinarily bold and summary, the realist dominating. In a larger number you recognize a supernatural fineness, a delicacy incomparable in the whole historic range of great draftsmanship. How he could draw a profile! How, with his linear magic, he could define the tendrils of a woman's hair! And then, in downcast eyes and ineffably sweet lips, he seems to reach into depths of tender expressiveness unplumbed by any one else, even of the giants. His line, too, for all the subtlety it reveals, for all the light, tremulous loveliness that exhales from one of his drawings like the fragrance from a flower, has the sureness, the strength, of tempered steel. He who pores over the drawings—and most of the writers on Leonardo include some of them amongst their illustrations—will find them luminous guides on the path that leads to the Leonardesque. Line supplies one of the keys with which to unlock the door of the antechamber to that mystery.

"Mystery," I cannot too often reiterate, is a word of special significance in the world of Leonardo. He is mysterious because, for one thing, he himself dealt in mystery. He withholds himself from us in substance as well as in form. "The senses are of the earth; Reason stands apart in contemplation." He al-

ways stood apart and whether you call him the type of high reasoning, the man of imagination or the pure poet you have to reckon with some sort of unearthly instinct in him, piercing to regions denied to lesser men. The world has elected to talk more about the "Mona Lisa" than about any other of his works and that immortal smile is no doubt as provocative of speculation as it is unfathomable. But the "Mona Lisa" is one of the most mundane portraits, as well as one of the most inscrutable, in the galleries of Europe. It has never seemed to me to be as rich in the Leonardesque as, say, the glorious cartoon for "St. Anne and the Virgin," at Burlington House or the "Virgin of the Rocks," with its phantasmal yet entirely credible light. In designs like these Leonardo is indescribably elevated, indescribably noble, penetratingly eloquent in his manifestation of the Leonardesque. And in a picture such as the "Virgin of the Rocks" he not only creates divine figures but evokes a marvelous scene. It is as though all the "experience" of which he made so much, all his careful studies of bodies and draperies, and of landscape in its myriad forms, with all his profound meditations, were gathered up in a great gust of inspiration that filled his picture with an indefinable beauty. Grace was inseparable from that beauty, a grace as haunting as music. And at the same time, just as I have spoken of the strength underlying the delicacy of his line, so I would speak of the emotion akin to austerity underlying his sweetness. I recall a remark in Berenson's testimony in Paris, an allusion to "the severity of a true Leonardo." It is a deep and true saying. Along with the master's evanescent beauty there is the might of portentous genius. It gleams,

it passes across our vision in strange modulations, it defies analysis—and it imposes itself upon us with something of the grand authority of the Elgin marbles.

This majesty of Leonardo reaches its climax, inevitably, in the "Last Supper," that renowned ruin which despite its parlous state nevertheless preserves any number of qualities that are still vivid and potent. There is the blending of naturalness and dignity in the conception. There is the masterly characterization in the heads. There is the dramatic fire with which a gesture at one point or another accents the sublime serenity of the picture. There and nowhere else in painting are the pathos and the awfulness of the theme realized to sway the hearts of men. For generations the historians and the critics have been lamenting the wreckage amid which the idea of the painter persists. But the essential fire in the idea never dies down, a phenomenon alone testifying to the genius of Leonardo. There is one element in the painting that remains especially triumphant above the wreckage, one on which I would particularly pause. That is the heroic simplicity of the composition, the gift for pictorial organization which arranged those impressive figures on the wall. It lies at the very heart of the Leonardesque.



That was rooted, as I have said, in truth. It rested largely also upon craftsmanship, upon character of line and upon a play of light and shade which Leonardo placed high up amongst the aims of the artist. It drew much from the recondite springs of design, from

the faculty for organization to which I have just referred. It is useless to walk around this problem without a clear realization that Leonardo was a great man of his hands, a trained painter, a master of the brush. But the Leonardesque owed most of all to the operations of the spirit, to the vision of beauty which no one before or since has ever even remotely matched. I cannot reconcile myself to the criticism which would take away from Leonardo and give to the atelier of Verrocchio the ravishing study for a head of the Madonna in the Uffizi. Nor can I give up the belief that Leonardo, in his pupilage, painted one of the angels in the foreground of Verrocchio's "Baptism of Christ," in the Accademia at Florence. Verrocchio was himself a great master but in respect to sheer beauty he could not bend Leonardo's bow. Leonardo preserves the same imperial aloofness when he moves amongst his disciples or is regarded with reference to the whole Milanese school devoted to his tradition. Muntz, one of the best of his biographers, has a good saying about the followers: "We learn from the old legend that a single drop of milk from Juno's breast produced the Milky Way. Thus one look from the great Leonardo has sufficed to fill Italy and all Europe with masterpieces." True. Yet the fact remains that Boltraffio, Cesare da Sesto, Andrea Solaro, Luini, Sodoma, and Gaudenzio Ferrari, enchanting as they all are, but faintly renew the spell of the master. He stays unapproachable, inimitable. How can we fathom his mystery? How can we read the riddle of the Leonardesque when it baffled even those who were nearest to him in the golden age?

A Farewell to Arms

(Continued from page 660 of this number.)

Mrs. Walker's too old and she's no use to her."

"She's a splendid woman," I said. "Thank her very much."

"I'm going to bring your supper right away."

"That's all right," I said. "I'm not hungry."

When she brought the tray and put it on the bed table I thanked her and ate a little of the supper. Afterward it was dark outside and I could see the beams of the search-lights moving in the sky. I watched for a while and then went to sleep. I slept heavily except once I woke sweating and scared and then went back to sleep trying to stay outside of my dream. I woke for good long before it was light and heard roosters crowing and stayed on awake until it began to be light. I was tired and once it was really light I went back to sleep again.

XIV

It was bright sunlight in the room when I woke. I thought I was back at the front and stretched out in bed, my legs hurt me and I looked down at them still in the dirty bandages, and seeing them knew where I was. I reached up for the bell-cord and pushed the button. I heard it buzz down the hall and then some one coming on rubber soles along the hall. It was Miss Gage and she looked a little older in the bright sunlight and not so pretty.

"Good morning," she said. "Did you have a good night?"

"Yes. Thanks very much," I said. "Can I have a barber?"

"I came in to see you and you were asleep with this in the bed with you."

She opened the armoire door and held up the vermouth bottle. It was nearly empty. "I put the other bottle from under the bed in there too," she said. "Why didn't you ask me for a glass?"

"I thought maybe you wouldn't let me have it."

"I'd have had some with you."

"You're a fine girl."

"It isn't good for you to drink alone," she said. "You mustn't do it."

"All right."

"Your friend Miss Barkley's come," she said.

"Really?"

"Yes. I don't like her."

"You will like her. She's awfully nice."

She shook her head. "I'm sure she's fine. Can you move just a little to this side? That's fine. I'll clean you up for breakfast." She washed me with a cloth and soap and warm water. "Hold your shoulder up," she said. "That's fine."

"Can I have the barber before breakfast?"

"I'll send the porter for him." She sent out and came back. "He's gone for him," she said and dipped the cloth she held in the basin of water.

The barber came with the porter. He was a man of about fifty with an up-turned mustache. Miss Gage was finished with me and went out and the barber lathered my face and shaved. He was very solemn and refrained from talking.

"What's the matter? Don't you know any news?" I asked.

"What news?"

"Any news. What's happened in the town?"

"It is time of war," he said. "The enemy's ears are everywhere."

I looked up at him. "Please hold your face still," he said and went on shaving. "I will tell nothing."

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"I am an Italian. I will not communicate with the enemy."

I let it go at that. If he was crazy the sooner I could get out from under the razor the better. Once I tried to get a good look at him. "Beware," he said. "The razor is sharp."

I paid him when it was over and tipped him half a lira. He returned the coins.

"I will not. I am not at the front. But I am an Italian."

"Get the hell out of here."

"With your permission," he said and wrapped his razors in newspaper. He went out leaving the five copper coins on the table beside the bed. I rang the bell. Miss Gage came in. "Would you ask the porter to come please?"

"All right."

The porter came in. He was trying to keep from laughing.

"Is that barber crazy?"

"No, Signorino. He made a mistake. He doesn't understand very well and he thought I said you were an Austrian officer."

"Oh," I said.

"Ho ho ho," the porter laughed. "He was funny. One move from you he said and he would have—" he drew his forefinger across his throat.

"Ho ho ho," he tried to keep from laughing. "When I tell him you were not an Austrian. Ho ho ho."

"Ho ho ho," I said bitterly. "How funny if he would cut my throat. Ho ho ho."

"No, Signorino. No no. He was so frightened of an Austrian. Ho ho ho."

"Ho ho ho," I said. "Get out of here."

He went out and I heard him laughing in the hall. I heard some one coming down the hallway. I looked toward the door. It was Catherine Barkley.

She came into the room and over to the bed.

"Hello darling," she said. She looked fresh and young and very beautiful. I thought I had never seen any one so beautiful.

"Hello," I said. When I saw her I was in love with her. Everything turned over inside of me. She looked toward the door, saw there was no one, then she sat on the side of the bed and leaned over and kissed me. I pulled her down and kissed her and felt her heart beating.

"You sweet," I said. "Weren't you wonderful to come here?"

"It wasn't very hard. It may be hard to stay."

"You've got to stay," I said. "Oh you're wonderful." I was crazy about her. I could not believe she was really there and held her tight to me.

"You mustn't," she said. "You're not well enough."

"Yes I am."

"No. You're not strong enough."

"Yes. I am. Yes. Please."

"You do love me?"

"I really love you. I'm crazy about you."

"Feel our hearts beating."

"I don't care about our hearts. I want you. I'm just mad about you."

Catherine sat in a chair by the bed. The door was open into the hall. The wildness was gone and I felt finer than I had ever felt.

She asked. "Now do you believe I love you?"

"Oh, you're lovely," I said. "You've got to stay. They can't send you away. I'm crazy in love with you."

"We'll have to be awfully careful. You'll have to be careful in front of other people."

"I will."

"You'll have to be. You're sweet. You do love me, don't you?"

"Don't say that again. You don't know what that does to me."

"I'll be careful then. I don't want to do anything more to you. I have to go now, darling, really."

"Come back right away."

"I'll come when I can."

"Good-by."

"Good-by, sweet."

She went out. God knows I had not wanted to fall in love with her. I had not wanted to fall in love with any one. But God knows I had and I lay on the bed in the room of the hospital in Milan and all sorts of things went through my head and finally Miss Gage came in.

"The doctor's coming," she said. "He telephoned from Lake Como."

"When does he get here?"

"He'll be here this afternoon."

XV

Nothing happened until afternoon. The doctor was a thin quiet little man who seemed disturbed by the war. He took out a number of small steel splinters from my thighs with delicate and refined distaste. He used a local anæsthetic called something or other snow which froze the tissue and avoided pain until the probe, the scalpel or the forceps got below the frozen portion. The anæsthetized area was clearly defined by the patient and after a time the doctor's fragile delicacy was exhausted and he said it would be better to have an X-ray. Probing was unsatisfactory, he said.

The X-ray was taken at the Ospedale Maggiore and the doctor who did it was excitable, efficient and cheerful. It was arranged by holding up the shoulders, that the patient should see personally some of the larger foreign bodies through the machine. The plates were to be sent over. The doctor requested me to write in his pocket notebook, my name, and regiment and some sentiment. He declared that the foreign bodies were ugly, nasty, brutal. The Austrians were _____.

How many had I killed? I had not killed any but I was anxious to please—and I said I had killed plenty. Miss Gage was with me and the doctor put his arm around her and said she was more beautiful than Cleopatra. Did she understand that? Cleopatra the former queen of Egypt. Yes, by God, she was. We returned to the little hospital in the ambulance and after a while and much lifting I was upstairs and in bed again. The plates came that afternoon, the doctor had said by God he would have them that afternoon and he did. Catherine Barkley showed them to me. They were in red envelopes and she took them out of the envelope and held them up to the light and we both looked.

"That's your right leg," she said, then put the plate back in the envelope. "This is your left."

"Put them away," I said, "and come over to the bed."

"I can't," she said. "I just brought them in for a second to show you."

She went out and I lay there. It was a hot afternoon and I was sick of lying in bed. I sent the porter for the papers, all the papers he could get.

Before he came back three doctors came in the room. I have noticed that doctors who fail in the practice of medicine have a tendency to seek one another's company and aid in consultation. A doctor who cannot take out your appendix properly will recommend to you a doctor who will be unable to remove your tonsils with success. These were three such doctors.

"This is the young man," said the house doctor with the delicate hands.

"How do you do?" said the tall gaunt doctor with the beard. The third doctor, who carried the X-ray plates in their red envelopes, said nothing.

"Remove the dressings?" questioned the bearded doctor.

"Certainly. Remove the dressings, please, nurse," the house doctor said to Miss Gage. Miss Gage removed the dressings. I looked down at the legs. At the field hospital they had the look of not too freshly ground hamburger steak. Now they were crusted and the knee was swollen and discolored and the calf sunken but there was no pus.

"Very clean," said the house doctor. "Very clean and nice."

"Um," said the doctor with the beard. The

third doctor looked over the house doctor's shoulder.

"Please move the knee," said the bearded doctor.

"I can't."

"Test the articulation?" the bearded doctor questioned. He had a stripe beside the three stars on his sleeve. That meant he was a first captain.

"Certainly," the house doctor said. Two of them took hold of my right leg very gingerly and bent it.

"That hurts," I said.

"Yes. Yes. A little further, doctor."

"That's enough. That's as far as it goes," I said.

"Partial articulation," said the first captain. He straightened up. "May I see the plates again, please, doctor?" The third doctor handed him one of the plates. "No. The left leg, please."

"That is the left leg, doctor."

"You are right. I was looking from a different angle." He returned the plate. The other plate he examined for some time. "You see, doctor?" he pointed to one of the foreign bodies which showed spherical and clear against the light. They examined the plate for some time.

"Only one thing I can say," the first captain with the beard said. "It is a question of time. Three months, six months probably."

"Certainly the cynovocal fluid must reform."

"Certainly. It is a question of time. I could not conscientiously open a knee like that before the projectile was encysted."

"I agree with you, doctor."

"Six months for what?" I asked.

"Six months for the projectile to encyst before the knee can be opened safely."

"I don't believe it," I said.

"Do you want to keep your knee, young man?"

"No," I said.

"What?"

"I want it cut off," I said. "So I can wear a hook on it."

"What do you mean—a hook?"

"He is joking," said the house doctor. He patted my shoulder very delicately. "He wants to keep his knee. This is a very brave young man. He has been proposed for the silver medal of valor."

"All my felicitations," said the first cap-

tain. He shook my hand. "I can only say that to be on the safe side you should wait at least six months before opening such a knee. You are welcome of course to another opinion."

"Thank you very much," I said. "I value your opinion."

The first captain looked at his watch.

"We must go," he said. "All my best wishes."

"All my best wishes and many thanks," I said. I shook hands with the third doctor and they all three went out of the room.

"Miss Gage," I called. She came in. "Please ask the house doctor to come back a minute."

He came in holding his cap and stood by the bed. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes. I can't wait six months to be operated on. My God, doctor, did you ever stay in bed six months?"

"You won't be in bed all the time. You must first have the wounds exposed to the sun. Then afterward you can be on crutches."

"For six months and then have an operation?"

"That is the safe way. The foreign bodies must be allowed to encyst and the cynoveal fluid will reform. Then it will be safe to open up the knee."

"Do you really think yourself I will have to wait that long?"

"That is the safe way."

"Who is that first captain?"

"He is a very excellent surgeon of Milan."

"He's a first captain, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he is an excellent surgeon."

"I don't want my leg fooled with by a first captain. If he was any good he would be made a major. I know what a first captain is, doctor."

"He is an excellent surgeon and I would rather have his judgment than any surgeon I know."

"Could another surgeon see it?"

"Certainly if you wish. But I would take Dr. Varella's opinion myself."

"Could you ask another surgeon to come and see it?"

"I will ask Valentini to come."

"Who is he?"

"He is a surgeon of the Ospedale Maggiore."

"Good. I appreciate it very much. You understand, doctor, I couldn't stay in bed six months."

"You would not be in bed. You would first

take a sun cure. Then you could have light exercise. Then when it was encysted we would operate."

"But I can't wait six months."

The doctor spread his delicate fingers on the cap he held and smiled. "You are in such a hurry to get back to the front?"

"Why not?"

"It is very beautiful," he said. "You are a noble young man." He stooped over and kissed me very delicately on the forehead. "I will send for Valentini. Do not worry and excite yourself. Be a good boy."

"Will you have a drink?" I asked.

"No, thank you. I never drink alcohol."

"Just have one." I rang for the porter to bring glasses.

"No. No, thank you. They are waiting for me."

"Good-by," I said.

"Good-by."

Two hours later Dr. Valentini came into the room. He was in a great hurry and the points of his mustache stood straight up. He was a major, his face was tanned and he laughed all the time.

"How did you do it this rotten thing?" he asked. "Let me see the plates. Yes. Yes. That's it. You look healthy as a goat. Who's the pretty girl? Is she your girl? I thought so. Isn't this a bloody war? How does that feel? You are a fine boy. I'll make you better than new. Does that hurt? You bet it hurts. How they love to hurt you, these doctors! What have they done for you so far? Can't that girl talk Italian? She should learn. What a lovely girl! I could teach her. I will be a patient here myself. No, but I will do all your maternity work free. Does she understand that? She will make you a fine boy. A fine blonde like she is. That's fine. That's all right. What a lovely girl! Ask her if she eats supper with me. No, I won't take her away from you. Thank you. Thank you very much, Miss. That's all. That's all I want to know." He patted me on the shoulder. "Leave the dressings off."

"Will you have a drink, Dr. Valentini?"

"A drink? Certainly. I will have ten drinks. Where are they?"

"In the armoire. Miss Barkley will get the bottle."

"Cheery oh. Cheery oh to you Miss. What a lovely girl! I will bring you better cognac than that." He wiped his mustache.

"When do you think it can be operated on?"

"To-morrow morning. Not before. Your stomach must be emptied. You must be washed out. I will see the old lady downstairs and leave instructions. Good-by. I see you to-morrow. I'll bring you better cognac than that. You are very comfortable here. Good-by. Until to-morrow. Get a good sleep. I'll see you early." He waved from the doorway, his mustaches went straight up, his brown face was smiling. There was a star in a box on his sleeve because he was a major.

XVI

That night a bat flew into the room through the open door that led onto the balcony and through which we watched the night over the roofs of the town. It was dark in our room except for the small light of the night over the town and the bat was not frightened but hunted in the room as though he had been outside. We lay and watched him and I do not think he saw us because we lay so still. After he went out we saw a search-light come on and watched the beam move across the sky and then go off and it was dark again. A breeze came in the night and we heard the men of the anti-aircraft gun on the next roof talking. It was cool and they were putting on their capes. I worried in the night about some one coming up but Catherine said they were all asleep. Once in the night we went to sleep and when I woke she was not there but I heard her coming along the hall and the door opened and she came back to the bed and said it was all right, she had been downstairs and they were all asleep. She had been outside Miss Van Campen's door and heard her breathing in her sleep. She brought crackers and we ate them and drank some vermouth. We were very hungry but she said that would all have to be gotten out of me in the morning. I went to sleep again in the morning when it was light and when I was awake I found she was gone again. She came in looking fresh and lovely and sat on the bed and the sun rose while I had the thermometer in my mouth and we smelled the dew on the roofs and then the coffee of the men at the gun on the next roof.

"I wish we could go for a walk," Catherine said. "I'd wheel you if we had a chair."

"How would I get into the chair?"

"We'd do it."

"We could go out to the park and have breakfast outdoors." I looked out the open doorway.

"What we'll really do," she said, "is get you ready for your friend Dr. Valentini."

"I thought he was grand."

"I didn't like him as much as you did. But I imagine he's very good."

"Come back to bed, Catherine. Please," I said.

"I can't. Didn't we have a lovely night?"

"And can you be on night duty to-night?"

"I probably will. But you won't want me."

"Yes I will."

"No you won't. You've never been operated on. You don't know how you'll be."

"I'll be all right."

"You'll be sick and I won't be anything to you."

"Come back then now."

"No," she said. "I have to do the chart, darling, and fix you up."

"You don't really love me or you'd come back again."

"You're such a silly boy." She kissed me. "That's all right for the chart. Your temperature's always normal. You've such a lovely temperature."

"You've got a lovely everything."

"Oh no. You have the lovely temperature. I'm awfully proud of your temperature."

"Maybe all our children will have fine temperatures."

"Our children will probably have beastly temperatures."

"What do you have to do to get me ready for Valentini?"

"Not much. But quite unpleasant."

"I wish you didn't have to do it."

"I don't. I don't want any one else to touch you. I'm silly. I get furious if they touch you."

"Even Ferguson?"

"Especially Ferguson and Gage and the other, what's her name?"

"Walker?"

"That's it. They've too many nurses here now. There must be some more patients or they'll send us away. They have four nurses now."

"Perhaps there'll be some. They need that many nurses. It's quite a big hospital."

"I hope some will come. What would I do if they sent me away? They will unless there are more patients."

"I'd go too."

"Don't be silly. You can't go yet. But get well quickly, darling, and we will go somewhere."

"And then what?"

"Maybe the war will be over. It can't always go on."

"I'll get well," I said. "Valentini will fix me."

"He should with those mustaches. And darling, when you're going under the ether just think about something else—not us. Because people get very blabby under an anæsthetic."

"What should I think about?"

"Anything. Anything but us. Think about your people. Or even any other girl."

"No."

"Say your prayer then. That ought to create a splendid impression."

"Maybe I won't talk."

"That's true. Often people don't talk."

"I won't talk."

"Don't brag, darling. Please don't brag. You're so sweet and you don't have to brag."

"I won't talk a word."

"Now you're bragging, darling. You know you don't need to brag. Just start your prayers or poetry or something when they tell you to breathe deeply. You'll be lovely that way and I'll be so proud of you. I'm very proud of you anyway. You have such a lovely temperature and you sleep like a little boy with your arm around the pillow and think it's me. Or is it some other girl? Some fine Italian girl?"

"It's you."

"Of course it's me. Oh I do love you and Valentini will make you a fine leg. I'm glad I don't have to watch it."

"And you'll be on night duty to-night."

"Yes. But you won't care."

"You wait and see."

"There, darling. Now you're all clean inside and out. Tell me. How many people have you ever loved?"

"Nobody."

"Not me even?"

"Yes, you."

"How many others really?"

"None."

"How many have you—how do you say it?—stayed with?"

"None."

"You're lying to me."

"Yes."

"It's all right. Keep right on lying to me. That's what I want you to do. Were they pretty?"

"I never stayed with any one."

"That's right. Were they very attractive?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"You're just mine. That's true and you've never belonged to any one else. But I don't care if you have. I'm not afraid of them. But don't tell me about them. When a man stays with a girl when does she say how much it costs?"

"I don't know."

"Of course not. Does she say she loves him? Tell me that. I want to know that."

"Yes. If he wants her to."

"Does he say he loves her? Tell me please. It's important."

"He does if he wants to."

"But you never did? Really?"

"No."

"Not really. Tell me the truth?"

"No," I lied.

"You wouldn't," she said. "I knew you wouldn't. Oh I love you, darling."

Outside the sun was up over the roofs and I could see the points of the cathedral with the sunlight on them. I was clean inside and outside and waiting for the doctor.

"And that's it?" Catherine said. "She says just what he wants her to?"

"Not always."

"But I will. I'll say just what you wish and I'll do what you wish and then you will never want any other girls, will you?" She looked at me very happily. "I'll do what you want and say what you want and then I'll be a great success, won't I?"

"Yes."

"What would you like me to do now that you're all ready?"

"Come to the bed again."

"All right. I'll come."

"Oh darling, darling, darling," I said.

"You see," she said. "I do anything you want."

"You're so lovely."

"I'm afraid I'm not very good at it yet."

"You're lovely."

"I want what you want. There isn't any me any more. Just what you want."

"You sweet."

"I'm good. Aren't I good? You don't want any other girls, do you?"

"No."

"You see? I'm good. I do what you want."

(To be continued.)

